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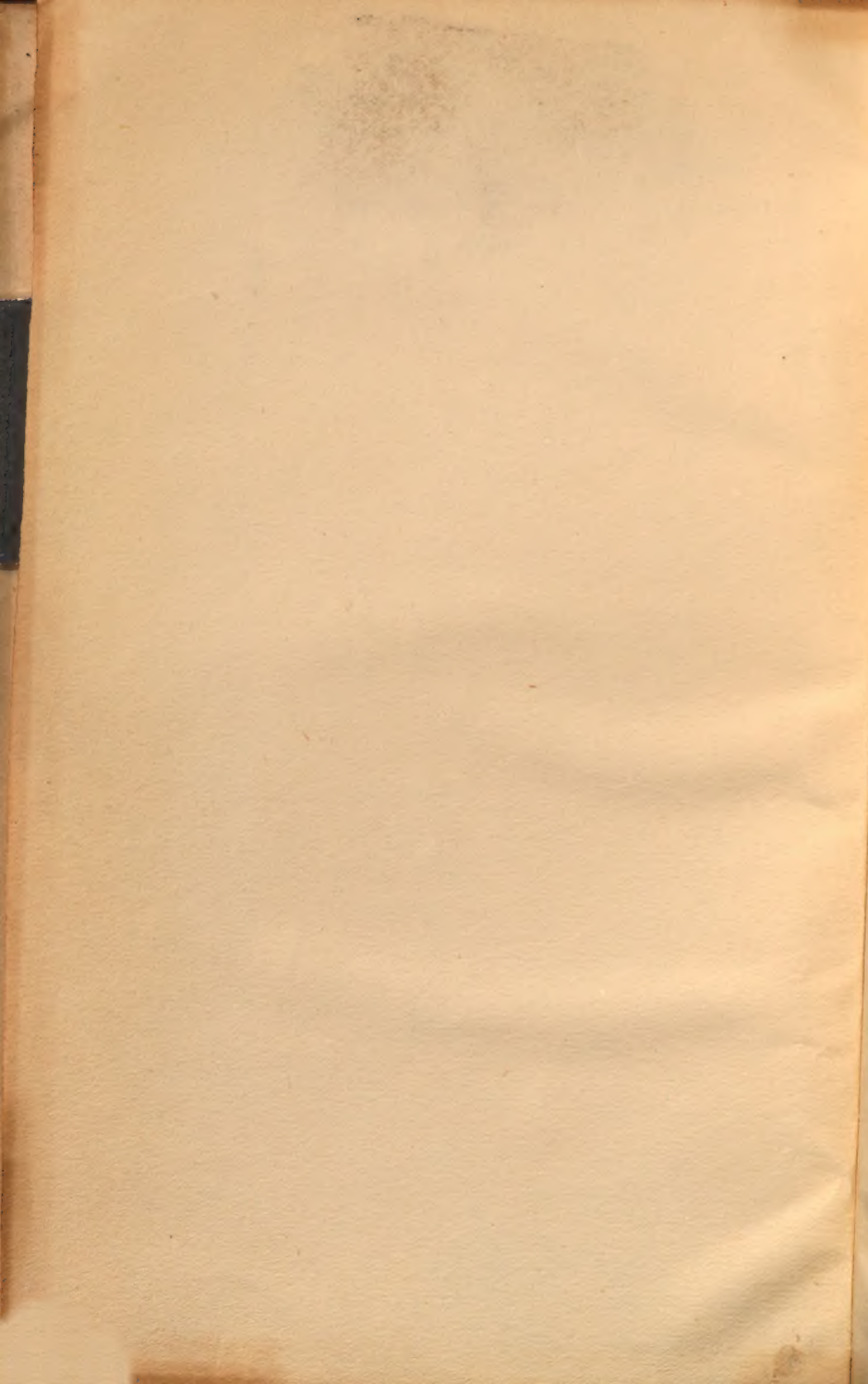


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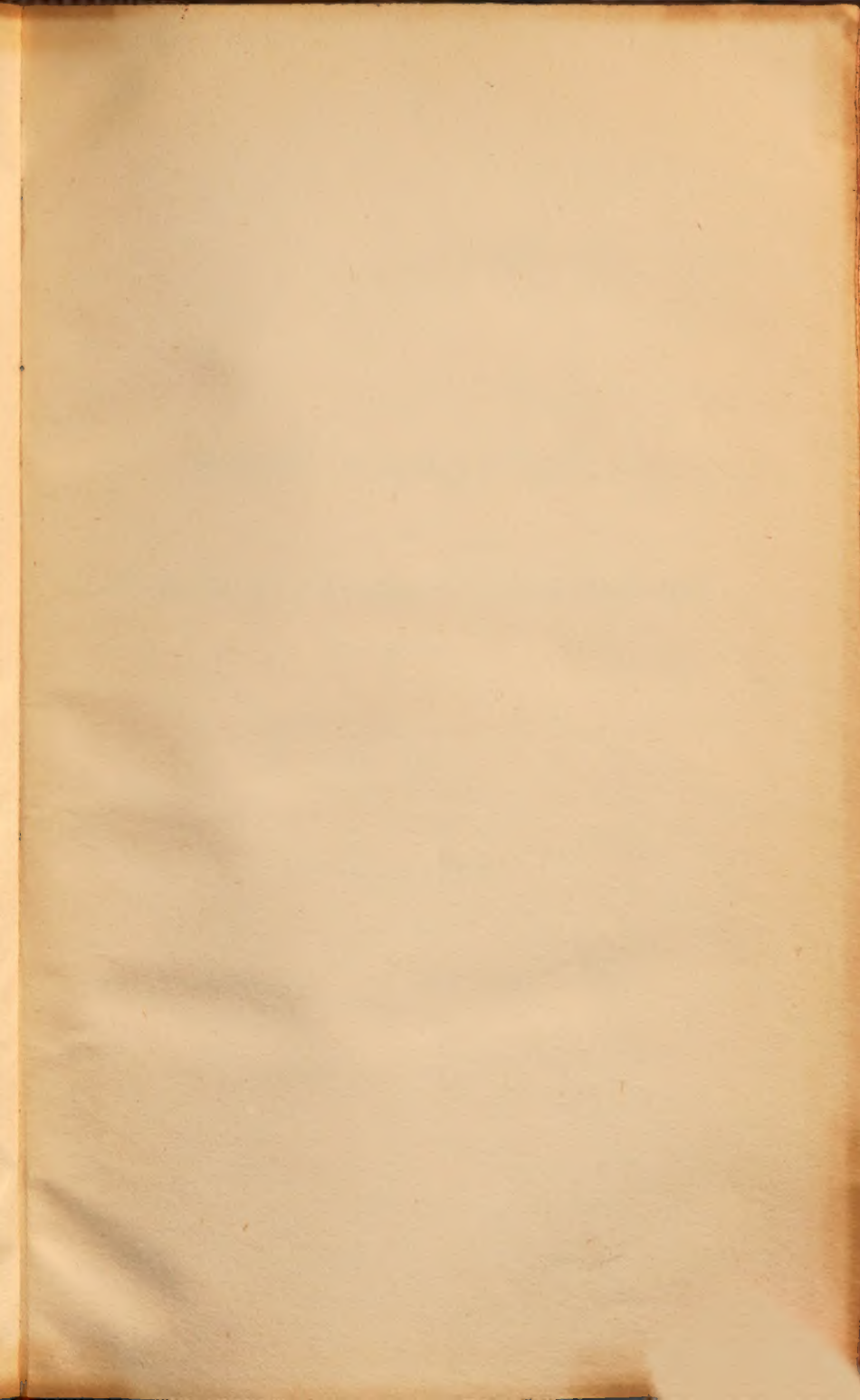
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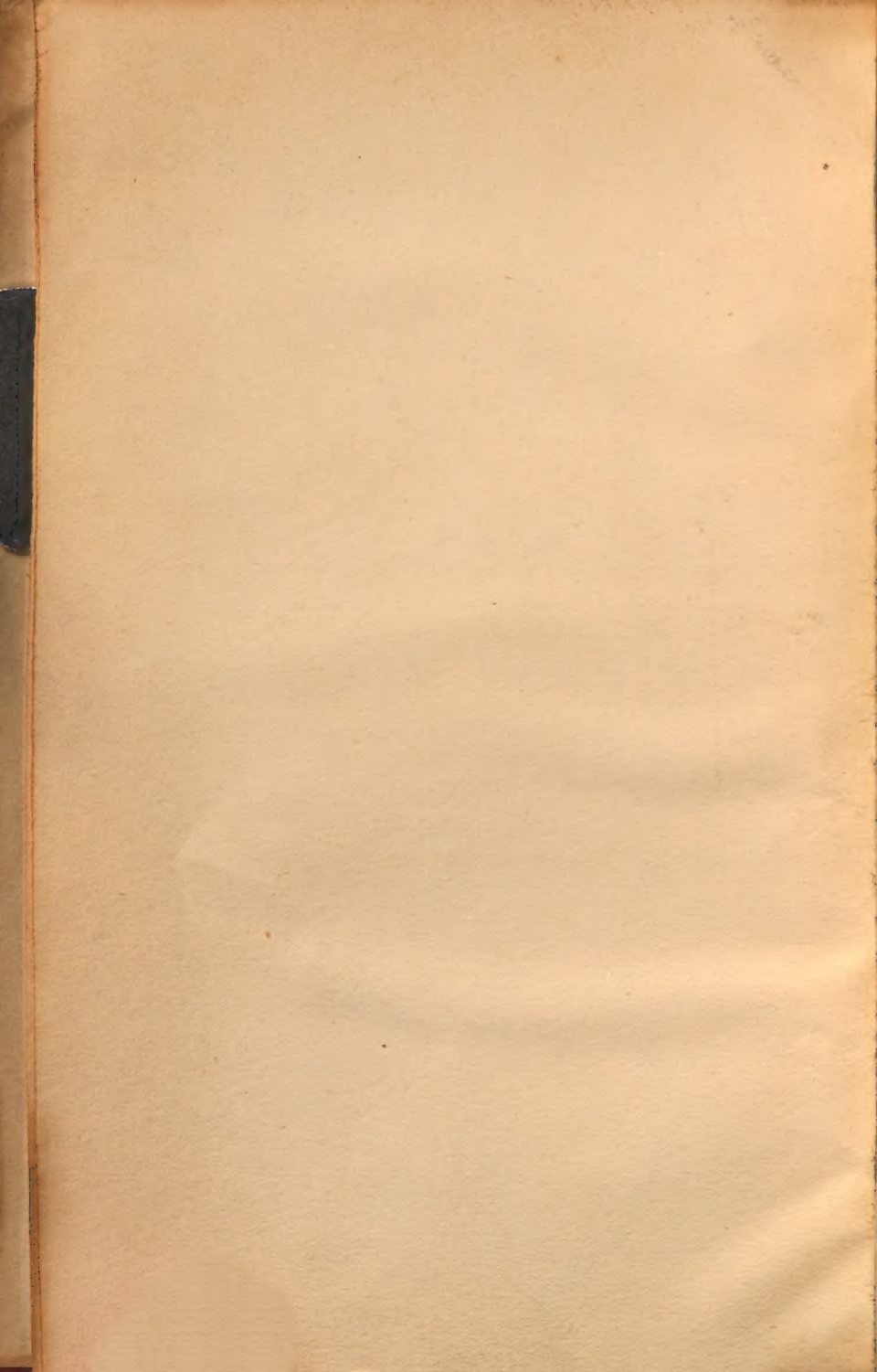
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THE  
SCOTS MAGAZINE,  
AND  
*EDINBURGH LITERARY MISCELLANY.*

*New Series.*

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VOL. XCIV.  
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FOR 1824.—PART II.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

THE NEW SERIES

A NEW SERIES

SCOTS MAGAZINE

SCOTS MAGAZINE  
EDINBURGH LITERARY MISCELLANY

Vol. 20

1844

Vol. 20

Vol. 20

Vol. 20

EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR A. & C. BLACK, 10, N. B. STREET, EDINBURGH.



THE  
**EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,**  
AND  
*LITERARY MISCELLANY;*  
A NEW SERIES  
OF THE  
**SCOTS MAGAZINE.**

JULY—DECEMBER 1824.

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*Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*

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VOL. XV.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

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1824.

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EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

LITERARY MISCELLANY

A NEW SERIES

OF THE

SCOTS MAGAZINE

JULY—DECEMBER 1841

The year 1841 has been marked by a most extraordinary season.

VOL. XV.

EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

1841



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THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JULY 1824.

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# HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
		H.	M.	H.	M.			H.	M.	H.	M.
Aug. 1824.						Aug. 1824.					
Su. 1		6	28	6	53	M. 16		5	35	5	57
M. 2		7	29	7	55	Tu. 17		6	20	6	48
Tu. 3		8	28	9	11	W. 18		7	20	8	0
W. 4		9	56	10	37	Th. 19		8	44	9	32
Th. 5		11	15	11	48	Fr. 20		10	17	10	58
Fr. 6		—	—	0	15	Sa. 21		11	33	—	—
Sa. 7		0	38	0	59	Su. 22		0	5	0	34
Su. 8		1	18	1	35	M. 23		1	0	1	25
M. 9		1	53	2	10	Tu. 24		1	50	2	12
Tu. 10		2	25	2	41	W. 25		2	34	2	55
W. 11		2	56	3	11	Th. 26		3	14	3	35
Th. 12		3	25	3	40	Fr. 27		3	53	4	14
Fr. 13		3	56	4	10	Sa. 28		4	33	4	54
Sa. 14		4	25	4	42	Su. 29		5	14	5	33
Su. 15		4	58	5	15	M. 30		5	55	6	18
						Tu. 31		6	45	7	18

## MOON'S PHASES.

### Mean Time.

	D.	M.	H.
First Quart., Su. 1.	48	past	9 aftern.
Full Moon, Mo. 9.	24	—	7 aftern.
Last Quart., Tu. 17.	23	—	8 aftern.
New Moon, Tu. 24.	16	—	2 aftern.
First Quart., Tu. 31.	30	—	6 morn.

## TERMS, &c.

### August.

1. Lammas day.
12. Grouse shooting begins.
12. King George IV. born, (1762.)
16. Duke of York born, (1763.)
21. Duke of Clarence born, (1765.)
26. Salmon fishing in Forth and Tay end.

\* \* \* The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JULY 1824.

ON SCOTCH ENTAILS, AND PARTICULARLY ON THE LATE NOTED CASE OF VANS AGNEW, WHERE THE HOUSE OF PEERS FOUND, THAT, IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, THE ENTAIL OF A LANDED PROPRIETOR MAY OPERATE TO THE SECLUSION OF HIS OWN CREDITORS.

Our friends are generally well acquainted with the wide circulation of our Journal, and it is truly curious, to notice with what interest it is received in all quarters, particularly in remote ones, where there is little at home to excite attention, and where, from the great variety of our topics, all find subject of entertainment, as well as improvement of both their taste and intellect. This we know to be remarkably the case, when the "twanging horn" of the mail-coach, about the 21st of each month, announces to every good, quiet, country family, our regular supply of instruction and amusement. As the chief attention is ever due to the Ladies, the Misses first receive our store, and running, together with some crony, into the poet's corner, enjoy the *delicæ* which we always provide for them there. Tom, who is designed for the Church, peruses with avidity our classical articles. Will, who, like his namesake in Shakespeare, is breeding to be a scrivener at the desk of some neighbouring Sheriff-Clerk, is desirous to see what is said about the changes in the courts of law. The worthy old Laird himself, when he can get hold of the Magazine, which is not always very soon, gravely peruses the Agricultural Reports, the state of the markets, the price of the stocks, and all those other serious matters which become

a person of his advanced years and staid habits.

Now we plainly tell all the youngsters who may have read thus far, that they need proceed no further with it,—for this little treatise is designed, not for them, but for their father, who, having heard much of the case of Vans Agnew, stated in our title, is, no doubt, desirous to know more of it; especially as it appears to him to be evidently of the deepest importance to the country, and most interesting to all money-lenders, and to those who, as tradesmen and merchants, may be dealing with landed proprietors. In this paper we mean to gratify his curiosity; and as the old man may not have spent his younger days in pacing the boards of the Parliament House, like many of his early comrades, but may have been a boon-companion in a regimental mess, or plied in a counting-house, or, as Burns says, "strutted in a bank, and clerked his cash-account," we shall endeavour to divest the subject of its technicalities, or, where we cannot altogether avoid them, we trust that we shall so explain them as we go along, as to make ourselves intelligible to "country gentlemen," as well as to professional lawyers.

But while we thus promise so much, we must stipulate the closest attention on the part of the reader. The laird must not sit down to these our lucu-



brations, after coming home from a fair, or helping to drain the flowing bowl, or even after the Minister has been taking *pot-luck* with him; but we recommend, that he shall set aside, for the perusal of them, some quiet evening, after witnessing the *suppering up of the beasts*, (a duty of the master himself, in all well-regulated, moderate country establishments)—when the bairns are put to bed, and the gudewife alone sits by him, knitting her stocking; and when, having been all day without company, his mind shall be strong and vigorous. His snuff-box may be applied to; a single tumbler of toddy, too, we allow him, to aid him on his way; and so provided, he may now proceed with his studies.

The actual term of human life is but short, and the threescore-and-ten, or fourscore years of the Psalmist, generally “sum it up;” but men pant anxiously to prolong the recollection of themselves, and to hand down to futurity some marks of their having once been. Hence, in early times, arose the large solitary stone on the heath, to denote where the mighty lay; and hence the “storied urn and animated bust” of more refined periods. Frail, however, are most of such memorials, and it is no subject of wonder, that entails were thought of as better expedients, to perpetuate, if possible, the memory of the entailor, as well as to ensure to his heirs consideration and affluence. To a vain man, it was indeed no unpleasant anticipation, that, after the lapse of centuries, he might be looked back to, like Fleance, as the founder of a long series of great, or at least opulent men; and the idea was delightful, that, in far distant times, he might be sitting as snugly at the foot of his own family-tree, as Fergus I. does at the bottom of Cumming’s plate of the hundred kings of Scotland, with his Highland kilt, claymore, and good blue bonnet.

Thus we trace the desire of entailing to a natural and original feeling of the human mind; but it is requisite

to be a little more minute, and to advert to the particular reason which induced Scotch proprietors, more than others, to have recourse to it. Now, that cause we find distinctly, in adverting to the gross oppression which our forefathers suffered in the covenanting times, when, in the days of the ruthless Lauderdale, the forfeiture of lands was frequently the consequence of religious contumacy; and when, by means of entails, the owners of grounds endeavoured to save to their progeny those estates which, if held in fee-simple, they conceived might fall to the crown, by the pretended delinquency of the holders of them\*.

It is interesting to trace the progress of this expedient. A *simple destination* was quite unavailing against all succeeding in their order under it. *Prohibitory clauses* against parting with the estate, therefore, came to be added, and these were protected by inhibitions. The validity of that safeguard, however, came to be doubted, and some stronger measures were considered to be requisite, to prevent the operation of the two Statutes, 1469 and 1540, whereby it had been made lawful to attach lands for payment of their owners’ debts; for it was to little purpose to prohibit direct alienation, while the estate might be equally carried off for payment of debt. Those measures were *irritant and resolute clauses* in deeds of entail, which were a remedy, in every respect, of a more extensive tendency, both in regard to object and effect; but these are *kittle words* for the honest laird. The subject of them is a kind of *pons asinorum* in entail law: we recommend, therefore, that he shall clear up his noddle with a snuff; as for the toddy, he may as well let it be cooling until he shall get fairly across the bridge, if he shall be able to accomplish the passage at all.

Let him, therefore, now learn, that the *irritant clause* of an entail is that whereby the granter of it, in handing down his estate to his successors, declares that, should any of them en-

\* In passing, we may here notice, that this was effected by the Scots Act 1690, c. xxlii., following upon the Entail Act 1685. After the Union, however, the Treason Laws of England were extended to Scotland, by 7th of Queen Ann, c. xx., and that Statute was a repeal of the Act 1690.

deavour to part with it, or contract debt whereby it might be taken away from him by his creditors, then his act and deed in such attempt should be void and null. The *resolutive clause*, again, is the counterpart of that one; and while that other clause makes the deed done ineffectual, this one, namely, the *resolutive clause*, declares, that the power of the contravener shall instantly cease, and come to an end. As the awful writing on the wall declared that the kingdom of Belshazzar should pass from him, in punishment of his transgressions; so the *resolutive clause* of an entail declares that the heir, acting contrary to the restrictions of it, shall fall from his estate; and this is considered to be, not only a penalty of this disobedience, but strictly *necessary*, to give effect to the irritant clause. This latter idea—that the deed actually done should become null by the supposed *previous demolition* of the contravener's power, arising from the contravention, and yet that that demolition should be the consequence only of that very deed—is not a little abstract. So it is, however, and casuists may find it as difficult to settle the consistency of this, as of many other matters of the law: but the validity of such clauses to effect the intended purpose came early to trial in the noted case of Stormont, in 1662, when it was supported by a majority of no more than one vote on the bench of the Court of Session. It was not, however, considered to be safe to leave a matter of such consequence to the determination of common law, where there had existed so much doubt; and then was enacted the well-known Statute 1685, c. 22. Were we certain that our friend the laird had the Scots Acts, or that, being possessed of them, he could readily lay his hands on them, we should satisfy ourselves with a mere reference to it; but having good reason to think, either that he has them not, or that the *leddy*, in her rage for redding up her house, and “having all things in order,” has actually tumbled them up into the garret, we recite the words of the Statute, which declares, “That

it shall be lawful to his Majesty's subjects to tailzie \* their lands and estates; and to substitute heirs in their tailzies with such provisions and conditions as they shall think fit, and to effect the said tailzies with irritant and resolutive clauses:” and it is afterwards declared, “that such tailzies shall only be allowed, in which the foresaid irritant and resolutive clauses are inserted in the procuratories of resignation, charters, precepts, and instruments of seising, and the original tailzie once produced before the Lords of Session judicially, who are hereby ordained to interpose their authority hereto; and that a record be made in a particular Register-book, to be kept for that effect, wherein shall be recorded the names of the maker of the tailzie, and of the heirs of tailzie, and the general designations of the lordships and baronies, and the provisions and conditions contained in the tailzie, with the foresaid irritant and resolutive clauses subjoined thereto, to remain in the said register *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*.”

This short view of the law on this subject will, we trust, render the case of which we are to treat easily intelligible; and the following are its facts and circumstances:

Miss Margaret Agnew, only child of R. Agnew of Sheuchan, was married to John Vans of Barnbarroch Esq., and a contract of marriage was entered into on the occasion, dated 29th December 1757. According to it, R. Agnew paid to T. Vans £3000, and entailed on him and his future wife, his own (R. Agnew's) daughter, his lands of Sheuchan. *J. Vans, as a counterpart, entailed his estate of Barnbarroch on himself and Margaret Agnew, his spouse, and the survivor of them; whom failing, to the heirs of the marriage; whom failing, to the heirs of the body of the said Margaret Agnew, in any subsequent marriage; whom failing, to the other persons therein named.*

These mutual entails were regularly protected, by irritant and resolutive clauses, against selling and contracting debt, the nature of which has been already explained; and it

\* *Tailzie* is the Scotch law-term for Entail, derived from the French *Tailer* to cut; whence also comes the word Tailor.



must be specially remarked, *first*, that those clauses in Mr Vans's entail were expressly directed, not only against the heirs of entail, but *against Mr John Vans himself*, as institute, or person first named; and, *secondly*, that the tailzie by him was not executed, as generally takes place, gratuitously, but for the *two onerous considerations* of a sum actually paid down, and of a counter-entail of the lands of Sheuchan.

The entail of Barnbarroch was recorded in the record of tailzies very soon after its execution in 1758; but, as shown from the act, to render it effectual, an *additional* step was necessary, not only at common law, before 1685, but by the enactment of that year; and that was, that *infestment should follow, and be registered, on the entail, reciting all its conditions, and irritant and resolute clauses*. This step, which was absolutely requisite for the completion of the tailzie, *did not, however, follow until 1775, viz. at the distance of seventeen years*; and let us next observe what happened in the mean time, and before that assize took place. John Vans had, at the date, and the recording of the entail in 1758, owed £.1500; and from the time of that recording, down to the full completion of the entail, by recorded infestment, in 1775, he contracted £.8000 more debt; so that *before his entail was completed*, by the last of the two requisites having been complied with, he actually owed £.9500. In point of fact, we may just add, that, from the recording of the infestment on the entail, down to his death, he contracted debt to the amount of £.1500 more, so that his debts, before he died, amounted in all to £.11,000 sterling.

Keeping the circumstances in view, that this *onerous* entail was executed by John Vans himself, and that the limitations were directed against himself as well as others, the question arose, whether any, and what part of those his debts were good against his own estate of Barnbarroch, or whether that estate ought to descend *free from his debt*, to his own heir, Robert Vans Agnew, (the son of his marriage with Miss Agnew,) who, after his father's death, made up titles to it. The case came into

discussion in the Court of Session, at the instance of John Vans's creditors, in 1784. We regret that our limits do not admit our quoting the speeches made on the occasion, upon the Bench, by Lord Braxfield, and the other great Judges of that day, but they "*found that the tailzie was a subsisting deed; but that the estate of Barnbarroch was still affectable by the debts due by John Vans of Barnbarroch AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.*"

This decision was considered to be well founded at the time. It found in substance, that *in no case could a man entail his lands to the prejudice of his own just and lawful creditors*. An Act of Parliament was accordingly obtained on it, for selling this entailed estate, so far as necessary, to pay John Vans's debts; and had the matter been carried speedily through, the whole of his £.11,000 of debt would have been paid off under it.

The business, however, was in no such forwardness. Robert Vans Agnew, the son of J. Vans, died, while yet little more had been done. We should have been apt to suppose that the Act of Parliament would have shut the chequer, but such acts being always *periculo petentis*, have no such effect. John Vans Agnew, now of Sheuchan, son of Robert Vans Agnew, succeeded him; and on coming of age, and returning from abroad, he appealed to the House of Lords against the decision of the Court below, when the Peers remitted the case for consideration to that Court; and the Lords of Session, on 2d June 1818, on perusing printed informations for the parties, *adhered to the sentence of their predecessors in 1784, finding also expences to be due by Mr Vans Agnew*.

Recourse was then had to a second appeal, on hearing which, the House of Peers, on 14th July 1822, materially altered the decision of the Court here, for they "*found, that the estate was affectable only by the debts of the said John Vans AT THE DATE OF THE DEED OF TAILZIE OF 29TH DECEMBER 1757, AND WHICH REMAINED DUE AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, and by such other debts of the said John Vans, if any, as had become real charges upon the estate before the infestment on 20th May 1775.*"

This is the judgment of the House



of Peers referred to in our title to this paper; and, as admitted by Mr Mundel, Solicitor in London, (who is known to be the author of an article on the subject in the *New Edinburgh Review* of October last,) it “produced an uncommon degree of sensation” in the country; for its clear import was, that though John Vans’s debts, due at the date of his entail, could not be affected by it, yet that all his *posterior* contractions were unavailable against it, unless where the estate was attached by adjudication for any of them, before the infestment took place on that entail; and as such attachments must have been very few, owing to his good credit, we may reckon that this judgment of the Peers cut out creditors of the entailer to the large extent of nearly £.8000 sterling, all of whom would have been paid, according to the Court of Session’s decree. As a precedent, this decision in the Court of last resort was most naturally the source of great anxiety, because it amounted precisely to this,—that a man who stands in the fee-simple of his estate, may onerously execute an entail of it; and that that tailzie, after lurking in his repositories for many years, during which he has been contracting large debts of all kinds, may be brought forth by those having interest in it; and being, in the course of a few days, put into the record of tailzies, and followed by a recorded sasine, will cut off every one of those lawful creditors, perhaps to the utter ruin of themselves and their families. We shall now set ourselves to inquire whether or not it is well-founded in the law of the country; and recollecting that, whether right or not, it will regulate future judgments, it ought next to be considered what should be the remedy of so great an evil as the existence of such a law.

In this writing land of ours, all matters of general importance become the subject of public discussion, and accordingly this one has engaged various able authors; the chief of whom are Mr Mundel, whom we have already alluded to; Mr Sandford, who treats of it in his valuable *Book on Tailzies*; and Mr Archibald Swinton, W. S. who has handled it in his excellent pamphlet entitled

“*Considerations, &c.*” M. De Lolme, in his celebrated *Essay on the British Constitution*, says, that in this free country, one of the most useful purposes of Journals, of all kinds, is to acquaint the people with the decisions of the courts of law, and to try their value; and availing ourselves of the opportunity which ours affords us, we shall, in as far as in us lies, consider the various merits of these judgments, and of the opinions of those writers. We approach the decisions, however, with becoming diffidence, and the greatest respect; being aware that it may occur to some, that it is not a little presumptuous in us to impugn the ideas of great and learned Judges, pronounced not only from the Bench, but from the Woolsack.

The decision of the Court of Session (which is approved of by Mr Sandford) is founded on this general conception, that no man, by *his own entail*, is entitled, in any case, to cut out any of *his own* creditors whatever; and on this general idea, men of business have always considered the transference to an entailer’s bond as one of the best securities for money; because it was held to be for good against an estate, which, by the tailzie, is safe from all future contractions.

The judgment of the House of Peers, which Mr Mundel, on the other hand, approves of, admitted no such general principle; but holding an *onerous* entail, like that of John Vans, to have been of the nature of a sale to the heirs of tailzie, they were led, by that analogy, to give effect to the sasine on it, so as to exclude such of the entailer’s own creditors as had not, previous to that infestment, actually attached the estate by adjudication.

Now, with the utmost deference, we are not satisfied with the principles of either of those judgments, and shall proceed to state why we differ from them. Those who have perused Mr Swinton’s little work, will find that we arrive at nearly the same conclusions with him, though by a different demonstration.

In considering any plant or animal, or any other matter in natural history, one of our first inquiries is, “to what *species* does it be-

long?" and following the same mode here, let us examine whether, in the law of Scotland, such a writing as that which was executed by John Vans was by species an entail, or a deed of sale. Should we find it to have been an entail, we shall then inquire whether there was any such speciality in it as to give it an effect, contrary to the general nature of tailzies, of excluding the just and lawful creditors of the entailor.

What, then, was this writing? Our answer is,—that, having a destination with conditions, provisions, restrictions, limitations, and clauses irritant and resolutive, and all the other parts of the machinery of an entail, we must hold it to have been an entail just as certainly as we admit a large engine, consisting of all the wheels, mill-stones, and other apparatus necessary for grinding grain, to be a corn-mill. It is true, that there was here a particular reason for the deed, a *quid pro quo*, such as generally takes place in sales; and that by the terms of the dispositive clause of this writing, John Vans "*sells, alienates, and disposes,*" &c. But is not such a *quid pro quo* only the result of the agreement which had been made to execute mutual tailzies, as much as it would have the consequence of one to make mutual sales? and this may be safely conceded, without confounding the two kinds of rights together. As for the term "*sells*" used by John Vans, it seems little to the purpose, because it is well known, in the tautology of our Scotch deeds, not necessarily to mean what is ordinarily understood by *sale*, but often to denominate, in fact, no more than a strong expression of lien, which appears from the use of it in ordinary heritable bonds, (not even dispositions in security,) where no sale is intended, and where nothing farther is, in truth, meant than the constitution of a real burden over the land\*.

We humbly think, therefore, that the writing of John Vans was truly AN ENTAIL; and we shall next consider whether there were any specialities in it, to prevent its being governed by the ordinary rules and law of tailzies.

But what may it be supposed that such specialities may have consisted

in? It was doubted, in the first place, whether Mr John Vans, or any other entailor, could impose limitations and restrictions on the institute, or person first named by the tailzie, and affect him with irritant and resolutive clauses; and, secondly, it was contended that, *esto*, he could so restrain his institute, should that institute be any other person; he could not do so in the event of his naming himself the institute of his entail.

Now, on the subject of the first of these, founding on the terms of the Statute 1685, which we have already quoted, it has been said, that that Act gave no authority to impose restrictions on *institutes*, or the persons first named in each entail, but only on those after named, who alone are said to be meant by the term "*heirs*" in the act. It is really mortifying to see how much mischief has been done in the world, and how many of the lawsuits in it have arisen from the imperfection of language, and the looseness of expressions, not only in formal writings, but in the laws of countries, which, like the Sphynx's riddle, or the effusions of the Delphic Priestess, may often be interpreted any way. The present is an instance of such uncertainty; but the best key to all such puzzles is to resort to evident design. Now is it conceivable, when our Legislature allowed men "*to tailzie their lands and estates,*" that they did not mean that they should have chiefly power to do so, against the acts and deeds of the eldest son, say of the entailor, whom he might name first, making him thus institute, and whose profuse habits might be the chief cause of his entailing at all? Dalrymple says gravely, that an English estate frequently stands out against two generations of profusion, but that a single profligate very often ruins a Scotch one. Suppose, then, that the sorrowing father of such a son had, after the 1685, come to the great lawyers of that time, who had just prepared the entail act of that year, and asked them, whether it gave him power to tie up his son's hands, should he leave his estate to him, by straightway disposing it to him, re-

\* See Juridical Styles, Vol. I.



serving his own liferent? The answer must have been—"Certainly it does? It was for the benefit of such unfortunate persons as you, in a great measure, that the act was made, and you must not suppose that our work has been so deficient as to miss almost our sole purpose;" besides, in answer to what may be founded on the expressions which seem to limit the word *heir*, so as to make it mean substitutes, and not the institute of an entail, we hold that such interpretation is far too narrow; and probably the decisions in the case of Dunreath, and other actions, proceeded from the notion so prevalent in those days, that entails were *stricti juris*; an idea now in a good measure departed from. The point for determination there, however, was not whether, according to the Statute 1685, an entailor could bind the institute, but whether, in particular instances, he had actually bound him. We may further add, that the Roman law was much more prevalent in this country in 1685 than it is now. According to the analogy of it, the institute was more the *hæres* than the substitute; and it is fair thus to argue, that, instead of protecting the institute against the imposing of restrictions, it was the direct intention in that act to lay them on him, as more properly an heir than any other. But farther, in point of actual practice, is it not quite customary for an entailor to bind the institute as well as the substitutes of his entail?

There seems to have been no incompetency, therefore, in John Vans having bound the institute of his entail by the irritant and resolute clauses in it. The question is a little more difficult, whether it was competent for him to constitute himself the institute, and so bind himself by those clauses? But there appears to have been nothing whatever incompetent in thus binding himself, according to the genius of our law, for, according to the spirit of the Act 1621, men are presumed to be allowed to dispose of, and, *a fortiori*, to bind their estates and themselves even gratuitously, except in so far as they are obstructed by that Statute: besides, is it not competent for a landholder to reduce himself even to the situation of a liferenter by his own

gratuitous deed; and is it not usual for men of profuse habits to tie up their own hands by bonds of interdiction, which, when duly proclaimed and registered, have the effect of restraining them? It is true, that the Act 1685 says nothing on the subject; and the reason is, that it was unnecessary, it being completely understood, that, at common law, a proprietor could restrain himself. The statute was only suppletory of the common law, as to confirming powers, and for the institution of the means of promulgation of all restraints by entail, wherever imposed; so that there seems to be little doubt, that a talzie, duly recorded, and followed by a registered infestment, ought to be held good against the entailor himself, as well as others, providing that he is duly constituted institute, and that the irritant and resolute clauses are made applicable to him: Lord Redesdale, in the able speech made by him on this case, preserved in the Appendix to Mr Sandford's Treatise, stated, that he considered it to be competent for an entailor to bind himself as institute of his entail, and he referred to two cases as confirming his opinion. The first was that of the Duke of Athole, in 1816. His Grace possessed the estate of Tullibardine, which was entailed, and that of Wester Kinnaird, which was unentailed: he obtained an Act of Parliament for loosing the first of them from the entail, and for entailing the other in its place; and the Court of Session, in fixing the terms of the new entail, ordained that His Grace should make it to "*himself* and the heirs whatsoever of his body, whom failing," &c. In the other case, which was that of Mr Kennedy of Dunure, in 1817, where unentailed lands were substituted for others which were entailed, and Mr Kennedy, also, by the Court's authority, disposed the unentailed lands to *himself*, as institute, and bound himself by all the conditions of the new entail. From these two cases, it appeared that it is competent for an entailor to bind himself as institute; but there might be, besides, this special reason in both of these instances, that the Duke and Mr Kennedy were *already bound*, as substitutes holding the old entailed estates, and these obligations



imposed upon them by the new ones, were, in fact, no more than transferences of the burdens to which they were already subject; and further, in point of expediency, it was necessary that the restrictions should be imposed on them, for, had not that been done, the lands might have been sold by the persons in possession, being thus free from the limitations of any entail at all. These views seem to lead to the inference, that a proprietor of lands may bind himself as institute of his own entail, even gratuitously; and this, when duly completed, according to the Statute, would be no greater stretch of power than interdicting himself by his own deed, and proclaiming and recording the interdiction; but, in considering the present question, it is not necessary to concede so much, because the deed executed by Mr Vans was not gratuitous, but *onerous*.

It being, therefore, as it is humbly apprehended, established that *Mr Vans's writing was a deed not of sale, but of entail, and competently made applicable to himself*, let us apply the laws of entail to it, which must be done by reference to the direct terms of the Act 1685. Now, what are these terms?

By that Statute, it is enacted, that "such tailzies shall only be allowed, in which the irritant and resolute clauses are inserted in the procuratories of resignation, charters, precepts, and instruments of *sasine*," and further, when the entail is presented to the Court of Session, and recorded by its authority. Now, the meaning of this is precisely, that a deed does not become an efficient entail merely by having resolute and irritant clauses in it, but that two other requisites must also concur; 1st, that the tailzie shall be registered in the register of entails; and, 2d, that *infestment* shall follow on it, containing a recital of all the conditions and restraining clauses in it; and, as a necessary consequence of this last, it must further go into the register of *sasines*, in terms of the Act 1617, which declared that all *sasines* must be registered within sixty days. Suppose, therefore, an entail is ever so full and regular in point of clauses, it can have no effect against the world, and with purchasers or money-

lenders, or merchants giving credit, unless it is not only recorded in the register of entails, but also followed by *infestment duly recorded in the register of sasines*: as BOTH of these are required by the Act, the absence of any one of them is as fatal to the entail, as if it were deficient in both, or as if it wanted any of the most formal clauses. Let us now notice what effect these considerations ought to have in this case.

We have already seen, that John Vans, when he executed and recorded his entail in 1758, owed £.1500; of course his tailzie could not affect that part of his debt; but then he went on contracting further debt, so that at the final completion of the tailzie, by recorded *sasine* in 1775, he had contracted £.8000 more; now, it follows directly from the above principles, that the entail must be equally unavailing against this last, as against the former part of the debt, because, until the *infestment*, the tailzie could not operate, and was equal to no entail at all: it was of no consequence that the entail had been put into the register of tailzies in 1758, because the Statute required also something else, viz. the recorded *sasine*, and that had been omitted until 1775, when this additional debt had already been contracted. It is no good argument to a money-lender, who was a creditor, that he might have known of the entail from the register of tailzies: his sound answer would be, "True, I knew that such a writing existed, but I also was aware that one of the means of publication ordered by the Act had not been adopted; I knew that, when the Statute directed solemnities, each of them was made requisite; and while no *infestment* was taken on this tailzie, I considered that *qua* creditors, it was no better than so much waste paper; just on the same principles, that though an inhibition were known to be written, signed, and executed, it could have no effect, without the completion of it by both and each of the means of promulgation ordered by the law regarding it."

This doctrine is distinctly supported by the case of Telford Smollet, 14th May 1807, which, though it varied a little in circumstances, agreed with this case in principle.

The estate of Symington was strictly entailed, and the tailzie was followed by recorded infestment; so that one of the requisites of the Statute was complied with, but the *other* was omitted for a considerable time, the entail itself not having been recorded for several years, during which Alexander Telford Smollet, the person in possession, contracted considerable debt. Part of the estate was tried to be brought to sale by those creditors whose debts had been contracted after the recorded sasine, containing all the provisions of the tailzie, but before the registering of the entail; and the question arose, Was it competent to sell it for such debts the creditors in which were presumed to know of the tailzie, through the register of sasines? But the answer of the creditors was sustained,—that such sale must be competent; for that it was a rule of statutory solemnity, that *both* the modes of promulgation should be adopted, and that a deficiency in any one of them was fatal to the entail. To apply that decision to the case in hand: it was of no consequence in which of the solemnities the defect existed; the *objection of deficiency is equally available to the creditors, when the omission is in the infestment, as if it were in the recording of the entail.*

And here one thing deserves particular notice,—that the estate, *qua* creditors, being, in truth, a fee-simple down to the existence of the last step of the promulgation, it was a matter of little consequence to them *at what time* and how late that step might be taken, or that they should adjudge it; because the completion of any tailzie whatever, by the last step of promulgation, could not alter the *nature* which that estate had held at the time of the *contraction* of the debt, which was the proper period to be looked to. The infestment on the entail, which was the last step in this case, was of quite a different nature from a sasine on an heritable bond, or onerous disposition, which might cut out personal debts, because the sasine here was one on an *entail*, of the very essence of which it was, *that all just contractions whatever, prior to the full com-*

*pletion of the tailzie by means of it, should be good against the estate.*

We have hitherto applied the various parts of our reasonings to the situation of John Vans's debts, and have said, that all the contractions prior to the infestment, (the last step of promulgation,) should be good against the estate: but according to our principles, the debts contracted *after* the recorded infestment, amounting to £.1500 Sterling, ought not to affect the estate, because they were *incurred* in the face of an entail then duly completed by compliance with both the injunctions of the Act.

Let us now advert more particularly to the decisions of both the Court of Session and House of Lords, which we are the better enabled to do, having taken these views of the subject; and though we differ from both, yet, as we have already said, we do so with hesitation, from our great respect for those who pronounced them.

And, *first*, with regard to the decision of the Court of Session, it appears to us, that, according to the genius of our law, there was nothing incompetent in entailing on an institute, or in the circumstance of the entailer being himself the institute, which rendered this entail erroneous; and when the rules of entail law are applied, it seemed that all the contractions should be held good which were made prior to the full completion of the entail, but that they should not be good so far as made after that took place. The Court found, that *all the contractions of the entailer, at whatever time made, were unavailing against the estate.*

*Next*, as to the judgment of the House of Peers, it proceeded by applying to the case, not the law of *entails*, but the law of *sale*; and the last of these being founded on the maxim, *prior tempore potior jure*, that high court found, that the *first infestment* being preferable, the sasine on the tailzie, which was *anterior* to the attachment of the estate by the creditors who did not sooner adjudge, or failed to adjudge at all, should cut out and exclude those creditors. But we humbly apprehend that this was not a case of *sale*, but of *entail*, properly so called; and that when the



law applicable to tailzie is resorted to, no such consequences ought to follow. In the transaction between Mr Vans and Mr Agnew, at the time of Miss Agnew's marriage, it was in the power of the father, and his future son-in-law, to have entered into mutual sales of their estates, and had they done so, then the sasine upon the writing granted by Mr Vans would (because that writ was a deed of sale) have excluded all Mr Vans's creditors who had not previously made their debts effectual against the estate. But the transaction not having been made for *selling*, but *entailing*, Mr Agnew's heirs ought to have been satisfied with the consequences of that description of right which had been portioned for and granted. As we are not aware that almost any of Mr Vans's creditors had rendered their personal debts real against the estate by adjudication, before the sasine on the entail was taken and recorded, the consequence of that decision has been, to cut out and exclude debts to the amount of nearly £.9500 Sterling, which, on the principles which we have ventured to urge, would have been good against the estate. They were all contracted while the estate was, in law, a fee-simple; and the entail, owing to its being then imperfect, because not fully promulgated according to the directions of the act, did not, *as to those creditors*, make it any thing else.

Here end our views of that great and important case; and the worthy laird having got through them, (we have no doubt, much to his edification,) may now drink out his tumbler, and slip away to bed. But he is a careful and anxious man. He may therefore ponder on his pillow all he has been reading, and think not a little of his lying money, the painful savings of many long years, for the provision of his younger children, and his excellent wife Betty; for much of it has probably been lent out by him to sundry country gentlemen. This he thought very good security, for they have large free estates; but, as the law now stands, by that recent decision in the Court of last resort, it would appear quite possible, that his fair and snug

fortune, or no small share of it, may be shipwrecked on some concealed rock, unknown to all chart-makers,—some latent entail, mouldering for many years in a drawer, but which may be brought into day for the first time, by its being completed and promulgated, as directed by the Statute, but far too late to save his family from that great loss which will inevitably arise from its existence. The good man would find it no solace to be told that he ought to have adjudged; that his attachment of the estate, followed by charter of adjudication and sasine, had he used such means, would have given him the first feudal right; and that then *he*, and not the heirs of entail, would have been preferred: he would feel, that the matter had assumed quite a different shape from what he expected. He had had no conception that any such steps of procedure on his part would have been either wise or well bred: he had had no notion that any race was to have been run between him and heirs of entail, otherwise he would have started too, and gone on with all the diligence of the law: in short, he had supposed that he had the security of a man of good fortune, and unentailed property, against whom there was no necessity to raise adjudication, and who would have been hurt beyond measure by such step: and, finally, he must feel that it was a matter of the severest hardship, that his widow and younger children should run the hazard of want through such means, and by no fault of his. It is true, it might be said that the evil was not likely to happen to him, because the judgment of the House of Peers applied only to such cases as the one in question, where the circumstance of the entails being *mutual*, afforded the similarity of a sale as a *ratio decidendi*: and that such mutual tailzies were of rare occurrence. But this would prove little satisfactory to him, because how could he know what and how many instances of similar cross entails there may be among those of whose bonds he was the holder? while the possibility of the existence of such things was enough to destroy his comfort.

But the question which must na-



turally occur is, What should be the remedy? And it may appear to the honest man, that when laws are found to be attended with manifest injury or inconvenience, the proper mode of rectifying the evil is to obtain a proper law to an opposite effect, whether the former one may have been some enactment of the Legislature, or some consuetude, or founded on decisions of courts; and he might perhaps remember various instances of this kind of amendment, as in the Statute regulating the effects of apparenacy at common law, and in that clause of all the late Acts on the subject of bankruptcy, rendering reducible the acts and deeds done by a bankrupt within sixty days of his statutory failure, though at common law they were perfectly valid. But really these are rather difficult matters for any one but some advocate, or quill-driver, and a good expedient occurs to the laird. This is now the jaunting season: he has serious thoughts of going for a week or two to drink the waters of St. Ronan's, (which a late writer tells us have a salubrious mixture of brimstone in them, because the saint had "dooked the diel in them;") and by taking his daughter along with him, she would partake of the gaities of the place, so far as a residence at the *Altoun*, instead of the *Hotel*, would admit of it. We make this reservation, because we recommend the Cleekum Inn, at the *Altoun*, knowing well the attention of the good landlady, Mrs Dodds; and being of opinion, that such douce, quiet people, would be snugger there than at the more fashionable house, particularly if that wretched chatter-box of a body, Touchwood, has taken his departure. Now, when the laird is there, it is

his intention (and Mrs Dodds will send him the whisky for the purpose) to go into Marchthorn, and consult on this subject his old friends the writers Mr Bindloose and Mr Meiklewham, who are very competent to judge of the matter.

But we give him even further advice; and if there is no particular *hurry-scurry*,—no electioneering or other bustle at the time, probably one or other, or perhaps both of these counsellors, may join him in extending his travels twenty miles farther across the country, to go and consult still a more knowing person,—we mean Mr Matthew M'Wheeble, the son and successor of the excellent old *Bailie M'Wheeble*, so well known to our readers through the pages of *Waverley*,—for he is father's better, as he adds great practical information in all country business and affairs, to a theoretical knowledge of the law; and has attended, in a particular manner, to all matters directly or remotely connected with landed estates. Now, if this meeting of luminaries should take place, perhaps bringing this important matter before the counties, at their next Michaelmas head courts, may occur to, and be recommended by them, and they may even draw up some paper to be laid before the gentlemen there. Should they do so, we shall probably get hold of it; and if we get it, we shall not be slow in communicating it to our readers. In short, whenever the light of this constellation shall shine on us, we shall speedily shed it abroad by *reflection*; and we trust that these our observations may pave the way for the country understanding this most important subject, and ultimately lead to some good end.

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#### SHELLEY'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

THIS is the last memorial of a mind singularly gifted with poetical talent, however it may have been obscured, and to many, we doubt not, absolutely eclipsed by its unhappy union with much that is revolting in principle and morality. Mr Shelley was one of those unfortunate beings in whom the imagination had been exalted and developed at the expense of the reasoning faculty; and with

the confidence, or presumption, of talent, he was perpetually obtruding upon that public, whose applause he still courted, the startling principles of his religious and political creed. He naturally encountered the fate which even the highest talent cannot avert, when it sets itself systematically in array against opinions which men have been taught to believe and to venerate, and principles with which

the majority of mankind are persuaded that the safety of society is connected. He was denounced as a poetical *enfant perdu* by the Quarterly, and passed over in silence by other periodical works, which, while they were loth to censure, felt that they could not dare to praise. Whether abuse of this nature may not engender, or, at all events, increase the evil it professes to cure; and whether in the case of Shelley, as in that of another great spirit of the age, his contemporary and his friend, this contempt for received opinions, at first affected, may not have been rooted and made real by the virulence with which it was assailed, is a question which it is difficult to answer. But now, when death, the great calmer of men's minds, has removed from this scene of critical warfare its unfortunate subject,—when we can turn to the many passages of pure and exquisite beauty, which brighten even the darkest and wildest of his poetical wanderings, with that impartiality which it was vain to expect while the author lived, and wrote, and raved, and reviled,—what mind of genius or poetical feeling would not wish that his errors should be buried with him in the bosom of the Mediterranean, and lament that a mind so fruitful of good as well as of evil, should have been taken from us, before its fire had been tempered by experience, and its troubled but majestic elements had subsided into calmness?

We doubt not that Mr Shelley, like many other speculative reformers and sceptics, ventured in theory to hazard opinions which in his life he contradicted. His domestic habits seem to have been as different as possible from those which, in the dreams of a distempered fancy, he has sometimes dwelt upon with an alarming frequency and freedom; as if the force of nature and of early associations had asserted their paramount sway, in the midst of his acquired feelings, and compelled him, while surrounded by those scenes, and in the presence of those beings among whom their pure impulses are most strongly felt, to pay homage to their power. The following passage, from the preface to this publication, though written with the natural and

amiable partiality of a wife, exhibits him in the light of an affectionate husband, a warm friend, an enthusiastic admirer of nature and of moral goodness; and though some other more questionable qualities, and more dangerous opinions, are passed over in silence, either in the confidence that no defence is necessary, or the conviction that none can be offered, it is not easy to read this testimony to the moral worth of Shelley, without being disposed to regard with feelings more of sorrow than of anger, the occasional extravagances of this erring spirit.

The comparative solitude in which Mr Shelley lived was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause, which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he to the endeavour of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable: the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone for ever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him: to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel's spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar, and a profound metaphysician: without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made



his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers, and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must frequently have weighed upon his spirits; those beautiful and affecting "Lines, written in dejection at Naples," were composed at such an interval; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. "Prometheus Unbound" was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed "The Witch of Atlas," "Adonais," and "Hellas." In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter, wrote "The Triumph of Life," the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest he had ever known: his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind, and I remained awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friend, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Mr Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to

return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea, by its restless moaning, seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever pourtrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed, and each countenance demonstrated, for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever: his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes: they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and "the world's sole monument" is enriched by his remains.

This volume, which contains a republication of his "Alastor," a collection of all his smaller poems which have been scattered through different periodical works, with the addition of several unpublished poems and fragments, and some translations from the Greek and modern languages, possesses exactly the same beauties and defects which characterize his published works—the same solemnity—the same obscurity—the same, or rather greater carelessness, and the same perfection of poetical expression. It is this last quality which will always give to Shelley an original and distinct character among the poets of the age; and in this, we have little hesitation in saying, that we consider him decidedly superior to them all. Every word he uses, even though the idea he labours to express be vague, or exaggerated, or unnatural, is intensely poetical. In no writer of the age is the distinction between poetry and prose so strongly marked: deprive his verses of the rhymes, and still the exquisite beauty of the language, the harmony of the pauses, the arrangement of the sentences, is perceptible. This is in itself a talent of no ordinary kind, perfectly separate in its nature, though generally found united with that vigour of imagina-



tion which is essential to a great poet, and in Mr Shelley it overshadows even his powers of conception, which are unquestionably very great. It is by no means improbable, however, that this extreme anxiety to embody his ideas in language of a lofty and uncommon cast, may have contributed to that which is undoubtedly the besetting sin of his poetry, its extreme vagueness and obscurity, and its tendency to allegory and personification.

Hence it is in the vague, unearthly, and mysterious, that the peculiar power of his mind is displayed. Like the Goule in the Arabian Tales, he leaves the ordinary food of men, to banquet among the dead, and revels with a melancholy delight in the gloom of the churchyard and the cemetery. He is in poetry what Sir Thomas Browne is in prose, perpetually hovering on the confines of the grave, prying with a terrible curiosity into the secrets of mortality, and speculating with painful earnestness on every thing that disgusts or appals mankind.

But when, abandoning these darker themes, he yields himself to the description of the softer emotions of the heart, and the more smiling scenes of Nature, we know no poet who has felt more intensely, or described with more glowing colours the enthusiasm of love and liberty, or the varied aspects of Nature. His descriptions have a force and clearness of painting which are quite admirable; and his imagery, which he accumulates and pours forth with the prodigality of genius, is, in general, equally appropriate and original. How forcible is this Italian sunset, from the first poem in the present collection, entitled Julian and Maddalo, a piece of a very wild, and not a very agreeable cast, but rich in eloquent and fervid painting!

As those who pause on some delightful way,  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood,  
Looking upon the evening and the flood,  
Which lay between the city and the shore,  
Pav'd with the image of the sky: the hoar  
And airy Alps, towards the north, appear'd,  
Through mist, an heav'n-sustaining bulwark, rear'd

Between the east and west; and half the sky  
Was roof'd with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paus'd in his descent  
Among the many-folded hills,—they were  
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,  
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.—  
And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
Dissolv'd into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains tow'ring, as from waves of flame,  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent. "Ere it fade,"  
Said my companion, "I will show you  
A better station." So o'er the lagune  
We glided; and from that funereal bark  
I lean'd, and saw the city, and could mark  
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,  
Its temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment pil'd to heav'n.

How delicately beautiful are these stanzas from the Witch of Atlas!—

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast  
Around their inland islets, and amid  
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast  
Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid  
In melancholy gloom, the pinnace past,  
By many a star-surrounded pyramid  
Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,  
And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

The silver noon into that winding dell,  
With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,  
Temper'd like golden evening, feebly fell;  
A green and glowing light, like that which drops  
From folded lilies in which glowworms dwell,  
When earth over her face night's mantle wraps;  
Between the severed mountains lay on high,  
Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

And ever as she went, the Image lay  
 With folded wings and unawakened  
 eyes;  
 And o'er its gentle countenance did play  
 The busy dreams, as thick as summer  
 flies,  
 Chasing the rapid smiles that would not  
 stay,  
 And drinking the warm tears, and the  
 sweet sighs  
 Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,  
 They had arous'd from that full heart and  
 brain.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud  
 Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle  
 went :  
 Now lingering on the pools, in which  
 abode  
 The calm and darkness of the deep  
 content  
 In which they paus'd ; now o'er the shal-  
 low road  
 Of white and dancing waters, all be-  
 sprent  
 With sand and polish'd pebbles :—mor-  
 tal boat  
 In such a shallow rapid could not float.

And down the earthquaking cataracts,  
 which shiver  
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,  
 Or under chasms unfathomable ever  
 Sepulchre them, till in their rage they  
 tear  
 A subterranean portal for the river,  
 It fled,—the circling sunbows did up-  
 bear  
 Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,  
 Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

By far the greater number of the  
 pieces which the present volume con-  
 tains are fragments, some of them  
 in a very unfinished state indeed ;  
 and though we approve the feeling  
 which led the friends of Mr Shelley  
 to collect them all, we question  
 whether a selection, from the more  
 finished pieces, would not have been  
 a more prudent measure, as far as his  
 fame is concerned. It dissolves en-  
 tirely the illusion which we wish to  
 cherish as to the intuitive inspira-  
 tion—the *estro* of poetry—to be thus  
 admitted, as it were, into the work-  
 shop of Genius, and to see its mate-  
 rials confused and heaped together,  
 before they have received their last  
 touches from the hand of the poet,  
 and been arranged in their proper  
 order. And it is wonderful how  
 much the effect of the finest poem  
 depends on an attention to minutæ,

and how much it may be injured by  
 a harsh line, an imperfect or forced  
 rhyme, a defective syllable, or, as is  
 often the case here, an unfortunate  
 [ ] occurring in the middle of a  
 stanza. Others, however, are fortu-  
 nately in a more finished state ; and  
 though even in these it is probable  
 that much is wanting, which the last  
 touches of the author would have  
 given, we have no fear but that, im-  
 perfect as they are, they will bear us  
 out in what we have said of the  
 powers of the poet.

What a quiet stillness breathes  
 over this description of

### The Pine Forest

OF THE CASCINE, NEAR PISA !

We wandered to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the Ocean's foam,  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the woods, and on the deep,  
 The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which shed to earth above the sun  
 A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the Pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,  
 With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was !—the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound.

The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew,  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat  
 Of the white mountain's waste,  
 To the bright flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced ;—

A spirit interfused around,  
 A thinking, silent life,  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal Nature's strife.—

For still it seemed the centre of  
 The magic circle there,  
 Was one whose being filled with love  
 The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocusses that grew  
 Under that ilex tree,  
 As beautiful in scent and hue  
 As ever fed the bee ?

We stood beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough,  
And each seemed like a sky  
Gulphed in a world below :—

A purple firmament of light,  
Which in the dark earth lay,  
More boundless than the depth of night,  
And clearer than the day—

In which the massy forests grew,  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any waving there.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
To the dark water's breast  
Its every leaf and lineament  
With that clear truth expressed.

There lay for glades and neighbouring  
lawn,  
And through the dark green crowd  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imaged by the water's love  
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath  
Within an Elysium air,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,  
Like an unwelcome thought,  
Which from my mind's too faithful eye  
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good, and dear, and kind,  
The forest ever green,  
But less of peace in S—'s mind,  
Than calm in waters seen.

We should pity any one who could  
peruse the following affecting lines,  
entitled "Stanzas written in dejection,  
near Naples," without the  
strongest sympathy for their unfortunate  
author.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light  
Around its unexpanded buds ;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself is soft, like Soli-  
tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolv'd in star-show'rs,  
thrown :

I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measur'd motion,  
How sweet ! did any heart now share  
in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—  
Nor fame, nor pow'r, nor love, nor  
leisure.

Others I see whom these surround,—  
Smiling they live and call life pleasure ;  
To me that cup has been dealt in ano-  
ther measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are ;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last  
monotony :

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan ;  
They might lament,—for I am one  
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in  
memory yet.

The following lines also appear to  
us extremely beautiful, though, in  
order to preserve the full effect of the  
rythm, they require some manage-  
ment in the reading.

### Lines.

When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute :—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.



When hearts have once mingled,  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possessed.  
 O, Love! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high:  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave the naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

The following appear to us very  
 much in the style of our old English  
 lyric poets of the age of Charles I.

### Song.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure,  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,  
 And the starry night;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Every thing almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;  
 Between thee and me

What difference? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee;  
 But above all other things,  
 Spirit, I love thee—  
 Thou art love and life! O come,  
 Make once more my heart thy home!

### Mutability.

The flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow dies;  
 All that we wish to stay,  
 Tempts and then flies;  
 What is this world's delight?  
 Lightning that mocks the night,  
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!  
 Friendship too rare!  
 Love, how it sells poor bliss  
 For proud despair!  
 But we, though soon they fall,  
 Survive their joy and all  
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
 Whilst flowers are gay,  
 Whilst eyes that change ere night  
 Make glad the day;  
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
 Then wake to weep.

Swifter far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone:  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
 I am left lone, alone.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violets for a maiden dead,  
 Pansies let my flowers be:  
 On the living grave I bear,  
 Scatter them without a tear,  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

The longer poems, from which we have made no extracts, we think less interesting, though some of them, and particularly the *Triumph of Life*, an imitation of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, are written with very peculiar power and originality. Some translations are also included in this volume, of which the *Scenes from Goethe's Faust*, and Calderon's "*Magico Prodigioso*," are the most interesting.

## SCOTS JUDICATURE BILL,

Entituled, "An Act for the better regulating the Forms of Process in the Courts of Law in Scotland.

## I. VIEWS OF GOVERNMENT.

"If it were possible, by proper regulations, to remove these evils," a "new character would be given to the administration of justice in Scotland, favourable to the litigants, honourable to the Judges, and, in time, affording effectual relief to the Court of ultimate Appeal."—*Report of Mr Cleghorn—Appendix, p. 76.*

THE public are aware that the present system of the forms of administering justice in Scotland has been almost entirely regulated, since the Union, by Acts of Sederunt. It is undeniable that great abuses now exist. They have been forced upon the attention of the Legislature by the extraordinary number of appeals from Scotland, in comparison with those from England and Ireland. Some think that all the evils which have arisen are to be traced to the Bench; others, that "the principal point is, that Government shall do its duty by giving us learned, experienced, and conscientious Judges, who have not to learn their law on the Bench."—(*Opinion of Mr Forsyth, Advocate, p. 146.*) All are agreed that our forms of process "stand in need of some improvement, or at least of some alteration," and that "there never can be a better opportunity than the present, for discussing and ascertaining what are the improvements or alterations most proper to be adopted, and how they can be most effectually carried into execution."—(*Opinion of Mr Swinton, W. S.*)

This subject originated in the Report of a Committee of the House of Lords. Afterwards, the Act of 4 Geo. IV. c. 85, "to the intent that salutary regulations should be made and established," authorised his Majesty to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the forms of process in the Courts of Scotland, and appeals in the House of Lords. The Presidents of the Session, Exchequer, and Jury Courts,—two Ordinary Judges of the Court of Session,—one of the Barons of Exchequer,—the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General,—two Masters in Chancery,—two English Barristers,—two Scots Advocates,—and one

Principal Clerk of Session, were appointed Commissioners; and Royal instructions were issued to those Commissioners. The opinions of several eminent and learned persons in Scotland were taken. Those opinions, in an Appendix, and the Report of the Commissioners, have been printed. An Act of Parliament has been since introduced, which, after a considerable struggle, was got postponed till next Session, in order to afford the people of Scotland an opportunity of expressing their opinions. This liberality on the part of the Legislature, although nothing more than what the people were entitled to expect, will, no doubt, be duly appreciated by the public. It is, indeed, more liberal than any measure established by the Acts of Sederunt of the Scotch Judges since the Union, as to any of which it was never thought necessary to take the opinion of the country.

It has been truly observed, that "no measure since the Union has been set on foot, which is likely to be attended with more important results to Scotland than this Commission; and no Scotsman can await the resolutions which may be adopted, without the most anxious solicitude."—(*Opinion of Mr Pat. Robertson, Advocate.*)

While appeals are competent to the House of Lords, and decided by an English Judge, it is not difficult to anticipate, that, in the progress of time, the Scotch forms and principles of law must be assimilated to those in England. From a conviction that the English system, upon the whole, is better adapted for dispatch, and the impartial administration of justice, than the Scots system, and that the mode of administering justice in England has been attended with

happier effects in raising the public spirit, and increasing the happiness of the productive and most interesting classes of the people, than in any other country, we cordially approve of the speedy introduction of the English system into Scotland. No doubt, there are defects in the English system; and, in many respects, the principles and forms of the Scots are decidedly superior to those in England. But we are not blind admirers of the many abuses which exist in the English system. These must be attacked with an unsparing hand. The abuses in both systems should be abolished, and the best forms and principles of the two systems adopted. Great Britain and Ireland, being under one Sovereign and Government, and the intercourse becoming greater every day between every part of the three kingdoms, it is necessary, especially to the commercial and maritime classes, that one set of laws and forms should be observed in every Court of his Majesty's dominions. There are, no doubt, prejudices in Scotland against the introduction of such a system. But that which Government has already effected, and has in contemplation, with respect to the systems of the excise and customs, and the commercial and navigation laws, demonstrates the practicability of introducing one uniform system in our laws and courts.

It seems impossible to peruse the Act of Parliament and the Royal instructions to the Commissioners, without being convinced that his Majesty's Government have conferred a material boon on Scotland, by ordering an inquiry into the existing grievances in the administration of justice in Scotland. Much, however, remains to be done. This report is certainly one important step. But we trust that Government and the Legislature will go farther, and gradually assimilate the jurisdictions, practical forms, and principles of the laws of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies. "*Quam formam non solum in hac regia urbe, sed etiam in omnibus nostris provinciis, (etsi propter imperitiam forte aliter celebratur,) obtinere censemus; cum necesse sit, omnes provincias caput omnium nostrarum civitatum, id est, hanc*

*regiam urbem ejusque observantiam sequi.*" (Justinian, L. iv., t. 11., § 7.) The same forms and rules should obviously be observed in the provinces as well as at the seat of the Supreme Judicature.

Previous to the French Revolution, different rules prevailed in every province; and appeals to *Paris*, where a different rule was observed, were endless. But the French Code established one set of rules as well for the Capital as for the Provinces, and thus appeals became almost unnecessary. The people of this country are not yet, perhaps, sufficiently free from prejudices to appreciate the beneficial consequences to our former enemies of such a measure. But a similar measure in this country seems urgently called for, the Scotch and British Acts of Parliament, and Acts of Sederunt, having become so voluminous. The House of Lords, which is the supreme and highest court in His Majesty's dominions, cannot be employed with more dignity and utility than in framing one set of rules, to be sanctioned by the Legislature, and equally applicable to the supreme and inferior judicatories.

The Royal instructions seem to be the result of a considerable knowledge of some of the faults of the Scotch practice. If these instructions were not prepared, in the first instance, by the Lord Chancellor Eldon, they at least seem to embrace many of the remarks which that eminent Judge, (whose judgments have given very general satisfaction in Scotland) was in the course occasionally of making.

One great evil in the practice of the Scotch Courts is the loose jumble of matters of fact, equity, and law; and even the Lord Chancellor had great difficulty, sometimes, in discovering whether the decision of the Lords of Session turned upon one or other of these grounds. Two of the Scotch Judges have been in the practice of giving the reasons of their judgments; but with these exceptions, the general practice certainly has been to frame the interlocutors and judgments of the Judges with great looseness. This practice must have appeared to the Lord Chancellor to require an amendment, more espe-



cially as the English Judges are so celebrated for the clear exposition which they are in the practice of giving of the principles and reasons of their decisions.

## II. SCOTS ACTS OF SEDERUNT.

"It is the best law which allows least discretion to the Judge, and the best Judge who allows least to himself."—*Opinion of Lord Chancellor BACON.*

There are many clauses in the new bill, which, it must be admitted, would introduce some salutary improvements in the administration of the law. But still it appears surprising, that after taking the opinions of so many eminent and learned individuals, with respect to the whole range of abuses in our courts of law, that so little should be comprehended in the new bill, and such defective and objectionable measures proposed for the benefit and approbation of the people of Scotland. If the authors of those measures have the ambition to be handed down to posterity with immortal honour, they have now the opportunity of entitling themselves to be "numbered among the founders and institutors of laws," by proposing wise, comprehensive, and really beneficial measures, for the double object of relief to the Judges, and the great body of the people.

But the proposed bill appears, in many respects, radically defective, and not such as is calculated to give much satisfaction to the people of Scotland. If so, the promoters of the bill would act prudently and wisely, if they were, in deference to public opinion, to withdraw the bill at present, and to frame a new bill altogether, which should, by a set of plain and obvious rules, regulate, by legislative enactments, *the whole forms of the administration of justice from the beginning of the action till the decree is obtained, and put in execution*, by seizing the estate and effects or person of the debtor.

The great and leading object of this bill seems merely to be, to introduce a more skilful manner of preparing causes for judgment, and thereby saving trouble to the Judges of Scotland, and the Lord Chancellor of England. But almost all the Scotch Acts of Sederunt, at least for the last fifty years, may be traced to the same principle, in so far as the

Scotch Judges and their clerks were concerned; and it is alleged, we will not say correctly, that those Acts originally introduced and sanctioned almost all the abuses in the forms of proceedings, and the high dues of Court levied from the suitors, for behoof of the clerks of Court, and clerks of the Judges, of which, and the expenses of process, the people of Scotland now so generally and justly complain. Every regulation which has for its object the saving of unnecessary trouble to the Judges and their clerks, and the clerks of Court, will no doubt be duly appreciated by the people of Scotland.

But while this is conceded, we humbly presume to observe, that it is no less necessary that regulations should be enacted by Parliament, the principle of which shall be the diminution of the fees of Court, and of the expenses of the whole forms of process and writs in the administration of justice in Scotland; that the Scotch Judges themselves should also shew some deference to the opinion of the public, and an intelligent profession; and that their duties should be confined exclusively to their proper functions—the impartial administration of justice. Lord Chancellor Bacon authoritatively, and it would now seem prophetically, said, Let not "their decrees go forth silently; but the Judges render the reasons of their opinion, and that publicly, and in a circle of bystanders; so that what is truly unfettered in the power MAY YET, BY NOTORIETY AND OPINION, BE CIRCUMSCRIBED." The Act of Parliament,—the Royal instructions,—the reports of the late and former Commissioners,—and the Appendix to the last Report, bring before the public, as in a mirror, the defects and faults of the forms and practice of the Scotch Courts, and shew whether the precepts of Lord Bacon have been always observed, even by the Judges.

But the proposed bill does not contain any clause—1, To abolish the fee-fund dues; 2, For the avowed purpose of diminishing the expenses of process; 3, For abolishing the present system of signet summonses, arrestments, inhibitions, hornings, poidings, and captions, and substituting a more simple and less ex-

pensive set of writs: 4, It is proposed that the Jury Court shall not only be continued as a separate establishment, but the Judges and its jurisdiction increased, with, no doubt, suitable salaries to those Judges, and to additional officers or clerks of court; that maritime causes be transferred to it, and the Admiralty jurisdiction and court—the best-regulated and the cheapest of the Supreme Courts—virtually abolished: 5, The prize jurisdiction of the Scotch Admiralty Court is to be transferred to the English Admiralty Court: 6, Moreover, the forms of process of the Supreme and Inferior Courts, *now and in all time coming*, are to be regulated by Acts of Sederunt of the Scotch Judges.

The forms of process, in the Scotch Courts only, seem, more especially since the Union, to have been chiefly regulated by the Acts of Sederunt of the Judges. Whether or not the Legislature even ought, according to the true spirit of the British constitution, to delegate its legislative powers and proper functions to irresponsible Judges, who are equally independent of the crown and of public opinion, may, without the imputation of the slightest disrespect or dissatisfaction, be fairly doubted. Certain it is, that those Acts of Sederunt, after the experience of upwards of a hundred years, have not had the desired effect. If they have not introduced or sanctioned many abuses, and the present heavy dues of court and enormous expences of process, they have at least become so voluminous, that they are seldom read, and of course are little known to the advocates; agents, the great body of the people, or even to the Judges themselves: and how excellent soever these acts in themselves may be, they (it is alleged by many individuals of considerable experience) are liable to the following objections:—

(1.) The legislative functions and powers ought not to be entrusted and delegated to those who administer the laws. Lord Chancellor Bacon long ago observed, that “The power of *supplying*, or extending, or limiting the laws, is not very distant from the power of making them.”

(2.) The Scotch Acts of Sederunt are little known, and seldom pur-

chased or read. Lord Cringletie, in his Report, truly observes, “Indeed, many of the practitioners are unacquainted with these Acts, as they are not printed and sold by the booksellers till a considerable time after they are enacted. I therefore think, that the regulations I have proposed, if they be thought worthy of adoption, or any other radical amendments which may be made, ought to be enforced by *Act of Parliament*, as were those introduced in 1672 and 1695.”

(3.) The Scotch Acts of Sederunt might, with as much controul of public opinion, issue from the Conclave of Roine or the Divan of Constantinople: For although the people may petition Parliament, and publicly express their opinions, without danger, on any measure under consideration of Parliament, they have no power whatever of stating their opinions, while the expediency of Acts of Sederunt is under consideration in the robing room, with shut doors, or elsewhere. After the Acts of Sederunt are once issued, it might be construed into disrespect and *contempt*, to present a petition to the Judges impeaching the wisdom of those Acts; an experiment, indeed, which, it is said, no counsel or agent of character or calculation, (with the exception of one or two imprudent, or alleged insane individuals,) or even the public bodies connected with the College of Justice, would venture to make. The people of Scotland, so far as we have been able to learn, are entirely ignorant of the manner in which the Acts of Sederunt are concocted, or whether the Judges consider themselves bound to consult, as their Privy Councillors, even the Faculty of Advocates, the Writers to the Signet, or Solicitors before the Supreme Courts. It is reported, that the latter body, some time ago, intimated a desire to know something of the progress of Acts of Sederunt; but that no notice was taken of the application; and that, in point of fact, that Society and the public know nothing of the progress or concoction of these Acts till passed.

(4.) Regulations formed in this manner may have the dangerous tendency of placing the Judges in odium



with their fellow-subjects, and bringing the very administration of justice itself into suspicion. These are effects which no Scotsman, or lover of his country, would imagine even to be possible, without regret.

But whether these, and other objections which might be stated, are well or ill founded, we are sorry to observe, that the present bill proposes still to delegate to the Scotch Judges to regulate, by Acts of Sederunt, not only the new forms of process before the Court of Session, the Jury, Admiralty, and Inferior Courts, but to regulate these forms *in all time coming*.

It appears to us that it is highly inexpedient that the Judges ought to be required, or permitted, to perform the proper functions of Legislators;—that the whole Acts of Sederunt ought to be abolished;—that regulations proposing to embrace the better regulation of the whole forms of process, and all kinds of judicial writs, should be prepared, *submitted to Parliament and the country at large*, and calmly and deliberately considered, and publicly discussed, and finally enacted, not by Acts of Sederunt, but by Acts of Parliament. “Let the contradictory laws,” says Lord Bacon, be revised and examined “by persons chosen for the purpose, and then submitted to the assemblies, that what is approved of may be established and fixed by suffrage;” and “in laws of an ordinary and political kind, where, for the most part, no one takes advice of lawyers (advocates), but trusts to his own interpretation, every thing ought to be unfolded more at large, and pointed out, as it were, to the vulgar apprehension.”

The regulations of our forms of process by legislative enactments would have this important advantage, that they would be printed at the public expense,—known and distributed in every part of His Majesty’s dominions,—and treated by the people, including the profession, with suitable respect and observance; whereas Acts of Sederunt, how excellent soever their objects or rules may be, are not printed at the public expense, so far as we know; they are, therefore, seldom purchased, or read—consequently not generally known

—and of course disregarded, notwithstanding of any eulogiums in their favour, or harsh compulsores by the Judges, to enforce their observance.

In submitting objections to the Scotch Acts of Sederunt, we have no intention of attributing any blame personally to the present Judges, several of whom cordially wish these Acts abolished. The present Judges are not responsible for the Acts of their predecessors, who may also have been actuated by the best, although, as experience has proved, mistaken intentions. We look to the tendency of Acts of Sederunt, as it may affect not only the Judges, the profession, and the people of Scotland, but the due administration of justice; and in every point of view, we humbly conceive that all the existing Acts of Sederunt *should be repealed, and the powers of the Scotch Judges, to enact any new Acts of Sederunt, for ever abolished by the Legislature.*

### III. SIGNET SUMMONSES AND WRITS.

“It appears to us an important object to facilitate the administration of justice,” and to “relieve it of every superfluous charge.” *Third Report of Commissioners in 1818.*

We have now to call the attention of the public to one of the greatest abuses which exists in the Scotch forms—the present mode of bringing parties into Court, and enforcing the decrees of the Judges; that is, the present system of signet summonses, letters of suspension and advocacy, hornings, captions, and other writs passing the Signet. The whole of these writs, it seems sufficiently obvious, require to be reformed, if not totally abolished. The superfluous and unnecessary expenses of such writs form one of the heaviest and most oppressive taxes upon the lieges, in the administration of justice.

The Judges, in their characters of Legislators, or the Faculty of Advocates, have never directed their attention to the reformation or amendment of this abuse. It is left to the fostering care of the Society of Writers to the Signet, who are interested in supporting and maintaining the monopoly at the expense of the people of Scotland. The Judges, indeed, by some of their late judgments, seem to have taken this monopoly under their special protection. The



Solicitors, and other practitioners, appear to have a sufficient participation in this gainful trade, to prevent them from making any complaint. It will, therefore, depend upon the public spirit of the country gentlemen, and the mercantile and maritime classes, whether Parliament shall be moved to abolish or reform this system.

It is matter of regret, that the former and last Commissioners, from a delicacy, perhaps, to the Writers to the Signet, have neither made any inquiry, nor reported to Parliament any opinion on this very important subject. Hence there is no provision on the subject in the new bill, although falling within the compass of the inquiry of the last Commissioners, and the professed object of the new bill.

The Commissioners in 1818, indeed, admit that they had not made the necessary inquiry, and were not prepared "to state any opinion as to the expediency of introducing a more direct and simple form of personal execution." But with respect to the decrees of Sheriffs for sums to the amount of £40, those Commissioners reported that signet hornings and captions were unnecessary, and that the decrees of Sheriffs, like those of Magistrates of Royal Burghs, should be an effectual warrant to poind or imprison, "without any previous interposition of the Supreme Court." Their recommendation to this extent has, however, been hitherto disregarded by the Legislature. But the reasons in support of the recommendation, stated by the Commissioners, sufficiently shew the expediency of abolishing, in all cases, signet writs, and substituting a more simple and less expensive mode of bringing actions into court, and putting decrees into execution.

Although there is a quarto volume of the forms of the different writs passing the Signet, we conceive they may be resolved chiefly into two classes: 1, Summonses and arrestments, and inhibitions thereon; and, 2, Arrestments, inhibitions, hornings and poindings, and captions, following upon decrees.

#### 1. Summonses.

In England, a person is generally cited to appear in Court by a short

writ directed to the Sheriff, and after citation and appearance of the defendant in Court, the cause of action is explained by the plaintiff, in a *declaration*. Anciently, a similar practice existed in Scotland. In virtue of the Act 1457, c. 62, a brieve was obtained from Chancery, ("*the Kinges Chappel*,") directed to the Sheriff, to call "the parties before the Lordes of Session," to answer to a matter to be then laid against them. So late as 1672, the practice of engrossing in the summons a full statement of the facts and the conclusions, was unknown. This practice continued till 1723, when the Writers to the Signet obtained an Act of Sederunt directing the *declaration* and conclusions to be embodied in the summons, and a copy served on the defender. From the establishment of the College of Justice in 1537 till 1723, therefore, it appears that *blank* summonses were used. The same practice is still continued in the Admiralty and Teind Courts.

The modern practice of embodying a full statement in the summons seems to have been introduced chiefly to secure a monopoly to the Writers to the Signet. It appears to have no other recommendation. But by a decision of the House of Lords in 1800, the Solicitors were found entitled to a share in the monopoly.

The Scotch practice, however, ought, on general grounds, to be assimilated as near as possible to that of England. The remedy seems easy, and would be attended with very beneficial consequences. All that is necessary is to have either *briefes* or *short summonses*. If the last are preferred, let any statements, or averments of facts, be excluded, and the summons confined shortly to the name of the plaintiff and defendant,—the amount of the debt,—the conclusions,—and the warrant of citation. Of this no amendment should ever be permitted. The facts on which the summons is founded should be stated without argument separately, in a *declaration*, and served on the defender along with citation. The warrant of citation should be in a printed form, as in the Admiralty and Teind Courts, and contain warrant also to arrest and inhibit, and in that state should pass the Signet *blank*,

but be always libelled before service, or using arrestment or inhibition. The arrestment or inhibition should fall to the ground, unless the summons were lodged with the Clerk of Court, on expiry of the *inducia*. A copy of the summons and executions, as an inhibition recorded in the record of inhibitions, like a copy of a petition for sequestration, should be a sufficient inhibition. Mr Forsyth, Advocate, who has perhaps had more practice, and is better skilled in Scots forms than any other counsel now at the Bar, concurs substantially in approving of this plan. "Return (says he, App. p. 148.) to blank writs, or writs of style, shewing merely the nature of the demand. Let the pleadings in Court begin with a declaration, or claim by the pursuer, stating his case."

### 2. *Hornings, Captions, &c.*

When a decree is obtained, the extract should have appended, in a printed form, warrant to charge, arrest, inhibit, poid, and imprison;—and no separate letters of horning and poiding, arrestment, and inhibition and caption, which are quite superfluous and unnecessary, should be permitted. The unnecessary and expensive forms of letters of suspension and advocacy, which are abolished in maritime causes, but are carelessly intended by the new bill to be continued, should in all cases be abolished.

The average expense of raising and executing signet-letters, viz. summons, arrestment, inhibitions, suspensions, horning and poiding, and caption, may be stated from £.10 to £.25 upon each debt, although, perhaps, not exceeding £.5 or £.10 in amount.

By the new plan proposed, the blank warrant of citation, arrestment, and inhibition, should cost about seven shillings, and all the other expenses of letters of horning, arrestment, &c. would be saved, except a trifle for recording an inhibition or charge, because the warrants to arrest, poid, &c. would be contained in, and appended to the original decree.

If, again, these extracts and the copy for the record were allowed, as in the Jury Court, to be prepared by the agents themselves, one extractor might sign all the extracts of the Court of Session, and thus the whole expense of the absurd establishment of so many extractors might be saved.

The only objection to the economical plan proposed, is the vested interest of the Writers to the Signet. It would not be difficult to show that all the compensation which they could fairly claim would be very trifling. But their claims of compensation should be no obstacle to such a national benefit. Let the Barons of Exchequer be empowered to examine these claims, and to sustain them in so far as may be just.

## Loch-na-bo.

How sweet a little spot is here !  
Who'd think, 'midshapeless hills so drear,  
To meet with such a scene ?  
It seems some fairy solitude,  
Where elves resort in lightsome mood,  
To sport 'mong copees green.

How calm the little lake doth lie,  
Reflecting the soft Summer sky,  
One sheet of azure hue !  
And, raising their round heads, are seen  
The wooded isles of softest green,  
Amid the waters blue.

Dark woods hemm'd round on every side,  
And tow'ring hills extended wide,  
Shut out the world unknown ;  
No human footstep presses here ;  
The wild fowl and the dappled deer  
Make the lone spot their own.

O, from loath'd scenes of selfish strife,  
Where dulness chills the springs of life,  
How gladly I'd retreat  
To this embow'ring solitude,  
Where no vain cares or wrongs obtrude  
The tranquil mind to fret !

All day, among the willows green,  
I'd muse upon the varied scene  
In soothing reverie ;  
The deer would pass me tamely by ;  
The wild drake on his webb'd oars lie,  
Not timorous of me.

And when at eve far to the woods,  
The heron, angler of the floods,  
Slow soaring took his flight ;  
I'd cross the blue lake in my skiff,  
To the lone cot beside the cliff,  
And dream of bliss all night !



## ON THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

A SPECTATOR, placed on any part of the earth's surface, sees around him a certain limited *portion* of its surface, and this portion is called the *visible horizon* of that place. If the spectator advances twenty or thirty miles from his first position, in any direction, either east, west, north, or south, he will have an entirely *new* visible horizon, which will not contain any one of the objects which were seen in his first position. By advancing still farther, he will have another visible horizon, filled again with fresh objects, and bounded by a different portion of the earth. If the earth were perfectly globular, the boundaries of all these visible horizons would, in every position, be circles; but as the figure of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid, the boundaries of all the visible horizons, except when the spectator is at either of the poles, will be ellipses. Now the perpetual change of objects in the visible horizon cannot possibly arise from the inequalities of the earth's surface, considered as a plane of indefinite extent; for even from the highest mountains in one of the horizons, we cannot see the objects contained in the other. It follows, then, that the surface of the earth is not plane, but convex; and since this change in the visible horizon takes place equally, as to observation, in every part of the earth which has been visited, we are entitled to conclude that the earth is round. When the visible horizon is composed wholly of sea, we have ocular proof of the earth's convexity. As a ship comes in sight, the top of the mast first appears, while the hull and the sails, at least the lower parts of them, are invisible. We next perceive more of the rigging, and, as she approaches, the whole of the vessel rises, as it were, above the horizon, or above the convexity of the sea;—and the surface of the earth is nothing more than the continuation of the surface of the sea, in all directions, and raised a little farther from the earth's centre. The globular form of the earth is still more satisfactorily proved by the variation in the mid-day altitudes of

the sun, and the meridian altitudes of all the other heavenly bodies, when seen from different parts of its surface, or in different latitudes; and this variation, when accurately observed at two places, whose distance is known, or which we can measure, enables us to determine, with great accuracy, the diameter of the earth. It is difficult, however, when measuring the meridional distance between two places, to keep always exactly in that meridian; we may deviate a little to the one side or to the other, in consequence of which, our measured distance between the two places will be greater than the true distance. We can place upright poles, or other objects, in the meridian which lies between the two places, in the following manner: Let a transit instrument, at one of the places, be placed in the meridian, by the help of circumpolar stars, or otherwise; direct the telescope towards a distant object, some part of which is in the meridian. Upon this object make a mark, exactly in the direction of the vertical wire in the middle of the telescope; this point will be in the meridian: the same kind of operation may be made at the second station which was made at the first; and, in this manner, the meridian line may be continued as far as we please. When the distance between the two places is measured, and the difference between the zenith distances of a star situated on the same meridian, corresponding with the measured distance, is ascertained; this is what astronomers call the measure of a degree of the meridian. The measurement of two degrees, in the direction of the meridian, in two different latitudes, is sufficient to determine the two axes of the generating ellipse, and, consequently, the figure of the earth, supposing it to be elliptical. Several degrees have been measured, in different latitudes, and the *result* of these measurements is, that the mean diameter of the earth is about 7912 miles;—that a degree of the meridian is longer at the poles than at the equator; and, therefore, that the earth is an oblate spheroid,



a solid generated by the revolution of an ellipse about its shorter axis, and that the proportion of the less axis is to the greater as 300 to 301. The difference, however, in the results which have been obtained by making use of various degrees measured in different parts of the earth, by collating them in pairs, was sufficient to induce Laplace to suspect that the earth is really not a solid of revolution, but that the terrestrial meridian is a curve of double curvature. That illustrious philosopher was led to this erroneous conclusion, partly by making use of the incorrect degree of the meridian measured by Maupertius and his associates in Lapland, and some similar wrong results given by La Caille, deduced from measurements and experiments made at the Cape of Good Hope, and partly by an error in his own calculations, which affected his results. From subsequent experiments, however, more accurately conducted, it is now extremely probable that the earth is a solid of revolution, and that both hemispheres are exactly similar. The degree in Lapland has been re-measured, and an error detected in the old measurement of about 200 fathoms. Professor Playfair ascribed the small discrepancies, which arise from making use of measured degrees in different places, to the unequal density of the materials of which the earth may be composed at those places near its surface, by means of which the direction of gravity may be disturbed.

A homogeneous fluid, of the mean density of the earth, and revolving on its axis in 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds, of solar time, would be in equilibrium if it had the figure of an oblate spheroid, of which the axis is to the equatorial diameter as 229 to 230. This is the figure which *Newton* ascribed to the earth; his investigation of its figure, however, though extremely ingenious, involved assumptions which prevented it from being quite satisfactory. A very accurate and elegant demonstration was not long after given by *Maclaurin*, which was afterwards improved, and rendered more analytical, by *Clairaut*. Respecting *Maclaurin's* solution, *Boschut* makes the following remark: "He demonstrated, without any of

the gratuitous suppositions which *Newton* had adopted, that if a planet, supposed to be fluid and homogeneous, be composed of particles which attract in the ratio of their masses, and inversely as the square of their distances, at the same time that it revolves round an axis in a given time, it will remain in equilibrium if it have the form of an elliptic spheroid, whatever may be the ratio of the axis. *Maclaurin* has only employed in his demonstrations the synthetic geometry of the ancients; but we regard his method as a master-piece, superior to any thing which *Archimedes* or *Apollonius* has left us." *Maclaurin* divided the prize given by the Academy of Sciences at Paris with *Euler* and *Daniel Bernouilli*. Now, although it was thus demonstrated that the parts of a homogeneous fluid, (on which the figure of the earth, just described, was any how induced,) would be in equilibrio, yet it was not shown inversely, that whenever an equilibrium takes place in such a fluid mass, the figure of the mass must be the oblate spheroid in question. *D'Alembert*, indeed, showed that there are more spheroids than one, in which the state of equilibrium may be maintained, and this result, though it was not observed by *Maclaurin*, might easily, however, have been inferred from his solution. *Legendre* afterwards proved that the solids of equilibrium must always be elliptic spheroids; and that, in general, there are two spheroids that will satisfy the specified conditions. In the case of a homogeneous mass of the mean density of the earth, revolving in the space of 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds, one of the spheroids is that above mentioned, the other is one in which the equatorial diameter is to the polar as 691 to 1. *Laplace* has added the following limitations. A fluid and homogeneous mass cannot be in equilibrium with an elliptic figure, if the time of its rotation be less than 2 hours, 25 minutes, 17 seconds. If the time of revolution be greater than this, there will always be two elliptic figures, or spheroids, and not more, in which an equilibrium may be maintained.

If the earth be not homogeneous, but composed of strata that increase in density as they approach the cen-

tre, it will still be an elliptic spheroid, but of less oblateness than if it were homogeneous. This was demonstrated by Clairaut. Newton fell into a mistake, by supposing the contrary to be the case. The greater density of the earth, towards the centre, is in itself probable; but it has been placed beyond the possibility of doubt, by very accurate experiments made on different sides of the mountain Schehallien, in Perthshire, by the late Dr Maskelyne.

By observations of the zenith distances of stars, the difference of the latitude of two stations on the north and south sides of the mountain was determined. A trigonometrical survey of the mountain (executed, we have been informed, by the late Reuben Burrow) ascertained the distance between the two stations; and thence, from the known length of a degree of the meridian under that parallel, the difference of the latitudes of the two stations was inferred, and was found less by 11.6" than by astronomical observations. The zeniths, then, of the stations, had been separated from each other by more than the usual proportion of the meridian distance; and this could only arise from the plummet on each side being attracted towards the body of the mountain. From the quantity of this change, in direction of the plummet, the ratio of the attraction of the mountain to the attraction of the whole earth, or to the force of gravity, was calculated by Dr C. Hutton, and found to be as 1 to 17,804. The bulk and figure of the mountain also being given, from an actual survey, its mean density was found to be, to the mean density of the earth, nearly as 5 to 9. The mean density of the earth, then, is nearly double the density of the rocks which compose Schehallien; which appears, again, to be considerably more dense than the mean of those which form the general exterior crust of the earth. From a survey of the mountain, made afterwards by Mr Playfair, its density was ascertained to be greater than Dr Hutton had supposed it to be. "By what Mr Playfair could conjecture, the mean specific gravity of the whole would be about 2.7 or 2.8, one stratum being about 2.4,

another about 2.75, and some of the rocks as high as 3, and even 3.2. On the whole, then, it appears not unreasonable to suppose the mean specific gravity of the mountain to be from 2.7, to 2.75, or 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Now,  $\frac{2}{3} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ , gives  $\frac{20}{9}$ , or almost 2; that is, under these circumstances, the medium density, or specific gravity of the whole mass of the earth, in proportion to that of water, is nearly as 5 to 1, or that it is about five times the weight of water."—*Hutton's Tracts*, p. 64. Vol. II. Newton thought it probable that the mean density of the earth might be five or six times as great as the density of water, and it has now been determined to be five times as great. "Since, therefore, the common matter of our earth on the surface thereof is about twice as heavy as water, and a little lower, in mines, is found about three or four, or even five times more heavy, it is probable that the quantity of the whole matter of the earth may be five or six times greater than if it consisted all of water, especially as I have showed before that the earth is about four times more dense than Jupiter."—*Principia*; Book III. p. 230.

Notwithstanding the irregularities above-mentioned, the figure of the earth is so near to the spheroid of equilibrium, as to indicate either the original fluidity of the whole mass, or the gradual acquisition of a spheroidal figure, in consequence of the repeated waste and reconsolidation of the parts near the surface. If the whole mass of the earth was ever in a fluid state, it must have been so from the action of heat. The insolubility of the greatest part of rocks and minerals in water, and the immense quantity of that fluid which would be required for dissolving even those that are soluble, are insuperable objections to the hypothesis of aqueous formation. The igneous formation is not subject to either of these difficulties.

The spheroidal figure may have been gradually acquired, without supposing the original fluidity of the whole mass. In a terraqueous body, however irregular its primitive form, the prominent parts are subject to be worn down; and having been thus detached, will be carried to the lower



parts, occupied by water, where they will acquire a horizontal stratification, and, by certain mineral operations, be afterwards consolidated into stone; such a body, in the course of ages, must acquire a surface every where at right-angles to the direction of gravity, and consequently more or less approximating to a spheroid of equilibrium. The natural history of the earth gives considerable countenance to these suppositions, and seems to furnish us with a very rational explanation of the ellipticity or spheroidal form belonging to the earth, and to the planets which are known to revolve about an axis. The distribution of the solid materials in the interior of the earth will very much affect the nature of this solid; and the manner in which the figure is acquired must probably prevent the approximation from ever being entirely complete. The distribution, however, of the materials, at any considerable distance below the surface, must remain to us for ever unknown; we have no means of examination, except by the measurement of degrees, the experiments on pendulums, or from observations made on the deviation of the plumb-line from the perpendicular similar to what has just been described as

having taken place at Schehallien. These latter observations ought to be repeated on different mountains, the interior construction of which can be ascertained; but the most eligible method which has ever yet been suggested, is that of making observations on the large Pyramid of Ghizeh, in Egypt, the materials of which, as well as its exact figure, being known, would render observations made on it particularly desirable; especially as they would afford *certain* data, and reduce the calculations, which are now extremely complicated, to almost nothing. This method was recommended by Dr C. Hutton, in his last paper published in the Philosophical Transactions of London; when that veteran declared, that if ill health and old age did not prevent him, he would make a journey to Egypt, entirely for that purpose\*. "On the whole, the facts known from observation agree in general with the theory; but there are, in the expression of that theory, so many quantities which are yet indeterminate, that a perfect coincidence of the two cannot be strictly affirmed; in fact, the business is not yet completed; something further still remains for future philosophers to accomplish."

### Pericles.—A Sonnet.

He is the pride of Athens! he has fought  
First in her battles; he has rear'd her fanes,  
Restor'd her laws, struck off her galling chains,  
And gain'd the glory his ambition sought.

Yet say not he is happy; see him stand  
By yonder lifeless form, and on his cheek  
Mark the big tear in silent language speak,  
As the gay flowers drop sadly from his hand.

They fall upon his last—his youngest child,—  
Him on whose sunny face he lov'd to gaze,  
Watching how merrily his youthful days  
Were dancing on whilst all around him smil'd;—  
But he has died;—look on the warrior's brow,  
In the fond father's heart there is no Athens now!

H. G. B.

\* As our military and naval officers are many of them quite competent to the undertaking, and as Great Britain always affords facilities for such experiments, may we not entertain hopes, that, before long, some gentleman, finding himself near the spot, will make the necessary observations, and immortalize his name by determining the deviation of the plumb-line, caused by the Great Pyramid; for, together with this, its dimensions and figure, and the specific gravity of the materials of which it is constructed, would afford sufficient data for the solution of the intricate but very useful problem.



## SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

April 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I had no desire to stay long at H—, yet I did not expect to have left it quite so soon: left it, however, I have, and after another little journey, I have arrived here in safety, and supplied with materials sufficient to furnish another letter of travelling adventures.

But to give you something like a regular narrative, I must begin where my last letter left off. With a fixed determination to perform my duty in a conscientious manner, and with my father's strong warnings against "eye service" deeply impressed upon my mind, I joined my companions in labour; and, along with them, began the toils and duties of that station of life in which Providence has placed me. At every interval of labour, every breathing-time, I stole a few cautious scrutinizing glances at my companions, anxious to observe them, but fearful of being myself observed. They were all like strangers to me, and most of them strangers to one another also; the greater part about middle age, and none so young as myself. They appeared to be well acquainted with that world which was so new to me; and nothing surprised me more, than the easy and unembarrassed manner with which they talked to each other, though, till that very day, they had perhaps never met. Some of them accosted me in different ways, as their several inclinations led them; one speaking upon any indifferent subject; another upon the proper cultivation of this or the other species of plant; a third, gaily, but I thought cruelly and officiously, bantering me, asking how long I had left my mother, and if I was not well "speaned" yet? I shrunk from their familiarity, and plied my work with a sick heart. One young man, apparently about two or three years older than myself, perceived my distress, spoke to me kindly, and endeavoured, by talking upon agreeable and diverting subjects, to turn my mind from its melancholy musings, and he partly succeeded. In a short time I be-

came considerably attached to him; and the more so, because I found in him a considerable similarity of taste. At our leisure hours we read and talked about our favourite authors; and though he had much less need of me than I had of him, he was evidently pleased with my company. In this manner time passed slowly on; the day employed in my common occupation, working along with the rest, and thinking on other scenes, and dearer friends; the evening spent in reading, talking with my only companion, or hearing him play a few tunes upon his fiddle, which he often did when he perceived me more than commonly inclined to sadness; and well he knew how to wake a strain concordant with my feelings, and lead my mind away from itself, by the associations stirred by plaintive measures, till the grief which I continued to feel became in itself a pleasure. Meanwhile the weather, which had been unsteady, became worse and worse; the wind blew from the north-east with the most bitter keenness, bearing along, at short intervals, thick drifting showers of snow and sleet. Often, during the showers, we cowered under the feeble shelter of the thin leafless beech-hedges, looking wistfully out for the re-appearance of blue-sky, and shivering till we were unable to speak; and always at the "fair blinks" working as fast as possible, to acquire some warmth. Many a thought of the comfortable fire-side of home did these chill blasts awake in my mind, while I was trembling at the very heart; but these I kept to myself, as I imagined it would be altogether disgraceful for me to appear overcome with cold, like a child. After some days of such weather, the wind shifted into the south-west, the skies cleared, the sun shone out bright and warm, and the little birds began to sing their joyful notes. I felt the renovating influence, and my heart at one time danced with delight, at another melted away in tender recollections of that home whence the wind was now blowing, whose whisperings seemed to me like the voice of a friend.

While my mind was warmed with  
these feelings, another rhyming fit  
came upon me, and here follows the  
result.

*Recollections of Youthful Scenes.*

The gale softly blows frae the hills o' my  
hame,  
An' oh! how delightfu' its breathings  
to feel!  
While gently its wing fans my cheek an'  
my breast,  
What fond recollections o'er memory  
steal!  
My father's wee cot rises fresh on my  
view,  
An' the lang ash-tree soughing abune  
the lum-head;  
My ain green sod-seat by the bourtrees  
o'erhungs,  
Wi' their sweet milky blossoms o' ber-  
ries sae red.  
The clear caller spring, an' its pure rip-  
pling stream,  
Wi' a' its wee islands o' cresses sae  
green;  
The bank where the primrose peeps mo-  
destly out,  
An' the violet uplifts to the sun its blue  
cen;  
Where the green woodbine clings to the  
auld wither'd tree,  
While its dark berry nods to the whis-  
pering gale;  
The plantings where often I've daunted  
my lane  
In the gloamin', an' listen'd the cushy-  
do'es' wail:—  
The fields wi' the crimson-tipt gowans be-  
gemm'd,  
An' skirted wi' hawthorn, sae snawy,  
sae green;  
Where I've watch'd the wee nestlings a'  
gaping for food,  
To frighten o' herrie them laith wad I  
been:—  
The green spongy mosses, where light-  
somerly waves  
The tufted grass, white as the swan's  
downy breast;  
Or the Crane-burn, that twisting, an'  
boiling, an' wild,  
Foaming bursts o'er the Linn frae the  
hill's woody crest:—  
The thick branchy trees where I've nestled  
myself,  
An' gaz'd at the scud o' the fast-driv-  
ing rain,  
There swinging an' rock'd in the wild  
raving blast,—  
But now thae young days o' delight  
are a' gane;

I'll maybe thae sweet scenes o' youth see  
nae mair,  
But aye till the cauld han' o' death  
shuts my e'e,  
Where'er I may wander, where'er I  
may dwell,  
Dear, dear shall their memory be ever  
to me.

An' oh! the lang gaze o' my fond mo-  
ther's e'e,  
Sae tenderly bent on her wandering  
boy;  
My father's voice struggling wi' kindness  
an' grief,  
An' his bosom's deep heave wi' the sad  
parting sigh:—  
An' each glad joyous face, that made  
hame doubly dear,  
Sae dowie an' tearfu' to see me depart;  
Oh! that gaze, an' that sigh, an' each  
dear waefu' face,  
Till it ceases to beat shall aye dwell in  
my heart.

Now, you must not be severe in  
your criticisms upon my poor verses;  
I cannot help it that they are not  
better, for they are the best I could  
produce, and they are true represen-  
tations, both of the natural scenery  
of my dear home, and the warm  
feelings of my heart.

A few days after the change of the  
wind, and the agreeable alteration  
of weather which followed, I got the  
offer of a situation some miles be-  
yond C—; and as it was consider-  
ably better in every respect than that  
at H—, it appeared to me the most  
prudent course to accept it. Accord-  
ingly I again packed up my little  
trunk, keeping out a small bundle  
for immediate use, till it should come  
to me; seized my "gude aik stick"  
and my umbrella, and prepared for  
my departure. Though I had been  
little more than a fortnight at H—,  
yet I felt something like grief or re-  
gret at leaving it; particularly when  
my only companion shook hands  
with me affectionately, and kindly  
wished me all manner of success and  
happiness. I assure you I felt con-  
siderably at parting with him, and  
setting out on a new journey, alone  
as before, to mingle again amongst  
utter strangers,—Englishmen, too, a  
nation for which, from my boyhood,  
I have felt no small dislike: and  
now to be really going into England,  
and with the prospect of making my  
residence there for some time! it

seemed to me as if I were labouring under some strange delusion, which I had not the power to dispel. Often, in my early youth, while I read the history of "Wallace wight," have I cried with grief and bitter hatred at the "Southrons," and wished for power to avenge his murder upon them,—often longed for a day when the savage butcheries and wanton devastations committed after the battle of Culloden would be requited:—and now to feel myself actually going to England, to live amongst Englishmen! I thought upon it again and again, and wondered how I would behave when there.

There was besides another circumstance which tended to wake feelings of a peculiar kind in this journey: for above twenty miles I was exactly retracing the road which I had lately come; so that I knew myself approaching nearer home every step, yet knew that my journey would not lead me there. I cannot describe to you how strange it seemed, to be travelling the very road which led homewards, yet with the unavoidable conviction in my mind that I would not reach it: I felt as one feels in a dream, when something is just within his reach could he make the slightest exertion; but he sees the object of his ardent wishes glide gradually away from his grasp, with the consciousness that a slight effort on his part would be sufficient to obtain it, yet feels an utter inability of making even that slight effort. Thus I drew gradually nearer and nearer home, yet knew, at the same time, that I was drawing nearer the place where I must leave the road which leads home, unless, indeed, I should continue it, as I could do, longed to do, yet would not do.

A little before I reached that dreaded place of separation, I saw a young man sitting by the roadside a little before me, as if resting himself. He rose as I came forward, and accosted me very civilly with a "Here's a fine day." I answered, that it was indeed a very good day for travelling; he immediately asked me if I could direct him the way to L——? I told him that I was acquainted with it, but was intending to go there myself that night, and that if he was going there, we might accompany

each other. To this he very willingly agreed, so on we went together. He was in person about my own height, but considerably stouter, and apparently three or four years older, and, from the paleness of his countenance, seemed to have been less exposed to the action of the sun and the weather. When we reached the village, and, after making inquiries, left the D—— road, and took that leading to L——, I proposed having something to eat and drink, as I had not taken any refreshment since morning, and had since then walked upwards of twenty miles; he told me plainly that he could not afford it, as he had but one sixpence left, and that he did not dare to break upon it till he knew where he would get a bed, and what it would cost him. I offered the poor fellow a share of a bottle of porter, and some bread and cheese, which he accepted very thankfully. After eating and drinking a little, he became quite lively and happy, and sung me two or three songs while we rested ourselves. One of them was of a Jacobite character, and apparently not very old; it was so concordant with my feelings in some respects, that I was desirous to possess it, got him to repeat it over slowly, while I wrote it down with my pencil, and here I send you a copy of it.

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Lang, lang shall Caledonia rue

That day when owre Culloden's plain  
The bluid o' her bravest heroes stream'd

Like the torrent-gush o' the wintry  
rain;

When the fierce-soul'd victor joy'd to  
hear

The plaided warrior's dying groan,  
An' his pitiless e'e grew red an' keen,  
While he sternly cheer'd his ruffians on.

Then ride ye north, or ride ye south,  
For the length o' a day, nought wad  
ye seen

But the ruin'd wa's a' bluidy stain'd  
Where the hames o' the luckless brave  
had been;

Then Scotia's targe sank frae her arm,  
Her gude braid sword was broke in  
twa,

The tapmost flower o' her thistle droop'd,  
An' the last o' the Stuarts was driven

DOWN

Now she maun sit like a widow'd dame,  
In lonely wastes wi' slaughter red,—



Nae crown to grace her joyless brow,  
 Her freedom lost, her glory fled.  
 The howlet screams in the empty ha's,  
 An' flaps his wing owre the chair o'  
 her kings;  
 In courts that rang wi' the warrior's tread,  
 The long grass waves, an' the nettle  
 springs.

Sair, sair, abune the bluidy graves,  
 Wi' sheavy heart she makes her mane,  
 Where lie her best an' bravest sons,  
 Wha bled for her rights, but bled in  
 vain.

An' aye when she lifts her wae-bent head  
 Out owre the wide an' the weltering  
 sca,  
 She takes a lang an' a wistful gaze,  
 But the sails o' her Charlie nae mair  
 glad her e'e.

But the day may come when the light o'  
 her e'e

Shall kindle again as it did of yore,  
 When "Wallace wight" led her warriors  
 on,

An' "the Bruce" her bluidy lion bore :  
 An' her spreading thistle bauld an' free  
 Its armed head may uplift again :  
 An' the race o' her Stuarts wear the  
 crown,

An' yet in their father's ha' may reign.

When we found ourselves well refreshed, we set out on our journey again, my lively companion much improved in spirits, and keeping me from indulging in gloomy reveries. Some miles below L—— we crossed the E—— by a very fine romantic bridge, or rather two bridges, one upon the other, occasioned by the exceeding depth of the craggy banks between which the river is confined, and boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through with great beauty and grandeur. My companion beguiled the way with many a song and many a merry tale, till at length we came where the road is crossed by a small stream, not so large as the stream of your little spring-well, but which is said to be the boundary between Scotland and England. On approaching it, all our mirth instantly vanished;—we looked at the small stream—into England—back into Scotland—around on its hills, and glens, and green fields, and waving hazels and brushwood,—then on each other, but spoke not a word. I placed a foot on each side of the stream,—pulled a small tuft of grass, and

picked up a little flinty pebble from the Scottish side,—drew my breath long and deep, and, quivering through every limb, withdrew my feet from the soil of my dear native land, which it had never before quitted, and to which I felt as if firmly rooted. As we were then too deeply wrapped in thought for engaging in conversation, little more passed between my comrade and me till we came in view of Netherby-hall, when our attention was immediately drawn to it, no less by the recollections it awakened, as the scene of the song of "Young Lochinvar," than by its uncommonly beautiful situation. Without the least recollection that the whole is only a fiction of the poet's fancy, we endeavoured with great care to ascertain where the young hero had crossed the river; and we saw him, in the heat of our awakened imaginations, dash into the E——, burst through its wooded banks, and sweep across "Cannabie lee" like a falcon, bearing off his prey in triumph. Tales and ballads of a similar tendency kept us in conversation till we recrossed the E——, and entered L—— just as "gloamin'" displayed its finest shade, neither light nor dark, but that dusky greyneess so favourable to calm and solemn contemplation. I had, however, another thing to engage my attention,—quarters for the night were to be sought, which I procured after a good deal of trouble, occasioned by a fair in the town, which had filled nearly all the houses of public entertainment. I then parted with my fellow-traveller, after an agreement to meet next morning, and continue our journey together. In the house where I stopped I met with a doctor and a painter, two very singular characters in various points of view, but both distinguished for cordial good fellowship over the "barley-bree," and warm-hearted genuine kindness. If it were in my power to relate to you their conversations, and describe the peculiarities of their behaviour, it would make ample amends for the wearisome dullness of this letter. I have never seen a pair of such frank, kind, eccentric men. The doctor, in particular, is a delightful oddity; but all that I could say about him must be reserved till I have the pleasure

of a real conversation with you ; for, were I to tell you all in my letters, I would have nothing new and strange to talk about when we meet, as I hope we yet may, though I cannot guess when.

After a very comfortable night's rest I continued my journey, but without meeting my companion of the preceding day : on I went, however, alone, and something "dowie;" often looking back upon the retiring hills of my dear native land, becoming fainter and fainter, and forward upon the lofty Cambrian mountains, becoming gradually more and more distinct. The morning was beautiful, calm, and mildly sunny ; the wind just strong enough to be heard whispering and breathing through the young green unfolding buds of the earlier trees ; the lark sung loud, clear, and melodious, high among the purple-streaked clouds ; and the jolly Cambrian "hynd" was raising his rude strain in a ruder voice as he followed his plough. The day passed on, the sun reached the middle of the sky, and shone warm and strong, when I came at last in view of C—, and stopped on a height to take a survey of it at leisure ; but my powers of description are completely inadequate to give you any thing like an idea of its appearance. From the place where I stood, the first object that attracted my attention was the majestic and beautiful flow of the E—, winding past the city with a gentle bend, spanned by a newly-built and stately bridge. The banks of the river on the north side are adorned with a number of elegant mansions ; the south bank, in one part, bristles with a variety of houses, lanes, and streets, of all dimensions, but all disorderly, dirty, and apparently inconvenient ; in another, the grey battlements of the castle, and the narrow windows of the prison, frown "grim and horrible ;" over all floated a dark mass of smoky vapour, penetrated in a few places by the spires of a church or a cathedral. In the distance appeared the mighty forms of Skiddaw and Saddleback, huge and high. Turning round, behind me, I beheld the hills of R—shire, and the neighbouring part of D—shire, mellowed and

obscured by the distance ; yet Burnswark was distinctly visible, lifting his singular, and, as it were, art-formed brow above the rest, and farther west my own Criffel, which raising its giant size above the Solway, met my view, and awoke the fondest feelings of my heart. I gazed upon it till my eyes grew dim, my bosom heaved deeply, and my head swam with a sickening and confused pain ; then drawing a long farewell sigh, I broke off my reverie, and bent my steps toward the town. I was not then in a capacity to make any impartial remarks, therefore you must not look for any at this time. My heart panted, my whole frame shuddered, and the blood burned o'er my cheek and brow, when I entered the Scotch-gate, where formerly the heads of my gallant, though misled countrymen, blackened in the sun and storm. I did not make any stop in the town,—I could not,—it was not a place for me ; but as I was struggling through the crowd in the market-place, my ear was assailed by the well-known sound of a *bagpipe*. I instantly drew near, and saw and heard an old man in *tartan dress*, with a true weather-beaten Highland face, playing "*Lochaber no more*." I stood as if petrified ; a thousand burning recollections flashed across my brain, rousing me to frenzy ; then the long wailing fall smote upon my heart, till my blood chilled with the agony of woe. The eyes of the old man cast a supplicating glance around the crowd ; the unfeeling brutes heeded it not ; his strain quivered, sunk, and changed ; I threw something into his hat, held by a little boy, grasped my stick firmly in hand, and rushed through the crowd like a maniac, scarcely able to restrain my maddened feelings from venting themselves in furious words and frantic actions.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred to me after leaving C— till I reached my present residence ; and as I imagine you are by this time more than satisfied with the length of my packet, (for it is more than a letter,) I shall reserve the description of the place, its inhabitants, and those in particular with whom I am more immediately connected, till another opportunity.



## TOWN AND COUNTRY CLERGYMEN.

He was a fool through choice, not want of wit :

the very top

And dignity of Folly we attain

By studious search, and labour of the brain.—*Wilnot.*

THERE are few who have reached their grand climacteric without having renounced many of their early opinions, and viewed men and things in a very different light from that in which they appeared to the juvenile mind ; and there are perhaps still fewer, at that stage of life, who, were it in their power to retrace their steps, would pursue exactly the same track on the journey. But that knowledge which we derive from experience comes generally too late to be applied to any efficient purpose ; our choice of a profession, or a business, has been made, and it is too late to change ; and our habits have been so long formed, that, in the quaint style of the proverb, they have become second nature. Although it must be confessed that too many adopt no plan, but pass recklessly forward, or rather allow themselves to be impelled by their passions, which are often excited by trivial circumstances ; yet it must also be admitted, that specious theories for the regulation of our conduct, however plausible they may appear, and however obstinately they may be maintained, often fail in producing the expected result. The effeminate slave of Pleasure, and the mad votary of Ambition, often find the paths which they tread lead to objects very different from those which were anticipated. Mark Antony, in the arms of Cleopatra, thought not of suicide, after being betrayed and deserted by those in whom he had confided. Did Charles V., when dictating to the Sovereigns of Europe, calculate upon closing life by counting his beads in a cloister ? Buonaparte, when leading five hundred thousand warriors into Russia, never imagined that he was pursuing the direct road to an insulated rock in the Indian Ocean, where he was to be doomed to writhe under the petty insults and caprice of a satellite of power, who, a short while before, would have reckoned

it a high honour to have been permitted to appear in his presence.

Still more uncertain are our schemes for promoting the happiness of our posterity ; the father starves himself, that his son may die of a surfeit ;—the mother destroys her daughter's health by empirical cosmetics, to improve her beauty ;—Mary Queen of Scots was left heiress to a crown which conducted her to the scaffold ;—the Earl of Chesterfield wrote four large volumes for the instruction of his son, whom the fond father expected to see the most accomplished gentleman of his age, and the disappointed parent had the mortification to find him turn out a fool. So true is the couplet of Burns—

The best-laid schemes of mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley.

These reflections occurred to me, when glancing over the obituary of an old Magazine, in which the death of my friend, the Reverend Andrew Baxter, was recorded. Of this man I think myself warranted in saying, that whatever might be his foibles, they were the errors of the head, rather than of the heart. Andrew had, from his earliest years, a most insatiable thirst for learning ; he was an excellent classic at twelve, and went to College in his fifteenth year, where he pursued his studies with unremitted assiduity, and almost unrivalled success. Early in the first session he formed an acquaintance with Francis Halliday, a student, also in his noviciate. As both were intended for the church, there was much similarity in their studies : Francis was at least two years older than Andrew, and of course had reflected more upon his future progress in life. Both, like race-horses nearly matched, pressed hard on each other in their progressive studies ; but they were generous rivals, influenced by no passion less dignified than a laudable emulation,



Yet although both seemed to pursue the same path, the objects they had in view were essentially different. Andrew courted Knowledge, because he sincerely loved her; Francis prized Learning, only as the ladder by which he might climb to wealth and honour in the world. Still, with these incongruities in their dispositions, a growing intimacy took place between them; they visited each other during the vacation, and at the commencement of next Session took lodgings together.

Their professional studies were now less fatiguing, and they had more leisure for excursions in the regions of fancy, or in disputing with each other, for which they had an ample field; as they not only differed from each other on many topics, but on some subjects held opinions diametrically opposite. For instance, Andrew held the Latin adage of *poëta nascitur non fit*, in its most unlimited sense, considering it as of universal application. Had the system of Gall and Spurzheim been then broached, he would have been among the first proselytes, and would have beat the Baronet and the Lecturer hollow, both with arguments and illustrations; although the system has so direct a tendency to materialism, that he would have found some difficulty in reconciling it to the general orthodoxy of his creed. But amidst his abstract speculations, it never occurred to him, that genius could be made palpable, and the fingers could decide on the properties of the mind; but one little circumstance seems to have escaped the observation of Phrenologists, although known to every old woman in the country, namely, that a child's head is very often rubbed and pressed, till it assumes another shape; this is particularly the case with a hollow which runs across the crown, often very large in young children; and where it continues so through life, it is generally affirmed that the arch of wisdom has been neglected in infancy; this is surely doing violence to Nature; and how shall the disciples of Spurzheim judge whether she or the nurse has filled up the worse than barren cavities in the skull? But this is digressing; let me return.

Andrew, although most fully convinced that man was formed by Nature for some particular study or pursuit, knew no better way of discovering her intentions, than by waiting till they developed themselves, not by bumps on the pericranium, but by the slow progress of youth displaying a liking and decisive partiality for some one particular pursuit. From this doctrine Francis differed *in toto*; for he maintained, that unless when some of the physical organs were defective, there were very few instances where Nature had not imparted powers, requiring only persevering application, to attain a proficiency, even arrive at excellence, in any art or science. He affirmed, in the most unqualified manner, that for any thing that Nature had to do in the business, Shakespeare and Newton might have changed places, that Wolfe might have compiled Johnson's Dictionary, and the Lexicographer triumphed at Quebec. These opposite opinions led to many a long argument, but never produced conviction; for Andrew would exclaim with Pope,

One science only will one genius fit;

So vast is art, so narrow human wit;

and would then add, that we might as well plant the weeping willow on the highest ridge of Arthur's Seat, and the English oak in the middle of the moss of Kincardine, as do violence to Nature, by attempting to make a philosopher of him whom she had destined for a hero, and *vice versa*.

To this Francis replied, that poetry was not proof, and similes were sophistical arguments; yet to answer him in his own way, it was not long ago since that exotic and beautiful tree, the larch, was reared in a greenhouse, being imagined too delicate for our climate; but we now find it in rich luxuriance on the hill and in the vale, as if it were indigenous to the soil; and he closed his argument thus, that what we reckoned innate propensity in boys, was nothing more than the effect of early and accidental associations; as boys in seaport-towns often become sailors, while those in the interior of the country never think of it.

To this Andrew would reply, that

Pope "lisp'd in numbers;" and that Sir Richard Arkwright, originally a barber, even after his marriage, would leave a gentleman in the luds, lay down his razor, and draw diagrams and wheels with chalk on the pannels of his shaving-shop, till his wife, concluding that he was going out of his senses, and taking counsel with her next-door neighbour, a prudent, pains-taking tailor, he, like the curate with Don Quixote, advised her to take away the cause, and the effect would cease. In compliance with this sage advice, all the barber's wheels and models were, one morning before he got up, blazing in a bonfire, when, instead of losing time in scolding or beating his rib, he patiently and perseveringly set to work till the whole were replaced. These, and many other instances of the triumphs of genius, were urged by Andrew, who concluded by affirming, that, should he ever have a son, he would allow him to make his own choice of the path he was to follow through life. Francis, with equal information, and not less obstinacy, adhered to his former opinion; and declared his fixed resolve, that should he ever be a father, he would determine what business his son should follow while the child was in leading-strings, and make him pursue that course of education best adapted to qualify him for his destined employment.

Their opinions about love and marriage were not less opposed to each other; Andrew affirmed, that love was wholly an affair of the heart; that there was a delicacy and purity in a first love that no subsequent passion could inspire; and that in marriage, every consideration about future happiness, founded on the cold, calculating principles of what was often named prudence, was no other than mean, selfish cunning, unworthy of the name of love, and never found a place in the heart glowing with that passion in its genuine and spotless purity. In a word, the heart and feelings only should be consulted: if worldly wisdom were allowed to interfere, it operated like a blighting frost, or a worm in the rose, withering the bud before it had expanded into blossom. Opposed to this romantic theory, Francis argued,

that such a love was the fever of the brain, the child of Fancy nursed by Folly; and that the chances were an hundred to one, that a union, founded on such a visionary basis, would never produce domestic happiness. That, in as far as he was capable of judging, every love, or liking, not sanctioned by prudence, ought to be considered as a disease, and cured as speedily as possible. That if the seat of Wisdom were allowed to be in the head, and that of Feeling in the heart, the qualities which might attract a lover were often very different from those which would continue to please a husband. Courtship might be an affair of feeling; but in marriage, the judgment and common sense should always be consulted. Human life, not being an elysium of uninterrupted felicity, but a shifting scene of cares and rational enjoyments, woman was not to be considered as a toy, to smile, fondle, and talk sentimental nonsense, but to perform the more important duties of a prudent housewife and careful mother. Hence, marriage was an act which required cool and cautious deliberation; for which reason, a prudent man would avoid falling in love, as he would shun the contagion of an infectious fever. He who resolved to marry, would look around him for a woman of plain common sense, of a good, or at least respectable family; and although fortune was not to be considered as a *sine qua non*, yet it should form a very desirable appendage. A match thus founded would produce esteem, the only soil in which that rational love could spring the fruit of which was domestic happiness.

Andrew heard all this with indifference, bordering on contempt; for his imagination was soaring in airy dreams, as far elevated above the region of common sense as the other was sunk below the true dignity of man, in the mire of grovelling selfishness.

During the last session that Andrew attended college, he boarded in a family consisting of a widow and her daughter. The mother had a small annuity, her daughter was a milliner and fashionable dress-maker; and, as an addition to their income, they received one or two respectable



boarders. Miss Lindsay had received a fashionable education, and Nature had endowed her with a handsome stature and fine face: she sung with delicate feeling, and played on the spinnet with good taste, (piano-fortes were not then in fashion.) From the nature of her business, she had occasion to see several ladies above her own rank, and caught many of their amiable weaknesses, with a tolerable share of sentimental affectation, which rendered her still more attractive in the eyes of Andrew, whose imagination had always invested a woman worthy of being beloved with a fascinating delicacy and refined sensibility, resembling what Miss Lindsay now exhibited; and before the close of the session he was deeply in love. It was the first attack, and his mind was so susceptible, that it tingled in every vein. His enthusiasm shed around it a halo of such imaginary purity and transporting ecstacy, that his heart was intoxicated with an ideal and voluptuous draught of his own creation. Although his every look and action plainly indicated the state of his heart, he had not ventured to whisper the tender tale; for he held her virgin delicacy in such esteem, or rather such idolatrous adoration, that he shrunk from the disclosure. But Miss Lindsay was not blind, nor was her heart invulnerable; it also was wounded, although not so deeply; and it depended on contingencies whether the wound admitted of cure. However, she contrived to give Andrew a fair opportunity, and soon led him to an explicit declaration of his sentiments, to which she replied with fascinating blushes and maidenly modesty, which gave new virulence to the poison, and, without kindling hope, had no tendency to nurse despair. It was only when he was about to leave town, that, as he fondly pressed her trembling hand, she acknowledged a respect for him, which might probably in time ripen into a softer and more delicate feeling, but she was inclined to keep both her heart and hand disengaged as long as possible.

Soon after being licensed, Andrew was engaged as tutor in a gentleman's family, where he continued three years. Faithful to his first love,

he had visited Miss Lindsay every year, and she continued to fan the flame, but prudently avoided coming under any promise to one whose future establishment in life was so precarious. However, the tutor had given such complete satisfaction to his employer, that the incumbent of a parish of which he had the patronage dying, the tutor received a presentation to the kirk. No sooner was he settled, than, "faithful to his former fires," the now Reverend Andrew Baxter flew on the wings of love, and again, with respectful tenderness, but greater confidence, pressed his suit. To reward such well-tried and unshaken constancy, Miss Lindsay, now, with delicate sensibility,

Smil'd, sigh'd, and blush'd, as willing to be woo'd;

And in a languid whisper breathed consent.

I saw the happy couple, as they visited at my father's during the honey-moon. He had a manly and graceful air; she was slender, but beautifully elegant in form and stature, with a mild but melting lustre in her eye, and a blush of winning softness suffusing her cheek; and they seemed a couple mutually loving and beloved.

Fortune, although a little more tardy in conferring her favours, had not forgotten Halliday, who, in about a year after the settlement of his friend, obtained a crown presentation to a charge in a country town within a few miles of the manse occupied by his former College chum. From what has been already stated of Francis, it will not be supposed that his heart was very susceptible of the tender passion; indeed, he was too prudent to entangle himself in the toils of Love. However, now that he was sure of a competency for life, it was necessary to have a housekeeper, and he believed no one would act so faithfully as one who had an interest in the economy and prosperity of his establishment, and that must be a wife. But as it was probable that this appendage to his household would also bring the addition of other claimants on their protection, he deemed it prudent, if possible, to obtain a partner whose fortune, added to his stipend, might enable them to



make a better provision for their progeny. After having been repulsed in his addresses to the daughter of a country squire, and next thing to jilted by the rich banker's widow, who, after some deliberation, preferred cheerful scarlet to gloomy black, he at last wooed, and won the heart of a farmer's daughter, with a fortune of one thousand pounds.

New pursuits led me from that quarter of the country, to which I returned after an absence of seven years. Soon after my arrival, I was invited, along with my father's family, to dine at the manse with Mr Baxter. "I am glad of this invitation," said I; "Mrs Baxter was, and still must be, a fine woman; her figure was elegantly graceful, and her face the index of a meek and cheerful mind." My mother smiled, but made no reply. The manse was situate near the bottom of a sloping bank, the garden in front stretched to the margin of a rivulet, clear as rock crystal, which murmured on the mossy rocks in a narrow glen; the stream was overshadowed by shrubs, under which the vernal primrose bloomed, while the blushing wild-rose on the bank, and the pendulous fox-glove on the cliffs, gave beauty to the summer; while finches, thrushes, and blackbirds, with their melody, waked the echoes around. We approached the manse by a little gate, which opened on the rivulet; our path leading through the garden, on each side of which was a rustic arbour, covered with honeysuckle, egg-lantine, and clematis, so that, from their situation, either sun or shade could be enjoyed. Across the bottom of the garden ran a smooth and closely-shorn velvet walk, which exhibited evident marks that it was the goodman's retreat, both for exercise and contemplation; it was bounded on the outside by a high and impervious hedge of evergreen holly, and on the other with a variety of shrubs and flowers; from this, a trim gravel walk, bordered with boxwood, led to a circular green in the middle of the garden, in the centre of which stood a sun-dial constructed by the parson, with this motto, *Tempus edax rerum*; it stood on a narrow mound, raised to a considerable height, and surrounded by three terraces above

each other, all of turf, in which were interspersed snow-drops, crocuses, daisies, and other flowers. The garden was separated from the house by a clean paved court, and bounded by a low wall, decorated with a light and neat wooden railing. The parson had observed our approach, and, according to the good old fashion of the times, which indicated a hearty welcome, met us on our egress from the garden. After exchanging compliments, I had time to observe a cherry-tree spread out on the front-wall of the house; the window of the minister's study, as I could perceive from the number of books and a small portable desk on the table, was richly festooned on the outside with woodbine and roses; a box of mignonette occupied the outer sill, and a swallow's nest was stuck in the upper corner.

We were now conducted to the drawing-room, and I was introduced to Mrs Baxter. I do not know that I ever felt equal surprise on so trivial an occasion; I have already expressed what she appeared to me when I last saw her, but her face and form were now so metamorphosed, that I could scarcely persuade myself that it was the same person before me. I like to see a matron *em-bon-point*, but Mrs Baxter was corpulent and unwieldy; when she sat down, the sofa might be said to groan with her weight; the rose which, seven years ago, bloomed more sweetly on her cheek, from the delicate whiteness with which it was surrounded, had now not only assumed a deeper and less pleasing tint, but had banished the lily from every part of her face and neck that was visible; not merely her complexion, but also her features were changed, and neither for the better; her voice was also strangely disagreeable, for by affecting a languid sensibility, she endeavoured to modulate her voice accordingly, and it seemed to me as an unnatural but abortive effort of ventriloquism. Four children were now introduced; the eldest a boy, I was told, in his seventh year; the youngest not as many months, and in the nurse's arms; for Mr Baxter said her health had become so delicate, that she had nursed only her first child. When the infant began to

cry, she ordered the nurse to take it away, for her nerves were torn with its abominable squalling.

Soon after, the Rev. Francis Halliday and his lady arrived, their vehicle of conveyance being a common cart; their cushions—sacks stuffed with straw, and their carpet clean dry hay: Mrs Halliday was a tall, masculine-looking woman, very plainly dressed, and, both in personal appearance and apparel, forming a striking contrast to Mrs Baxter, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion. In a few minutes we sat down to dinner, our attendant being a woman on the wrong side of forty, blind of an eye, and her face not only pitted, but scared and seamed by the small-pox. The table displayed dishes and delicacies, as I thought, unsuitable to the income of a country clergyman, while we were teased with apologies about the poorness of our entertainment, uttered with a languor which seemed to come from the lips of some delicate fair in the last stage of a consumption, rather than those of the Dutch-built vrow at the head of the table. "The dinner is excellent, and I shall do it justice," said Mrs Halliday, "for my ride has given me a good appetite." "For which I envy you," replied the fine lady; "I am sure, had I rode a mile in such a vehicle, my nerves would have been all shattered; I should never have recovered the shock." "All want of custom, and too little exercise," said the other. "In this rural paradise, with your cows, dairy, and poultry, and the fine scenery for walking, you might get as rich as Jews, and healthy as a milk-maid, Mrs Baxter." "Ah! I wish I could encounter all that; when I walk out with Mr Baxter, I am deaved with the lowing of cows,—the cackling of poultry tear my nerves at home,—the dairy is too fatiguing for me,—I am compelled to go to the kitchen, Nelly is so awkward,—and my maternal feelings oblige me to visit the nursery; so that you see I am fatigued with exertion."

Tom, her first born, was seated at table, and she was constantly checking him for some impropriety. "Tommy, my dear, hold your knife right—don't bawl so for what you want—see what a cloth you are making!"

and many other equally important injunctions. After the cloth was removed, the two parsons resumed their old argument about the innate propensities of genius, over their wine, each tenaciously adhering to his early opinions. We then went out to have a walk in the garden. Mrs Halliday requested Mrs Baxter to shew her the cows, and inquired how many pigs she kept? "Oh! do not mention the detestable brutes,—you make me sick with the thought,—I should faint at the sight of them." I happened to mention an acquaintance about whom Mr Halliday was interested, and he requested that I would call on him when in town, that we might talk over the subject. After tea, the parson and his wife departed, seated beside each other in the cart. "My gracious! how vulgar," exclaimed Mrs Baxter, "to see the minister and his lady in a dung cart! but I suppose she still thinks herself on her father's farm; for she can talk of nothing but cows, pigs, and poultry: faugh! I have been told that the parson married her for money; and if so, he is rightly served; for she is neither qualified to be his companion, nor to give dignity to his vocation."

On our way home, my mother, smiling, said, "Well, do you find Mrs Baxter much improved since you last saw her?" "She is so changed that I could hardly believe her the same woman." "Ay, she is indeed changed, and that the poor man, her husband, feels every hour of his life: she affects the fine airs and foibles of a lady of fashion; is proud as a duchess, and, with all her pretensions to delicacy and susceptible nerves, is a gross sensualist; indolent in the extreme, and yet a slave to her passions. Her fondness for her husband, whether real or affected, makes him miserable. He is a popular preacher, and often called out on sacramental occasions; but as she always insists on accompanying him, and is too proud to ride in his own cart, she has compelled him to purchase a fine phaeton and splendid harness. When appointed to represent the Presbytery in the General Assembly, she went with him, and with difficulty he obtained her consent to dine for one day at the



Commissioner's table, and she was in hysterics before he came in; he was obliged every day after to come home the moment the Assembly left St. Giles's, and either take her out, or sit, tied to her apron-string, during the evening. He is fond of walking, to admire and contemplate the beauties of Nature, for which the scenery around the manse is well adapted; but he dares not stir beyond the garden, without her by his side. She is too indolent to rise in the morning; but at breakfast she will examine his shoes, to find whether the mud which adheres to them may betray that he has been beyond his limits; she keeps no female servant of more attractive features than the woman who attended us at dinner. In a word, with his small stipend, her nameless caprices, vanity, fantastic follies and extravagance, the good man is utterly deprived of domestic happiness, for he is plunged in debt over head and ears. I have heard that their marriage was the result of first love, contracted when he was at College, before he knew the world; if so, he has paid for his romantic folly."

Agreeably to my promise, when in town I called on Mr Halliday, when the door was opened by a maid-servant, half naked, and up to the elbows in soap-suds. She conducted me to the garden, informing me the minister was there. As I passed through the back court, I was fiercely attacked by a brood-hen, surrounded by her chickens; as I staggered to one side to avoid her attack, and afraid of trampling on her chirping brood, which were fluttering about my legs, I landed my foot over the shoe in a dunghill, which I soon perceived lay close to the cowhouse, while the maternal screams of this feathered mother alarmed a sow with a numerous progeny, whose sty flanked the other side of the court, as a counterpart to the cow-house; proceeding, I next frightened a covey of ducks and ducklings, swimming in a wooden trough in front of a pump well, and in their fluttering retreat they besprinkled my clothes and face with a liberal effusion of the foul and filthy element. On entering the garden, I found the parson digging potatoes;

the earth was wet, and he was in mud over the knuckles; however, after rubbing his hands on the grass, and then wiping them with a handkerchief, which seemed to have been long in use, he extended a horny fist, like that of a ploughman, to bid me welcome, making an awkward apology that the maid was washing, and as he was fond of potatoes, he came out to dig a few for dinner. I had now an opportunity of observing his dress, every part of which appeared to have seen much service; the crown of his hat had fallen in, and the brim in some places pointed to the zenith, and in others to the nadir; his rusty black coat was out at elbows, and also fringed at the wrists; his vest, from a paucity of buttons, betrayed the secret that his linen was ready for the girl who had acted as porter to me; from some parts of his small-clothes, I perceived they had once been cotton velvet, but the knees and upper parts of the thighs exhibited a lustre which might almost have rivalled Day and Martin's blacking, had it then been invented; his stockings were a mixture of black and white worsted, the heels having been repeatedly darned with divers colours, of which white was predominant, still, from more than one hiatus, the skin was visible; of his shoes I shall only say, they were in keeping with his general costume.

On entering the parlour, we found it filled with screens covered with wet linen, and he led me to his study: there we found three or four children clambering on chairs around a large atlas on the table. One was daubing it with gamboge, another pricking it with pins, and a third shading the indentations of land and water with black lead, or defacing them with chalk. I observed the father's face colour; however, he said nothing, but turned out the urchins, and laid the atlas aside. Our interview was long, for the minister had much to inquire; he invited me to stay dinner, which I declined; but he insisted till I complied, lest my obstinacy should give offence. Mrs Halliday now appeared in a very plain dress, and not overclean, and her husband took the opportunity of equipping himself a little more in



character. As this was a "chance dinner," it would be invidious to make observations, more especially as Mrs H. lamented that my coming to take pot-luck should have happened on washing-day; I shall therefore only observe, that the dinner was like what I afterwards found the minister's sermons to be, formed of good material, but spoiled in the cooking. I now discovered that this worthy couple both earned the bread they ate; for as I had seen the husband digging his dinner from the bowels of the earth, so his helpmate's hands now exhibited proof that they had been actively employed in the washing-tub. Instantly on the cloth being removed, the thrifty housewife made some apology for leaving us, and withdrew to resume her labours. As we sat over a jug of whisky toddy, it came to rain heavily, and continued through the afternoon *sans* intermission. Before tea, in addition to the rain,

The wind blew as 'twould blawn its last; the big drops rattled furiously on the windows, their sashes clattering in the frames. The sun was now set, and the parson facetiously observed, that "it was an ill wind that blew naebody good," for he should have the pleasure of my company for the evening, as it was impossible I could go home. As my proposal of going to sleep at the inn would have implied dissatisfaction with my present quarters, I made some apology for the trouble, and agreed to stay; but I soon regretted my consent, for the good lady's countenance changed at my ready acquiescence. The tea was finished, and she went down stairs, where her voice soon rose in no gentle tones; the rain rattled, and the tempest bellowed, but the ebullition from her lungs rose above both; and this din was still farther increased by the screaming of the children, altogether forming a loud, but most unharmonious concert. The minister looked awkward and uneasy, and at last rung the bell, ordering a fire to be lighted in the study, as the night was cold. Mrs H. now burst into the room, in great alarm, crying, that one of the cows was swollen with wet clover, and lying in the field un-

able to rise. Although her countenance plainly said,

Get up, gudeman—save crummie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak about you,

he replied, "Well, what can I do? send for David Purdie—I'll not go out." The lady's face expressed resentment at this declaration, and she flung out, slamming the door behind her. I expressed my surprise that he should trouble himself with cows, having no glebe. He replied, that Mrs H. being from the country, had teased him into taking a few acres of land; but that he found it more plague than profit, although she found much pleasure in these rural cares. In a word, I discovered from his conversation, and what I had observed, that both were worldly-minded; but that she rather outdid him, and, according to the proverb, *the grey mare was the better horse* in his family. We adjourned to the study, where the fire, in the inflated language of Hervey, mocked our wishes, rather than warmed our limbs; and a very small dipped candle diffused a "dim, religious light." This I saw was the usual economy of the house; but the parson ordered an addition to the one, and an exchange of the other. Tidings now arrived that the cow was dead. It was not perhaps possible for a woman of Mrs H.'s disposition to bear such a loss with equanimity; and a scene now took place between her and her husband which did honour to neither. The evening passed heavily, and we retired at an early hour, which I found was the practice in the family.

The howling tempest soon lulled me asleep, and a noise in the kitchen below awoke me by day-light. The morning was serene, and the sun just emerging from the sea; I opened my window, to inhale a little fresh air, but was saluted with an odour more powerful than pleasant, which I soon discovered proceeded from the cow-house and pig-stye, in the court under my window, which I hastily closed. I had sat only a few minutes, when a horrible uproar of grunting and squeaking assailed my ears. Peeping from behind the window-curtain, I beheld the thrifty lady of the mansion in a dishabille which I

cannot describe ; her cap did not rival the lily, and her matted locks hung in disorder about her ears ; her arms were bare to above the elbows ; a petticoat, which seemed a stranger to the washing-tub, by its scanty longitude displayed a considerable portion of a brawny limb ; she was slipshod, and in the act of administering a pail of slops to the bristly fraternity in the sty ; and plunging her arms into the pail, she stirred the mixture, before tumbling it into their trough, and then looked at the squeaking tribe with much complacency. Retiring, she in a minute or two returned with a large basin of offals, and calling out, " chuck, chuck !" soon collected a cackling and quacking throng around her, to all of which she distributed their morning dole, with her hand, from the basin. Never had I seen a female in respectable life in a dress, attitude, and employment, less attractive ; and as soon as the minister appeared, I took my departure, resisting every entreaty to stay breakfast. At home, I could not help contrasting the lady I had just left with Mrs Baxter ; for never had I seen two women about equal age, and in similar situations in life, more unlike each other in their habits and manners. " Ay," said my father, " the parsons have both some peculiar notions, and are very different characters ; both marriages, I believe, were the result of theories formed in early life, and both are unhappy."

I wish, for their sakes and that of their children, that I could wind up my story, by saying that they had been more fortunate in their respective theories concerning genius ; but, alas ! both were doomed by experience to see the futility of their speculations. Andrew Baxter adhering to his opinion, that genius would develop itself, by a decided predilection for some profession, kept Tom at school and college, till he believed him skilled in languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry ; still expecting the latent spark to burst forth, and that he would only have to superadd the study of some particular branch, to a mind of such general information ;

but Tom was now turned seventeen, and had shewn no partiality for any profession, except that of a gentleman. The father, although still confident in his system, conceived there might be no harm in giving Madam Nature a jog on the elbow ; and accordingly wrote to Tom, that he must now consult his genius, and decide on his future course of life. Tom had a strong attachment to the lighter species of the *belles lettres*,—had been a member of a debating club,—attended the theatre, spouting and supping with the players. He had a manly, handsome figure,—good ear,—clear, but fine mellow voice,—and sung with taste. His father made no secret of his doctrine, and Tom now believed that Nature had destined him for the sock and buskin, and that he had only to appear on the boards, to eclipse Garrick, then in the meridian blaze of his glory. Confirmed in this opinion by some of his dramatic cronies, he determined for the stage ; but prudently resolved not to make his first appearance where he was known ; and as the company were soon to depart for Greenock, he arranged with the manager to accompany them, and make his *debut* in that quarter. The tragedy of Douglas was announced, the character of young Norval by a gentleman, being his first appearance on the stage. He ranted, looked, and talked like a hero, and was greeted with applause. Had they hooted him from the stage, he might then have made a timely retreat, and saved himself from future ills ; but he was now sailing on the summer sea of popular applause, and the Temple of Fame appeared at a short distance, the portals of which he imagined would open at his approach. He now wrote a farce, which he prevailed on the manager to bring forward. The good folks of Greenock were not fastidious ; the pit clapped, and the gallery shook with thunders of applause. This was all very well ; but although his fame was flourishing almost equal to his wishes, he felt his finances in a galloping consumption ; still his benefit was near ; he prepared an original comic song, and an address by way of epilogue, all of which were announced in the



bills: the house was crowded, and Tom cleared a sum beyond his expectations.

To find a greater fool, or one more inflated with vanity than a poet and player, whose acting and writing have both been crowned with popular applause, the lad in the eighteenth year of his age, all his debts paid, and a dozen pounds in his pocket,—I say, to find a greater fool than him, it would be necessary to visit a lunatic asylum. Tom hesitated and pondered, whether he should stick to his pen, or continue to tread the boards; but considering them as cousins-germain, and having the precedent of Shakspeare and Garrick before him, he resolved to unite both, and thus have two strings to his bow. He continued with the company till their return to Edinburgh, by which time he had a comedy ready for rehearsal: it was brought out at the opening of the Theatre, Tom appearing as the principal character; but either the muse had been less propitious, or the critics in Auld Reekie were influenced by caprice; the play dragged heavily through the first act, in the second much disapprobation was displayed, and in the third the hapless author was hissed from the stage, in what he believed the best scene in the piece, which was not suffered to come to a conclusion. What a difference in his feelings in two short hours! When he entered the Theatre, the thermometer of hope was just rising to the boiling point—it was now many degrees below zero. Bajazet in the plenitude of his power, and exhibited by Tamerlane in an iron-cage, had not more opposite feelings. Longer stay in the metropolis was impossible, and a decent or manly retreat was impracticable, from the state of his finances. Almost frantic, he borrowed, or rather begged, a guinea from the Manager, and instead of returning home, made bad worse, by proceeding to Glasgow, and enlisting as a soldier in a marching regiment. But Tom had more dexterity in wielding the mimic truncheon on the stage than he had with the musket at drill; he was awkward, and the drill-sergeant tyrannical, and the *ci-devant* dramatic hero took French leave. Aware that his absence would produce some regret, but

with a firm resolution not to return, he contrived to secrete himself till a vessel was ready to sail for the western world. He landed on the shores of Columbia without a guinea in his pocket, and soon found that it was not the market for either poetical or histrionic talent.

Jonathan had as little relish for Greek and Mathematics; a stonemason would have been more esteemed than Dr Parr, and a millwright would have taken precedence of La Place. It was before the tarring and feathering scheme that Tom landed at Boston, still considered as the capital of a British colony. Tom's necessities were urgent; he wrote a good hand, and could manage pounds shillings and pence upon paper better than in his pocket. He applied to a store-keeper, was taken upon trial, and gave satisfaction; for although awkward, he was active, and anxious to please. He had been about a year in this situation, and had just come under an engagement for a regular salary, when one morning, being at the quay superintending the unloading of a cargo, he was informed that a British regiment was to be disembarked from some transports alongside. Turning to look, he saw, with no pleasant feelings, the uniform he had lately worn; and in a few minutes his quondam Captain came upon deck, while his former tyrannical drill-sergeant leaped on shore, almost close by his side.

The regiment was to be stationed in Boston, and as Tom had much out-of-door business, he found detection would soon follow. Having once seen a culprit flogged for desertion, he had no wish for a practical knowledge of this discipline, and without loss of time fled to the interior, opened a school in a village on the margin of a swamp, which soon affected his health, and he was seized with an irresistible desire to re-visit Scotland, and die at his father's fire-side. By rigid economy and penurious living, he saved money for his passage, contrived to get on board a vessel for Britain, and, after an absence of more than three years, reached the manse, the home of his father, penniless, way-worn, and weary. Here he continued to wander for some time in the sunny vale,



Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what he was ;

and sunk to an untimely grave, before his sun of life had reached its noon. Such was the result of the Reverend Andrew Baxter's theory concerning genius.

The Reverend Francis Halliday had determined, when his son was yet whipping his top, or trundling his hoop, that he should be bred to the law. As the preliminary step to this, no pains were spared to make him an excellent Latin scholar. George had been early taught submission to the *dicta* of a parent ; and when informed of his destination for life, although it gave him no pleasure, he did not start any objection. In the town where his father resided was a Notary, who was reckoned a Solomon for wisdom, and a Machiavel for policy and cunning ; to this man George was put as an apprentice, and afterwards sent to study and practise under a friend most learned in the law at Edinburgh ; it being his father's intention, that after his head was fully charged, and when he had been nursed to practice, that he should set up for himself in the county town, as a Notary, and pleader in the Sheriff-Court.

George Halliday was a lad of a peculiar turn of mind, had much of the milk of human kindness in his heart ; and he had formed what men of the world would term romantic notions of probity and justice, which were often shocked by the specimens of legal quibbling which now came under his notice. He expressed to his father dislike to the law ; but the parson replied, " When you find it profitable, it will then become delightful." After what appeared a long and irksome noviciate, George settled as a practitioner in the county town, with a firm determination to consult Conscience, along with Coke and Lyttleton. The first cause in which he

was engaged was one of considerable importance and intricacy ; he happened to have the right side, and was opposed by a popular pleader of long standing. However, he displayed such a profound knowledge of law, and poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, that his client was victor, and his fame spread over the country. Business poured in upon him ; but George was capricious ; for if he had doubts about the justice of a cause, he would not undertake it ; and when convinced that the litigant was wrong, flatly told him so ; not only recommending an amicable settlement, but condescending to become an arbitrator. When he did plead, however skilled in law, his greater zeal was always displayed for equity. Such was his pacific disposition, that frivolous but profitable litigation declined daily. Hence he was considered among his brethren as a dangerous innovator, who would, if not put down, destroy the trade. They endeavoured to propagate a report that his brain was cracked ; and litigious men, whose causes he had refused, circulated the tale, till those who doubted its truth were afraid to trust their business in his hands.

He persevered in his system,—his employment fell off,—the disappointed and angry parent remonstrated in vain, and at last, in bitter wrath, told George he was a romantic and visionary fool ; and he, in return, told his father that his counsels and opinions were at variance with, and unbecoming his character as a Minister of the Gospel of peace ;—they quarrelled, and parted in great wrath. Hating the law, and having lost a good part of the respect for his father, George withdrew to a small farm, in a distant and sequestered part of the country. Thus, by the injudicious resolve and pertinacious obstinacy of a parent, were talents and principles buried in obscurity, which would have been useful to society, and an ornament to their country.

### The Pilgrim's Dream.

*Post est occasio calva.*

I RESTED at noon in a broad-spreading shade  
Which the boughs of the elm and the hazel had made ;  
And, opening my corban, I took out my bread,  
And thank'd the kind God on whose bounty I fed.  
All weary and faint with the path I had trod,  
I laid myself down on the green grassy sod ;  
I pillow'd my head on the root of a tree,  
While the flowerets of summer a couch spread to me ;  
Thus lying, I mused upon man's mortal strife,  
And I thought that each wight was a pilgrim through life ;  
That he plods on his way to some far distant shrine,—  
The palace of Pleasure, or temple divine ;  
Till, wearied with years and their troublesome load,  
He falters at length, and falls down on the road !  
I thought upon this, and I sigh'd from my heart  
To think how my brethren winced under the smart ;  
And, whether it was that in slumber I dream'd,  
(For the sight which I saw like a night-vision seem'd,)  
But it fix'd on my bosom with all the controul  
Which reality stamps on the high-throbbing soul :  
Methought that the summer sun rose on the day,  
While I was pursuing my pilgrimage way,  
When a stranger o'ertook me, and bade me look back  
On the landscape so fair I had left in my track :  
I look'd, and I saw a most wonderful scene  
Of mountains all rugged, and vallies all green,  
Of rocks whose high summits peer'd up in the dawn,  
And villas and cottages spread on the lawn ;  
Along the green path which my footsteps had traced  
A crowd of poor mortals their pilgrimage paced ;  
And, larger in figure, came beings behind,  
That seem'd not to be of our own human kind ;  
I question'd the Stranger, and all that I sought  
My mind from his eloquent answers was taught.

#### PILGRIM.

Oh ! who is that being that stands on the hill,  
Whose mantle flows free at the wild breezes' will ?  
He has climb'd the rough summit so steep and so high,  
And his form seems to stand in the blaze of the sky ;  
The clouds of the morning around him are roll'd,  
Like curtains all fringed with the heavens' own gold ;  
While along the fair east it is lovely and bright,  
Like the beautiful hues of the newly-born light,  
Save the dark-clouded form of the being that's there,  
Obscuring the eye of a morning so fair !  
Like the moon, when she labours in gramarye-spell,  
Which the old wizard works in his wonderful cell.  
He travels this way, though his steps are but slow,  
For with caution and care must the aged man go ;  
Yet methinks if he mend not that tardy degree,  
He will never be able to travel with me ;  
And 'tis well, for if such a grim figure came near,  
My bosom would tremble with horror and fear.—  
Oh ! who is that being ? and what is his name ?  
And what solemn office on earth doth he claim ?

## STRANGER.

'Tis true that the wight is a reverend man,  
 And long did he live ere our journey began ;  
 And yet though the season be far, far away,  
 In sooth he shall come to his reckoning day !  
 For he is a mortal of this humble earth,  
 And here, like ourselves, must he own he had birth.  
 But though he is ancient and hoary with years,  
 Though his foot on the mountain so cautious appears,  
 I trow 'tis as steady as when it first trod,  
 With the step of a pilgrim, the earth's lowly sod !  
 Though slow, he is certain, and never will slack  
 In the course which he plods in, nor ere miss the track.  
 By the men of this sojourn his name is call'd Time,  
 And his journey leads on to a far brighter clime.  
 Oh, then, be not idle ! for when he comes by,  
 He will look upon thee with a soul-piercing eye ;  
 For his office on earth is to summon mankind  
 To the work which for them was by Heaven design'd.

## PILGRIM.

And who is that being that after him walks  
 Like a goblin, that over the sepulchres stalks ?  
 All muffled and hid in a horrible shroud,  
 That darkens the sky like a sulphurous cloud :  
 It heavily flaps as the light breezes breathe,  
 And discovers a skeleton figure beneath !  
 On his white bony cheek is a terrible grin ;  
 No features are there, no complexion nor skin !  
 And it seems that some spirit, hid under the guise,  
 Looks forth from the sockets that once held his eyes ;  
 And he grasps in his marrowless fingers a dart  
 Which is clotted with gore reeking red from the heart !  
 Oh ! what is his name ? for, whatever it be,  
 A murderer vile and relentless is he !  
 This moment I witness'd him butcher and slay  
 An innocent infant that sat in his way !  
 And his truculent arm, without sorrow or ruth,  
 Strikes the head of the aged and heart of the youth !

## STRANGER.

His name ?—it is Death : and he follows old Time  
 To kill and destroy, but the deed is no crime ;  
 For first must the hour-glass of Time be all run,  
 Ere the office of Death upon man dare be done.  
 To the good and the holy his presence is sweet,  
 And they hail the blest sound of his skeleton feet !  
 To the wicked he seems like a fiend from the pit,  
 And Despair, at his sight, shakes their frame with its fit.  
 Oh, therefore, be heedful ! and fear to do wrong,  
 Lest thou fear'st when this figure of gloom comes along :  
 And though he seems now in the distance so far,  
 A moment may bring him to be where we are !

## PILGRIM.

But who are these beings that walk on the heath,  
 And appear like the followers of Time and of Death ?  
 Two creatures contrasted in shape to extreme,  
 Yet equal in office and duty they seem.  
 The first like an Angel, in garments all bright,  
 And crown'd with a tiar of pure-streaming light :  
 He holds in his hands the fair olive and palm,  
 His deportment is fair, and his spirit seems calm ;



His brow and his face are both comely and mild,  
 Like the beautiful smile of a yellow-hair'd child :  
 Oh, his eye looks as soft as the glance of the dove,  
 And his heart, I am sure, must be teeming with love !  
 The other is hideous and hateful in shape,  
 And seems less akin unto man than the ape ;  
 Distorted and ugly ; a horrible mould,  
 Which pains the dim eye-balls of man to behold !  
 With wings like the bat's, yet all meagre and thin,  
 And pucker'd and knit in a toad's slimy skin :  
 He is cover'd with hair, and his hard horny foot  
 Is cloven and fashion'd like that of the brute :  
 He brandishes fiercely the scorpion's keen lash,  
 And shackles of iron around his waist clash ;  
 Pain, madness, revenge, from his horrid eyes glare,  
 And his brow is the throne of the wildest despair.  
 Oh, who are these beings ? and what are their names ?  
 For the work which they do something awful proclaims :  
 They come to the bodies along the path lying,  
 And the bright being smiles upon some that are dying ;  
 Then takes from their bosoms a pledge which is there,  
 And mounts with the treasure far, far through the air !  
 The other in similar deeds is employ'd,  
 Though he scowls on the creatures whom Death hath destroy'd ;  
 Then bearing them off in his irons, like slaves,  
 Sinks down, with a shriek, through earth's bottomless caves !  
 Oh, the one is a dove with his plumage all bright !  
 And the other a bat from the regions of night !

## STRANGER.

These two are the agents empower'd to fulfil  
 The solemn decrees of Eternity's will ;  
 And great is their office in God's mighty plan,  
 For their object is noble and dignified—man !  
 From regions extreme to this world they are sent,  
 And on errands of man's final destiny bent :  
 For they watch the last groans of mortality's breath,  
 And the spirit they seize at the moment of death.  
 By the scenes of disease, want and murder they stand,  
 And pluck in its season the garland or brand ;  
 And they bear to its last destination the soul—  
 To bliss everlasting, or measureless dole !  
 The former to angels of glory lays claim,  
 The other a demon of darkness we name.  
 Oh, think on the angel ! he's lovely and fair ;  
 And of guilt, with its manifold horrors, beware ;  
 And pray that each virtue thy life may employ,  
 That thou may'st be crown'd with a garland of joy !  
 For much have the spirits of piety striven,  
 By stopping hell's cavern, to plenisb bright heaven :  
 Though man has not yet his sweet pleasures forsworn,  
 Hell's victims have been, and more victims are born ;  
 And still through the pilgrimage travell'd by Time,  
 On the journey guilt wallows in darkness and crime :  
 The thief has his bag, and the murd'rer his knife,  
 And temptation lays down its bright bubbles of strife ;  
 Idolatry sends its great crowds to those realms,  
 And Pleasure her thousands on thousands o'erwhelms ;  
 Pride, malice, and blasphemy, falsehood and lust,  
 Their crowds through the portals of hell daily thrust :  
 Oh, therefore, remember that Time's wrinkled face  
 Never turns to look back on the path of his race ;

That Death comes behind, and is anxious to strike,  
 When the time is expir'd, great and humble alike;  
 That the Angel or Demon comes ready to grasp  
 The quivering soul at the body's last gasp!  
 Oh, think that each pulse which thy bosom beats free,  
 Time, Death, and the Spirits, brings nearer to thee!

The Stranger evanish'd, and left me alone,  
 Beneath the great load of life's sorrows to groan;  
 When raising again my sad eyes from the ground,  
 And looking once more on the landscape around,  
 I saw the grim figure of Time drawing near,  
 And my knees smote each other with trembling and fear.  
 I look'd on his brow, with the summer sun sear'd,  
 And I saw the long waves of his winterly beard;  
 The staff of a Pilgrim he held in his hand,  
 In the other an hour-glass, that measur'd the sand:  
 As he pass'd o'er the dew with his sandel-shod feet,  
 My bosom beat high with a feverish heat;  
 And scarce from my heart could I throw the full sigh,  
 As he look'd upon me with his dark sullen eye.—  
 He came—and he held up the hour-glass all run,  
 For the days of my life and its sorrows were done;  
 And Death in the rear put an end to my woe,  
 For I fell, like an old wither'd tree, at his blow!

It seem'd that a stupor came over my soul,  
 As if bound for a while in Death's awful controul;  
 'Till the Angel came near—clasp'd my spirit—and smil'd,  
 Like a mother embracing her newly-woke child!  
 And, clapping his pinions, he rais'd me on high,  
 Through the untravell'd realms of the beautiful sky.  
 I look'd upon earth, with its mountains and vales,  
 And the waves of its ocean, that play'd in the gales;  
 I look'd on its cities, its castles, and towers,  
 And the rural repose of its meadows and bowers;  
 And scarce had I time, as they sank from my view,  
 To bid them for ever and ever adieu!  
 For, fast from the gaze of mine eyes they took leave,  
 Like the scenery of clouds on a mild summer's eve;  
 'Till, lessening in size, in the distance so far,  
 Earth seem'd like the moon, and the moon like a star!  
 I look'd on the sky; and, superb on my sight,  
 The firmament shone in the beauty of light;  
 Ten thousand clear suns, with their planets, I saw,  
 And the universe roll'd in creation's great law,  
 In harmony moving along the pure clime,  
 And wheeling on axles of glory, through time.  
 Then the Angel the heaven of heavens unfurl'd,  
 And mine eyes caught a sight of the saints' happy world;  
 So sweet in mine ears did their golden harps sound,  
 And so bright were the garlands with which they were bound;  
 And so holy and good was their blissful employ—  
 My throbbing soul quiver'd with rapture and joy!

## THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE Aurora Borealis is a luminous appearance, generally observed in high northern latitudes, and commonly to the north of the observer, whence it has got the name of Northern Lights; it is known also among the vulgar, by the name of "the streamers," or the "merry-duncers."

The Aurora Borealis may be divided into two kinds, the tranquil and the varying. The *tranquil* shines with a mild and steady light, similar to the different stages of moon-light, either as it appears near the time of new moon, or as it gradually increases when the moon becomes more enlightened; sometimes it is more vivid than the light of the moon when full; and it often preserves, for a considerable time, the form in which it first appeared, with little or no variation. Muschenbroek has paid much attention to this kind of meteor, and has given it several names, according to the form which it assumes; but as these names are founded only in fancy, and are not necessary to an explication of the theory, we shall omit them. The *varied* Aurora is more remarkable in its appearance, and occasionally exhibits the most brilliant and rapidly diversified forms. The following are some of its very interesting properties: It is usually of a reddish colour, inclining to yellow, and it frequently sends out corruscations of pale light, which seem to rise from the horizon in pyramidal undulating forms, shooting with great velocity towards the zenith. This kind of meteor, which is less frequent as we go towards the Equator, is almost constant during the long winter nights in the Polar Regions. In the Shetland Isles they afford the inhabitants great relief, amid the gloomy darkness of their long and dreary nights. They commonly appear at twilight, near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow, and continue in that state for several hours; they afterwards break into streams of stronger light, spread into columns, then slowly alter into innumerable shapes, and vary their colours from all the yellow tints to an obscure russet;

frequently covering the whole atmosphere, exhibiting the most romantic forms and the most beautiful appearance. According to Muschenbroek, in that region of the air which is directly towards the north, or which stretches from the north towards the east or west, there at first appears a cloud in the horizon, which rarely rises to the height of 40 degrees. This cloud is sometimes contiguous to the horizon, sometimes detached from it, in which last case the intermediate sky appears of a bright blue colour. The cloud occupies a portion of the heavens, extending in length to 100 degrees, and sometimes still farther. It is generally white and shining, but sometimes black and thick. Its upper edge is parallel to the horizon, bordered by a long train of light, which rises higher in some places than in others. It appears also bent in the form of a bow, or like the segment of a sphere which has its centre considerably beneath the horizon; and sometimes a large white or luminous band is visible, skirting the upper edge of the black cloud. The dark part of the cloud becomes white and luminous when the Aurora has shone for some time, and after it has sent forth several bright and fiery rays. Then, from the superior edge of the cloud, rays issue in the form of jets, which are sometimes many, sometimes few in number,—sometimes close together, sometimes removed several degrees asunder. These jets diffuse a very brilliant light, as if a luminous or fiery liquor were driven with impetuosity from a syringe. The jet increases in brightness, and has less bulk when it at first issues from the cloud; but it dilates and grows dimmer as it goes farther off. There then arises, from a large opening in the cloud, a luminous train, or column, of which the motion is at first gentle and uniform, and which increases in size as it advances. The dimensions and duration of these columns vary considerably; their light is sometimes white, sometimes reddish, sometimes of a blood colour; and as they advance, their colours



change, till they form a kind of arch in the heavens. When several of these columns, issuing from different places, encounter each other in the zenith, they intermingle with each other, and form, at their junction, a small thick cloud, which seems, as it were, to kindle, and sends forth a light considerably more brilliant than any of the separate columns. This light changes to green, blue, and purple; and, quitting its original station, it directs itself towards the south, in the form of a small bright cloud. When no more columns are seen to issue, the cloud assumes the appearance of the morning dawn, and insensibly dissipates itself. Sometimes the Aurora is formed and disappears in the course of a few minutes; at other times it continues the whole night; and one that was observed by Muschenbroek in 1734, lasted for ten days and nights successively. The lucid columns are often so transparent, that stars of the first and second magnitudes are visible through them; these also shine through the white border of the horizontal cloud, and sometimes, though rarely, through the opaque cloud itself. But many parts are so thin, that the smallest stars which are visible to the naked eye may be seen through them. A more beautiful spectacle than what is very frequently presented to us in these meteoric appearances, cannot easily be imagined; the spectacle is often grand and terrific, and is sometimes attended with a hissing, crackling noise, which rushes through the air, and is similar to a display of large fire-works. The hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes, on the confines of the icy sea, are often overtaken by these northern lights, at which times their dogs are so much frightened that they will not move, but crouch upon the ground till the noise has passed by them. Maupertuis observed a remarkable Aurora at Osver-Zornea, which excited his admiration; an extensive region of the heavens towards the south appeared tinged with so lively a red, that the whole of the constellation Orion seemed to be dyed in blood. This light was for some time fixed, but it was soon in motion, and after having successively

assumed all the tints of violet and blue, it formed a dome, the summit of which was near the zenith in the south-west. Its splendour was so great as not to be affected by the strong light of the moon. He adds, that he only observed two of these red northern lights while he was in Lapland, and thinks that they are of rare occurrence in that country, although the Aurora there assumes a great variety of tints; he moreover observes, that they are considered by the poor ignorant natives as ominous, and the forerunners of calamity.

The accounts of noises attending the Aurora Borealis are sufficiently corroborated; they have been heard by numerous persons, and in various places. They have been heard in Hudson's Bay, in Sweden, Norway, and Lapland. Muschenbroek mentions, that the Greenland whale-fishers assured him that they had frequently heard the noise of the Aurora; but he adds, that no person in Holland ever heard any noise occasioned by them. Mr Cavallo, however, declares, that being in Northampton at the time when the northern lights were remarkably bright, he is confident that he heard a hissing or a whizzing sound. In the Orkney and Shetland Isles they are frequently heard. The writer of this article has been told by more than one gentleman from Orkney, that the noise made by the Aurora is often heard by the natives; and one of them assured him that he had sometimes heard it himself. They have also been heard in Canada. As we might very naturally expect, the Aurora Borealis is by no means confined to the northern hemisphere; for similar appearances, and like noises, have been observed and heard in high southern latitudes. If the existence of the Aurora Australis was at any time doubtful, it was completely ascertained by Captain Cooke in his second voyage round the world. "On February the 17th, in 1773," says Mr Foster, who accompanied Cooke in the capacity of Naturalist, "in south latitude 58 degrees, a beautiful phenomenon was observed during the preceding night, which appeared again on this and several following nights. It consisted of

long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward, almost to the zenith, and gradually spreading over the whole southern part of the sky. These columns were sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremities; and though in most respects similar to the northern lights of our hemisphere, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish colour; whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a fiery and purple hue. The sky was generally clear when they appeared, and the air sharp and cold, the thermometer standing at the freezing point."

The most complete series of observations on the Aurora that has yet been published, is given by Dr Richardson, in "Franklin's Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea." We extract the following: "I have never heard any sound that could be unequivocally considered as originating in the Aurora; but the uniform testimony of the natives, both Crees, Copper Indians, and Esquimaux, and of all the older residents in the country, induce me to believe that its motions are sometimes audible. These circumstances are, however, rare, as will appear when I state, that I have now had an opportunity of observing that meteor for upwards of two hundred different nights." The Aurora, of which the following is a description, must have been exceedingly beautiful: "When the Aurora had exhibited itself in this form for a considerable space of time, the whole mass of light suddenly appeared in motion, and sweeping round on each side, was gathered together to the southward of the zenith. Immediately after, a large portion of it was seen in the S. E., assuming an exact resemblance to a curtain suspended in a circular form in the air, and hanging perpendicular to the earth's surface. The lower edge of this curtain was very luminous, and had a waving motion; and the illusion was farther heightened by the momentary appearance of perpendicular dark lines, or breaks in the light, in rapid succession round the circle, exactly as the waving of a curtain would cause the dark shades of its folds to move along it. This beautiful curtain of light was about

40 degrees high, of a pale yellowish colour, and sent out, on one side, a process which approached the S. E. by E. point of the horizon, and on the other was connected with a long regular arch, terminated in the N. W. horizon, similarly constructed, and having the same waving motion with the curtain itself. All this time the sky was perfectly clear, except in the southern quarter, which, to the height of 4 or 5 degrees, was occupied by dark clouds, apparently intermediate between stratus and cirrostratus." Several theories have been proposed in order to explain the nature of this meteoric appearance; but none of those which have yet been published are satisfactory. The following account and explanation of the theory, which were communicated to me by Dr T. S. Traill of Liverpool, are conclusive;—the theory agrees entirely with the phenomena, and leaves, I think, little more to be desired on this subject: "The extent of the Aurora in the Orkneys I never accurately ascertained, but I have occasionally observed it to cover more than two-thirds of the canopy of heaven. I once saw an Aurora of a uniform blue colour slowly rolling from the northern quarter of a cloudless sky, and extending even beyond the zenith; occasionally its volume expanded so as to involve almost the whole heavens, presenting the magnificent spectacle of a vast dome of lambent flame with a circular aperture in the centre.

"The most usual periods for the occurrence of the Aurora in Orkney are about the end of autumn, and the end of winter; but it occasionally occurs at every season of the year, though it is, in general, most vivid in the absence of moonlight. Some philosophers have mentioned, that they have heard a peculiar kind of noise, like the rushing of air, or the rustling of silk, during the appearance of the Aurora Borealis; this is a circumstance, the truth of which I am able to confirm by repeated observations. I am quite certain that I have heard this rustling noise, which was once particularly distinct as I stood alone, at midnight, on the top of a lofty tower, when every thing was still around. The real height at which this meteor occurs has never



yet been ascertained. In 1716, 1726, and 1729, the Aurora Borealis was observed in every part of Europe; but we do not know that it was the *very same* Aurora which was observed at distant places, else we could ascertain its elevation in the sky. At any rate, the Aurora is a meteor which must be very high in the atmosphere, from the distance at which we know one has been visible. It cannot, however, be higher than the upper limit of the atmosphere, which does not exceed 70 or 80 miles; and it is extremely probable that no Aurora has ever been observed at an altitude greater than 45 miles; and, therefore, it follows, that the immense heights given to this meteor, from observations made by Mairan, and others, were obtained from false data. Mairan (at page 74 *Traité Physique Historique de l'Aurore Boreale*) has determined the height of an Aurora to be 200 leagues, which is *evidently* false; but we are to consider that he had a particular object in view—he had formed the strange notion that the Aurora, as well as the zodiacal lights, are both produced by the solar atmosphere. The supposition has, however, been completely refuted by Laplace: for this illustrious philosopher has proved, that the sun's atmosphere cannot extend to the orbit of Mars, much less then can it extend itself as far as the orbit of the earth; and, consequently, it can never be the cause of the Aurora. It is evident that the Aurora cannot be above the earth's atmosphere, because, as it apparently remains stationary for several hours, it must partake of the common motion both of the earth and the atmosphere. This meteor increases in brilliancy as we advance towards the north; and, for nearly half the year, it supplies the absence of the sun to the 'shivering tenant of the frigid zone.' For a long time the northern lights were supposed to be peculiar to the northern hemisphere, but the voyages of discovery in the southern ocean, and the increasing intercourse between the northern and southern hemispheres, have shown that they prevail also towards the south pole. The Aurora Australis has been described as paler than the Aurora Borealis; but, in all probability, this arises

from comparing the Aurora Borealis as it appears in our high northern latitudes, with the appearance of the Aurora Australis as it appears in much lower southern latitudes. Some philosophers have ascribed the Aurora to the inflammation of hydrogen gas in the upper regions of the atmosphere. There is considerable reason to suppose, that while various processes are going on at the surface of our earth, and particularly during the action of evaporation, that some water is decomposed. If this process really goes on, it must be allowed that the hydrogen thus liberated, being much lighter than air, would rise to the top of the atmosphere, and, after rolling down the inclined planes formed by its upper surface, would accumulate near the poles. If the electric fluid pass through this hydrogen, it may set it on fire, and thus produce the Aurora. This hypothesis is, perhaps, the most plausible that has yet been advanced, to account for this extraordinary meteor. The successive ignition of the portions of hydrogen, as they come in contact with the oxygen of the air, are supposed to occasion the corruscations of the Aurora; and the small quantity of oxygen present in such rare air accounts for the duration of the combustion. Granting that this hypothesis is correct, there should be a vacuum formed towards the pole by the condensation of the gases, and an Aurora in our hemisphere ought generally to be followed by a southerly wind. Now, Mr Wynne, in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, informs us, that in twenty-three cases which he observed, an Aurora was, without exception, followed by a southerly wind. When the Aurora was very brilliant, the south wind came on with considerable force within twenty-four hours; when the Aurora was faint, the wind was longer in coming on, was weaker also, but continued longer. In the Orkney and Shetland Isles, where the Aurora is usually much more brilliant than I recollect ever to have seen it in any other part of Britain, it is usually reckoned to be the forerunner of a gale; and I have observed, after a vivid appearance there, in several instances, that it was soon



followed by a strong gale from the south, or from the south south-west. According to the account given in 'Franklin's Journey to the Shores of the Polar Seas,' it is evident that, at the time of an Aurora, electro-magnetism is produced; for, at the time of the appearance of an Aurora, the motion of the magnetic needle was disturbed; and this circumstance is quite agreeable to the above hypothesis. Franklin says, 'the appearance of the Aurora, and the disturbance it occasioned on the motion of the needle at Fort Enterprise, were so frequent, that the mean monthly variation must have been deduced from but few observations if they had been rejected.' And again, 'the circumstance of the mean variation being least at midnight there, and at Moose-Deer Island, was evi-

dently caused by the frequent disturbance in the motion of the needle which the Aurora occasioned; for on those days when it was not visible, the mean diurnal variation followed the course Mr Hood had observed it to do at Cumberland House, being most easterly at the time of the first observation in the morning, and least between three and four in the afternoon. The change in the diurnal variation in these parts of North America seems to be governed by the same law as in England, as the decrease in easterly variation between the morning and afternoon is, in fact, a motion of the needle to the westward."

For much more interesting information on the same subject, we refer to the volume above quoted, and from which these are extracts.

### Woman's Love.

THERE's wassail in Lord Walter's hall,  
And smoking beeves and red-wine  
flowing;—

Merry are the hearts of his kinsmen all,  
And the dames' dark eyes are gladly  
glowing;

While, lower ranged, his vassal train  
Devoutly quaff the foaming ale,  
Or with the blade, ne'er drawn in vain,  
The sirloin's mighty mass assail:

The harp is sounding proudly too,  
While chaunts the minstrel old and  
hoary,  
From Norman spears how Saxons flew  
On Hastings' day of deathless glory.

And yet by friends though girded round,—  
Though lovely lips and eyes are near  
him,—

Though lands, herds, flocks, and gold a-  
bound,  
And kinsmen love and foemen fear  
him,—

Lord Walter mute and sadly sits,  
As were nor guest nor kinsman near;  
And as his eye is rais'd by fits,  
It wears the hurried glance of fear.

Pale lips, and eyes deep sunken, shew  
Passion hath wrought the work of time;  
But is it pure and blameless woe,  
Or sleepless, dire remorse for crime?

While thus he mused, casting a shade  
Of sorrow upon every face,  
It chanced a distant bugle bray'd  
A note that peal'd through all the place.

Full many a cheek grew pale beneath  
That bugle's wild and thrilling sound,  
For it seem'd the blast of one whom  
death

Long since in foreign land had found.

But Walter started with a shriek—

"He comes! he comes! the grave  
hath giv'n

Him forth his guilty prey to seek,  
To mark how poorly guilt hath  
thriv'n."

Out flew bright blades from many a thigh,  
The coming horror to destroy,—  
While ladies crept their lovers nigh,—  
Jesu! 'tis but a tiny boy!

His locks were of as dark a dye  
As ever rob'd the raven's wing;  
And his eyes shone out like the stars on  
high,

When forth in gloaming hour they  
spring.

He tripp'd to where Lord Walter stood,  
And in a soft and witching tone,  
Which every angry thought subdued,  
Thus the dark-eyed youth went on:—

"It was a Knight, an English Knight,  
Bound was he for Paynim fight;  
And with an hundred in his train,  
With Norman ROBERT cross'd the main.  
His brother, young Lord Henry, too,  
With him his maiden faulcheon drew,  
And many a feat of fame they shar'd,  
Many a deed of danger dar'd,  
Till, at the length, this elder Knight  
Captive was made in unequal fight."

The Paynim felt his prisoner's worth,  
For he knew his wealth, and he knew his  
birth,  
And mightier ransom for him was set  
Than e'er had been fix'd for Christian  
yet.

The Knight to young Lord Henry sent ;  
Told him of all his dreariment,  
And swore, by all a brother's love,  
And by the blessed Saints above,  
Prisoner if he would be in his stead,  
Home *he* would hie as soon as freed,  
Gather his gold, and quickly bring  
For him the ransom'd offering.

Large was the love young Henry bore  
To him who thus so deeply swore,  
So he enter'd him the Paynim's thrall,  
The fettering steel on his limbs let fall,  
And the elder brother was free as the  
light.

Tell me, Lord Walter, knew you the  
Knight?"

Answer none Lord Walter made,  
But his cheek grew flush'd—his visage  
fell ;

And Chief to Chieftain whispering said,  
That he had known the Knight too  
well.

"For many a weary night and day  
Young Henry in his durance lay,  
Striving to cheer, as best he might,  
His self-devoted prison'd plight :  
'Twere false to say that hope him cheer'd,  
He hop'd not—for he never fear'd ;  
As firm his faith on Walter's love  
As was his trust in Heaven above,—  
As fearless as the infant press'd  
And fondled on its mother's breast.  
And when the sun had left his eye,  
While ruddy radiance flush'd the sky,  
He thought of his western home, where  
yet

The God of Day had hardly set.  
And nightly, when the evening star  
Shone through his grate, he thought how  
far

His brother's bark was on the sea,  
That came to save and set him free !  
He sung,—and sorrow dash'd aside,  
Partly from a warrior's pride,  
But more, lest, when he should return,  
His brother's heart too much should  
mourn,

If thraldom's woe should leave a trace  
Too deeply furrow'd on his face !  
His faith was false, his cares were vain,  
That brother never came again !  
Yet safe and soon his home he won,  
For pitying Heaven impell'd him on,  
Fair breeze gave to his bark, and speed  
More then seem'd mortal to his steed.

"In vain, in vain ; he heeded not  
His plighted troth, his brother's lot,

Even though that lot himself had known,  
And left through Henry's love alone ;  
His cold and avaricious heart  
Durst not with the ransom part ;  
Yea, dearer than a brother's life,  
That brother who in mortal strife,  
His shield before him oft had thrown,  
And made the coming wound his own ;—  
He who for him was even content  
From light and freedom to be pent,  
Held he, this cruel, man-sworn lord,  
His fertile fields, his golden hoard."

"'Tis false ! 'tis false !" Lord Walter  
cried ;

"My latest field I'd gladly sold  
Ere he by foemen's hands had died !  
I wrong'd him, true, but not for gold ;  
His lovelier looks, his smoother tongue,  
His graceful form and gentler heart,  
Wrought love in one to whom *mine* clung,  
With passion that might not depart.  
I trembled lest he should return  
To rob me of my other life,  
Yet only meant that he should mourn  
Prison'd till she were sure my wife.  
How have I sped ? she pined, she died ;  
And when the fatal moment came,  
Hell ! the last sound that ere she sigh'd,  
Her dying word was Henry's name."

"Long Henry nothing fear'd, I said ;  
But faith at length began to fade,  
The tryed time was come and gone,  
Yet ransom, rescue there was none ;  
And in his keeper's scowling eye  
Revenge and hate he 'gan to spy ;  
Yet still like him who o'er a deep  
Hanging, sees snakes that writhe and  
creep,

Waiting his fall—and, struggling, clings,  
Mad with the dread of their cursed stings ;  
So wildly still to hope he clung,  
When doubt the demon on him sprung ;  
But when again had roll'd away  
Another year, and still he lay  
Forgotten in his dungeon lair,  
Hope sunk and settled in despair !  
And when he eyed the setting sun  
'Twas with the bitter thoughts of one  
Who, lingering, parts upon the shore  
With the friend whom he fears he shall  
meet no more !

Yet still he sung, though every tone  
Of glee, that cheer'd him once, was gone ;  
'Twas now a sad heart-breaking strain  
Of blasted hopes, of bosom pain,  
And deepest still of all a moan  
For the land he ne'er should see again."

Lord Walter shuddering, hid his eyes,  
While lovely damsels round him wept ;  
But frowns on the Chieftains' brows arise,  
And their hands to their weapons  
crept.

" Ah ! think not Heav'n would leave to perish

The young, the brave, the gallant-hearted ;

Permitting still the slave to flourish

Who him so foully had deserted :

No ! even when Hope herself had fled,

Still hover'd Mercy o'er his head ;

When, 'neath despair, crush'd down he bent,

With broken-heart and wasted frame,

A gleam, a ray of joy was sent,

And ah ! from woman's eye it came !

The Paynim's daughter oft had heard,

At eve, when not a leafet stirr'd,

The exile's strain of sorrow swell

Melodious from his dungeon cell.

She marvell'd much, and learn'd his fate,

And there her young heart pity mov'd ;

Nearer to watch his prison'd state,

She saw him—lov'd—and was belov'd !

But could she love, nor wish to save

Her chosen from his living grave ?

She saw his young cheek pale beneath

His dungeon's dank and noxious breath :

She saw his dark eye westward turn'd,

Long as one tint of light there burn'd ;

And when pale twilight had gone by,

She heard his deep and yearning sigh ;

He sorrow'd even when she was by !

Danger her heart was steel'd to brave,

For Love is ever strong to save ;

The bolts were stout—the cell was deep,

But love will wake when warders sleep.

They oped the door, they scal'd the wall,

For love, true love, will conquer all !

They stood beside the flowing sea—

The bark was true, and he was free !"

" Free !" Walter cried ; " then died he not

Beneath his Paynim keeper's hand ?

Oh, prove the tidings thou hast brought,

I'll give thee gladly half my land !"

" Free on that vessel's deck he stood,—

Free as the breeze his sail that woo'd,—

Free through creation wide to range,

Bound but to love and deep revenge.

On to his father's house he came,

With thoughts of hate, with heart on flame ;

His wrath to wreak on the ingrate one,

Alas ! upon his father's son !

But she, by whose preserving hand

Alone he gain'd his native land,

When as they reach'd that father's door,

And while his heart was melting o'er

Fond recollections long forgot,

Call'd up by each remember'd spot,

Imploringly she him besought,

By the deliverance she had wrought,

For him her father's hopeless thrall,

By all she left for him—by all

The love he had so deeply sworn,

His dark revenge might be forborne ;

From rancorous hate that he would cease,

And seek his father's hall in peace.

O'ercome, he yielded, and Sir Knight

Now kindly comes to meet thy sight.

What, ho ! Lord Henry, haste, appear,

Love, friendship, honour, wait thee here !"

Quick at the word the warrior came,

This foully-wronged, deserted brother,

While Walter's cheek grew flush'd with shame,

With littleness he might not smother.

With downcast eyes, and stealthy pace,

He to Lord Henry slowly crept ;

Then glanced at his forgiving face,

And rush'd into his arms and wept !

Him closely many a Chief caress'd,

Breathless with wonder and with joy ;

But closer to his heart was press'd

By far the dark-eyed, blushing boy !

'Twas she !—who saved him from the death,

Who came with love his life to bless,

And who, with sweet, persuasive breath,

Had woo'd him to forgiveness.

And she was hail'd with shouts and smiles,

And many a youthful warrior said,

Lord Henry, for his wrongs and toils,

Was amply, by her love, repaid.

Yes, he was blest, completely blest ;

To him was granted from above,

Of all Heaven's boons the first and best—

Dear woman's pure and perfect love !

G. B.

### To the Editor.

SIR,

THE emotions of vanity and pride are frequently confounded, in the language and ideas of ordinary life, though they produce very opposite effects on character and conduct. They have undoubtedly a common origin in the natural desire of estimation, operating in a wrong direction ; but the errors to which they lead are of a distinct and separate

kind, and even sometimes so contradictory, as to justify the expression of Dr Swift, when he affirmed that his pride prevented him from being vain. These terms convey ideas of a complex nature, and are therefore incapable of definition. Even in a description of them, we are less likely to be successful in the *abstract* than in the *concrete*, where they are



blended with character, deduced from conduct, and illustrated by incident.

I have therefore, in an attempt to discriminate them, adopted the form of a mythological allegory—a form which has been rendered legitimate by the practice of our ablest essayists, and to which the reader will not object, if it serve its intended purpose, by leaving a general impression of the distinction I wish to draw, and by gradually separating, in the course of a fabulous narrative, two ideas, whose shades so insensibly mingle, as to render it difficult to divide them by a sharp and indisputable boundary. S. O.

#### PRIDE AND VANITY, AN ALLEGORY.

IN the infancy of Nature, according to poetic tradition, all was gentleness and gaiety. The harsher passions were not yet unfolded, and the evils which they create were unknown. *Innocence* and *Cheerfulness* gambolled in the sunshine of a perpetual spring. *Happiness* and *Hope* fed each other with the fruits of the forest, or reclined, in mutual embraces, upon the flowers of the meadow.

Among the delegated Genii, who were then employed in the superintendence of human souls, there was one whose agency appeared to be universal. He was named the *Genius of Self-estimation*, and his office was to implant and foster the pleasurable consciousness of being entitled to regard and consideration in society. He had a sister whose name was *Merit*: and in that golden age, the fraternal alliance was so close and endearing, that they perpetually associated together. But when the world advanced in years, the sweetness and serenity of its childhood fled. Characters became refractory and diversified. With tumultuous eagerness, they resisted the training hand of their seraphic guides, and sometimes reversed the bent they had formerly received. *Inequality* and *Ambition* were introduced, and the Gorgon countenance of *Vice* was seen behind them.

This was a scene where the feminine delicacy of *Merit* could no longer dwell. She ceased to accompany her brother, and retired to a sequestered

hermitage, where she lived with *Contentment*, her handmaid. Her brother, more vigorous by his sex, would not thus be driven from his functions. He still preserved his influence in every bosom; but, deprived of the delightful society of *Merit*, was seduced into irregular excesses, in the course of which, *Disdain* and *Folly*, two of the occasional companions of *Vice*, became objects of his gallantry. *Disdain* bore him a son, in whom the graces of the sire were almost wholly obscured by the coarse and forbidding features of the mother; he was named *Pride*. *Folly* had a daughter, a feebly-improved, but striking image of herself. Her name was *Vanity*. She was nursed by *Adulation*, on the banks of a polar lake, which reflected a cold and glaring light. As she grew up, and removed to milder regions, her darling amusements were to view her image in the water, when tricked out with wreathes of *Narcissus*, or to tend the breeding of butterflies, and hatching of mock-birds, which, without any notes of their own, can mimic those of others. Even when a child, and before the maturity of her passions, she shewed that insatiable thirst for admiration of which she had caught the signs from her more adult companions. Here eyes were blank and unmeaning; but, by an acquired and awkward languishment, like one who parrots phrases from a foreign language, she tried to imitate the expression of sensibility. Her sallow cheeks she daubed, unskilfully, with vermilion, and bolstered out, by mechanical contrivances, her adust and emaciated form. Without a single charm of mind or person, she made it her business to observe and mimic the qualities which attract and captivate, in those who are graced with them by nature. She was playful without vivacity, talkative without ideas, tender without passion, and sentimental without feeling. *Art* was her tutress, and had the entire formation of her character.

Her brother was educated by *Misanthropy*, in a dark and desert cave, on the highest and most rugged of the Alps, where he delighted to stand and enjoy his solitary elevation. He walked in the mist, to appear a giant;

and exulted, at sunset, to see half the adjoining mountain eclipsed by his shadow. In this seclusion, his features, which were naturally hard and disagreeable, were never relaxed by a smile; and as his wish was to be viewed with dread, rather than delight, he studied to stiffen them into harshness. His hair and eye-brows grew bristly and savage; and he amused himself with terrifying the Chamois kid by the fierceness of his frown, or in chasing and killing the Marmot, and other little animals, to cherish a consciousness of superiority and power. He never mingled with the sprightly villagers, unless to damp their pastime by the constraint of his presence; and if their mirth proceeded, notwithstanding this interruption, discontent and mortification made him inwardly curse them, and retire. As he could not stoop to that openness and familiarity which companionship requires, he passed his youth without a friend, but solaced himself by interpreting the disgust with which his society was shunned into the silent acknowledgment of his superiority, and the natural homage paid by a lower to a higher order of beings.

The *Genius of Self-estimation*, blinded by a parent's fondness, commissioned his children to assist him in his duties. *Pride*, therefore, in the form of a gnome, took one path; and *Vanity*, in that of a sylph, the opposite, for they detested each other. Wherever *Vanity* went, she made her approach be notified by the sound of bells, or the flourish of trumpets. Her toilette was regulated by a hand-maid named *Fashion*, who, every day, changed the colour or form of her dress, to excite a new attention. Her appearance was tawdry and glaring. She substituted ornament for neatness, and studied what was conspicuous, not what was comfortable. In every circumstance, she coveted the appearance, without the enjoyment, of pleasure. She sought not to be the object of love. Her aim was to be noticed. Her emblem might be found in one of her own artificial flowers, which, with the exterior appearance of fragrance and bloom, when grasped by the beholders, is discovered to be a handful of rags.

*Pride* advanced on his way, in a

sullen silence, perfectly secure, that, without any effort on his part, the fame of so important a personage would precede him. The common expressions of regard or welcome offended him; for he deemed it an insult to be offered what so many others might equally receive. The customary modes in dress, manners, and opinions, he affected to despise. Ornament and splendour he rejected. If he added ought in his attire to what was barely necessary, it was to give himself an air of austerity and gloom. He adopted the forgotten fashions of a former age, from no other motive than to show his contempt for the present. By a formal gravity he sought the praise of wisdom, and by depressing others, imagined he was raising himself. He was temperate in pleasures—not from principle, but from a dread of descending, in their pursuit, to a familiarity with those around him. He rarely smiled, unless when something ridiculous or perplexing happened to another, and especially to the disciples of his sister, whom he regarded with the most unmitigated scorn. Then a grim smile of cruel enjoyment gleamed across his features. An emblem of him might be traced in those poisonous vegetables which draw nutrition to their own offensive qualities, by withering and mildewing every herb around them.

*Vanity*, who courted social intercourse, was like the green hill, that, by screening itself among others, had gained a gloss to its surface which the shallow soil was too barren to bestow;—*Pride*, like the solitary cliff, which, bare as it is, grows barer by standing unsheltered and alone.

Though each was entrusted with a portion of their sire's authority, yet, as they were permitted to employ it at their own discretion on the human mind, their efforts terminated in the formation of characters extremely dissimilar. The proud were generally convinced that the advantages on which they plumed themselves were perceived and appreciated as distinctly by others as by themselves, and therefore they betrayed no anxiety to display them. But the vain seemed ever to doubt the value or validity of their own pretensions; and, from a desire to



prevent this doubt in others, an incessant eagerness to bring their merits obtrusively into view, ran through all their actions. The proud man seemed indifferent about pleasing any, while secretly feeding on the certainty that he was the object of universal envy. The vain man seemed studious of pleasing all, while he only sought to please himself, by the general admiration. When wealth was the ground of mutual pretension, the former was often betrayed into avarice, with a view to greater, though procrastinated, enjoyment; and the latter into prodigality, for that immediate gratification of which the absence was insupportable. When the competition was in learning, *Pride*, more afraid of failure than solicitous of success, assumed a pompous and mystical reserve, and *Vanity* a headlong and blundering loquacity. When they rested their pretensions on the beauty of their female votaries, it was found that the proud often ended in the solitude and sourness of hoary virginity; while the vain fell an easy prey to the seducer, or fortuné-hunter. When place and precedence were the subjects of dispute, the vain were forward in arrogating even more than their right; and the proud, with an affected humility which made their design more manifest, took the lowest place, that their title to the highest might draw a marked attention, and a strong, though tacit, acknowledgment from the spectators. *Pride*, upon the whole, was admitted to have shewn superior power, in rendering characters disgusting; and *Vanity*, in rendering them contemptible.

The struggles of the rival demons terminated, at last, in a challenge, to meet and try their strength on the same ground. They accordingly repaired, by agreement, to Athens, and each took possession of one of the popular philosophers of the age. He whom *Vanity* directed was persuaded by her to fashion his doctrines to the taste of the young, the dissolute, and the gay. He taught, that pleasure is the chief good, and the most important business of life; that there is no Providence,—no future existence,—no responsibility for conduct,—and therefore no check on the pur-

suit of pleasure, however gross or unnatural. Tenets so flattering to self-love procured a multitude of votaries; and, to attract them more, the scene of instruction was a garden, embellished with all the decorations of art, and furnished with every thing that could minister to the most unbounded wants of voluptuousness.

*Pride*, on the contrary, instructed his disciple to seek celebrity from moroseness, contradiction, and rigour. He inculcated a conduct too severe for human nature to adopt. He interdicted all pleasures, as beneath the dignity of man; and, instead of exciting and providing for the indulgence of numerous wants, he made a parade of shewing that he had none, by using rags for clothing, and a tub for a house. He affected a superiority even to the most powerful princes, and told them, that, if they left him the free use of the natural elements, he looked with contempt on all they could bestow. From this sparing and malignant deportment, he got the surname of *Dog*, on which he valued himself with equal ostentation as on his rags, "through which," said a brother philosopher, "I clearly see your pride." He, too, had numerous followers, among those who thought the adoption of incomprehensible tenets a proof of wisdom, and every departure from common sense an approach to something better,—who mistook singularity for superiority, sullenness for dignity, and sordidness for independence.

The rival demons next removed to Carthage, where wealth was the grand object of pursuit. *Vanity* immediately took possession of a young merchant, who, by diligence and lucky chances, was rising to opulence; and as he had no other claim to consideration, was hastening to shew to others what had hitherto been known only to himself. Life, he thought, was short; and that letting a day pass without an exhibition of his wealth, was defrauding himself of a day of felicity. He shewed it, therefore, in his dress, his house, his equipage, but, above all, he was careful to set it distinctly before the eyes of the public on his table. Thither he tried to attract, by expensive luxuries, the fashion-



able and accomplished youth, whose style, topics, and behaviour, he might thus acquire. But while assuming a splendour which his education and manners disgraced, he did it by degrees; still, from a bashful dread of ridicule, leaving some part of his establishment on its original scale. Like a garden on a morass, where one uncultivated corner is sufficient to betray the nature of the soil, this want of congruity and completeness destroyed the effect of all his toil and expence, and constantly reminded his guests, that he had not been early accustomed to the elegancies of life, but was struggling to rise above his native element, on feeble and artificial wings. For their own interest, however, they humoured, while they amused themselves with his forward and awkward imitation of their manners. They devoured his dainties, and laughed at the giver, who gratified at once their appetite for food and for folly.

*Pride* entered a man of middle age, who had retired from trade, to the enjoyment of senatorian dignity, and thus instructed him:—"Your business now is, by imitating the nobles, to keep at a distance those whom you have hitherto admitted with a familiar affability. If you give an entertainment, let the invitations fix a distant day, that your guests may behold its approach with awful solicitude and preparation. When they arrive, receive them with the same cold and stately condescension which you have yourself formerly experienced from the senators and *suffetes*, and let the same unsocial solemnity prevail at your table. Never let it appear that one man, by his personal qualities, is more welcome, or can add more to your gratification than another. Learn the art of damping every pleasant sally, by a corrective gravity; and let no man, who is not so rich as yourself, presume to feel himself happy in your presence. Beware of risking the statement of a comparison in any other point; and, therefore, should a man, distinguished only for worth or talents, dare to take a lead in conversation, let a reproving manner instantly teach him that he is not *wealthy* enough to be *wise*. Should conversation, in spite of every repulse, pro-

ceed, wrap yourself up in a sort of suffering silence, with sometimes a slight smile, as if at the shallowness of the speaker, and reserve yourself for the first interval, shortly and dictatorially to decide the subject, without offering any reasons. Draw, as it were, an arctic circle around you, in the centre of which you must remain as fixed, as cold, and as unapproachable as the Pole. Cheerfulness and ease will thus be banished from your house; and, by adopting the pompous discomfort of patricians, you may be allowed a portion of their repulsive dignity. Be careful, above all, to associate chiefly with those whose pretensions are the same in kind, though somewhat inferior in degree with your own; and prefer being the first man in a village to being the second in Carthage." This advice was followed, but without success. The constraint of a forced and counterfeit character could not be uniformly maintained. The phrases of the forum would sometimes dishonour the saloon: and when the demon was off his guard, his pupil, by relaxing in an evening with an old pot-companion, would undo all the effects of his painful self-denial. Like Penelope, he unravelled by night the web he had wove by day, and had his labour to commence anew.

The rivals next met in Rome, when their wish was to try how far they could diminish the value of the most perfect characters. *Vanity* chose a statesman who had rendered himself the most popular orator of his age; and succeeded in tarnishing the splendour of his fame, by betraying him into a constant and disgusting repetition of his services,—by inspiring him with such a false sense of his own importance as led him, in domestic distress, or political adversity, to tire the public ear with his childish whining,—by tempting him meanly to solicit a friend to write a fictitious and flattering account of his conduct,—and at last, by seducing him to fawn upon the destroyer of his country, that he might preserve his ears to listen to his flatterers. *Pride* took possession of a stubborn, intrepid patriot, and urged him to many of those actions which were ascribed to his acknowledged ability

and virtue. He could not stoop to modify his conduct to a change of circumstances, but maintained an obstinate inflexibility, when accommodation would have been more beneficial. He would have all, of which he had once signified his approbation, or nothing; when pushed to the last extremity, with savage impatience he tore out his bowels; and, to spare himself the personal mortification of meeting a triumphant rival, he thus deprived the state of her ablest citizen. The last act of his life robbed the rest of half its glory, and unmasked a selfishness which rendered the motives of his public conduct equivocal and suspicious.

In their next effort, the demons, shifting the *age*, but not the *scene*, sought each a subject in whom they could exhibit their power under the greatest variety of aspects. The male fiend selected a cardinal, whose brain he inflamed in equal degrees, and, at the same time, with the pride of rank, the pride of wealth, the pride of power, the pride of learning, and the pride of sanctity: and the female chose a titled poet, who was vain of a nobility which he affected to despise, of talents which he abused, of infidelity which his remorse belied, of scorn of mankind, while he was straining every faculty to win their plaudits—of indignation against cruelty, while practising it on those he had sworn to cherish,—of excessive sensibility, which was but excess of selfishness,—and of love for a country which he laboured to demoralise and debauch.

With the exhibition of these masterpieces the contest closed, but as it left undetermined to whom belonged the diabolical praise of having added most to human misery, the mutual hatred and pretensions of the rival pair were only exasperated by the inconclusive conflict.

Desirous of the strongest barrier between them, they fixed on the Pyrenean mountains. *Pride* chose the south side, and *Vanity* the north, which still continue their favourite resorts. Both make occasional excursions to a Green Isle in the opposite ocean; but their influence there, though not destroyed, is considerably diminished by the superior potency of a benignant Genius called *Common Sense*. Through his means the inhabitants are enabled to perceive objects in their just and natural proportions,—to rate themselves, as well as others, at their real value,—and to dissipate the vapours breathed around them by the kindred demons, which would present things to their eyes indistinctly swelled into false and extravagant forms.

May the influence of this useful, though homely household god, be strengthened and extended till *Astræa* shall return to the earth, and till the *Genius of Self-estimation*, disgusted with his illicit offspring, shall draw his sister *Merit* from her retirement, and again make her his only associate! May the Green Isle of the ocean be their darling abode, and from thence, as from another *Delos*, may they waft their benign inspiration over every corner of the globe!

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### Stanzas,

#### To a young Lady on St. Valentine's Eve.

THIS is the eve of Valentine,  
And many a youth will rack his fancy,  
In verse and *billet-doux* to shine,  
With compliments to lovely Nancy.

Methinks I see, around your room,  
Lie scatter'd, emblems, am'rous posies,  
While each epistle breathes perfume  
Far sweeter than Arcadian roses.

Dear Nancy, may the humble bard  
Whose artless song comes unadorn'd,  
One moment meet your kind regard,  
Nor be for richer trifles scorn'd!

No quaint device adorns his page,  
Of hearts commingling—turtles cooing;  
Or Cupids, in resistless rage,  
With quiver fill'd, for man's undoing.

I will not talk of flames and darts,  
And other metaphoric fancies;  
Of wounded souls, and bleeding hearts,  
As lovers do who read romances.

Although your beauties please my sight,  
And flattery to the fair is common,  
I will not call you angel quite,  
I think you lovelier as a woman.

'Twere easy for the Muse to swear  
Of glowing cheek and swelling bosom ;  
How this transcends the lily fair,  
And that the rose-bud's opening blossom.

What though these hills were never seen,  
Except in blest poetic vision ;  
A poet's eye can pierce the screen,  
And, raptur'd, gaze on fields Elysian !

The lawn which veils a virgin's breast  
Gives vigour to Imagination ;  
As Fancy paints the phoenix' nest,  
The rarest wonder of creation.

And I could praise your dewy lip,  
And say it breath'd celestial nectar ;  
But as I ne'er was blest to sip,  
This were at best a bard's conjecture.

Your voice, the music of the spheres,  
Would suit my rhyme and sound in metre ;

No tuneful orbs e'er sooth'd my ears,  
I know not, therefore, if they're sweeter.

My pen could say, your sparkling eye  
Outshines the stars—sheds brighter lustre ;

With all that memory could supply,  
Or poetaster's fancy muster.

Such arts besit the venal throng,  
Who sue for wealth, or flatter beauty ;  
I chuse to decorate my song  
With artless truth and friendly duty.

I need not say that you are fair,  
Your toilet tells you that each morn-  
ing ;

But Time, who lies in ambush there,  
Is all your winning sweetness scorning.

His breath is cold as Lapland snows ;  
Unseen he on your bosom lingers ;  
And o'er your cheek, that dimpling  
glows,  
Unfelt he draws his withering fingers.

He'll dim the lustre of your eye,  
Your snow-white neck with freckles  
sprinkle ;  
And mark your forehead, fair and high,  
With many a long, deep-furrow'd  
wrinkle.

Then list, dear maid,—be it your care  
The nobler charms of mind to nourish ;  
For they, with verdure fresh and fair,  
Beneath his chilling hand shall flourish.

Just now, improve your sun-bright hour ;  
Why should your sweets untasted with-  
ther ?

Love beckons from his myrtle bow'r ;  
Let cautious Prudence guide you thither.

But he who talks by rote, or rule,  
Of killing frowns and seraph smiling ;  
Dear maid, suspect that man a fool,  
Or that his purpose is beguiling.

Be yours to meet some modest youth,  
Who holds your worth in estimation ;  
Whose heart is love, whose tongue is  
truth,  
And sues to gain your approbation :

Then, led to Hymen's hallow'd porch,  
Before next Valentine's returning,  
May Love light up his sacred torch,  
Through life with ceaseless lustre burn-  
ing !

#### SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS IN EGYPT AND IN ITALY\*.

WE imagined, on perusing the first publication of this anonymous author, that we could detect peculiarities about it, indicating a proneness on his part to the laudable employment of book-making ; and on this account we could not help viewing his *Sketches of India as the forerunner of a family of Tours, Travels, Recollections, Scenes, and Impressions*. It is an easy matter, we apprehend, to foretel, with almost perfect certainty, on seeing a man's first performance, whether he will try a

second ; and still more easy, on seeing the second, to predict whether he will attempt a third ; in the same way as it is a simple thing to judge from the expression of a person's countenance, and a little talk with him, whether in his case taciturnity or loquacity prevails. The excellence of a first production, too, is generally a pretty good criterion by which to judge of the probability of its being followed by others from the same pen, for good authors commonly write more than one book†. But

\* *Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy* ; by the Author of *Sketches of India, and Recollections of the Peninsula*. London. Longman, &c. 1824. pp. 452.

† Sir Walter Scott somewhere remarks, that the best English authors are the most voluminous. He himself must be taken as one great instance of this fact.



besides this criterion, there is about some works so much of the natural spirit of their authors, so much that indicates their ordinary feelings and peculiarities, that really one cannot fail to determine, to one's own satisfaction at least, whether they are decidedly given to literary practices, and to the composition of books. That modesty, however, which it is said is peculiar to great genius, may eventually gain the upper hand of a moderate ambition, and thus the world may be disappointed of what that genius promised; but middling talents, which are generally accompanied by an assortment of opposite qualities—pertinacity, loquacity, and conceit, and not unfrequently, too, a degree of activity and industry which leads them to the perpetration of all manner of literary crimes, are sure to prove abundantly steady and unweariable in their operations, when once they are fairly set upon a literary course. But however this may be, it is plain that the author before us, who unquestionably possesses some peculiarities of the latter sort of writers, has now published enough to challenge the critic; and as he has doubtless determined to write still more, we have thought it high time seriously to admonish him to abandon some of the faults with which all his writings abound.

Though there are great exceptions to the general maxim, that "practice produces proficiency," as in the instances of Home, Thomson, "The Great Unknown," Campbell, &c. whose *Douglas*, *Scasons*, *Waverley*, and *Pleasures of Hope*, were among the first, and are decidedly the best things they ever wrote,—yet, when we read the first book of an author who is evidently not more than the third part of a century old, and find it tolerably well put together, we naturally expect that as he writes he will improve. This, however, does not hold good in the case of the author of *Scenes and Impressions*; and we can only account for the fact, by supposing a very probable thing—that he has been much spoiled by a critique upon his *Recollections of the Peninsula*, which appeared lately in the *Quarterly Review*, and in which he was unluckily informed, that he is possessed of a brisk and lively imagina-

tion, and that, on the whole, he writes wonderfully well. The upshot of this has been, we are sorry to remark, that our friend has clearly taken it into his head that he is a man of notable talents, of no ordinary imaginative powers, and that he possesses, withal, the necessary capabilities of a more than tolerable author. Now, we would really remonstrate with him on this point, and submit, both to himself and to the public, that his talents, though good, are not by any means of an order that entitles him to make such literary *flourishes* as those displayed in his last work. Though there was not much simplicity of style in his former works, they were comparatively free from two great faults most conspicuous in this—affectation and bombast—the almost necessary evils of that complacency and self-approbation which we should suppose is invariably produced by the favourable judgment of a literary functionary, so high and authoritative as the one to which we have alluded. When once a man conceives a very satisfactory notion of his own deserts, affectation, that most disgusting, by the way, of all our sinless, or at least secondary failings, is sure to grow upon his character, as a loathsome bloat thrives and spreads on the pampered body; and bombastic language is so much akin to an affected manner, that both may be accounted for in the same way, and reproached in the same terms. It is needless to remark, that both, or either of these faults, especially when visible in composition, imply, at least, a defect of literary skill, if not, indeed, of judgment itself. But to call in question this high and peculiarly-honoured intellectual power, is to an author as serious a matter as a denial of honesty is to a merchant, or an impeachment of professional skill to a professional man, or of orthodoxy to a divine, on which alone depends the confidence of those whose confidence he necessarily requires. On the ground, therefore, of affectation and bombast merely, we shall not farther urge the charge of a scarcity of judgment in the author before us, and we call upon our charity to withhold us from seeking any other proof of the fact. But we do seriously

charge him with a very middling taste. His is professedly a work fitted more to amuse the fancy, and to tell upon the feelings of the heart, than to edify or enlighten the head,—and as such, therefore, the blandishments and chastity of a pure taste ought to have been regarded as of much more importance than the less-refined marks of a powerful and vigorous understanding. Unfortunately, however, he has assumed a style which, for high-sounding tone and blustering consequence, is not a whit inferior in many parts to the half-polished, half-rude, though far more energetic expatiations of a well-known metropolitan divine. So far from possessing any thing like harmony, indeed, his composition is stiff to a degree that renders it frequently unintelligible on a hasty perusal,—sudden and abrupt in turning from one subject to another,—and most cramped and broken where it ought to possess most freedom and continuity. But there is always meaning in what he says, and not a little of it; and there is instruction in it too, though he disclaims all intention to write for any other purpose than to amuse his readers.

There are, throughout the volume, obvious indications of our author's having perused, with attention and approbation, Volney's well-written *Travels in Egypt*, for whether studied on the part of the former, or accidental merely, there are, in the writings of both, many strikingly similar passages, and many instances, too, in which there are obvious resemblances in their manner. In one very important point, however, these authors, we rejoice to say, are perfectly contrasted. The one was a conscientious Deist; for, with all his deism, Volney was yet an honest man, and died at peace with all mankind: the other is apparently a Christian, of more piety than is commonly found in people of his profession, among whom, alas! piety is a thing more frequently scorned than revered; “the sword (according to a severe if not illiberal remark of John Edwards) being a more deadly weapon to the spirits of those who do wear it, than it is to their bodies on the battle-day.” We feel, how-

ever, a satisfaction in referring to pages 103, 121, 125, and 257, for proofs of our author's religious and moral bearing.

We have been somewhat particular in making the foregoing critical remarks upon the literary character of our author's performance, because the merit of such works mainly consists in the mere elegance and correctness of their diction; on these qualities, at least, depends much of the pleasure derivable from them.

M. A. B.—(we cannot be constantly reiterating “our author,”—and we have no other mode of briefly designating him)—M. A. B. appears to be a sort of rambler to and fro on the face of the earth. On his way from India, where he had been professionally employed, he called in by Mocha, of which he gives the best and most graphic description we have seen. From thence he sailed up the Red Sea to Djidda, a place described, as our readers will remember, by the master-pen of Bruce; but M. A. B. only sketches the character of its present Governor, Rustan Aga, and describes his unique and amusing interview with that important personage. From Djidda, by the way of Yambo, Kosseir, and the Desert, he ultimately arrived at Thebes, which was the first place in Egypt he halted at to examine. He then sailed down the Nile to Dendera, Siout, Radamont, Memphis, and from thence to Ghizeh, of all which places he gives topographical and characteristic sketches, and, like the generality of Egyptian travellers, expresses his particular astonishment at those monuments of human power and folly, the pyramids. We have then an interesting enough account of Cairo, and some very unsatisfactory particulars respecting the present Ruler of Egypt, Mohammed Ali Pasha, of whose character we had been led to form a very different notion from that which is conveyed of it in this volume. He is here represented as a grovelling, brutal, and selfish Turk, occasioning mischief, rather than doing good to Egypt. We quote the following paragraphs relative to him, which may also be taken as specimens of M. A. B.'s mode of expressing himself:



Mohammed Ali Pasha is a Turk, a very Turk, &c. So far from improving, as far as we could hear and see, he is ruining and impoverishing his country. He has got rid of his Turks and Albanians, and flatters himself his new levy is a master-stroke of policy. He does not pay, and will never attach them; and if they do not (which I think probable) desert with their arms, and disturb his conquests and possessions above the cataracts, they will die away as a body, and fall to pieces in a very short period of time.

The protection which he affords to the European traveller is to be acknowledged, but not at the expense of truth. He knows if his country was not safe, the European would not come there: he encourages the intercourse, because he avows his wish to receive and employ Franks; and it is necessary, therefore, to let them see and know that protection is afforded to them, and to accustom his subjects to their presence. As far as Pasha can be independent of the Porte, he is, and he knows it is only by cultivating his European relations that he can effectually continue so to the end. They might now send him the bowstring in vain; they tell you that he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to give the signal\*. His laugh has nothing in it of nature; how can it have? I can hear it now,—a hard sharp laugh, such as that with which strong heartless men would divide booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers. At one thing I heartily rejoice; it is said that our consul-general has great influence with him, and it is known that that is always exerted freely and amicably for Franks of all nations in distress or difficulty, and often for natives also.

We went to the castle and visited the arsenal; a clear-eyed, intelligent, manly-spoken Englishman was in temporary charge of it, and hoped to be confirmed in the situation. He was a good specimen of what our countrymen are in such charges. Not a great deal of work is done here; there are plenty of good workmen, Franks, and some English, who were disappointed with their employer, and about to return: they only cast four pounds. It was in a room here, over a machine for boring cannon, that some Frenchman formerly in charge had painted in large characters—“*Vive Mahomed Ali, Protecteur des Arts!*” The Englishman said, that when the Pasha visited

the arsenal, he certainly asked questions that surprised him, in a Turk. A man in power, of common intelligence, soon learns, by some means or another, to ask a few questions when he visits an establishment. His merit, if any, is, in defiance of prejudices, receiving men with heads to contrive, and hands to execute what himself, his three-tailed sons, and his people cannot.

These particulars are certainly at direct variance with all the accounts of the Pasha we have hitherto seen. Mr Rae Wilson, one of the latest writers on Egypt, whom we know to be a most credible and trust-worthy reporter of all that fell under his observation, characterises him as a man possessed of the most liberal sentiments, anxious to promote the welfare of his people by every honourable means, diligent in encouraging learning, and even the arts, and shrewd in adapting his policy to these laudable purposes. Belzoni also speaks of him in language equally commendatory; and from these and other concurring testimonies in the Pasha's favour, many an enlightened politician has been led to look towards him as the very Viceroy of Egypt who is most likely to raise that deeply-degraded country a few degrees up in the scale of political importance among the nations of the world. We do not, however, presume to contradict our author's statements respecting the character of the Pasha, for a wily Turk is a being about whom very opposite opinions may be conscientiously entertained by different individuals; only we think he has shewn no extraordinary degree of charity, in insinuating that a “set of foreign adventurers put notions into his (the Pasha's) head, and words into his mouth, which pass for, and, in truth, become his own;” leaving us to infer from this that other travellers had been entirely deceived in thinking that his seeming wisdom was any thing more than dogmas, learnt off by rote, the mere pretty-pollisms of a parrot. We request the reader to observe how M. A. B. tries to lessen our opinion of the Pasha's shrewdness in the sentence immediately following that which is printed in italics in

\* We do not like the apparently illiberal spirit in which these remarks are given.—Ed.



the foregoing extract, and in which he attempts to neutralize the effect of the little credit he had reluctantly and very quaintly given to him. In short, we think M. A. B. has completely mistaken the Viceroy's character, and we are still willing to believe all that has been said of him by the two travellers before mentioned. We would fain hope, indeed, that we are correct in this notion of the Pasha's character, because we cannot help cherishing an expectation, that if he lives to witness a little more of the success of the Greeks, he may be encouraged to bestir himself to exertion in the same cause. It is a fact well known, that he has gone as far as he could well go in freeing himself from the dominancy of the Porte, and indeed he is now almost independent of it, his subjection to its authority being little more than what a nominal vassalage would be in a feudal country. His means, too, are considerable, viewing the condition in which Egypt remained under the rude policy of his immediate predecessors; or, rather, they are considerable, when contrasted with the now enervated state of the Ottoman Government. Joined with the effective forces which the Greeks can send into the field, therefore, an army of Egyptian Arabs would prove a most formidable obstacle in the way of any attempt on the part of the Porte to re-subjugate the land of Socrates and Plato; and in estimating the united strength of the Grecian and Egyptian armies, there is no occasion to view them as thoroughly organized, for though numerous enough, they are, it must be confessed, defective in point of military discipline and skill. The Turks, however, are not, in this respect, a whit their superiors, nor are they more amply provided with financial means; and it is to be at least presumed, that they do not surpass either Arabs or Greeks in military enthusiasm. In short, we believe that Greece and Egypt could, hand in hand, crush the feeble power of the Turks. But we are forgetting what is more particularly our present business.

In speaking of other Egyptian matters, M. A. B. does not shew much of the characteristic erudition and research of the generality of British

travellers. Perhaps this ought not, in his case, to be accounted a fault, for, after what has come from the pens of the numerous *scavans* of all nations, who have visited and described the antiquities and curiosities of the country, little new light could have been expected to be thrown upon them by so cursory an observer as our author. The epigrammatic sketches of the manners of modern Egyptians, however, are interesting, though far too hasty and superficial to satisfy a shrewd, censorious reader.

We intended to follow our author in his excursion to Italy also, but we find our room is already occupied. We regret this the more, as the part of the volume which is devoted to his travels in that country is perhaps the most amusing and valuable: the shortness of his stay at the different places he visited did not permit him to describe them with a traveller-like minuteness and accuracy, but his advertisements of what he saw at Malta, Syracuse, Mount Ætna, and Naples, are all written with spirit, and occasionally with force. We were a little struck with the following awkwardly-expressed, though impressive reflections on Rome:

Ascend the tower of the Capitol, and look around over the stately columns, and the pointing obelisks, the temples, porticoes, the arches of triumph! What ages flit, with their crowding shadows, past you! What voices sound, sober and sad, of those who thought and wrote like men worthy the name—men, an undiscovered scroll of whose true thoughts would be prized as a nobler relic than these grand, though ruined shrines of gods and victors, about whom we are now disenchanted.

The greatest pleasure derived from wandering among these noble remains, is a consideration of the surprising power of man. Beneath such a magnificent ruin as the forum of Nerva, under the columns of a Trajan and an Antoninus, before that stupendous block the obelisk, brought from Heliopolis, and, above all, in that glorious temple the Pantheon, which has been the model for all after-time, you feel, if you are a common man, one without the bright attainments of that scientific knowledge, which is true power, without even the strength or skill to raise the stone, or shape the common bricks; you feel all the advantages and blessings of

society doubly; you shrink to think of the littleness and helplessness of solitary man; you startle at his power and daring, where minds and bodies aid each other, and fill the world with wonders of a creation within, and from its fair self, which, to the eye of the untutored savage, would all be miracles.

I like the black and monumental cy-presses, which on the hills round this city seem to grow as mourners, and darkly wave their spiral tops above this spot, this grave of glory and of empire. How strange mirth seems in Rome! yet here it is loud, healthy, happy. Beneath a lofty mound of broken sherds and ancient pottery, without the city, there are some rustic taverns, and there are trees near, and grass grows round them: here you may see the *people*. The women in their black hats, with flowers in them, and *bouquets* in their hands and bosoms, and the laced corset, and the velvet jacket, nine crowded in one open carriage, all smiles and glowing with rude health, arrive and sit down with men of their own class, at open tables, and feast and dance to the lute and tambourine, and spend the long holiday in merriment. The forms and features of the Roman women are very handsome; they are all

on the large scale, but have astonishingly fine profiles, and eyes of the brightest lustre. They still call these festivals Bacchanalian, and crowd to them, if the weather is fine, in great numbers.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with cursory descriptions of the principal cities through which he passed in his rout home, particularly Florence, Bologna, Padua, Venice, Verona, and Milan, from which one ignorant of the state and character of these places would certainly derive some useful information, but to those already familiar with their history, local curiosities, and the manners of their inhabitants, we fear these descriptions would add but little to their stock of knowledge.

It must be allowed, however, that our author is an accurate and shrewd observer of men and manners; and it is obvious, from the general character of his writings, that he possesses a heart fitted to sympathise with their feelings and fortunes, and a head capable of communicating to others what he has felt and seen.

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### To the River Leven.

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Quanto il mondo ha di vaso e di gentile!—*Guarini*.

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BEAUTIFUL stream! Where now I look  
on thee,

The frequent flashing of the sunbeam  
tells

How proudly thy deep breast of water  
swells:

And all thy winding course spreads forth  
to me;

From where, beside the castled rock, the  
sea

Receives thy blended tide, to where the  
lake,

Bounteous of rivers, pours thee forth, to  
make

The green vale as a paradise: I see

Where, by the House of God, emblem  
of Time

Thou windest, and, to Him that marks  
thy flood

Rolling unchanged as erst when they  
Who long there on thy bank have slept  
did climb,

Joyous, the steep of life, renew'st the  
mood

Of thought befitting most the stranger of  
a day.

A dark veil of o'er-arching woods con-  
ceals,

At parts, thy current; breaking its  
bright line,

And yielding to the dazzled sight a fine  
And sweet repose. While there, my pleas'd  
eye steals

Over the various tinting that reveals

The wane of Summer—where the dark  
green fades

To sere or russet, through a thousand  
shades,

How sweet, yet sad, a joy my rapt mind  
feels,

Pondering how oft beneath the rich-  
leav'd bough

I've sat, in noontide idlesse, counting  
the flow'rs

That mingled in the garland Spring  
had flung,

Studious of beauty, o'er thy placid  
brow;

Or, from my flute, in July's twilight  
hours,

Pour'd the soft melody thy Naiad's bow'rs  
among.

Mazy as Error is thy course; yet they  
 Who dwell upon thy brink behold a  
 stream,  
 Like Chastity or Truth, whose pure  
 depths seem  
 Of crystal, flowing rapidly away,  
 Or ling'ring to bathe the daisy on its way.  
 The pale white weed, whose flow'ry  
 cov'ring hides  
 Thy shallows, when thy shrunken cur-  
 rent glides  
 A stream of Summer, laughing to the day  
 That gilds thee, and so sweetly o'er  
 thy bed  
 Mosaic murmuring, becomes thee well.  
 The fairest maid, that seeking, where  
 remote,  
 The primrose, on thy bank, and violet,  
 shed  
 Their odour, looks into thy silvery  
 swell  
 Of waters, each sweet line of beauty there  
 may note.  
 Such streams as thine of old Diana lov'd  
 To bathe in with her nymphs; but  
 these are fled  
 From earth: the ethereal bands that  
 nightly led  
 The dance by moonlight on the sward,  
 or rov'd  
 With zephyr 'mong the closing flow'rs, or  
 mov'd  
 Sleepily with the twilight wave adown  
 The river flowing soothingly, or, with  
 a crown  
 Wov'n of the setting sun's last beams  
 remov'd,  
 Just ere they melted, from the moun-  
 tain height,  
 Sat by the glassy stream, weeping to see  
 Its brightness die away; these too are  
 gone,  
 Or only on the dreamer's vision light,

Else might I deem thy lovely vale to be  
 Haunted at eve, when day's bright hours  
 of joy are done.

Nor is thy winding loveliness unsung.  
 Oft, where the slanting birch its tresses  
 dips  
 To kiss thy limpid wave, and wild-briar  
 sips  
 Nurture from thee, and woodbine wreaths  
 are hung  
 Fantastically the dark elms among,  
 The praises of thy "dimpling course"  
 are heard,  
 And yon grey column, near the village  
 rear'd,  
 Tells, on its broken tablatore, who flung  
 His "rural pipe's" young music o'er  
 thy tide,  
 A mighty name! yet, while the wild-  
 notes sank,  
 Blent with thy murmur o'er the silent  
 dale,  
 A tone imbued his soul that did abide,  
 And oft recall'd his fancy to thy bank,  
 And claim'd his sweetest numbers to thy  
 stream and vale.

Flow on for ever in thy purity!  
 And, while thy many-sweeping turns  
 disclose  
 New beauties, varying as the season  
 throws  
 Its changeful mantle o'er the scene, still  
 be  
 Image of stainless faith, simplicity,  
 And purity of soul, in those who dwell  
 Upon thy banks: still may thy clear  
 stream tell,  
 Coming in sunshine on, the sweet felicity  
 That gilds their hopes, and thy bright  
 current past  
 Picture their bygone days. ■ ■ ■  
*Levenside, 1821.*

#### REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED LAW-CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE BOOKS.

##### *Shakespeare v. The Author of Waverley.*

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

THIS day came on, before the Lord Chief Commissioner, Time, a trial, in which Shakespeare was pursuer, and the Author of Waverley defender. As the case excited considerable interest in the literary world, the court was unusually crowded. On the bench, beside the Judge, we observed Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, and the laughter-loving Aristophanes. The Earls of Essex and Southampton, the munifi-

cent patrons of the bard of Avon, were present, and seemed to interest themselves much in the proceedings. The jury was composed partly of the gentlemen of former days, and partly of those of the present. Counsel for the pursuer, Lord Chancellor Bacon, &c.; for the defender, Dr Dryasdust, Messrs Gifford, Jeffrey, and the other celebrated critics of the day. Among the various personages who crowded, or, we may say, *liter-*



ally crammed the court, we observed, in a corner, the Author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, busily engaged taking notes, from whose papers the following account of the proceedings has been chiefly taken.

The points at issue were: Whether was the pursuer or defender the greater genius? And whether the defender, by his productions, had not innovated upon the fame of the pursuer?

An objection was made to the trial going forward, on the ground that the parties did not come before the court on an equal footing; in respect that the one was a writer of dramatic works, and the other of novels, or prose tales and histories; and that therefore a comparison could not properly be drawn between the two. But it was argued, that the two species of composition bore a close resemblance to each other. That both depicted natural incidents and manners, and both dealt in the passions, and feelings, and foibles of humanity. That, in Shakespeare's time, the spirit of the age, and the habits and tastes of the public, had, perhaps, an effect in directing his attention to dramatic works; that the spirit of chivalry, then in its height, made the people delight in tournaments, public shows, and theatrical spectacles: whereas now the sentiments of the public had changed, and their amusements were diverted into other channels. They still retain their taste for the spirit of such works, but their habits have become more domestic, more retired and sedentary, and their minds less enthusiastic, stirring, and chivalrous: they now prefer reading in their closets such works as the novels in question—where the dialogues are so interspersed with description, as to bring the scene in a pleasing manner before the fancy—to witnessing all the pomp and circumstance, and the action and expression of a mimic representation. That, under these circumstances, the Author of *Waverley* had but adapted his productions to the prevailing taste; and that it is probable, had he written in Shakespeare's time, his pieces would have assumed a similar form to his.

The objection was over-ruled, and Lord Bacon rose to open the case for

the pursuer. He felt considerable diffidence, he said, considering the high merits of the subject, to appear before such a learned and venerable assembly as the champion of his celebrated client in the present case, more especially, as his pursuits and studies might seem to have lain in a different tract. "But I consider, my Lord," he continued, "that the man who unfortunately has not a relish for, or he who lets other occupations entirely alienate his taste from such productions, is deprived of many of the most delightful and exhilarating pleasures of a refined mind. I reflect with singular complacency on the many times, when, unbending my mind from severer studies, I have luxuriated on the vivid sallies of imagination, the touching pathos, the poignant wit, and pure morality, contained in the volumes of my illustrious client. I need scarcely enlarge on the fame of this celebrated author; he has received the united and enthusiastic admiration of his own countrymen, and of all those of other countries who are capable of approaching his excellencies. It has been beautifully observed by one of his admirers, that if it should so happen that the race of men became extinct, a being of another species would have a sufficient idea of what human nature was, from Shakespeare's works alone. Every shade of character,—every amiable propensity,—every dark, gloomy, and turbulent passion, is pourtrayed with such singular truth and minuteness—

'Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.'

Thus has his name floated down the stream of public opinion, emblazoned by the applauding voice of successive ages,—without a rival, or even an approach of a competitor; till at last one has arisen, who, similarly gifted in many respects, treads close in his path, and in the eyes of many seems to proceed with equal footsteps. Far be it from me to at-

tempt to underrate the merits of the defender. I admire and honour his genius ; but still that genius may be great, without being the greatest ; he may shine a star of the first magnitude, without rivalling the sun in his splendour. In fertility and vigour of imagination, in felicity of painting to the life, in simple and natural pathos, and almost in humour and wit, he is little, if at all, inferior to his rival. He paints a variety of characters with true consistency and originality ; so distinctly are they brought out, that we seem to recognise them as individuals, and in time come to reckon them in the list of our acquaintances. So far as he depicts, he does so with life, and the pictures please and amuse us. But we in vain look for those awfully-deep portraiture of humanity, those sympathetic delineations of feeling, and gradual risings, insidious changes, and ‘ tempests and whirlwinds ’ of passion, coming so closely home to men’s business and bosoms, which are to be found in Shakespeare. If we come to consider the language in which the respective authors clothe their ideas and descriptions, we will find an immense superiority on the side of the dramatist. There is an indescribable charm in the flow and harmony of measured lines, which much enhances the sentiments they express ; together with a dignity and conciseness of expression, which prose can never equal, and never approach. Shakespeare’s volumes teem with passages of beauty, in which are crowded and concentrated maxims, reflections, and turns of expression, which have become incorporated with our very thoughts, and which we borrow like a second language, on all occasions, either of seriousness or levity. His works can bear to be perused again and again, and always with renewed or additional pleasure.”

The illustrious counsel, after observing that it was almost needless to call any witnesses on the part of his client, although hosts of them were in attendance, concluded a learned and eloquent speech, by craving from the jury a verdict in his favour.

The counsel for the defender now rose. When the question was first agitated, he said, it was not with the

view of making invidious comparisons. His client had not the presumption to attempt to be thought to excel the great master-spirit of his age, Shakespeare. The present discussion was forced upon him, and he hoped it would not be considered as arrogance on his part if he attempted to defend his client. Comparisons of all kinds, but especially of literary merit, were often very vague and inconclusive. Of two persons attempting the same walk, one might excel in qualifications of one kind, and one in another, and it was a matter of much nicety to adjust the balance between them. The noble and learned counsel on the other side, with much candour, had admitted, that in what must be considered the essentials of genius, the author of *Waverley* was little or nowise inferior to his great prototype—in imaginative power, in felicity of description, and in depth of feeling. That he had not portrayed many of the passions and feelings, which are most remarkable, and most prevalent in humanity, may perhaps be owing to the circumstance that Shakespeare lived before him. The great minds of the days that are past have seized upon the most striking and most important subjects, and have left little to their successors but imitation and amplification. There is no farther room to paint the workings of ambition, leading on to guilt and cruelty, after the characters of *Macbeth* and *King Richard*. Groundless jealousy, revenge, and the love of malice, purely for its own sake, is already depicted in *Othello* and *Iago*,—the melancholy wreck of a noble and sensitive mind in *Hamlet*,—and youthful passion in the loves of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. It may perhaps be said, that, striking out new paths, and seizing on incidents not obvious to the common eye, and therefore not suspected to exist, is a principal characteristic of genius. But human nature, though diversified, is not inexhaustible,—the general properties, and primitive passions and affection, have already been sufficiently portrayed. The Author of *Waverley* then, to be original, had to take these general passions of our nature, and represent them when under peculiar circumstances, situations, and states of ci-



vilization; as is exemplified in the Covenanters, under the sway of religious enthusiasm,—the Celts in a semi-barbarous state, &c. These characters, then, being peculiar, and confined to a sect or nation, though they may not be so generally or individually interesting, display not the less art and power in their construction. In his historical characters, the Author of *Waverley* will bear an equal comparison with Shakespeare, in his truth of painting, and power of illustrating and amplifying the conceptions of history. In *patmos*, the history and trial of Effie Deans, the catastrophe of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and several other passages, vie with the finest scenes of Shakespeare. The ludicrous humour of *Baillie Jarvie* has few counterparts in the pages of the other; and the cavalier, *Dugald Dalgetty*, need not be ashamed to shake hands with the sack-loving *Sir John Falstaff*. *Rebecca* in *Ivanhoe*, and the sisterly affection of *Minna* and *Brenda* in the *Pirate*, equal the most lovely creations of Shakespeare. In short, there would be no end to enumerating his various beauties; and we shall now proceed to bring forward proofs of the universal admiration in which the works of the defender are held.

Here a motley crowd of witnesses were examined, consisting of all ranks, degrees, ages, and professions,—old-maids, bachelors, grave doctors, and philosophers—striplings and young misses, who all bore unequivocal testimony of the pleasure they had derived from the author's works. After these, *Voltaire*, and some others of his countrymen, his disciples, were brought forward, in order to give their opinion against the dramas of Shakespeare. But *Voltaire's* evidence was so contradictory, and so plainly shewed that he was unacquainted with the spirit, and prejudiced against the plan of the author's works, as to render his testimony of no weight.

Here the pleadings closed, and the venerable Judge summed up the evidence in a clear and masterly manner. He left the decision entirely to the impartial verdict of the jury; and if they should give it in favour of the pursuer, in his opinion, it would rather be an honour than a disappointment for the Author of *Waverley* to be thought worthy of competing with the immortal Shakespeare.

The jury, after retiring for some time, gave a verdict in favour of the pursuer, on both issues. C.

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#### EDGEFIELD.

THE landlord received me with a smile, but the evening was wet, and my parlour contained nothing in the shape of amusement, except an odd volume of *Hume's History of England*. I was on the point of becoming melancholy, when the door opened, and my old friend *Dickson* held out his hand to me. I had written him a note about an hour before, mentioning the circumstances which would oblige me to pass the night at the village, on my way to the metropolis; but I had scarcely hoped that it would have found him disengaged. We were both, you may be sure, heartily glad to meet, for we had been separated for some time. We pulled our chairs nearer the fire, filled our glasses to the brim, and prepared to make the most of our time.

*Dickson* and I had been school-

fellows, and both of us had spent a great part of our early life at *Edgefield*,—he with his father and mother, and I, being an orphan, with my uncle and aunt. We both left the village about the same time; *Dickson* sailed for the *West Indies*, and I for the *East*. Our youthful friendship was thus entirely broken off, and many years elapsed before we again met by accident in *Paris*. We had both made independent fortunes, and were on our way back to our native country. Circumstances, however, kept me for some time on the continent, and *Dickson* set off by himself for *Edgefield*, where, he said, all his ambition was to end his days as happily as he had begun them. I promised to see him, if ever I happened to revisit the scenes of my childhood; but fate made it necessary for me to reside in a very different part of the



island, and it was now a mere accident which enabled me to spend a dozen of hours in the very heart of all my ancient associations.

The fire blazed brightly, and we had scarcely finished our first bottle. Are there any beings in existence so unfortunate as never to have enjoyed the extacy of such a moment? If there are, they may die when they please, for they do not know what it is to live. We were both twenty years older than when we last sat in this very parlour; but though time had somewhat changed the expression of our features, and altered the appearance of our persons, it had still left us hearts and souls as capable as ever of cherishing that enthusiasm and warmth of feeling which, with us, had ever constituted the chief charm of our existence. Let the plodding slave of Plutus, and the cold laborious bookworm, toil on for ever through their appointed mole-hills, and let them, if they please, sneer at what to them appears the absurd eccentricity of those who have ventured to trace out for themselves a little by-path widely different from the broad and beaten road of life. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy." Happiness is not external—it is not to be sought for far and wide, like a diamond mine, or a vein of gold—it is within ourselves. It consists neither in wealth, nor knowledge, nor power, but in that blessed constitution of our mental and physical capacities which induces us to clothe in verdure and sunshine every thing around us, which can convert a desert into an Arcadia, and change a melancholy world into a glorious elysium. Confident in the elasticity of an unchanging temper, and the luxuriance of a sunny imagination, there are none of the calamities of mortality which individuals, thus framed, need fear. They move on in their own orbits, and, like Saturn with his ring, they are independent of all light except their own. But I am wandering from my subject; all I meant to say is, that (thanks be to the gods!) Dickson and I had always a little romance in our constitutions, and that consequently we were always—and more especially

on an occasion like that to which I now refer—happier than we would have been without it.

"And now," said I, after we had talked over a few of our more recent adventures at Paris, "you must tell me something of former times—of 'auld-lang-syne,' as the Scotch call it. Stands Edgefield where it did?"

"How can you suppose it possible?" answered Dickson; "does not Time roll his ceaseless course, and change every thing, even the appearance of the natural and moral world, as effectually as the bloom of a lady's cheek, or the brilliancy of her eye? If the hoary tyrant spares neither cities nor kingdoms, making his trade of devastation a melancholy monopoly, will he overlook, think you, an humble and defenceless village?"

"Well," said I, smiling, "let us talk somewhat less metaphorically. Let us pass from theory to reality. Are the Pearsons still in the old house adjoining the parsonage? do you recollect the predatory incursions we used to make into their orchard, to rob the ancient trees of their very parsimonious supply of apples, not quite like those of the Hesperides? The old man used to catch us sometimes, but the good dame interfered in our behalf, and as soon as her *'Κρεῖται Ἀγαμέμνων, ἰπὸδρα ἰδών'* was about to announce our fate, she playfully tapped him on the cheek with her spectacles, and giving him one of the sweetest smiles that ever a Venus of sixty bestowed upon a Mars of seventy, eloquently deprecated his wrath. The appeal was irresistible; and with many a good advice, all of which we commonly contrived to forget by the following afternoon, we were restored to liberty. Is the venerable couple still in the land of the living?" "No; they are both dead. Their old house has been pulled down, and a field of corn is at this moment waving where 'once their garden smiled.'"

"Peace be to their ashes! What can you tell me of the Arnots? Edward was the cleverest boy at school; his sister Magdalene the prettiest girl in the village; and their father the only Justice of Peace in the county that no one ever thought of laughing at. What has become of Edward? After yourself, Dickson, he

was my favourite playfellow. Perhaps his sister had some connection with our friendship, for I daresay you may recollect that I could distinguish, at a tolerably early period, the difference between a black eye and a blue. Magdalene's was of the most bewitching blue. She was a year or two older than I, but I liked her the better. Every body who knew her liked her,—every body, I mean, who was not of her own sex, for, to their shame be it spoken, there was not a woman between the years of fifteen and fifty who did not look upon her with jealousy and envy. I had the vanity to suppose that our esteem might be mutual, and I remember that, when alone, I not unfrequently indulged in a few day-dreams of felicity, of which she was ever sure to be the heroine; but they were only dreams; her gentle image was soon destined to pass from before mine eyes, and, under another heaven, new cares and hopes were to be awakened in my bosom. Yet I never forgot her, though I daresay she has long since forgotten me; I can call her up to my mind even now, with her thickly clustering ringlets of dark hair, and soft expressive eye, and her sweet smile, that seemed to rest upon you like moonlight; and then the tones of her beautiful voice, there was so much feeling, so much soul in them! You will smile at me, Dickson, but you will forgive my enthusiasm, when you recollect that I talk of my first love." Dickson, however, seemed to have as little inclination to smile as I myself had. He appeared as much interested in the subject as I was. Perhaps he also had loved her. We were both silent for some minutes. My reverie was what would commonly be called a melancholy one, for it carried me back to the "fairly haunts of long-lost hours;" but who does not know that the pensive and mellow sorrow (if I may be allowed the expression) produced by such applications, is worth a whole eternity of careless and clamorous joy?

My friend spoke first, but it was with reluctance, as if unwilling to chase away the vision which our fancies had created. "Alas," said he, with a sigh,

"Elle etait de ce monde, ou les plus belles choses

Ont le pire destin;

Et rose, elle a vecu ce qui vivent les roses  
L'espace d'un matin."

"Is she there indeed?" cried I, catching the import of his words almost before they were uttered. "I had almost fancied a being such as she could never die." "You should rather have wondered," said Dickson, "that she ever lived." "Is there any of our former friends in the village at all?" I at length inquired, after another pause. "A few," was the reply, "a very few; but they are all changed; it is difficult to distinguish these from strangers; girls have become wives and mothers; boys have grown into fathers; and the generation of seniors to whom we looked up with so much deference, as the wisest and most august of human beings, have either been gathered to their fathers, or, having dwindled down into their 'second childishness, and mere oblivion,' exist only in the slippered pantaloon,

'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.'"

"Has this change of persons," asked I, "effected any change in the habits of the society and general characteristics of the place?" "Much," answered my friend; "the Sir John and Lady Lambert, who, in our younger days, resided at the Castle in the neighbourhood, and to whose decision in all points, civil, political, and moral, the whole village bowed, were, as you must remember, a couple of the most 'eminent Christians,' that is to say, of the most outrageous Methodists then in the kingdom. Under their administration Edgefield was a sort of New Zion in miniature—a most godly sanctuary, where all the saints delighted 'to tarry till their beards grew!' It was here that the itinerant orators employed by Bible and Missionary Societies loved to sojourn. Here did these 'sweet and holy men' contrive most easily to open the pockets of the 'elect,' and to teach 'the new-born babes of grace' how they might make their 'calling effectual,' and their 'salvation sure.' Here were religious tracts diffused with a lavish hand; and he



who had not read 'The Death-bed Scenes of Susan Fry,' or 'The sudden and wonderful Conversion of Timothy Purvis, Tailor in Nottingham,' was one who had as yet made but small progress towards the 'New Jerusalem,' and who might still be considered as wandering in 'heathen darkness.' But at length Sir John and his lady had their lives and their labours of love brought to a close. They died, of course, 'most comfortably,' and were buried with all due pomp. The heir to the titles and estate was a nephew of Sir John; he drove his lady down to the castle in a barouche and four; he ordered all the old furniture to be consigned to a lumber-room, and brought down his own at great expense from London; he collected all the tracts and innumerable books of Theology, with which the house was stuffed, into the stable-yard, and, setting fire to them '*en masse*,' he honoured Edgefield Methodism with as magnificent a funeral-pile as it could have wished. Then at last did the 'potent, grave, and reverend inhabitants, begin to think they might venture to steal out of their cloak of hypocrisy, and resume somewhat of the manners and feelings of human beings. A strolling company of players, that had been literally pelted out of the place about three years before, now ventured to return; and the children, almost unconscious of their 'backsliding,' began to entertain some very sceptical notions as to the probability of their being taken up to the moon, if they ventured to gather a few primroses on a Sunday afternoon. The new lady was as active as her lord. She is a professed blue-stockings, and of course, to suppose that she could be religious, would have been the next thing to high treason. She has a smattering of Greek; she reads Latin with tolerable fluency; in French and Italian she is *au fait*. With all this load of learning, it was not to be supposed that she should have any wish to resemble the flowers that 'are born to blush unseen.' Accordingly, the whole efforts of her genius were expended in endeavouring to diffuse a love of literature over the village, or rather among such of its inhabitants as she condescended to make her associates. Being inspir-

ed, in particular, with a prodigious passion for poetry, and possessing, or imagining she possessed, some little portion of the *divinus afflatus* herself, she instituted, in place of the now neglected and forgotten Bible Societies, a Society of a very different description, to which she was pleased to give the name of 'The Literary and Poetical Association.' This Society, consisting as much of ladies as of gentlemen, meets in the castle once every fortnight, and, now that I think of it, this is the very evening. To cut a long story short, therefore, if you like the proposal, I shall be happy to take you with me as a stranger, I being a member, and every member having that privilege."

I never neglect any opportunity that offers for seeing human nature in any thing like a new light, even though the gratification of my curiosity should subject me to some little personal inconvenience. On the present occasion, I availed myself most willingly of my friend's invitation, and as the rain had now ceased, and the moon was shining brightly, we had a pleasant walk of about a mile and a half to the castle. On the way thither, I was informed that I would have to pay a trifling price for the privilege I was about to enjoy, for that every stranger who was introduced into the presence-chamber of this most enlightened body was expected to favour them, either with some piece of literary information, or some little scrap, in prose or verse, of his own. "But this is a condition," added my friend, "with which you will find no difficulty in complying, for you were at one time a very illustrious poetaster, and must retain on your memory many of your most successful productions. You need be under little apprehension of any thing like criticism, for, among the other poetical effusions which we may have the good fortune to hear, I will venture to say, you will hardly find one that would be thought worthy of a place even in 'La Belle Assemblée.'" Comforted with this assurance, I promised to do all in my power to recal to mind some of those juvenile essays which I had now for so long a time forgotten.

The members of the "Association" were on the point of commencing the



business of the night, when we were ushered into their place of meeting, which was a spacious and elegantly-furnished room, no doubt, set apart for the purpose. Lady Caroline Lambert, a showy, rather than a beautiful woman, sat at the upper end of a large table, covered with books, papers, and writing materials; her friends, both male and female, had taken their seats on either side; and at the lower end, opposite her ladyship, was a young clergyman, probably not yet provided with a church, but who, in the well-grounded hope of securing her ladyship's patronage, was happy to hold, in the mean time, the highly-honourable situation of Secretary to the literary institution which she had succeeded in establishing at Edgefield. After the ceremony of my introduction to the fair President had been duly performed, the minutes of the previous meeting were read, and, as near as I can recollect, they were of the following import:

"*Lambert Castle, Edgefield,  
20th Sept. 1823.*

"At the fifteenth meeting of the 'Literary and Poetical Association' of this place, Lady Caroline Lambert in the chair, her ladyship was graciously pleased to favour the Society with the first chapter of her new novel, which she hopes to have ready for publication by the end of the year. Her ladyship also read to the Society a few deeply pathetic and beautiful stanzas upon the death of a favourite lamb, which Sir William, being unfortunately somewhat shortsighted, had shot, mistaking it for one of his own deer. Miss Jemima Digges then produced her long-promised Sonnet, being an address to the Evening Star. Mr Theodore Peacock repeated his two parodies of Moore's celebrated songs, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and 'The Meeting of the Waters.' Miss Ellen Sommers read an interesting translation of several scenes from Jouy's new tragedy, entitled 'Sylla.' The Hon. Mr Cecil Rae communicated his recent discovery in the art of penmanship, by which all authors will be enabled to write with both hands at once. At half past eleven the Society adjourned."

Upon these minutes no remarks

were made, and Lady Caroline therefore intimated her intention to proceed with the second chapter of her novel. It was the dullest thing I had ever heard; an attempt, namely, to describe the company assembled at a new inn in the immediate neighbourhood of a lately-discovered mineral well. There was a blustering Highland Chieftain, a coarse English fox-hunter, a cunning vulgar attorney, a very common-place doctor, half a dozen young men of "decided genius," and a few other male ciphers. Then, among the women, her heroine, as it seemed, was a half-crazed, unnatural sort of character, ycleped, in the true spirit of a modern romance, Clara Mowbray; the minor stars were, a worn-out coquette,—a discontented wife, ready to run away with the first man who offered,—a low-bred Scotchwoman, introduced, for the first time, into any thing like good society,—and some half score of silly, giggling girls, *stantes sine nomine umbræ*. Her auditors seemed delighted; but I, though no novel-reader, recollected something of Smollet and Fielding—names which one almost never hears of now, and could not bring myself to believe, that even the slightest approximation had been made to them in the present production. Yet there was evidently an attempt to sketch character strongly and decidedly, as they had done—"Hæu! quanto intervallo."

Lady Caroline's task being ended, much to her own and the company's satisfaction, Miss Digges, the successful debutante of the previous evening, was called upon for any "sweet effusion" which she had been so kind as bring with her. Of course, all eyes were instantly turned upon the amiable poetess. She was a sallow, sentimental-looking girl, with red hair, and a mouth which, when she ventured to smile, stretched itself out to a most portentous longitude. Upon the present occasion, casting a pair of pale blue eyes up to the ceiling, with a look intended to represent the most seraphic sweetness, she entreated to be passed over for this night; but Lady Caroline would take no refusal, and Miss Digges, not daring to rebel any longer, only observed, by way of preface—"You know I make Wordsworth my mo-

del," and then recited, with much pathos, the following Sonnet—a copy of which, as well as of the other pieces that follow, my friend Dickson afterwards procured for me :

### Sonnet.

*By a Lady of Sensibility.*

" I saw a beggar knock at Mary's door,  
As old a man as ever I had seen ;  
I daresay he was eighty-five, or more,  
And pale, and weak, and very, very lean ;

And, as he walk'd, his poor old limbs  
seem'd sore,

And through his tatter'd clothes the  
wild winds blew ;—

His pantaloons were made of many a score  
Of different patches—every shape and hue ;

The fragment of a coat was on his back,  
And on his head the remnant of a hat ;  
His hair was grey, though it had once  
been black,

His back was round, though it had  
once been flat :

Mary soon saw him, and the generous soul  
Gave him a penny to procure a roll."

Long and loud was the applause with which this production was received, and it unfortunately produced the same effect on the sweet poetess which applause, in general, is too apt to do. It silenced, at once, any faint whisperings of modesty, and brought into full play all the conceit of a little mind, puffed up, almost to bursting, with the consciousness of its own powers. Spontaneously, therefore, and with a smile of condescension, she announced to us her intention of favouring us with something more. " I was at Ramsgate," said she, " in the autumn of last year, and the shocking barbarities which I saw daily committed on the shore, called from me, in a fit of indignant inspiration, the following

### Sonnet.

Poor little innocent ! I grieve to see  
Thy mother plunge thee in the deep,  
deep ocean,

Whose waves, although they hardly reach  
her knee,

Sweep o'er thy shoulders in severe  
commotion.

Indeed it is a fearful thing to me,  
To view thee sprawl, and scratch, and  
tear, and kick ;

And hear thee, in thy depth of misery,  
Vent all thy soul in one unbroken  
shriek.

Sweet artless victim ! if thou wert my  
child,

(Which thou art not, and ne'er, alas !  
can be,)

I'd snatch thee from those billows salt and  
wild,

And, putting on thy clothes, would set  
thee free ;—

But, as it is, I must in silence gaze,  
Omniscient Heaven ! how strange are all  
thy ways !"

" With your ladyship's permission, I shall now read *my* Sonnet," cried a voice from the lower end of the table, which proceeded from a little man, with bright grey eyes, a brown scratch wig, and a cork-leg. " We shall be delighted to hear it, Mr Winterdykes," answered her ladyship. All eyes sparkled, for Mr Winterdykes was looked on as the Peter Pindar of the Society, and though nobody liked to be made the subject of his satire, yet every one was pleased when he seemed disposed to vent it on another. Assuming the solemn air of mock-heroic dignity, he rose from the table, walked into the middle of the room, planted his cork-leg firmly behind, moved his wig somewhat awry, rolled his little twinkling eye " in a fine phrenzy," and casting up his hands to heaven, remarked, before commencing, in a sort of parenthesis, but so gravely, that it was impossible to say whether he was in joke or in earnest, " You know I make Milton my model ; and happening, last week, as I returned home a little tipsy from a convivial party, to have my attention arrested by the Moon, these lines flowed from my mouth in a fit of irrepressible inspiration :

### Sonnet to the Moon.

Cream-coloured Moon ! you now are in  
the sky

Smiling, aye laughing, till you hold  
your sides ;

You don your " seven-leagued boots,"  
and then you fly

Through the blue ether with a giant's  
strides ;

You're like a jaunting-car, or pleasure-  
boat

That through the vast expanse of wa-  
ters goes,

Only you care not for a helm one groat,  
As people say,—you follow your own  
nose.

Folks call you "lady"—gentle, fair, and tender,

I'd rather guess you of the other gender ;  
And why ? because you're not a handsome fellow,

Nay, on my conscience, you're an ugly loon ;

Your face is far too round, and rather yellow—

You've surely got the jaundice, Mr Moon."

Some of the younger members stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and others laughed outright ; but Mr Winterdykes walked back to his seat with the same composure that he had left it.

Mr Theodore Peacock was next applied to ; rather a handsome young man, with a Roman nose, and a Grecian brow, but withal, somewhat too fashionably dressed to have much genius. He who allows his mustachios to grow, who wears a diamond ring on his little finger, and buries his ears within the collar of his shirt, can never write good poetry ; he will never produce any thing superior to the following translation of Mr Theodore Peacock, who, turning with an air of fashionable badinage to Miss Ellen Sommers, beside whom he sat, recited these lines :

### Cantata,

*From the Italian of Zappi.*

" Dunque, O vaga mia diva," &c.

" Because no blushing roses deck  
My gentle Clementina's cheek,  
Fears she to see my love decay,  
And fade like evening light away ?  
Ah ! knows she not her's is the hue  
Of love most tender, warm, and true ?  
Ah ! knows she not young lovers slight  
The flowers with flaunting colours bright,  
But never willingly forget  
The pale, but modest violet ?  
Ah ! knows she not, at break of morn,  
Though no vermilion tints adorn  
The lily, yet Aurora loves,  
As o'er the mountain's brow she roves,  
To pluck that flower so white, so fair,  
And bind it in her golden hair ?"

Miss Sommers, whose face was, in fact, remarkably pale, seemed not a little disconcerted by the somewhat indelicate manner which she was thus made the object of general attention. With the hope of concealing her confusion, as soon as her admirer had finished, she hastened to comply

with Lady Caroline's request, that she would read or recite the poem which she had selected for this evening from her numerous stock. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young lady's countenance. Her eye was of a deep melancholy blue, and her whole appearance presented me with a personification of female genius, more in unison with the beau-ideal of my fancy, than I ever expected to have seen realized. I listened, therefore, with much attention, to the following verses, or, as the Italians would call them, *quaternarii*.

### The Infant's Dream.

" I look'd upon a sleeping infant's face,  
And saw a smile come o'er it, brightly beaming  
Like some rich tint of morning loveliness ;  
Tell me of what was that young cherub dreaming ?

What heav'nly sounds were in its infant ears ?

What heav'nly sight before its infant eyes ?

Perhaps the music of the rolling spheres,  
Perhaps the glories of the starry skies.

Perhaps it wander'd among worlds of light,

A viewless spirit of the sunny air ;

Perhaps it gaz'd on that eternal site

Where sinless angels heav'nly pleasures share.

Whate'er they were, thy dreams were not of earth,

For not o'er thee, sweet babe ! had yet been thrown

The taint that poisons every mortal birth,  
And marks the child of man, Misfortune ! for thy own."

The next candidate for public applause was a gentleman in black, at least six feet high, and though probably on the borders of fifty, yet as slender as a stripling of eighteen. He was certainly one of the most awkward beings I had ever seen, yet there was something like humour in his face. I was not surprised to hear him commence with hoping that the ladies would recollect he was an old bachelor, and, besides, that he was answerable only for the *words*, not for the *ideas*, of the poem he was about to recite, it being a translation, and was entitled



## Cupid's Lobe.

Imitated from the Italian of Rossi.

"One day, as all ancient historians agree,  
Master Cupid determin'd to hold a levee;  
So he call'd for his porter, to stand at his  
gate,

To admit all his guests in due order and  
state.

His porter soon came, and his name is  
*Caprice*,—

*Conceit* is his daughter, and *Prudery* his  
niece;

He stood at the gate in his high-powder'd  
wig,

And, like all other porters, he look'd migh-  
ty big:

And, proud of his pow'r, as our history  
pretends,

He only admitted particular friends.

First, *Youth* was receiv'd with a smile  
and a bow,

A favourite of Cupid's, as all men allow;  
Then *Beauty* was welcom'd with much  
complaisance,

For the *Graces* were with her each charm  
to enhance;—

Then, next, were admitted both *Laugh-*  
*ter* and *Sport*,

But the time of their stay, it is said,  
was but short;

They are not at their ease when they  
visit the court:

Next, *Jealousy* came, with two friends by  
her side,

Mistress *Folly* was one, and the other  
*Don Pride*;

And long was the audience they had of  
their lord,

For this was a trio that Cupid ador'd;  
And many the weighty affairs they debated,

Too important by far to be publicly stated:  
Then *Treachery* made his appearance,

with face  
As grim as a Courtier's when turn'd out  
of place;

But Cupid was graciously pleas'd to be kind,  
So *Treachery* soon gave his cares to the  
wind:

*Rage* enter'd the next, and you soon  
might descry,

By a something like pleasure that glanced  
in his eye,

That the god had receiv'd him with com-  
plaisance too,

As gods, when they think it expedient,  
will do:

Then *Innocence*, bright as a morning in  
June,

And *Constancy*, stood in the glittering  
saloon;

But I rather suspect they were turn'd  
out of doors,

For Cupid pronounced them a couple of  
bores.

The whole of the crowd had now paid  
their addresses,

And Cupid had heard all their cares and  
distresses;

One only remain'd, whom *Caprice* had  
refus'd

To admit, and, besides, had most grossly  
abus'd,

For he bore him a grudge; if you ask  
me his name,

You must know it was *Wisdom*—I tell  
it with shame;

But at last, when he saw that he would  
not depart,

*Caprice* sought his master with wrath at  
his heart,

And, bowing profoundly, he said with a  
sneer,

"Old *Wisdom's* below, shall I show him  
up here?"

"Poor square-toes!" cried Cupid, sup-  
pressing a smile;

"And has he been waiting, kind soul, all  
this while?"

Pray tell the old boy I am busy to-day,  
He may call the next time that he passes  
this way."

Every body declared that this was  
positively libellous, and that, as none  
but an old bachelor would have writ-  
ten it, no one but an old bachelor  
would ever have thought of transla-  
ting it. "Here, I am sure, is a gen-  
tleman," said Lady Caroline, turn-  
ing to me with one of her sweetest  
smiles, "who entertains less satirical  
notions of the tender passion, whether  
he be a bachelor or not." "Your  
ladyship does me only justice," an-  
swered I, with a bow. "I am a ba-  
chelor, and I may say 'an old one  
too,' but I have not yet forgot the  
time when I enjoyed

"The bloom of young desire, and purple  
light of love."

My "hour was now come." No  
apology would be taken, and to vin-  
dicate, therefore, the sincerity of the  
declaration I had just made, I re-  
peated, as well as my memory would  
allow, some lines I had written be-  
fore I was nineteen, and which I had  
disguised with the name of

## Mutual Lobe.

"O! 'tis a joy all joys above  
To know that an innocent heart is  
thine,

To press with thy lip the lips you love,  
And round the dear neck thy arm to  
twine:

The rapturous sigh, and the melting  
glance,

Delights the ear, and enchants the eye;  
And lost in affection's 'witehing trance,  
The soul is serene as a Summer sky.

O! Heav'n itself has no happier hours  
Than those spent by young lovers in  
youth's bright day,—

'Tis the sunshine of life, ere the darkling  
show'rs

Have hurried that sunshine for ever  
away.

The bosom is pure and the heart is warm,  
And all around there is golden light;

Unknown as yet is the winter storm,  
Unfelt as yet is the winter blight.

Irene! I've watch'd on thy lip the smile,  
And gain'd new life from thy balmy  
breath;

Whilst on thy dear brow there shone the  
while

Love's simple gift, a rosy wreath;

But little needed that brow so fair

Lilies or roses to give it grace;

Thy sunny ringlets of amber hair  
Were all it requir'd of loveliness.

Surely, Irene, such love as ours

Is not like the love that is changed at  
will;

To it we have owed all our happiest hours,  
To it we will owe all our happiness  
still.

Worlds may perish, and ages may roll,  
But mutual affection can never be  
cloy'd;

Ours is the love which takes root in the  
soul,

And only can die when the soul is de-  
stroy'd;

Ours is the love God has doom'd to be  
The bright pure love of eternity."

As soon as I had ended, the secretary, who had observed Lady Caroline indulge in a secret yawn or two during my recitation, begged to remind her that it was now eleven o'clock. She took the hint with much thankfulness, and the Society was adjourned.

Dickson returned with me to the inn, where we finished another bottle of wine, and talked over our evening's amusement. Early next morning I left Edgefield. When I may again visit it, Heaven only knows.

H. G. B.

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#### MY FIRST SERMON.

NEARLY five-and-twenty years have elapsed since I first mounted the pulpit of —. The occurrences of that day are deeply engraven on my mind. It was a delightful morning in June, and the eighth of the month. The sun shone forth in all its brilliancy and splendour. There was scarcely sufficient breeze to agitate the trees of my father's small garden. The small birds chirped on the bushes, as if rejoicing in the general harmony; and there was a calmness, and stillness, and quiet repose, which is only felt and perceived on a Sabbath morning. All nature, on that morning of rest, seemed to participate in the cessation from labour, and to breathe a purer air. When I first looked abroad from my chamber, my anxious spirit was refreshed by the beauty and quietness of general nature. No one of the lords of creation was to be seen abroad, and the dumb animals lay stretched at their ease in the green fields and sunny braes. The little burn rippled down, and sparkled in the glances of the sun-beam; and the only sounds that were heard were

the gurgling of the waters, and the sweet chirpings of the birds, and the hummings of bees. The scene that presented itself to my view was one of no common beauty. It was familiar to my earliest impressions, and the sight of it, on this morning of my first public ministrations, awakened recollections that were deeply seated, and almost overwhelming. It was here that I had spent the early days of innocence and childhood. Every tree and stone were connected with some association of history or of feeling; and the impressions of youth, which are always indelible, came rushing on my mind with irresistible force. I had spent a lively and happy childhood in these sylvan scenes, under the superintendence and tuition of a fond and affectionate father, who still lived to witness the fruits of his fostering care. In the joyousness of youth, I had become the familiar favourite of every cottager around us. I strolled on the hills, fished in the streams, and sought birds' nests in the woods, with the youngest of my own sex; and I courted and danced with the wood-

land beauties of the other. In short, I entered into all the simple concerns of these simple rustics, and I was then as much impressed as they were themselves with their interest and importance. The minister of a parish in Scotland, at that time, did not occupy a station which, in point of wealth, could entitle him to put himself above the sphere of the humblest cottager. Enjoying, as my father did, the respect and attachment of all his flock, he was at the same time admitted more as an equal than as a superior; and the minister's son was not treated with more respect. From the indulgent course of studies which my father had prescribed, I was sent to college, and to severer masters, in the town of —, where I remained for ten years, without having visited my native village. I went through my trials and public examinations with what my friends were pleased to term considerable *éclat*, and I had been licensed to preach at the neighbouring Presbytery, before I made my appearance at the manse. I came home the night before, and was to begin my public ministry by preaching my first sermon in my father's pulpit.

What a change was here effected in a few years! From the wild, regardless youngster, I had become the staid, sober, religious instructor. Instead of associating familiarly, and entering heartily into their little schemes of adventure and of mirth, I was to address them and rule them in the character of teacher and master. After a sleepless night, I was indulging in these reflections, which partook as much of a melancholy as a pleasurable colouring, when I was reminded by my father that the religious duties of the morning were about to be performed. These were gone through with that piety and peace which are exclusively the characteristics of God's people. When seated at the breakfast-table, I could perceive the varied aspect and demeanour of the domestic circle; my mother was pale and agitated, and I saw her tremble as she handed me the cup. My lovely sister was flushed with hope, and anxiety, and pride, and joy,—and my father, as if striving with similar feelings, or as if wishing to impress me with the dig-

nity and seriousness of my duties, was more than ordinarily grave and austere. I was struck also with the peculiar expression of our old servant John's countenance, as he occasionally came into the room. He had known me from my infancy, and it was but as yesterday that he had seen me a "haffins callan," running wild about the braes. There was an odd mixture of mirth and melancholy, a repressed smile, and an assumed gravity, which, if I had been in other mood, or in other circumstances, would have afforded me some pleasure to analyse. But notwithstanding every effort, I could not free myself from something like a feeling of anxiety or apprehension. I succeeded, however, in bringing myself into a state of calmness and self-command; and after conning over my sermon for the sixtieth time, I took the road to the church. My spirits were cool, and though I felt a slight tremor in my frame, I was firm and collected. I was accompanied by my good old father. The neighbouring roads were crowded with people cleanly and decently dressed, proceeding on their way to church, to hear their former companion deliver his maiden sermon, and there was something extremely interesting in the sight of people gathering from all parts of the country, to the house of God. It is here that the powerful influence of religion is felt much more universally, and is displayed much more unequivocally, than in the artificial societies of towns or cities. The glens, and hills, and dales, speak in the native language of religion, and their inhabitants yield to the divine influence which is impressed upon every thing around them, and lead their views from "Nature's works to Nature's God." Their contemplation is not obscured, or their attention distracted, by the forms of art or the distortions of fashion; and they join in the simple worship of their forefathers with a simplicity and singleness of heart which is not to be found amidst the refined and artificial votaries of fashion and folly. On my entering the church, I saw many faces of old acquaintances, whose eyes were directed towards me with friendly and anxious interest; and when I entered the pulpit along with



their own revered and ancient Pastor, I could easily perceive emotions of pride and exultation mantling their homely but kind countenances. My father's prayer was extremely affecting. He besought a blessing on our present meeting, and he prayed earnestly and pathetically for strength and understanding to the speaker who was to address them in the holy character of His Messenger. I was nearly overcome, and I rose to commence my labours with some degree of trepidation. The church was hushed, the most profound silence prevailed, and all eyes were intensely and earnestly fixed upon the pulpit. I was calmed by this universal acquiescence—I experienced the indescribable influence of an attentive audience, and I felt all my energies roused. My text was that most beautiful verse in Ecclesiastes, and which I never repeat but with a thrill of delight, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." I cannot speak of the merits of the sermon. In these my riper days, it appears, upon cooler consideration, to have been too flowery and poetical—too much regard being paid to the language and the periods, and too little to the substance and the sense. Like the greater part of *young preachers' sermons*, it sacrificed too much to the graces of oratory, and could suffer, with much probable advantage, to be pruned and weeded. I have the sermon yet beside me, and, on perusing it yesterday, for the first time these twenty years, I felt my cheek burn, and my pulse beat quick, at the thought of having once coolly and warmly applauded the prurient and extravagant effusion. Let no one talk to a young man of the importance and seriousness of his pastoral duties, or of the necessity of being plain and practical in his weekly addresses to his fellow-men. There never was a young preacher who did not look upon the pulpit merely as a place adapted for the display of his talents. He views it as the public arena, where he enjoys the only opportunity afforded to his profession of putting forth his strength and mind, and exhibiting his powers of

oratory; and it runs counter to the laws of Nature, to expect that he will repress these powers, or sacrifice this opportunity of shewing them, for the bare performance of his cold and abstract duty. The mistake is, that he looks upon his duties as too much of a profession. I feel ashamed *now*, of the exuberant ornaments of this my first Discourse, but *then* I felt satisfied and proud of them. At some of these artificial pauses, I thought I perceived a slight movement of applause amongst my homely friends, and I was gratified with the supposed force of my preaching. I was excited to still greater exertions, and was delivering, with increased energy, one of my most laboured passages, when I was suddenly laid hold of by my arm, which was extended, to add force to my exhortations. My father, assuming my place in the pulpit, addressed the audience, "My friends, our young friend John seems to have forgot where he is, and who he is speaking to. We are not in a theatre, nor are we come here to listen to theatrical airs. He is young, and will learn—ay, and he must learn before he again preaches here. We are obliged to be led away by sound, in place of sense, and we are engaged in too important a work to be diverted from the execution of it by mere poetry and noise." I learnt a lesson from this severe rebuke, of which I was the better all the rest of my days, and I never again offended the ears or hearts of my unsophisticated congregation, by theatrical airs, or theatrical composition. It was not long ere I recovered my character with my father, and the most sober-minded of his congregation, and I was soon set down as being one of the soundest and plainest preachers in that neighbourhood.

With the increased experience of a long life, and varied observation, I have become more and more convinced, that the more nearly a preacher approaches to simplicity in his sermons, the more nearly does he approximate to that standard of excellence held out to us in the Holy Scriptures. It is very evident, that religion, in all its views, and in all its bearings, embraces elements of thought, capable of engaging the

most powerful energies of the most gigantic mind and extensive imagination. But it ought never to be forgot, that the world does not wholly consist of philosophers or of poets, and that, on the contrary, the great majority are humble, sober-minded followers of the Cross, who have an equally important interest at stake in the discussion of this most important of all subjects. It is to them chiefly that the preacher ought to address himself, and in doing so, he ought to choose the simplest method and

the plainest language. It is unquestionable, too, that in this way he will reach the bosom of the learned in a much more effectual manner than by imitating them in their scholastic and metaphysical disquisitions. But this is too important a point to be entered upon at present. With your permission, I shall resume the subject at some future period, and I shall then take an opportunity of suggesting a few hints to young preachers, both as to the composition and delivery of their sermons. M.

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A SLAP AT PUBLIC CONVERSATIONS, BY A PEDANT.

MR EDITOR,

I AM, Sir, what some persons would denominate a good-tempered quiz, because I very often amuse myself with the eccentricities, and sometimes laugh at the expense of my neighbours. Give me leave to tell you, that a great deal of valuable information may be acquired by observing the world as it rolls uniformly forward,—by noticing the order and disorder, the agreements and the squabbles, the hugs and jostlings, with the various contentions and strifes, of the mixed multitude, as it is urged onwards; that is, as the whole mass of the people are hurried on in their several vocations, either as immersed in business, or absorbed in pleasure. While thus employed, in the society of *mechanics* you are sometimes disgusted with vulgarity; but then you have, generally, nature before your eyes; candour shines in almost every face; every one utters his thoughts as they arise; there is little or no dissimulation, nor any cloak-  
ing of sentiments. Among the flatterers in high life, you are fatigued with the flat, dull monotony of never-varying pride and nonsense; here every thing is governed by fashion and etiquette; the features must be screwed up into gravity; you must smile by rule, and to laugh is vulgar; the conversation is restrained and artificial; every one *acts* his part; spontaneous thoughts are concealed, and the mind is constantly bewildered in the labyrinths of form and ceremony. The middling class of every community is, in my opinion, much the best. I often compare the

three orders of mankind to a cask of fine old October, in which the top is all froth, the bottom dregs, but the middle wholesome, enlivening, excellent beverage. My situation in life gives me an opportunity of mixing with all sorts and conditions of men; I am one evening with a noble lord; another at the house of a bishop of my acquaintance; another at the vicarage. I sometimes spend my time at an inn or an hotel, and the next day you find me at a tavern. Sometimes I go for a fortnight into the country, and hunt with the bumskins, yclept the gentry; and not unfrequently I may be met with at the theatre, or amid parties of theatrical heroes and heroines, the kings and queens, lords and ladies, and gentlemen commoners of the little stage—by whom the vices and follies of the actors on the great stage of the world are said to be held up in mimic ridicule, to the few who attend such exhibitions, and who can, moreover, afford to pay for such instructive entertainments.

My friend Batty is at this time a first-rate actor,—a good comic performer,—an excellent *Monsieur Tonson*,—good, in short, at any thing. We drove, a few days ago, into the country, to dine with our common friend Pearson, who is a great man also in *his* way; very pompous, quite rich, and, in his own opinion, exceedingly learned. After dinner, the following edifying and instructive dialogue took place. “Yours,” said Pearson to Batty; “is a fagging sort of life; a great deal of drudgery, and not well rewarded



for your labour." "True, Sir, very true; but, however, nine pounds a-week, and a benefit of two hundred pounds once a-year, is not to be snuffed at. I acknowledge that such wages, for men of *high talents*, are rather scrubby, but we make shift to exist." "To exist, indeed!" replied Pearson: "why, Sir, nine pounds a-week, with a benefit of two hundred pounds, is six hundred and fifty pounds a-year; and this, I can assure you, is a very handsome income. Let me see—our Vicar has two hundred and fifty pounds, and the Teacher one hundred pounds a-year; now you make twice as much as both, and they are both men of considerable talents, and great information. You are well rewarded indeed: why, you cannot lay up less than three hundred a-year, Mr Batty; so that, in a short time, you will accumulate an independent fortune. I suppose, too, from long practice, that you commit to memory very quick?" "Very rapidly, Sir," said Batty; "I have, on a push, got by rote two hundred lines, in an hour and twenty minutes, and performed them in high style, the same evening, on the boards of Drury Lane." "And you are frequently invited to great men's tables?" "Oh yes, very often; I dined not a month ago with Lord G—, and a fortnight back with Sir A. C—, and I am hand and glove with the Lord Mayor—mostly sup with him twice a-week, and when he is at the theatre, he always takes me home with him in his coach. I knew him, you see, Sir, when we were boys, and Tom Batty was then, let me tell you, the richest and best fellow of the two." "I am glad," said Pearson, "that you have such respectable connections; and when you get rich—" "Rich! yes, a fine thing that," replied the Thespian; "but when will that come to pass?" "Why, from your income, Sir, it is impossible but that you must in a short time be in very easy circumstances." "Ah! Mr Pearson, you are not aware of our immense *expenses*, and know nothing about our heavy mulctures. I have, as I said, nominally nine pounds a-week; that is, when I perform *every night*; but sometimes I only get three nights." "Well, but—" "Why, then, I re-

ceive four pounds ten a-week; I think it a good week if I act four nights, but the average is three only; and then, you know, there are the summer months, that produce little or nothing, and our benefits are very precarious—yes, Sir, very fluctuating and uncertain." "That certainly alters the case, Mr Batty; however, as you have no family—no mouths that want bread, nor feet that want shoes, I still think that—" "That I shall soon be rich by my savings out of my earnings? But I," said Batty, "think quite the contrary: and now, if you please, we will sink the shop altogether; give me leave to inform you, Mr Pearson, that I detest it. This is," he continued, "very good whisky; there is no liquor I like so much as whisky; it makes heavenly punch! and what a charming dram after dinner, or when one is ready to faint, after great exertion on the stage! But I can tell you an excellent story about whisky. Several years ago, I became acquainted with an officer in the Excise; he did then, and still continues to do, a little in the smuggling line: he is from Ireland, you see, and he supplies me with some of the very best Irishone—prime stuff, as ever touched a lip—real mountain dew—I never get any thing like it. This, however, (sipping at his glass,) this is not *very* bad, but it is nothing like mine, as I am sure you will say when you taste it. Gentlemen, you will dine with me on Monday week—aye, let me see, on Monday, I think I have no engagement for that day—and then you will say you have tasted *whisky*, such *whisky* as you had never before tasted—Oh! what a flavour! but shall I have the felicity of entertaining you, in my poor way, in my little cottage at Lambeth?" We all promised. "Then," said he, "I am a lucky fellow in two things, as you shall hear; first, because I shall be honoured with your good company; with respect to the next, why, gentlemen, you must know that, two days ago, I received a note from the Lord Mayor; 'Batty,' said he, 'send me all the whisky you have got in your cellar, and remember you dine with me on the tenth instant, and let me have none of your silly excuses, but come without farther ce-



remony; and he concluded with, 'dear Batty, 'I am yours, &c. &c.' Now, what do you think I did? why I sent his lordship twenty dozen, leaving only five bottles behind; but that will serve us for Monday, and perhaps before that time I shall obtain a fresh supply."

You may think, perhaps, Mr Editor, that my friend Batty has made a tolerable swell; and I think *myself* that his conversation smells very strongly of egotism; but I assure you I have softened it down very considerably; and believe me, Sir, I hear every day similar bragging from braggadocios similarly situated to my friend Batty; and, what is still worse, as you may perceive, all is not truth which they utter—I seldom quote them as authority. But, without further comment, let us proceed.

Monday at length arrived, and Batty's dinner was served up in grand style, in his neat little cottage at Lambeth: no ox's cheek, no liver and bacon, no! every thing was good, and of the right kind. The soles, our host assured us, were fried in oil fresh from Italy, a present from his friend General B——, who had just arrived in England—the turkey was from Kent—the ham from Westphalia—the oysters from Melton—the mutton from the Welch mountains—the wines from France—and the whisky, as the reader already knows, was from Irishone. Suppose now, Sir, that the dinner is over, the ladies withdrawn, the King's health having already been drunk, and all the company in high glee; Mr Batty proceeded to inform us, that, on the tenth, as per invitation, he dined with the Lord Mayor; but that he was far from being comfortable—no! he was vexed, confoundedly vexed; and he proceeded to vent his complaints. "The great Dr Strap," said he, "was there, and he seemed determined rather to dispute every thing, than to acquiesce in any assertion that appeared the least doubtful. A friend of mine," continued he, "Mr Gawky—you know him very well, he is a porter-brewer in the borough, very rich, and very respectable. This gentleman wishing to pay him a compliment, observed to this Dr Strap, that he had no doubt *he* was a great disciplinarian." "You are right,

Sir," replied the doctor, "for discipline makes a scholar, and discipline makes a gentleman; and the want of discipline has made you what you are." "Now, my friends," said Batty, "this was throwing the *sledge-hammer* with a vengeance; no person is, in my opinion, proof against such unwieldy weapons, nor deserves to be smitten in such a manner. The doctor, however, is a great man, and may sometimes presume upon his greatness, to assist his arguments. Believe me, gentlemen, I do not like any great men, except those upon the stage; and *we* never rely upon our greatness, to beat down an antagonist, nor do *we* ever attempt to brow-beat an inferior,—no! *we* should scorn such a subterfuge. Well, I was just about to answer Dr Strap in his own way, but I was prevented by my friend Mr Fielding, who sat on my right. This gentleman is, you know, an author, a poet, a reviewer, and a great classic withal; but he is a peaceable man, and he begged me to refrain, 'for,' said he, 'it is well known that Dr Strap has a mind truly gigantic, and his learning is perfectly colossal; we little stars must hide our diminished heads.' I had, however, never a better mind in all my life to eat my dinner, than I now had to trounce the Doctor. But, gentlemen," said he, looking round the table, "you forget the whisky,—how do you like my whisky?—is it not the most delicious of all delights? wine of every description is, in my opinion, mere slip-slop to it. Yes," said he, sipping at his glass, "it is nectar, and the gods must at this moment envy us our bliss!" We assured him that his panegyric was not too lavish in its praise, for that it was certainly above all commendation. "Well, as I was saying," he continued, "I had great difficulty in restraining my anger; it was so rude, you know,—it was so ungentlemanly, you know,—upon my word, if I had been the object of his ridicule, I think I should have *called him out*. Oh! I cannot bear ridicule, of all things; a joke may be borne with, or a rap on the knuckles, but my friend's rebuke was the severest of any ever given; hang me if I could have forgiven him. No! I would rather have been

condemned to commit to memory twenty lines from the 'Curse of Kehama,' where there is neither rhyme nor reason,—not one single poetical image,—not one scintillation of genius, nor one idea worth remembering!" "But where," said Mr Pearson, smiling, "where, Mr Batty, would you, in that elegant poem, meet with twenty lines such as you mention?" "Find them!" rejoined our enraged host; "why, in fifty, in a hundred, in a thousand places; any where, all over, in every page *twenty such lines* may be discovered. But pardon, excuse me, friend Pearson; I am vexed, you see, horridly vexed; and what I was obliged to conceal at my Lord Mayor's table has now burst from me like a volcanic eruption; but my mind is a little relieved from its tormenting state of perturbation; its ebullitions will now cease,—the whirlwind of passion has subsided, and I am now calm; yes, calm as the unruffled deep after a violent storm, when scarcely a zephyr ripples its placid bosom.

"Besides," he resumed, "Dr Strap ingrossed nearly the whole of the conversation; nobody could be heard but himself; I hate such rudeness; one could not squeeze a word an hour in edgeways. He bored the company for a full hour about Greek particles and Latin terminations; I thought he would never have ended; then he gave us a dissertation on the origin of the Celtic, Erse, and Gaelic languages, which, he contended, all came from the same root." "But," said Mr Pearson, "did the company believe him, on his bare assertion?" "Certainly," replied Batty, "for no one had the temerity to contradict him. Why, Sir, he would have dragged you back through the dark ages, to the time of the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel; I assure you I wished such learned gibberish, and the reciter of it, both at Old Nick. He was so affected, too; and pomposity, affectation, and egotism, I hold them, you know, in utter detestation!"

How blind are men to their own failings! You may perceive, Sir, that I, your faithful correspondent, am no talker; no, my business is to observe and to listen, that I may know what is said by others. There is, you know, a

proverbial expression, "that a still tongue makes a wise head;" this suits my case very well; but to shew you that I am not vain, I must beg leave to declare that I think the reverse proposition is more to be depended upon, namely, "that a wise head makes a still tongue." This is my opinion; but as different people think and judge differently on the same subjects, I do not, you must observe, give it as my *positive* opinion, from which there is no appeal; no! and to shew you, at the same time, that I am possessed of a large portion of candour to those who may differ from my decision, I beg permission to refer it to the future consideration of Dr Strap, or my friend Batty, or, if you think it would be better, to the majority of the good people of this happy nation, who will probably treat it as a public question, and adopt that mode of reasoning commonly made use of by the ladies at their tea-parties, or by the gentlemen after dinner, over a glass of wine, or a bumper of whisky punch; and this will certainly be the best manner possible; for reasoning, every one knows, is a very dry subject; where, then, can it be so well managed as in places where there is plenty of drink?

At a late hour, Mr Pearson observed that it was, he thought, nearly time for him to depart, for as it would be high tide at two o'clock in the morning, he should have to rise from his bed at that hour to bathe. "To bathe!" exclaimed Batty, "at two o'clock in the morning! Why, Sir, you'll be then fast enough asleep, I warrant you." "I intend, Sir," rejoined the other, "to bathe at two o'clock; and let me tell you, Mr Batty, I can rise at what hour I please, because I have accustomed myself to do so; and custom, you know, is a kind of second nature, which enables one to perform wonders." "Wonders indeed!" said our host; "pray pardon me, but it must be, not a *wonder*, but a *miracle*, that would drag me from my bed at that early hour, to plunge myself into cold water." "Because you are totally unacquainted, Mr Batty, with the beneficial effects arising from cold-water bathing; why, Sir, it strengthens and braces the nervous system,—prevents obstructions, by



keeping open the pores in the skin,—and thus prevents disease, prolongs life, excites health, and renders our situation here comfortable and happy.” “Wonderful indeed! why bathing, according to your creed, seems to be the grand panacea,” said Batty: “pray, Sir, I hope to give no offence, but are you not employed by *Bianchi* to preach in favour of his baths? Why, you might make a fortune, if you had not one already, by writing puffs in favour of quack-medicines:—but now tell me, *seriously*, do you positively intend to rise at two o’clock, to bathe your limbs, for the good of your health?” “Most certainly,” replied Pearson, “and I attribute your rudeness to your ignorance, Mr Batty; for the beneficial effects of frequently bathing in salt water are known to every person but yourself,—were known to the ancient Romans, as well as the Greeks; and the custom is recommended as salubrious by every physician who puts any value upon his reputation. Let me request, Sir, that you will in future pause, before you condemn what you have never practised.” “Well, well,” replied Batty, “I am, if you wish it, as ignorant as a sheep; I like to bathe in hot weather, but in the month of December, you must excuse me,—nor do I yet believe, friend Pearson, that you are in earnest.” “You are at liberty, my theatrical hero, to believe or to doubt just what you please; but I shall bathe if I live, that is certain.”—Here ended a dialogue, interesting, to be sure, but it contains an abundance of that figure in rhetoric which is denominated by me *pompous nonsense*.

Mr Jacob, a philosopher, and one of the party, who, like myself, had remained silent to the present time, now took from his side-pocket an octavo volume, and begged to be allowed to read the following article, which, he said, was from a valuable and profound work, just published by his friend, a professor, and one of the greatest men of the present age. “From microscopic observations, it has been computed that the

skin is perforated by a thousand holes in the length of an inch. If we estimate the whole surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain 2,304,000 pores. These pores are the *mouths* of so many excretory vessels, which perform that important function in the animal economy, *insensible perspiration*. The lungs discharge every minute six grains, and the surface of the skin from three to twenty grains, the average over the whole body being fifteen grains of lymph, consisting of water, with a very minute admixture of salt, acetic acid, and a *trace*\* of iron. If we suppose this perspirable matter to consist of globules only ten times smaller than the red particles of blood, or about the five thousandth part of an inch in diameter, it would require a succession of four hundred of them to issue from each orifice every second.”

Mr Pearson now thanked Mr Jacob for thus illustrating his arguments in favour of bathing. “But,” said he to that gentleman, “I think, Sir, the *fine* discovery which you have lately made is not so well known as it deserves to be:” then looking round, “give me leave, my worthy friends, to inform you, that this learned gentleman, who is indefatigable in the cause of *science*, has lately discovered a new substance, a sort of pebble, which is different in its composition from any known material. Some of our most profound chemists suppose it to belong to the class of metals,—others are certain that it has an alkaline base. Till, however, its properties shall be better known, they have agreed to call it, from the name of the discoverer, (in the new nomenclature,) a *JACOBITE*!”

All the company expressed a high degree of satisfaction for the honour thus conferred upon one of the votaries of science,—thanked Mr Pearson for the information he had given them—and soon after they adjourned, each man to his home, and I to my chamber, to note down, as I usually do, the transactions of the preceding day.—Ever yours,

PETER PEDAGOGUE, JUN.

\* The *chains* by which horses are yoked to a plough, or cart, are called *traces*. Does the above author mean that one of these has ever been found in the lymph?



SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. II.

WHEN the First General Assembly broke up in December 1560, it was formally "continued to the fifteenth day of January next," and all who were present promised that they would either come to Edinburgh on that day, or cause other Commissioners to be sent in their place. There is no proof, however, of any ecclesiastical meeting having been held at the time appointed. Spottiswood, indeed, says, that the Prior of St. Andrew's, who repaired to France to the Queen, immediately upon the news of her husband's death, was admonished "by the Assemblée of the Kirk, then convened at Edinburgh," not to consent to her having mass said when she came to Scotland. But the appointment of the Prior proceeded from the Convention of the Estates which met about that time, and which Spottiswood seems to have mistaken for an Assembly of the Church. And although the instruction alluded to may have been suggested by the Reformers, it could not come from them as an "Assemblée of the Kirk then convened;" for they did not meet in that capacity till the 26th (according to the Register,) or (according to Calderwood) the 27th of May 1561.

In the "Buik of the Universal Kirk," the proceedings of this Assembly are set down as a continuation of the First, but it may with more propriety be enumerated as the Second General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, as it seems to have met, not according to the terms of any previous continuation or adjournment, but in consequence of an urgent and alarming conjuncture. The Popish party began, about this time, to recover from the consternation into which they had been thrown by the rapid progress of the Reformation, and their hopes of regaining their former affluence and authority were greatly strengthened by the arrival of an Ambassador from France. He was instructed, among other things, to demand, "that the Bishops and Churchmen should be restored to their own places, and suf-

fered to intromitt with their rents." (Calderwood's Large MS., Vol. I., p. 702.) A meeting of Parliament was approaching, and the Popish nobility, and their adherents, resorted in great numbers to Edinburgh, and cherished and avowed the most confident anticipations of success. The Reformers, roused by the boldness of their opponents, convened and adopted the most strenuous resolutions in defence of their religious liberty.

No roll of the Members of this Assembly of the Church has been preserved, but the place of meeting is stated to have been in the Tolbooth. After consultation, it was unanimously concluded, that a humble supplication, with articles of complaint and redress, should be presented to the Lords of the Secret Council. The supplication is set down in Knox's History of the Reformation. It expresses great apprehension of the re-establishment of Popery, and a firm determination to oppose it at every hazard. The Articles of complaint and redress, as given by Calderwood, (Large MS., Vol. I., 704,) were in substance as follow:

I. That idolatry, and all monuments thereof, be suppressed, and the sayers and maintainers of mass punished.

II. That provision be made for the sustenance of Superintendants, Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers; that Superintendants and Ministers be planted where they are needed; and that all who contemn or disobey them, in the exercise of their functions, be punished.

III. That the abusers and contemnners of the Sacraments be punished.

IV. That no letters be issued by the Lords of Session, for the payment of tithes, without special provision that the parishioners retain as much as is appointed to the Minister.

V. That neither the Lords of Session, nor any other Judges, proceed upon such precepts as may have been passed at the instance of those who have lately obtained feus

of vicarages, manses, and church-yards; and that six acres of the best of the glebe be always reserved to the Minister.

VI. That some punishment be appointed for such as purchase, bring home, and execute the Pope's bulls within this realm.

These articles may serve to shew the state of dependence and poverty in which the Protestant teachers were still kept, and the many devices which were employed to defraud them of what was allotted to them for their maintenance. From the third article, it would appear that the religious liberty introduced by the Reformation was accompanied by a licentious profanity. The Papists were frequently called abusers of the Sacraments, by the Reformers. But as the sayers and maintainers of mass had already been denounced in the first article, it is probable that, by the contemnners and abusers of the Sacraments mentioned in the third article, we are to understand those who neglected the Lord's Supper as of no effect when administered according to the Protestant form, and those who, without any vocation as Ministers, dared to go through this form in derision. This kind of impiety seems to have been but too common about this time, for, in the First Book of Discipline, a distinct head is occupied in demanding the punishment of such contemnners and profaners of the Sacraments.

The Assembly seems to have adjourned till the 28th, when a meeting was again held, the Articles and Supplication produced and read, and a Committee appointed to present them. An Act of Secret Council, answering to every head of the Articles and Supplication, was granted, and letters were immediately raised upon it by sundry Ministers. No other business appears to have been transacted by this Assembly. But it may not be improper to add a few remarks upon an Act which was passed about this time by the Convention of the Estates, as it seems to have been passed at the special request of the Reformers.

In the first of the articles drawn up by this Assembly, it was required that idolatry, and all the monuments thereof, should be suppressed.

It would appear that the Articles were presented to the Convention of the Estates, as well as to the Lords of the Secret Council. But whether it was in consequence of this, or of some separate requisition from the leading Reformers, it is certain that the Convention did issue orders for destroying all places and monuments of idolatry throughout the kingdom. The execution of these orders was committed to the most active and popular among the Reformers. The Earls of Arran, Argyle, and Glencairn, were directed to purify the west country; the northern districts were entrusted to the zeal of the Lord James; and the other parts of the country were assigned to men upon whose alacrity equal dependence could be placed. Calderwood (Large MS., Vol. I., p. 708,) in describing the operations of the Reformers in the west, says, "They burnt Paisley, where the Bastard Bishop narrowly escaped; and demolished Failford, Kilwinning, and part of Crossraguel." Now, all these were *places of idolatry*; but from the life of the Bishop being put in peril, the work of purification, or demolition, seems to have been gone about in a very unwarrantable way. In an order given by Lord James, on a similar occasion, to some of the Reformers in the north, they are desired to pass to the church of Dunkeld, and cast down the images, and all monuments of idolatry; but they are strictly charged to take care not to injure the stability and comfort of the building. (See Statistical Account, Vol. xx., p. 221.) Indeed it is quite plain, that the intentions and the orders of the Reformers extended merely to places and monuments of idolatry, that is, to religious houses, and images in churches. That their intentions and orders were exceeded—that religious houses were wantonly demolished, and that not merely the images, but the churches, were in some instances destroyed—cannot be denied. Yet the lamentations which have been uttered upon this head have been by far too loud. Baillie, in his *Historical Vindication*, (p. 40,) distinctly asserts, that "in all the land, not more than three or four churches were cast down, the rest being peaceably purged." As to the



"bibliothecks which were destroyed, the volumes of the Fathers, and the registers of the church, which were gathered in heaps and consumed," the mischief has been greatly exaggerated. To hear the account of Archbishop Spottiswood, one might fancy that every Abbey in Scotland had a library as extensive and valuable as the famous and deplored collection at Alexandria, and that the Scottish Reformers were as fatally furious in their enmity to learning as the Caliph Omar had been. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." But if we may judge of what was lost by what has been spared, our literary regret may be very much alleviated. In England, no such destruction of religious houses took place; and Leland, who visited many of them, has given catalogues (*Collectanea*, Vol. iv.) of the libraries belonging to them. They seldom contained more than forty or fifty volumes, and these generally consisted of copies of the Gospels, and other portions of scripture, with postils or glosses, extracts from the Fathers, and legends of the Saints. There is no reason to suppose that the libraries of religious houses in Scotland were more ample or valuable than those of England. In an inventory of the effects belonging to the cathedral church of Glasgow, which is preserved in the *Charterulary* of that See, scarcely any books are mentioned but such as were necessary to the different Priests and Chaplains who officiated in it. In the church of St. Mary and St. Michael, at Stirling, there were only copies of the Gospels, Epistles, and Psalms, with a few Missals, Breviaries, and Processionals, (See the App. to Birrell's *Diary*.) Nor do the libraries of individuals seem to have been richly furnished. Willock, one of the earliest and most learned preachers among the Reformers, in a sermon which he delivered at Ayr, some time in 1559, had alleged *Irenæus*, *Chrysostom*, *Hilarius*, *Origen*, and *Tertullian*, as all condemning the service of the mass. *Quintin Kennedy*, Abbot of *Crossraguel*, in speaking of this sermon, charges *Willock* with having alleged these

Fathers from a belief that their works were not to be found in Scotland, and that he might avail himself of their authority, without fear of question or contradiction. But the charge, how disingenuous soever it may have been, may serve to shew that theological books were not at that time common in the country. *Kennedy*, indeed, in his letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, (see *Keith's App.* p. 193,) says, that he had by him "all the *Doctoris Willock* had alleget, and diverse uthors." But *Kennedy* was one of the most learned and wealthy among the Popish Clergy, and it is probable that few of his contemporaries were so well furnished with books. A catalogue of the library belonging to one of the Bishops has come down to us: And these desultory notices of the state of theological learning, (which have been brought forward, not to palliate the excesses of the Reformers, but merely to mitigate the exaggerations of their enemies,) may be concluded with a copy of it. *Robert Maxwell* was Bishop of Orkney in 1526, and probably for some time afterwards. His see certainly was not one of the richest; but from his adding to the cathedral, and entertaining King James V. in his progress through the Scottish Isles, he seems to have been wealthy and munificent. He was of the ancient family of *Nether Pollock*, and as he had been Rector of *Tarbolton*, and Provost of the Collegiate Church of *Dumbarton*, before he was promoted to the Bishopric of Orkney, his library was probably as well furnished as those of many other Bishops at the time. The following extract is taken from an inventory of his effects:

"The names of ye bukis." "Item ane prent pontificall, ane small text of ane pontificall; item, ane auld written pontificall; item, *Seculinorum Scriptura*; *Cathena Aurea Sancti Thomæ*; item, *Psalterium cum Commento Edwardi Episcopi*; *Biblia* in pergameno scripta; ane Ingliſſe buke of *Gower*\*; ane Ingliſſe buke of ye *Histories of Saintis* liffis and stories of ye Bible; item ye *Cornakillis*†."

\* This may have been "The *Confessio Amantis*," by *Gower*, a favourite work with *Henry VIII.*

† Probably some extracts from the *Chronicles of Scotland*.



## Walks in Edinburgh,

BY DICK PEPPERMINT.

### Walk I.

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl."—*Milton.*

THERE's something glorious in a summer's morn,  
When the great Sun, even like a potent

god,  
Remounts his throne; the brilliant stars

are shorn  
Of beams, as he ascends his heavenly

road,  
The Moon turns pale, like Beauty in de-

cay,  
Serenely fading in life's radiant May.

And, lo, the beautiful and opening flowers  
Shake the big dew-drops from their

night-bent heads,  
To meet the breeze that, whispering

through the howers,  
Comes to salute them on their grassy

beds—  
Like children waking on the mother's

breast,  
To share the purest kiss that e'er was

kiss'd!

And, hark! the birds are stirring in the

tree;  
The deep-toned mavis makes the woods

rejoice;  
The linnet trills his gentler minstrelsy;

The wood-dove wakes his sad pathetic

voice;  
And to the air the buoyant lark is given,

As if a messenger from earth to heaven.

And, lo, the cot sends forth its curling

smoke;  
The early hind already is astir,

And she with whom he bears the nuptial

yoke  
So light and sweet—fondly he kisses

her,  
Kisses his lovely sleeping babes—and then

Bids God protect them till he come

again.

And, hark! the shepherd's voice is on the

hill,  
The milk-maid's song within the wil-

low'd vale;  
The wild-bee's hum, along the flower-

bank'd rill,  
Is heard amid the pauses of the gale,

And insects, dancing in the sunny ray,  
Tell us of lives that quickly pass away!

And, lo, the ploughman, whistling 'mid  
his joy,

Binds to the daily yoke his sprightly

team;  
And merry hay-makers, man, maid, and

boy,  
Hie to the mead that lies along the

stream,  
Raising a song of blissful gladness born—

There's something glorious in a summer's

morn.

But hold, my muse; it was not my in-

tention  
To paint the scenery of pastoral hills

Or rural dales—I only meant to mention  
The morning calm that so serenely

fills  
A mighty city, even the great Dunedin,

In which I lately popp'd my country head  
in.

It was a morn of June—delightful June!  
When every summer flower is in its

prime,  
When every summer songster is in tune,

When vallies promise a blithe harvest-

time,  
When fruitful kine are lowing on each

plain—  
By Heavens! I'm at the country once

again.

It was a morn of June, as I have said,

And I arose, though devilish fond of

sleeping,  
At least of dreaming, on my lonely bed,

Of things that often turn my heart to

weeping—  
Of days that have been—lovely days!—

and friends  
That now repose where life's short jour-

ney ends.

The clock struck three as I put on my

hat,  
Unlock'd the door, and stepp'd into

the street,  
Where I expected, though I guess'd not

what,  
Some curious scenes that I could scarce-

ly meet  
When it was trampled by the busy crowd,  
So vain and selfish, ignorant and loud.

I wander'd through each lane, and street,  
and square,  
But all was silent—nothing there ap-  
pear'd,  
Save drowsy watchmen, with a stupid  
air,  
Calling the watchword that they scarce-  
ly heard ;  
And busy cinder-wives, poor, dirty souls !  
Scraping among the ghosts of Lothian  
coals,—

Scraping, in hopes to find a brooch or ring ;  
For they knew better than old *Æsop's*  
cock,  
That would have gladly ta'en for such a  
thing  
A single grain of barley,—no great  
stock ;  
But they prefer'd the metal, cunning  
elves !  
For which so many thousands damn  
themselves.

A brooch, a ring, each a delightful word !  
They speak to me of promis'd days of  
bliss ;—  
The ring that I may put on hand ador'd,  
That in its pressure is so sweet to  
press ;  
The brooch that I may fix upon the  
breast  
That loves me dearly, and that I love best.

Ay, woman's hand is the endearing pledge  
Of all that Heav'n hath promis'd man  
below ;  
And who with such a treasure e'er would  
grudge  
To meet the buffetings of care and woe,  
The blast of calumny, the scorn of pride,  
And all this wicked world can send be-  
side ?

And woman's heart is like the hidden  
spring  
That sends its stream along the flow'ry  
plain ;  
And, oh ! when clouds of sorrow o'er us  
fling  
Their sable folds, when storms of an-  
guish reign  
In our dark breasts, one draught from  
that pure rill  
Can clear our sky, and bid our hearts be  
still.

O, woman ! thou art every thing to me,—  
My hope, my joy, my love, my very  
life ;  
I owe so much of all my bliss to thee,  
That I could almost kiss that cinder-  
wife  
Now stooping near me, with a face and  
hand  
As black as if she came from Negro-land.

Away such nonsense ! Here's a hand-  
some door,—  
I'll go and read the name,—an Advo-  
cate !

Ha, man of many words ! thy noise is  
o'er,  
But what a pity for so short a date !  
Yet thou art sleeping, as I may suppose,  
With thy loud tongue less loud now than  
thy nose.

Sleep on—I really do not see the use  
Of going round about the bush and  
round,  
With vain circumlocution so profuse  
Of tropes and figures of an empty  
sound,  
And tricks of eloquence—if so we may  
Call thy long speeches measur'd by the  
day.

A few plain words are quite enough, I'm  
sure,  
Enough for Judge, enough for client  
too :  
The client, Lord ! how long he must  
endure  
A seat of thorns, while, self-delighted,  
you  
Are pouring forth your eloquence ! Sleep  
on,  
And wake not till folks get their business  
done.

Another handsome door—a W. S. !  
O Heaven forgive me ! I have done  
much wrong ;  
An Advocate's an angel, I confess,  
Compar'd with this man, any of the  
throng  
Of his vile tribe, who, like a spider, roll  
Their webs o'er many a human fly—poor  
soul !

I hate all things that mind me of this  
hive  
Of wasps, that sip the sweets they have  
no right to ;  
Especially the wretch who plucks alive  
Poor geese, and makes them such a  
devilish fright too ;  
For though it may the housewife's store  
increase,  
They talk about, the very ghosts of  
geese.

Sleep on, for Heaven's sake ! perchance,  
thou dreamest  
Of heavy fees, those very serious evils ;  
Then dream, for Heaven's sake ! not  
what thou scheme'st,  
But let it be of fire-eyed gaping devils,  
And spectred clients starting from the  
grave  
To bid thee crave God's mercy—Godsake  
crave !

Ah ! who comes next ? a Doctor !—fearful leech !

I dare not look upon thy handsome door ;

It seems to me the gate of death—the beach

From which I hear the furious billows roar

Their awful threatening, as they come to sweep

My spirit down to the eternal deep.

Pray why do Doctors clothe themselves in sable,

And at their entrance frighten nervous people,

Who, trembling, think, even at a sumptuous table,

Of the dark church-yard, and the grey church steeple ?

Their garment should be green, for it bespeaks

Bright suns, and brilliant flowers, and blooming cheeks.

Sleep on, dear Doctor ! if thou still art sleeping,

And dream—O dream most hideously of those

Deserted creatures thou hast given to weeping,

By giving others an unconscious doze ! O dream ! and when thou wakest in the morning,

Fix on thy heart the visionary warning.

But let me look again—O Mistress Blank !

I know she has a very lovely daughter ;

Even like a wild-flower growing on a bank,  
That dips its fringes in the passing water,

She bathes her spirit in her mother's sorrows,

And from her tears redoubled beauty borrows.

Sleep on, sweet girl ! and in thy visions meet

With him thou lovest, for a heart like thine,

So exquisitely tender, cannot beat

In utter loneliness, it must entwine

Its pliant feelings round some favourite one,

As ivy tendrils up the oak-tree run.

O may'st thou meet him in thy slumbers now,

Beneath some hawthorn, where the streamlet flows,

And from him hear the sweet and solemn vow

That gives thy spirit comfort and repose—

That speaks of all thy pleasures yet to come,

When thou shalt dwell in his connubial home.

But, lo, while thus I step from door to door

In search of food for thought—a singular way,

The death-like calmness of the streets is o'er,

And solitude, like slumber, melts away ;

For folks, like owls, are peeping from the windows

To see what clouds appear, what way the wind blows.

But these are poor folks—who the devil cares

For them ?—they are unworthy of my numbers ;

'Tis he, and he alone, my song that shares,  
Who on a downy pillow softly slumbers ;

For poets always were a venal crew,  
And what's the cause I should not be so too ?

Ay, these are poor folks—let them toil and strive,

Till sweat shall burst from every burning pore,

To keep themselves and little babes alive,  
To keep themselves alive—but nothing more ;

For they are link'd unto the brute creation,  
But do not seem so well to know their station.

The ass is never fond of costly food,  
The dog desires not any splendid garb,

The horse ne'er dances in his happiest mood,

Except, perhaps, some dandy's prancing barb ;

But they, impertinent wretches ! must possess

The art of dancing, dainty food, and dress,

And books, too—books ! for they must learn to think,

And speak, and act, even like a high-born creature ;

And thus—presumption !—try to break the link

Of rank ordain'd by all-creative Nature.

What ! make the pig a post-horse, and a cow

A lap-dog for a lady !—tell me how,

Go, shut them up in some dark cellar, there

To spin and weave, to hackle and to sew ;

Although they never breathe the blessed air,—

Although the sun his face may never shew ;

What right have they to leisure or enjoyment ?

What ! damn them ! let them stick to their employment.



Are these *my* sentiments? no, they are not;

They are the thoughts, however, of a class

Of weak Aristocrats, to whose blest lot  
Have fall'n large property,—a face of brass,—

A heart of adamant,—a giddy brain,  
Resembling much a steeple's whirling vane.

*My* sentiments! no, I abjure them; let  
My fingers wither as they sweep the string

Of my wild harp, and may my tongue be met

With everlasting silence, when I sing  
Folly, though glitt'ring in a golden vest,  
Or worth despise, in homely garments drest.

Despise the poor! pray, what was Robert Burns?

A bard whose high enthusiastic lyre  
Not even the mightiest of his nation spurns,

To which the mightiest may not even aspire:

Pray, what was William Tell? a spirit high,

That rous'd a nation for its liberty.

Despise the poor! no, I respect them; lo;  
What useful creatures swarm on every hand,

On to their occupations as they go,  
With cheerful faces, and with spirits bland;

And still the rich are sleeping on and on,—

The hive of mortals never kill a drone!

There goes the sutor to his little stall,  
That scarce could hold a hen and twelve young chickens;

And yet he looks how happy-like withal!  
The world may scorn him, but his heart ne'er sickens;

He holds his blacken'd thumb a brighter laurel

Than that for which contending tyrants quarrel.

There hies the weaver to his web and loom,

And whistles cheerily as on he hies;  
And though he tenant but a garret-room,  
His busy hand each family want supplies:

'Tis not the case with many a luckless fellow

Who weaves his verse in place of thin prunello.

There goes the mason, blessed be his art!  
Without him, what were even Dunedin now?

A valley travers'd by the plough and cart,—

A green hill pastur'd by the sheep and cow;

Yea, blessed be his art! without his toil,  
We might, like rabbits, burrow in the soil.

There hies the joiner, with his many tools;  
Though hard his labour, how the lad is laughing!

And still his merriment of heart ne'er cools,

Though hastening on his way to make a coffin

To some poor wretch; well, coffins must be made,

And sextons ply the mattock and the spade.

Now all the world is busy,—the world all,—

For thou, Dunedin, art the world to me:

The scavenger toils with his besom tall;  
The dust-cart bell toils with peculiar glee;

The chamber-maid is busy with her mop;  
The sweep is busy on the chimney-top.

But now behold the baker with his rolls,  
And now behold the milk-girl with her pails,

And, hark! Saint Giles the merry eighth hour tolls,

And, hark! the cook-maid at the low-door rails;

For breakfast is a-coming, eggs and ham,  
And all that Scottish people love to cram.

The drones will soon be up, both young and old,

Both male and female, beautiful and ugly,

Who, while poor wretches bear the heat and cold,

And weariness and hunger, fare most snugly:

How sweet—save 'mong the bees who fall upon

Such idle creatures—'tis to be a drone!

Why speak I thus? for almost every drone

Has left this busy and tumultuous hive,  
And in their castles wild of mountain-stone,

Dream of the day when they shall nobly strive

Who shall the grouse most numerous destroy;

Lord! who can say that drones have no employ?

But hunger, as Miss Edgeworth often says,  
Obtrudes upon our transport and our woe;

And even though lit by Fancy's heav'nly  
 rays  
 To wander far beyond this world be-  
 low  
 In spiritual existence, we must come—  
 O, shocking exigence ! and dine at home.

And even when we luxuriate in our grief,  
 When parted kindred leave us in the  
 gloom,  
 When no sweet hope shines to our heart's  
 relief,  
 And comfort seems but for us in the  
 tomb ;

Yet hunger comes amid the mental strife,  
 And makes us cling to this terrestrial life.

So I, though meditating lofty themes,  
 Even chimney-sweeps, and ginder-  
 wives, and doors,

And scavengers, and ashes-carts, and  
 dreams,  
 And maids, and advocates, and scribes,  
 and boors,  
 Must leave my flight, on this delightful  
 morn,  
 And, like a horse, regale myself with  
 corn\*.

And now, my reader, though thou ne'er  
 may'st see  
 My countenance, nor shake my hand,  
 nor hear

An accent from my lips, yet I to thee  
 Shall sing again, if that my strains be  
 dear ;

And so, to quote from John Home's tra-  
 gic song,

" Farewell a while, I will not leave you  
 long !"

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BARCLAY DRUMMOND ; OR, MEMOIRS OF AN EXILE.

Few men, not even excepting exiles, are so destitute of self-love as to believe that no one takes an interest in their fate, or would not be moved by the story of their wrongs and misfortunes. I am not superior to the influence of a feeling so general, nor am I willing that my bones should moulder in a foreign land, unhallowed by a single tear of regret ; or that, when my shattered, war-worn frame is consigned to the earth, my name should altogether perish in the memory of those among whom I spent the innocent and happy days of my youth. I have, therefore, resolved to commit to writing a few particulars of my " strange eventful history," in the hope that, when I am no more, they will fall into some friendly hand, by whom they will be conveyed to *her* (if she yet lives) whose name will appear at the close of this narrative, and who, if time and chance, which happen to all, have not cooled a heart that once glowed with every pure and generous affection, will hardly refuse a tear to the memory of him she once loved with all the fervent and uncalculating sincerity of youthful enthusiasm. Had the day shone as the morning dawned, and had the early promise of my life not been belied by the subsequent stern reality, my Lousia would not, self-devoted and self-sacrificed, have

" wasted her sweetness on the desert air ;" nor would the grey hairs of my virtuous and venerable parents have descended in sorrow to the grave. But there is a tide in the affairs of men. Taken at the summit, it leads on to fortune ; but woe be to him who is caught in the strength of its ebbing current ! In vain he struggles with the destiny that hurries him on. An accident, next to a miracle, may save him from utter and final destruction ; he may not be engulfed at the moment when he gives up all for lost, and resigns himself to the unutterable agonies of despair ; in his death-grasp he may catch some reed of momentary safety, and hope, which had fled, may return ; but the illusion is fleeting and unreal ; his doom is written, his destiny is sealed, his cup is mingled—and he must drain it to the dregs.

Call it by what name you will, there is a presiding influence which all men, in all their actions, and even in all their thoughts, obey. Unconscious of its existence in individual actions or volitions, we discover it plainly and undeniably in the general result ; just as we determine the progress of the index of the chronometer, or of the shadow on the dial-plate. Every thing tends to confirm this view of human actions, and, by consequence, of human affairs. Things apparently the most anoma-

lous, observe a general law; the proportion between the numbers of the sexes, for example. Is the mind of man an exception to a rule to which no other exception has yet been discovered? If it be material, as some would have us believe, then it must acknowledge the laws to which matter is subjected; if it be immaterial, which is negative, or spiritual, which, by the received usage of language, gives us an idea of something *different* from matter, then it must be under the influence of the laws peculiar to that *something* to which it belongs. But whatever acts according to a general rule or law, acts necessarily; in other words, its actions are so many effects of causes, which, whether known or unknown, must have an existence. Admit that we cannot determine the *nature* of those causes: what then? We cannot define in what gravitation consists, but who doubts its existence? We are in utter ignorance of the power which affects the magnet, as we are of the affinity which subsists between that power, and electricity, galvanism, and light; but the affinity itself is matter of observation. It is just so with human actions and human affairs. There is only one course which they can take, and that course they pursue. Look to the career of Napoleon: examine the circumstances which contributed to his rise, and those which brought about and accelerated his fall. Being what he was, could he have acted otherwise than he did, or experienced a different fate? I hold that he could not. Like Hannibal, he reached the highest pinnacle of military glory; like him, he tasted the bitterness of disaster and defeat; like him, also, he fell a victim to the inextinguishable hatred of an enemy, who, though victorious, trembled at the terrors of his name. That master-spirit, which so long held the world in awe, is now quenched; but he obeyed his destiny, and future ages will find that he has not lived in vain. It may perhaps be forgiven to one, who has seen him in the court, and in the camp, in battle, in victory, in retreat,—at the head of his invincible legions (*invincible*, I say, because they were overthrown by the hand, not of man, but God) bearing down with irresistible

impetuosity the forces of his enemies, “and the last single captive to millions in war,” to pronounce an unavailing *requiescat in pace* to his far-distant ashes, and to atone for the irreverence of dragging his name into an idle page, by this passing tribute to a name that can never die.

I have the honour to be descended from a collateral branch of an ancient and honourable family, distinguished alike for the part it acted in public affairs while Scotland was an independent kingdom, and for having sacrificed its all to re-conquer what the Union had destroyed. The cruel proscription, which drove so many brave men into exile, and reduced their families to want and beggary, deprived me also of the little patrimony to which I should otherwise have succeeded. It therefore became necessary that I should be brought up to some profession; and, for reasons which I have never been altogether able to comprehend, the church was fixed upon. With a view to this, I was, at the age of sixteen, sent to study at St. Andrew's. Being naturally of a contemplative and studious, though, at the same time, ardent and enthusiastic disposition, my progress here was such as to give entire satisfaction to my masters, and to fill my father, who literally doted on me, with the utmost exultation. Every letter he received contained some eulogy on his son, and added to the joy of the old man's heart; while his kindness to me, always somewhat excessive, increased in a ten-fold degree, in consequence of the diligence and success with which I prosecuted my studies. My wants were liberally supplied, my wishes anticipated; and had I been apt to give way to extravagance, I was not without the temptation to do so. No kind or form of dissipation, however, had any charms for me. I have, all my life, had a thorough contempt for persons who find any gratification in riot and intemperance; and I was yet happily a stranger to those vices, in the indulgence of which fortunes may be squandered, without impairing the health or ruining the constitution. Besides, what money I received from my father I considered a sacred trust, set apart for a particular purpose: I



knew the good man had stinted himself of many of the little comforts to which, from his youth up, he had been accustomed, in order to meet the expenditure of my education ; while the unsuspecting and unlimited confidence he reposed in me, the care with which he constantly avoided the least allusion to pecuniary matters, even when I sought for opportunities to render him an account of my disbursements, and the general delicacy of his conduct in concealing from me the difficulties he had to contend with in raising, at the commencement of every session, the necessary supplies, formed altogether so powerful an appeal to every honourable and manly principle in my nature, that I should have regarded myself as the veriest wretch that ever lived, had I suffered myself to sin against so much goodness.

Having completed my course of philosophy, I entered, as a matter of course, on the study of theology ; and seeing my father bent on transforming me into a parson, I gave as much attention to the subject as I possibly could command, and, by tasking myself to a regular course and quantum of reading, endeavoured to acquire a competent knowledge of the endless controversies in which every part of scholastic divinity is unhappily involved. By a rigid prosecution of this scheme, I hoped at once to remove some ugly doubts which had long ere this taken possession of my mind in regard to certain parts of the Christian system, and to conquer the repugnance I felt, both to the study itself, and to the profession for which it was to qualify. My efforts were, however, vain ; I found myself entangled in the mazes of a labyrinth through which I could find no thread to guide my steps. The darkness of scepticism thickened fast around my head. In such a state of painful bewilderment, the mind, oppressed and sinking under the exhaustion of uncertainty, has only two resources—infidelity, or an infallible church. I chose the former ; and, from that moment, resolved, that I would avail myself of the very earliest opportunity to communicate to my father the change which had taken place in my sentiments, and to adjure him to suffer me to abandon a

profession which I could no longer pursue without infamy and dishonour. I am told, that every church contains many secret infidels in her bosom ; but this I am inclined to regard as a base and malicious calumny. The man who, with sentiments and opinions akin to those which, at the period in question, unhappily took such firm hold of my mind, continues in a profession which obliges him every moment to give the lie to his own heart, and obtrudes the conviction of systematic perjury and hypocrisy, is as great a monster in the moral world, as centaurs, hippogriffs, and hybrids, are in the natural ; and I am disposed to reject, with equal conviction, the existence of both. Now, however, that I have returned “to the better way,” and that the dark cloud which once settled over my mind has been, in a great measure, dispelled, I can declare, with perfect sincerity, that the doubt which made shipwreck of my faith was involuntary ; that it bore in upon my mind in consequence of an intellectual infirmity, of which I am intensely conscious, though I cannot at this moment give it a name ; and that, had the secret of my heart been known, even to the most stern and orthodox believer, he would have considered me as an object of pity rather than of blame, and as the victim of a morbid affection of mind, incompatible with moral responsibility.

My resolution was, as I have already said, taken to communicate the altered state of my opinions to my father. The discovery, I well knew, would come upon him like a clap of thunder, and I trembled for the consequences which might ensue from the shock he would receive. Though a staunch Jacobite, he was also warmly attached to the Presbyterian religion ; two things which may seem incompatible to some modern Tories. The fact was, however, his Jacobitism was of a mild and modified kind. No man was more alive than he to the probable dangers which might have resulted to religion, had the family of Stuart re-ascended the throne ; but, then, he was willing to run all hazards, and trust to the force of circumstances and the spirit of the age for ensuring the necessary guarantees, in or-

der that Scotland—his beloved Scotland—might regain, in some measure, its independence. The act of Union, by which that independence had been destroyed, he was never weary of execrating. “Before that fatal event,” he used to say, “gentlemen of small incomes, but honourable families, possessed both rank and political consequence, as their fathers had done before them; their interests were fairly and fully represented in the Great Council of the Nation, to a seat in which, at some period or other of his life, every such person might aspire; the *perservidum ingenium Scotorum* was not yet corrupted by English gold, nor broken and oppressed by English influence; our political and civil rights were nearly entire, because our admirable system of law was uninvaded; our countrymen were respected abroad, because they were respectable at home, and had not yet learned the advantages of servility, because they had hitherto been strangers to subjection. No sooner, however, had the liberties of the country been bartered and higgled away by a parcel of titled miscreants, whom the ‘curses, not loud, but deep,’ of centuries to come, will not load with merited infamy, and whose names will be coupled, in the pages of history, with the indelible stigma, *Vendiderunt hi auro patriam*, than a death-shade overspread the land, and blighted the energies of the people. In lieu of our ancient Convention of Estates, the Commons of Scotland were graciously allowed to send up to London forty-five representatives, (an ominous number!) and the peerage fifteen; in return for which gracious concessions, we received English tax-gatherers, and the English law of treason. Nothing is more common,” my father would add, “than to hear grave men, and even grave historians, descant on the advantages which have resulted to Scotland from this infamous barter of her independence; but, for my part, I never could find out in what these advantages consisted, unless the circumstance of our being flung into the greedy maw of a powerful, jealous, and ambitious neighbour, be considered as such. For half a century posterior to the Union, Scotland

continued in a state of suspended animation; and if she has since aroused herself, and started forward in the career of improvement, that has not been owing to, but in spite of the connection with England. The curse of their country,” he would exclaim, “will lie heavy on the descendants of those who betrayed her; and sooner shall the name of Campbell be disjoined from the remembrance of Glenco, and that of the butcherly Cumberland from the atrocities that followed the disaster of Culloden, than the names of these men be exempted from the maledictions of an injured people, and from the retribution of infamy, which they have so well earned.” Such being my father’s sentiments on politics, it will hardly excite surprise, that, though a staunch, but not a sour Presbyterian, he should have indulged in a sort of romantic and unique Jacobitism peculiar to himself, and that, with all the honest and blunt sincerity of his character, he should have wished well to a cause, which, had it succeeded, might have endangered the religious system to which he was attached, without effecting that alteration in the political state of his country, for the accomplishment of which, I am satisfied, that he would at any time have been ready to sacrifice his life.

He was spared the pang he must have received from hearing his son declare that he disbelieved the religion of his fathers; but it was only to bleed from a deeper, and, if possible, more envenomed wound. About this time, the French Revolution, yet in its earliest stage, had attracted the attention of all Europe, and excited a powerful sympathy with the actors in that mighty drama. Levelling principles were spreading in all directions like a muir-burn, and every thing seemed to prognosticate the approach of a death-struggle between the partizans of old ricketty institutions, and the myriads who had caught the democratical infection, and, with one voice, called for the assimilation of their government to that which had been organised in France. Numerous and widely-ramified combinations were formed, for the purpose of giving consistency and force to the expression of the pub-



lic sentiment ; and it is not now matter of doubt, that, in many of these associations, designs of a more daring character, were broached and discussed. A little acquainted with books, but utterly ignorant of the world, and never dreaming that there were such offences defined and punishable by the law of Scotland as lesing-making and sedition, I, in conjunction with many others of far greater experience and higher attainments, suffered myself to be betrayed into very loud and unqualified approbation of what had been transacted in France, and declaimed with the utmost vehemence and enthusiasm against the inveterate and incurable abuses of all existing Governments, especially that of Britain. This naturally drew down on me the heavy brows of the Professors, and particularly of the very reverend gentleman then Principal of St. Mary's ; for no new opinion, good or bad, ever finds its way within the walls of a college, and the learned luminaries that haunt its cloisters seldom admit a dogma till it has stood the test of a century. The remonstrances of these venerable worshippers of the antique were, however, of no avail. I ascribed the clamour, with which they assailed *liberal opinions*, to a desire to please the powers that be, and sagely concluded, that, in their hearts, they were as sturdy democrats as myself. I did not then know, that the selfish have no principle but their selfishness, and that they are never chargeable with hypocrisy except when they pretend to act in opposition to their interest.

But let me not be guilty of injustice, though, from the hands of men, I have received little else. My conduct had been all along so irreproachable, and my attainments as a scholar were considered so respectable, that I am satisfied they not only wished me well, but foresaw the abyss into which I would plunge myself, by associating with desperate men, who, come what would, had nothing to hazard but their ignoble blood, should the Government be disposed to spill it ; and that their remonstrances proceeded from personal kindness to myself, as well as from what they considered to be their duty. And had they only thought fit to combine

the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, I have no doubt that their admonitions would have saved me from the precipice to which I was fast approaching, and that I should not now be inditing these painful reminiscences in the land of the stranger. They raved, bullied, talked of expulsion *sine spe redeundi*, abused the French, and all who had imbibed French principles, as they called them, and threatened to apprise my father of the dreadful heresy into which his son had fallen. This was enough. I am descended of a race who have never brooked menace and intimidation, and I had rather more than my own share of this hereditary infirmity. So I was content to be ruined, that I might not be dragooned into what was clearly for my good.

The curse which attends all admonition, administered by inferior minds, invested with a little brief authority, is, that it is of kin to tyranny : your admonisher puts on his important and serious physiognomy, delivers himself of his reproof with a sort of insolent and domineering self-complacency, and inwardly chuckles with the conscious superiority which he is called upon to exercise, and which he has no objection to impress at least as deeply on the mind of the offender as the substance of his weighty and imposing lecture : in short, you are insulted, in order that you may be convinced. The inevitable result is, that you place yourself on the defensive, and feel an irrepressible desire to return blow for blow. You may acknowledge the force of reasonable, calm, and prudential expostulation ; but you recoil with indignant aversion from the oracular imbecility and impertinence of mere authority, sustained only by the conceit and insolence which it so naturally engenders in the lower orders of intellect. I shall never forget the port and demeanour of the pompous blustering bully who then held the respectable office of Principal. He had frequently professed the greatest kindness for me, and had more than once taken an opportunity to assure me that he would be happy to do me a favour for my father's sake. For this prospective sort of patronage I was, no doubt, his debtor,



and felt becoming gratitude; but the truth was, that the worthy Principal's own credit and influence had long been on the wane, and that he had nothing in his power. However, as I never intended to put his friendship to the test, and as my family connections were such as to secure me against the humiliation of being in any respect obliged to him, I was content to have my claims, such as they were, to his peculiar grace and favour, liquidated in the currency which he had, for twenty years by-gone, been in the habit of circulating. With a perfect knowledge of his character, which was that of a Turkish pasha (of I do not know how many tails) on a small scale, and with a profound contempt for every thing about him but his office, I was summoned before him.

On entering his apartment, I found him seated at a writing-desk, somewhat similar to that you occasionally see in the offices of country attornies, and surrounded with atlases and treatises on ancient and modern geography, a science which, if his friends and admirers "might be in aught believed," he was destined to immortalize himself by systematizing and illustrating. "Be seated, Mr Drummond," said the great man, in a voice as deep and hollow as if it had been belched from the entrails of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*. I bowed, and took my seat as directed. An awful pause of preparation now succeeded. The mountain was in labour, and I calmly awaited the act of parturition. After many throes and heavings, the crisis at last came. "Mr Drummond,—Mr Barclay Drummond!—I tell you, Sir, you have forfeited every claim to my favour and patronage," exclaimed this reverend *Hercules furens*, striking on the hollow board before him with his clenched fist, and looking at me with a pair of eyes like those of a hungry wolf. I was prepared for the encounter, and calmly replied, that I

felt deeply the misfortune of having incurred his displeasure; that it was a matter of unfeigned regret to me that I had not been able to adjust my opinions to his taste; that, nevertheless, I had not been able to discover what possible right he or any man could have to controul my opinions, which were my own; and that it would have been time enough to refuse me a favour when I stooped to ask it. The latter part of this reply seemed to throw him quite off his balance; it was telling him to his teeth that I despised him. His face swelled with sudden rage,—his eyeballs became fixed in their sockets,—he stared at me for a moment with a look of desperate, yet imbecile ferocity;—and then the storm burst! "Sir, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hanged as a traitor." "Not if I can help it, Principal." "Friends of the People, quotha!—friends of the devil." "There, Principal, we may claim kindred with you, though your connection is of longer standing." "You are a villain, Sir,—an insolent villain." "I should be sorry, Principal, under your own roof, to reply to such language as it deserves; it can only dishonour him by whom it is uttered; but permit me to tell you, since you provoke it, that if I am a villain, I am not a hoary villain,—concealing the most degrading vices under the mask of hypocritical sanctity, and thundering forth damnation against the conduct of others, that the eye of public observation and censure may be turned aside from my own. And, as to insolence, a man who shows no respect for the feelings of others, must lay his account with some occasional trespasses on his own." "Leave my house, Sir, instantly," roared out this bull of Bashan. I assured him he never in his life issued an order which would meet with more prompt obedience; so, rising slowly from my seat, and making a profound reverence, I withdrew.

(To be continued.)

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 THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.
 

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The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.—*Shakespeare.*

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It is always interesting to contemplate the various subdivisions which distinguish a highly-cultivated community. Taking out of consideration those factitious distinctions which are only incidental to civilization in some of its several stages of progression, a society which has emerged from the depth of barbarism is necessarily divided into two principal classes—the possessors, whether, by inheritance or otherwise, of sufficient property to render them independent of personal labour; and, secondly, that larger portion whose destiny is apparently less happy. Of the latter, a small part are generally, in consequence of their connection with the first class, enabled, by the force of a superior education, and other advantages, to pursue the more honourable and alluring professions, while the remainder are left to grope their way through the less-inviting paths of life. Of such of these last, who are compelled to drudge in the lower duties of trade, or of manual labour, it is not my intention to speak in the course of this paper, which, although commenced with so broad a view of the great social family, has reference to a particular subject: my strictures will be chiefly applicable to a middle set—to the men whose education has been far from despicable, but who have been unable to crowd into the learned professions. These are employed in various ways, and principally as assistants to the more fortunate ranks, and they may be distinguished as being either the retainers of the public, of large trading or joint-stock companies, or of private individuals.

To this class must, I think, almost exclusively attach the stigma of the poet as practisers of the *insolence of office*; and with most force to such of the *genus* who are in possession of public employments. It is but just, however, to separate the innocent from the guilty, and, as the

only legitimate object of appeals to the press is the correction of abuses which are beyond the reach of ordinary punishment, to fix, with scrupulous precision, the blame upon the proper individuals. Among the holders of office, men of independent property frequently possess the highest seats: these are candidates for renown and the fashionable distinctions of the day, and in the elation of heart consequent upon gratified ambition, are seldom *insolent* in the exercise of their exalted functions. On the other hand, the lowest ranks, the individuals of which are, as usual, the most numerous, are generally plodding for their daily bread, or exerting themselves in securing an inadequate provision for their families: they are too humble to be insolent, insolence being the attendant only of mistaken and low-minded pride; and are so far from being comprehended in the number of the dispensers of official insolence, that they are themselves the chief objects of the contumely and oppression of the guilty persons. The truly-guilty are the upper, not the highest or the lowest, servants of the public;—they are to be found among the comptrollers, the commissioners, the secretaries of boards, and sometimes the superior clerks of office. Of course, there are exceptions even among these; some few (*sed rara aves, &c.*) owe their situations to real merit, and possess minds of too generous a character to admit the low and vulgar feelings which our censure implies. But the principal part have made their way to fifteen hundred, or two or three thousand per annum, by means, and the usual aid of opportune occurrences, in which personal worth had the least share; and the conduct of these self-important persons towards their less-fortunate fellow-labourers is, as far as they dare, (and there unhappily exist but few checks upon the play

of their natural tempers,) almost universally marked by unwarrantable haughtiness and oppression.

A peep behind the scenes, engrossed by these inflated demi-gods, would lay open to our astonished view a system of partiality and oppression, of whose existence the public is altogether ignorant. But the heroes move, unhappily, within the shaded precincts of that ambiguous circle into which the public interest does not penetrate: the mighty men have their world to themselves—important, indeed, in their own narrow minds, but little known or cared for by the rest of the creation. We are deterred, therefore, from entering into minute details of their conduct or concerns; and one or two rapidly-sketched specimens of the sort of being alluded to will perhaps be sufficient for our purpose. Not to extend our view over a space unnecessarily wide, one source may serve us for each of our drafts: let us select one of the principal of the public departments, and, to avoid being too particular, which is the vice of satire, content ourselves with pointing it out to the reader acquainted with official details, as being precisely the one which is glaringly the worst-regulated of the whole.

About twenty years ago, the affairs of this office were, if possible, still worse managed than they are now; persons without any capacity at all had, in the necessary operation of a corrupt system, intruded into it, inasmuch that the ordinary routine of business became at length impeded. A complete change of the people was out of the question: the public is only, on extraordinary occasions, allowed to hire adult or efficient servants—they must be taken from the boarding-schools, and, after a service of ten or twelve years, chance must decide whether they are to become useful retainers, or only life-charges upon the revenues of their country. The only attainable cure for the evil, therefore, was to introduce an extra workman, sufficiently experienced in business to enable him to undertake (as he might in fact easily do) the most material duties of twenty or thirty loungers, whose inefficiency was perhaps originally attributable

to their excessive numbers. Anthropolagrus, a lawyer, was chosen, and a lucrative post created for his especial provision. It soon afterwards appeared, that it was no part of this gentleman's system to serve the public effectually, by attempting to re-model an establishment which he found in a state of peculiar derangement: he owed his place to the incapacity or laziness of the others; and to the same source he continued to look as the one most fruitful of advantage to himself. The old clerks were encouraged in their love of sinecure emoluments,—vacancies, as they occurred, were pretty generally filled by his relatives and dependents, who, as far as their patron's influence extended, engrossed all the most profitable duties, and, in time, formed a very compact phalanx of growing commissioners, &c., whose insolence towards their companions *en bas* can only be equalled by the rapidity of their own advancement. The influence of Anthropolagrus has lately declined somewhat, owing to his inordinate rapacity. Although in the receipt of near four thousand a-year, he some time since so far practised upon the easy tempers of his superiors, who were not sufficiently aware of his interested proceedings, as to obtain the grant of a very considerable sum of public money, upon the impudent plea of a temporary extension of business—an act which led to the most vexatious inquiries, and which the united eloquence of the cabinet failed to palliate or support. It is said, that he scarcely ever appears in the presence of the *Premier* without soliciting some new favour; and that the *bore* and inconvenience are only avoided by keeping the door as much as possible closed against him.

Plumbeus is one of the fortunate retainers of this worthy placeman. Before his patron's advancement, he acted in the capacity of his under-clerk, which, in the legal line, is synonymous with footboy, &c., and since then he has been united in the holy bands of matrimony with a lady of his master's household—not a relation, nor, I believe, as some say, his cookmaid. Being gifted with a tolerable memory, and, from



corporeal constitution, considerable powers of application, he has been very serviceable in promoting the adopted system of exclusion, by elbowing out all strangers and interlopers. He is, in short, the Cerberus to this minor hell, and denies entrance to all but the ghosts of the damned, and the privileged members of the Plutean family. He has the usual vices of upstarts—low cunning, vulgarity, rudeness, slavish pliability of principles; and having, in the regular course of such an official career, become charged with the superintendence of a considerable department, the whole of these amiable qualities are at this moment in full activity. He is prompt to a degree bordering on the miraculous, in diverting every important occurrence to his own advantage, either as the means of attracting the notice of his superiors, or of seizing, as his own peculiar property, the fruits of the industry and talents of the gentlemen who are so unfortunate as to be placed under his orders: his language, when he may safely permit it to luxuriate in the ear of vulgar familiarity, would be strictly suitable to that class of society in the Western Peninsula, who, in their own significant idiom, are said to be continually “*bartos de ajos*,” his address is starched, constrained, and awkward, in the presence of the higher agents of government, and rude and insolent towards those of less official rank than himself; and he is zealous to a fault, even in the eyes of his employers, in perfecting all the petty devilries of state-craft. Such is Plumbeus—broad-shouldered, ungrammatical Plumbeus—who, by virtue of the *aforesaid* patronage, by dint of perseverance, the silent lapse of time, and the indolence of others, whose work, provided it be sufficiently profitable, he is always willing to undertake, has contrived to elevate himself into the post of the indispensable drudge of the higher powers, who, from the frequency of the practice, have at length contracted the habit of throwing, from time to time, into his mouth, (always *faithfully* open,) some rich, but, peradventure, half-picked bone, as a reward for his servile and knavish exertions.

Terræfilius is a person of a somewhat different stamp. In 1799 he entered the office in the humble capacity of an extra clerk, with a salary of five shillings per diem; at present he enjoys one of its superior posts; and he but recently relinquished his seat in the Senate, which he held for ten years. Unquestionably, the advantage of possessing talents of a very respectable order has contributed to his elevation; but he is mainly indebted to circumstances which were wholly fortuitous; and the chief defects of his character and conduct are attributable to his neglect, while estimating the extent of his acquisitions, of separating the chance-gifts of fortune from the dearer fruits of personal exertion—a mental process, no doubt calculated to act as a salutary check upon his superb spirit, and inspire into his breast some respect for his less-fortunate fellow-labourers. The “insolence of office” peculiar to this exalted personage is so much the more grating, as it is more than usually refined. It is of that species which delights less in kicks than in jumps; it prompts him to stride “proudly unobservant” over the palpable head of a passing acquaintance, with the glorious feelings of a being raised by innate merit and extraordinary accidents above the common lot of humanity. At one time numbered with the lowest, he now disdains to appear cognizant even of the existence of an order of men so widely removed from his present official rank: in spite of the evidence afforded by the experience of his own case, he affects to consider it impossible that any individual among them should possess respectable talents; he leaves them, therefore, with undisguised contempt, unpitied and unredressed, to the mercy, or rather the oppression, of *parvenus* of even less feeling than himself.

A grand era is rapidly approaching, when the petty grievance here adverted to will be swept away, together with others of greater moral importance. Tyranny is too tenacious of its prey to be wholly dislodged before the lapse of large period of time: it lurks in a thousand obscure corners, long after its over-

throw upon the more prominent ground on which it first attracted the attention and indignation of mankind. But it will finally be *effectually* suppressed; for after its discomfiture on the great public stage, every succeeding defeat within its weaker entrenchments must hasten, with tenfold force, the great catastrophe. The insolence of office must be acknowledged to be something more than an injury which affects only the feelings of the mind: it is a component part of a general system of positive wrong and oppression,—of a deprivation of right, as it affects both the happiness and fortunes of the injured party. It is never dispensed but by the vile and unfeeling,—it is never inflicted but upon the helpless victims of misdirected power. It is, therefore, of that class of evils which it is an especial effect of an advanced stage of civilization to overthrow.

Having predicted the eventual decline of a species of wrong so hard to be assailed, because so generally overlooked, we are, in conclusion, to advert to the means by which that effect is to be accomplished. The Press will take the lead in this as in other salutary improvements; but its full attainment must be preceded by a complete reformation of the mode of conducting the public business. After all the multifarious discussions upon the subject of official abuses, it is astonishing how little has in reality been hitherto done towards this end: mismanagement of the grossest kind still prevails throughout the various departments; and there has not even an approximation been made towards an enlightened system of official economy and regulation. Commissioners, comp-

trollers, secretaries,—the middle men between the great lords of office and the inferior workmen,—are still in possession of inordinate, but concealed, unobserved power: their respective departments are kept in expensive disorder, in subservience to their interested purposes; unnecessary business is designedly in constant course of accumulation; and as an inevitable consequence of a practice having its foundation in fraud and deceit, pride, partiality, and cupidity are engendered and encouraged, making altogether that complicated description of grievance denominated the “insolence of office.” Where an abuse so deteriorative of public economy still subsists, after all the bustle and parade it has from time to time created, sufficient proof is shewn of the peculiar inadequacy of the means by which it has hitherto been attempted to be destroyed. The fact is, Parliamentary inquiries, upon matters of this nature, conducted, as they too frequently are, under the controul of a machinery impervious to the public eye, are altogether fruitless of good effects, and only serve to perpetuate the old system of deception and mismanagement. But it is impossible long to delude an enlightened age by expedients as shallow as they are iniquitous: a better day must at length arrive,—one less notorious for what in vulgar parlance is called political *humbug*, more sincerely favourable to improvement; and perhaps no surer means can be devised of hastening its introduction, than frequent and seasonable appeals to the Press, which are never entirely destitute of utility, even when they appear in the slight form of desultory Essays, of which the present is a feeble and unworthy example.

YPSILON.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

Speedily will be published, an Account of the Royal Hospital and Collegiate Church of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London, by J. B. Nichols, F.S.A. F.L.S.

The Second Part of the Modern History of Wiltshire, containing the Hundred of Heytesbury, by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart. is printing.

The Czar, an historical tragedy, by J. Cradock, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. formerly of Gumley, in Leicestershire, will appear in a few days.

A Selection of the most remarkable Trials and Criminal Causes is printing, in five volumes. It will include all famous cases, from that of Lord Cobham, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, to that of John Thurtell; and those connected with foreign as well as English jurisprudence.

Shortly will be published, a Grammar of the Coptic or Ancient Egyptian Language, by the Rev H. Tattam, A.M. F.R.S.L. chaplain to the English Church at Amsterdam.

A Supplement to the London Catalogue of Books, published since October 1822 to the present time, will appear about August.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A. late fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome, from the earliest Times to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The first volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the formation of the second Triumvirate, A.U.C. 710, B.C. 44, will soon be published.

The Butterfly-Collector's Vade Mecum, or a Synoptical Table of English Butterflies, illustrated with coloured plates, in a pocket volume, is in the press.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes, uniform with the French Classics, and with an authentic portrait of M. Jouy, engraved by E. Scriven, *Le Petit Hermite*, or *Tableau des Mœurs Parisiennes*, extracted from "L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," "Le Franc-parleur," "L'Hermite de la Guiane," and "L'Hermite en Prison," with explanatory notes, and an essay on the life and writings of M. Jouy, by L. T. Ventouillac, editor of the "*Choix de Classiques Français*."

A Diagram illustrative of the Formation of the Human Character, suggested by Mr Owen's development of a new view of society, will speedily be published.

VOL. XV.

Dr Forbes, of Chichester, will shortly publish his Translation of Avenbrugger, and a series of original cases and dissections, illustrating the utility of the Stethoscope and Percussion.

M. Laennec is preparing for publication, a new edition of his celebrated Treatise on Mediate Auscultation, with considerable alterations and improvements. In consequence, Dr Forbes has postponed the second edition of his translation.

Speedily will be published, an Enquiry into the Duties and Perplexities of Medical Men as Witnesses in Courts of Justice, with cautions and directions for their guidance, by J. G. Smith, M.D.

The Scotsman's Library, announced in a former Number, will be ready in August.

The Mechanic's Oracle, or Artizan's complete Laboratory and Workshop, is in the press.

The Hermit in Italy, or Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century, will soon appear.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced, by Capt. Thomas Southey, commander, Royal Navy, in three volumes, octavo.

A Compendium of Medical Theory and Practice, founded on Dr Cullen's Nosology, which will be given as a Text-book, and a translation annexed, is in preparation, by D. Uwins, M.D.

Tales of a Traveller, by the Author of the "Sketch Book," and "Knickerbocker's New York," will appear in a few days.

A Tale of Paraguay, by R. Southey, LL.D. &c. is announced.

Speedily will be published, *Memoirs of the Rose*, comprising botanical, poetical, and miscellaneous recollections of that celebrated flower; in a series of letters to a lady.

*Patmos*, and other poems, are in the press, by James Edmeston, author of "Sacred Lyrics."

Specimens (selected and translated) of the Lyric Poetry of the Minessingers, of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa and the succeeding emperors of the Suabian dynasty, with historical, critical, and biographical remarks, are in the press.

Elements of Algebra, compiled from Garnier's French translation of Leonard Euler, and arranged so as to form a complete System of Elementary Instruction in the First Part of Algebra, by C. Taylor,



Downing College, Cambridge, will soon appear.

Museologia Britannica, containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland systematically arranged and described, by W. J. Hooker, F.R.S. A.S.L. &c. and T. Taylor, M.D. M.R.I.A. and F.L.S. &c. is preparing, in octavo, with plates.

### EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published, *Rothelan*, a Tale of the English Histories, in 3 vols. 12mo. by the author of "Ringan Gilbaize," "The Spæwif, &c. &c.

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Mr J. P. Wood has nearly ready for publication, in one volume 12mo., a *Life of Law of Lauriston*, Projector of the Mississippi Scheme: containing a detailed Account of the Nature, Rise, and Progress, of this extraordinary Joint-Stock Company, with many curious Anecdotes of the Rage for Speculating in its Funds, and the disastrous Consequences of its Failure.

**OLD MANUSCRIPT.** The Rev. William Kell, B.D. has in the press, "Practical Discourses upon Sinceritie," written in the year 1656: now first printed from the Original Manuscript. In one volume 12mo.

A Stereotype Edition of *Sallust*, for the use of Schools, with English Notes at the foot of the page, and a Historical and Geographical Index at the end of the volume, by Mr Dymock, Glasgow, will be published in a few days.

Preparing for publication, a Guide to

the Lord's Table, in the Catechetical Form; to which are added, an Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D.D. Nearly ready, in post 8vo., a Second Series of the *Scrap Book*. By John M'Diarmid.

Mr John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of Poems in foolscap 8vo., entitled, "The Buccaneer and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo., the *Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey*. By John Galt, Esq. Third Edition, greatly improved.

Mrs FRAZER, who some years ago published several popular works under the name of HONORIA SCOTT, has a work nearly ready for the press, entitled "Sweden, or the Counts of Rosenwien; dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge." We are authorized to state, that the "Hermit in Edinburgh," recently advertised in London, is not the work of this Lady; the manuscript she had intended to bring forward for publication under that title having, in consequence, been changed to that of "The Hermit in Scotland."

The Editor of "The Cabinet, or, The Selected Beauties of Literature," is preparing a Second Edition of that work in one volume, crown octavo, which will speedily appear.

Preparing for publication by subscription, the *Historical Works of Sir James Balfour of Kinnaird*, Lord Lyon King at Arms under Charles I., from the original and hitherto-unpublished Manuscripts preserved in the Library of the Hon. the Faculty of Advocates. This publication will form three large octavo volumes; will be embellished with a Portrait of the Author from an original Picture, and illustrated with a Prefatory Memoir. The first two volumes will contain the *Annals of Scotland*, which embrace the extensive and important period of our National History, from the Accession of Malcolm III. to the 2d year of the Reign of Charles I. or 1640. The third volume will consist of the *Minor Works of the author*, illustrative of Scottish History. The impression will be limited to 500 copies, printed with a new set of Types, on Wove Paper of the finest quality. The Work will be sent to press so soon as the names of a sufficient number of Subscribers are received. The price to Subscribers will not exceed 1.2s.2s. Fifty copies will be struck off on an Extra Fine Paper.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—In the Chamber of Peers, the French Ministry has again been in a minority. It was on a proposition for allowing the proceedings in the Chambers to be reported in the Journals. The partisans of the disgraced minister, Chateaubriand, exult in this, and anticipate more serious defeats. The ex-minister keeps no sort of terms with his late colleagues. He makes daily revelations of the system of Government pursued for the last two years in France. He declares that the Ministers have purchased most of the Journals, violated the spirit and the letter of the charter, as well as the rights of the people, in the last elections,

and that their acts were so repugnant to his elevated mind, that if he did not resign, it was because "he knew that he formed the moral strength of the Government, and feared the effects of a division between the Royalists!" This self-knowledge is a proof of singular modesty on the part of the Noble Peer; and his late colleagues are certainly much to blame to have so easily parted with their "moral strength." There is, however, still much strength of some kind or other in the following remarks, which they make through the medium of the *Quotidienne*, upon his conduct. "If he disapproved so deeply of the *ensemble* of his colleague's opera-

tions, he was in total opposition to them. He had then but one course to follow, and that course was rigorously pointed out by duty. He was to protest in the Council, and if his protest occasioned no change of policy, to retire." The French people, it may be remarked, take little interest in this party war, and appear to be perfectly indifferent as to whether M. de Villele keeps his place or not. In the Chamber of Deputies, the accounts of the expenditure of the French army in Spain have been discussed. The contract made with the Intendant General, M. Ouvrard, was particularly remarked upon; M. de Villele admitted the burdensome nature of this bargain, but observed, that the Government were compelled to accede to the terms of Ouvrard for the supply of the army; and contended, that the complete manner in which the contract had been performed by the Intendant-General, had greatly facilitated the termination of the campaign. It is calculated that M. Ouvrard made a profit of nearly a million sterling, during the six months' campaign in the Peninsula.

SPAIN.—The news from Spain of late is only a repetition of what has been already repeated twenty times—the hatred of the French, and the desire to get rid of them, among the monks and the military—the crowded prisons—and the distress of the provinces from scarcity. Ferdinand amuses himself with making promotions in his guards, and attending the processions of the church. He returned with the Queen and the Princesses, from the summer palace at Aranjuez to the capital, on the 19th June. Their Majesties, during the whole journey, passed between files of French and Spanish troops. Before hazarding his royal person among his subjects at Madrid, however, he deemed it expedient to issue a decree, commanding all those who had not been resident in it for the last six years, employed in trade or a known occupation, to depart from it forthwith, as they could not in any respect be considered citizens; and after he had done this, suspended the execution of the measure, from the apprehensions of what might be its consequences. The civil results of such a system of governing do not require to be pointed out.

Ferdinand was no sooner returned to Madrid, than he issued orders for the installation of the Juntas of Purification. The Constitutionalists thus continue to suffer his persecution, though we learn that, to a body of them, who had returned from France, he is indebted for the capture of General Capape, who was traversing the country, proclaiming the In-

fant Don Carlos by the title of Charles V. The difference of the sway which the brothers would exercise must be so very trifling, that we hardly think it worth the choice of the Constitutionalists. Charles V. could not devote himself with more mischievous zeal to the ruin and degradation of the kingdom; certainly he could not manifest a more unrelenting hatred to the Liberals. The bad faith with which the amnesty is executed, has compelled those who previously anticipated no molestation to seek refuge at Gibraltar. King Ferdinand found himself so overpowered by applications from persons whose coming within its operation was disputed, that he gave all such persons a public notice thenceforth, to apply to the tribunals, not to him.

PORTUGAL.—The King of Portugal, in addition to his proclamation for the convocation of the ancient Cortes of the kingdom, has published an amnesty for all political offenders from 1817, to the end of July 1821. Those who have been banished, are allowed to return home, and those who have been condemned to any other punishments, will have their sentences immediately annulled. The widows, descendants, and collateral relations of those who have suffered capital punishments, may have the judgments reversed, and succeed to the property, of whatever description. This amnesty is not marred by a single exception, and must, in conjunction with the other recent Acts of John VI., produce great satisfaction among his subjects. The military orders issued during the usurpation of Miguel have been rescinded. Some of the General Officers, who made themselves very conspicuous under the Constitutional system, have been dismissed from the army.

Notwithstanding these popular measures, however, and which the King has adopted since freed from the trammels of his wife and son, it appears, that both he and his Ministers are in the most perilous alarm from the Portuguese army, and the faction to whom it has been subservient; a faction composed of a set of fanatics, not more averse to constitutional freedom, than hostile to the rights, property, and even lives, of those whom they oppose. His Majesty has, in consequence, applied to the British Government for the aid of 6000 troops, in order to keep his own soldiers in subjection. The King relies on the assistance of Britain as an old ally; and the questions which are now being discussed in the British Cabinet, are, whether, on the ground of their old alliance, offensive and defensive, they are bound to comply with this request; or setting the question of obligation aside,



whether, in views of general expediency and policy, they are not justified in so doing.

**PRUSSIA.**—Now that plans for the reduction of national debt are spoken of or carrying into execution in so many countries, his Majesty of Prussia has adopted a course—a whimsical one—to effect the same end. Instead of a regularly operating sinking-fund, a lottery is to be drawn twice a-year, to determine what public bonds shall be paid off. The holders of the numbers drawn will then receive the full nominal amount of their principal. The scheme appears to have had a favourable effect on the public securities, which rose to the unprecedented price of 95, before the official publication of the Royal ordinance. His Majesty has also been employed in a less gracious duty, that of repressing the petition of his Rhenish subjects. It seems that the communes were in the habit of joining together to strengthen their representations, which are sometimes laid before the Government “with signatures filling entire sheets of paper.” This course has given great offence to his Majesty, who, by a Cabinet order, has forbidden it altogether; in future, each commune is to petition for itself alone.

**GREECE.**—All the accounts, received through various channels, are favourable to the cause of independence in this country. Greek valour has again successfully defended the passes of Thermopylae. The contest was one of the most obstinate by which even this sanguinary struggle has been distinguished. The Pacha was encamped at Larissa, whence he proceeded to force the passes. The Greeks defended them with the most determined fortitude, and, notwithstanding a series of attacks of the most desperate fury, finally repulsed their assailants with considerable loss. The Pacha fell back upon Larissa, where it was understood he was waiting the arrival of some reinforcements from Romelia. This event is of the highest importance to the Greek cause. Dervish Pacha is not only the Turkish Generalissimo, but confessedly one of the best Captains in the Turkish army. His defeat, therefore, will produce the most decisive effects throughout all the provinces of Greece. In order to ensure the greatest advantages from this repulse, Prince Mavrocordato, the President of the Greek Government, marched with a body of picked troops against the Turks under Omer Vrione. The corps of Constantine Bozzaris have had an engagement with the troops under the Pacha of Scutari. The Greeks were again victorious. Bozzaris remain-

ed master of the field of battle, and the Turks had fled in every direction. Altogether, the affairs of the Greeks are going on in the most prosperous style. The military chiefs are submitting to the General Government, and the deliverance of the classical soil is every day rendered less doubtful. The Greeks have made great progress lately in knowledge and literature. Five newspapers are now published in Greece, viz.:—Two at Missolonghi, one at Hydra, one at Athens, and one at Psara.

## ASIA.

**NEW SOUTH WALES.**—Improvements of every description are multiplying in this colony; a stage-coach, for instance, with four horses, runs daily between the towns of Sydney and Paramatta, and a handsome two-horse spring caravan, fitted up for passengers, also runs between these places. They were paying so well, that a second caravan was preparing to run between Sydney and Paramatta, a third between Paramatta and Liverpool, and a stage-coach between Paramatta and Windsor, so that travellers could proceed in daily stages to all the well-settled parts of the colony. The outlet of a much larger river than any yet discovered, has lately been found in Moreton Bay, about the latitude of 28. It flows through a rich, well-wooded country; it has usually from three to nine fathoms water; and as it comes from the south-west, in the direction of the Macquarie marshes, it is supposed to be the outlet of the Macquarie River. The discovery cannot fail to prove of immense advantage to this colony, more especially if it turn out to be the outlet of the Macquarie.

## AFRICA.

**CAPE COAST.**—It now appears, from the dispatches of Major Chisholm, which arrived at Earl Bathurst's office on the 17th June, in charge of Captain Laing of the Royal African Colonial Corps, that the reports of Sir Charles McCarthy's defeat and death, which reached this country in the beginning of May, were essentially correct, though they did not put us in possession of the particulars of the engagement, or of the previous movements of Sir Charles's army. The dispatches are dated Cape Coast Castle, March 16, and consist of a relation by Major Chisholm of the preparations made for opposing the Ashantees,—of some notice of the views which led to the sending off of two divisions of the army, one for the Assin and the other for

the Akine country, as well as the circumstances which occasioned that division which Major Chisholm commanded to be disjoined from the body under Sir Charles, with the exertions made by him to rejoin upon receiving instructions to that effect, and of the usual favourable mention of those officers who by their conduct have merited that distinction. This document was dictated by Major Chisholm from a sick-bed. The account of the engagement is given in a letter to Major Chisholm, from Captain H. J. Ricketts, who was present in it and escaped, which letter is dated Cape Coast, February 26. It is impossible, in our narrow limits, to insert these documents; but indeed they add little to what was previously known. The mischance appears to have been entirely owing to the unaccountable and criminal disobedience of Mr Brandon, the Ordnance Store-keeper, to the repeated orders of the lamented Governor, respecting the supply of ammunition; in consequence of which, that needful article was exhausted almost immediately after the commencement of the engagement. That this officer is himself among the sufferers, hardly qualifies, in any great degree, the bitterness of the indignation which his intolerable negligence excites against him.

#### AMERICA.

**UNITED STATES.**—The system of restriction in commerce which England has begun to lay aside, other nations appear to be taking up or confirming. The Tariff-Bill, which has for some time been in dependence before the Congress of the United States, has been passed into a law. The Tariff goes so much into detail, that we cannot pretend to analyse it; but the general character is that of a protection to native manufactures, and a discouragement to importation. It amounts to this,—that the Americans are willing to pay dearer for American productions than for English. This would be a wise and politic principle, if their manufactures were in so thriving a state as to afford a prospect of outstripping those of foreign nations, but we suspect that it is far from being the case. The American statesmen wish to anticipate the natural growth of manufactures in their country; and the consequence will probably be, that, nationally speaking, they will pay dearer for manufactured articles than if they had continued to receive them from England.

**MEXICO.**—An Envoy Extraordinary Don Jose Mariano Michelena) from the Congress of Mexico to the Court of St. James's, has arrived in England from  
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Vera Cruz. He is, it is said, charged with unlimited powers to enter into a treaty of friendship and alliance with Great Britain. The Valorous also brought dispatches from Mr Lionel Harvey, his Majesty's Commissioner sent to that country, to ascertain whether its government was in such a condition of permanency as would warrant our Government in acknowledging it as an independent state. It is not known what are the representations made by Mr Harvey, but from all the information obtained, it appears, that, although for a time longer that country may be divided by factious parties or revolutionary movements, it is for ever separated from the mother country. There is not, nor has been for some time, a single soldier of Old Spain in the country. The Castle of Ulloa is still held by a small Royalist force, but it may be easily subdued, if it were at all a conquest of much moment. The Ambassador is come to this country to give our Government the strongest assurances of the determination of his country to maintain its independent state, of its ability to resist all external enemies, and of desire on the part of the present Government to cultivate the most friendly intimacy with Great Britain.

**COLOMBIA.**—By the way of Jamaica a document of considerable importance has been received from Colombia, namely, the message of the Vice-President Santander, sent to the Colombian Congress on the 6th of April. In this paper we have a general view of the state of the Colombian republic. The Congress is first congratulated on the triumph of the republican arms, and the complete restoration of tranquillity by the establishment of independence. The State of Peru and Mexico is then noticed, and the necessity of sending succours to the former country, for the purpose of wholly clearing the South American Continent of the enemy, is pointed out. The most marked gratitude is expressed to the President of the United States for his declaration in favour of the general independence of America, and his intimation that he would consider any attack against it the same as if directed against the United States. The message alludes to the policy of Britain in the following terms:—

“The Executive had directed its relation to Europe, with Great Britain particularly, whose politics appear favourable to the cause of South America, and whose commercial relations have been more extensive and active. The sympathy of the opinion of the British public and its Government inspire the



Executive with the most flattering hopes. I am sorry that I cannot communicate to you what may be the ultimate resolution of the Government of his Britannic Majesty with respect to the republic. A commission from the English Government is now actually in this capital, from whom we have received satisfactory proofs of the interest with which our State inspires the mind of the magnanimous people of England. The security which it has given us against the rumour that France will assist in the war which Spain intends to begin anew, to reduce us to her obedience, places us in a situation of not fearing such an occurrence. The Executive, as well as the Republic, have highly estimated their declarations, and I can assure the Congress, that, in the progress of the negotiation which may come on the carpet, I will not lose sight of the dignity of the Government, nor of the interests of the Colombian people. If the union of the physical and moral power of the independent States of America, the order and regularity of our association, respect to the law, uniformity of opinion, the progress of learning, and the adherence of the Government to the path prescribed by our fundamental laws, ought to weigh in the political balance of nations, we ought to hope, with entire confidence, that neither Great Britain nor the other Powers will disavow the power and moral force which the republic of Colombia has acquired to put herself upon a level with them. I am determined to take advantage of any favourable opportunity to extend our relations with other powers, whose friendship can be of sufficient interest and utility to the republic."

The other parts of the message relate to the internal affairs of the Republic, and the necessary arrangement of its affairs, greatly deranged by the revolution, and the war consequent on it. The establishing proper seminaries of education seems to be an object in which the Colombian rulers are intent, though at present they rather lack the means of carrying their intentions into effect. Great reforms are meditated also in the administration of justice, the collection of the revenue, and the finance departments of the Republic. To complete this, time will be required, as the new Government has, in many cases, to begin *de novo* to organize the civil institutions of the country.

PERU.—Some time ago, it was believed, that a cessation of hostilities was upon the point of taking place in Peru. The news of the overthrow of the Constitutionalists in Spain was expected

favour this, because the great Generals who support the pretensions of Spain there are Constitutionalists, and it would seem these Chiefs were not disinclined to throw off their allegiance to Spain, and maintain their power in Peru. But before such a negotiation could be carried into effect, Canterac appears to have got intelligence of a squadron coming to assist him from Spain, and there the matter dropped. A scandalous transaction in the meanwhile changed the state of affairs at Lima; a black regiment, consisting of twelve-handed men, Buenos Ayrean troops in the Peruvian service, had long been neglected in their pay. This regiment was marched into Callao to garrison the place, and on the 3d of February the men and non-commissioned officers mutinied, secured their officers and the Governor of the Castle, and thus got complete possession of the Fort. The mutineers were headed by a sergeant of their own corps, and their first demand of the Government of Lima was for 100,000 dollars in money, and vessels to convey them to Buenos Ayres. This was refused; a negotiation was attempted, but failed; and the insurgents having liberated about ten Spanish officers, a Colonel Casa-Riego took the command, and the Spanish flag was hoisted at the forts on 11th February. All vessels were prohibited from leaving the port, and one or two that escaped during the night were fired at incessantly, until without reach of the batteries. In the meantime, British goods were allowed to be embarked from Callao, on paying a small duty to Casa-Riego, though considerable pillage took place, and British vessels remained under the protection of his Majesty's ship *Fly* in the harbour. The Royalist General Rodil, being at Yca, no great distance from Lima, Casa-Riego sent him a dispatch, informing him of what had taken place, and he having been joined by Gen. Monet, with two thousand men from Jaena, marched on Callao and Lima, and took possession of both on the 27th of February. Previously to this, Admiral Guise, of the Patriot frigate *La Prueba*, who was blockading Callao, made a gallant attack on the *Venganza* and another vessel of war in the ports, and in the hands of the insurgents, and he succeeded in entirely destroying both. This event is not considered as likely to operate much in favour of the Royalist cause ultimately, for, to retain possession of the castles, they must weaken their main force, and the fate of the country will not be decided by who has possession of Lima, but by a general engagement.

On the 21st or 22d of February Con-



gress was dissolved, Torre Tagle deposed, and Bolivar proclaimed Dictator. The Colombian forces in Peru amounted to 9500 men. The Peruvians, under La Mar, were rather more than 3000. The total amount of the Spanish forces in Peru is not 13,000 men, and they are widely scattered over that immense country. The head-quarters of La Serna were at Cusco, where he had only 500 men. Canterac was at Tarija with 4500; Valdez at Arequipa with 4000; Olaneta had 2000 under him; and there were at Ica 1600. Such are the details of the last advices from Lima, and so far they are more favourable to the Royalists than to the Patriots.

**BUENOS AYRES.**—Whatever may be the state of things in Peru, there are some facts communicated from other parts of America, which, taken together, seem to contain materials of gratifying interest. Among these may especially be mentioned the friendly reception of the British consul, Mr Woodbine Parish, by Don B. Rivadavia, minister of Foreign Affairs for the republic. Mr Parish, on the following day, presented Mr Rowcroft,

consul to Peru, who was to go to his destination over land. One of the first fruits of Mr Parish's establishment at Buenos Ayres has been a regulation for the more easy communications of the packets. The captains are allowed to land the mails without waiting for the visit of the port-officer. The postage is reduced one-third. The consul-general is allowed a box in his office for the receipt of British letters, which he may deliver to the captains without the intervention of the general post-office. The British packets are exempted from port duties. A mail is to be dispatched for Chili three days after the arrival of a packet, and is to convey the dispatches to the public agents of the King of England in Chili and Peru free of expence, the consul-general at Buenos Ayres putting them into a separate bag, and sealing it. On the 1st of April, Don Juan G. de las Heras was elected Governor, by twenty-six votes out of thirty-six. It was said that the Charge des Affaires of Colombia was authorised to negotiate a loan at Buenos Ayres for Peru, of 3 or 500,000 piastres, under the guarantee of General Bolivar.

## PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

**HOUSE OF LORDS.**—*April 2.*—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the second reading of the Bill permitting the celebration of Marriages between Unitarians, by their own Minister, and in their own Chapels. The Archbishop of Canterbury voted for the second reading, with the understanding that the bill should be open to modification in the Committee. He voted for it, because he was willing to concede, whatever was reasonable to the scruples of the Unitarians. The Lord Chancellor opposed the motion, because, if the principle were recognised in this case, indulgence must be extended to all other sectarians, and a beginning would be thus made to the utter subversion of the Established Church. The Earl of Liverpool objected to the Bill in its present shape, because it went to permit marriages, celebrated according to its particular forms, where one of the parties might be a Member of the Established Church. The Bishop of Chester detailed at some length the particular passages of the Matrimonial Liturgy, which were said to offend the consciences of the Unitarians; and, in doing so, demonstrated the utter futility of the scruples which were the groundwork of the Bill before the House. He objected to the measure, not only as

diminishing the emoluments of the Established Clergy (to a serious extent in populous towns), but as severing a very endearing connection between them and the Dissenters among their parishioners. The Earl of Harrowby and Lord Calthorpe defended the Bill. The Bishop of London, in voting that the Bill should go to a Committee, did not pledge himself to give it any farther support. Lord Holland supported the Bill. The House divided on the second reading, which was carried by a majority of 2.

*April 5.*—The Silk Duties Bill went through the Committee, and was reported without any amendment. Petitions against it were presented by the Lord Chancellor from two silk-weaving districts in London, expressive of the fears of the petitioners, that the value of houses and other property in those places would be greatly deteriorated, in consequence of the injury which the bill is calculated to inflict on the numerous population engaged in the silk manufacture.

6.—The Silk Duties Bill was read a third time and passed.

8.—*State of Ireland.*—The Earl of Darnley, pursuant to notice, moved for the appointment of a Committee, to inquire how far the measures lately adopted

for the relief and benefit of Ireland had succeeded; and also to consider what measures would be necessary to remedy the existing evils in that kingdom. The noble Earl introduced his motion in a long speech, in which, besides the other topics usually employed upon the subject, he confessed the cruelty and tyranny of England, impeached the administration of justice in Ireland, condemned the police bill, complained of the church establishment, urged the necessity of catholic emancipation, and professed his compassionate respect for the well-disposed but inefficient government in the sister kingdom. The Earl of Liverpool, without disputing the unjust and selfish policy formerly observed towards Ireland, vindicated the present generation of Englishmen from any participation in it, and recited a vast number of generous concessions, which, since the commencement of the late King's reign, had been made for the benefit of Ireland. He maintained that the present depression of that kingdom was wholly unconnected with the disqualification of the Catholics; and opposed all the arguments upon that subject, drawn from the analogy of other States, by observing, that in Ireland alone was the religious division of the people accompanied by a parallel division of property, intelligence, and manners. In Ireland, it was notorious that the great bulk of the property, and all the qualifications naturally associated with property, belonged to the Protestants. Much of the suffering of Ireland he ascribed to a premature introduction of the English constitution; but for the omission of one part of the English code—the Poor Laws—he avowed his regret. He professed to hope the best results from the extension of Christian education; but begged to remind the House, that in the nature of things this result could not be very speedily felt. In conclusion, he opposed the motion. The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke at considerable length in support of the motion. The Earl of Limerick earnestly deprecated the introduction of poor rates into Ireland. He said the effect of such a measure would be, to make of the Irish peasantry six millions of beggars; because no Irishman, who could live idly, would work. The Marquis of Downshire, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Lord Clifden, supported the motion. The Earls of Carberry, Mayo, and Roden, opposed it; the last, in a speech of some length, gave a most gratifying description of the recent progress of education in Ireland. On a

division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 57 to 17.

9.—The presentation of some petitions produced a short conversation upon the suppression of the Freemason lodges in Ireland, effected by the Secret Society Bill of last Session. The opinion of the Lords who spoke, (the Earl of Liverpool and the Marquis of Lansdowne,) seemed to be, that the hardship imposed upon the Freemasons was unavoidable.

12.—The Marquis of Lansdowne brought in a Bill to enable the English Roman Catholics to vote for the election of Members of Parliament, and to give them the same right of suffrage as enjoyed by the Catholics of Ireland.

13.—Lord Bathurst moved the second reading of a Bill to regulate the administration of justice in Newfoundland. The principal provisions of the measure are the enlargement of the Supreme Court by two additional Judges, the appointment of Circuit Courts, and the restoration of the Trial by Jury. The motion was unanimously agreed to.

15.—The Bishop of Limerick read a letter of some length from the Archbishop of Dublin, in which his Grace, in allusion to the observations made upon his conduct in the debates upon the Irish Sepulchre Bill, denied, in the most distinct and positive manner, that he had ever given any orders, or advice, or intimation of an opinion, on the subject of the performance of the Catholic funeral ceremonies in Protestant church-yards, up to the time when he was accused of having interdicted such celebrations, at which time he was in England. The letter went on to say, that the practice lately attempted by the Catholics was wholly an innovation; no such celebration, according to the experience of all the Protestant Clergy in Dublin, having occurred during forty years. In conclusion, the Archbishop's letter explained, that, when consulted by his Clergy, after the matter had been so angrily agitated, his advice had uniformly been, to abstain from every thing like a forcible resistance to the Catholic Clergy, and to rest contented with a protest against the illegal invasion of the rights of the Protestant church. Before he sat down, the Bishop of Limerick pronounced a glowing and well-merited panegyric upon the learning, genius, and Christian temper of the most reverend prelate (Dr Magee.)

The House adjourned on the 28th of April, when it re-assembled. On that and the two following days there was no important business before the House.

## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

## 11.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.

—The Court this day proceeded to the trial of Alexander Guthrie, quarrier, in the parish of Pentcaitland, East Lothian, accused of the murder of James Newton, who had been in his employment as a labourer. Guthrie pleaded *Not Guilty*. It appeared from the evidence, that Guthrie and Newton, with four other quarrymen, had gone to the prisoner's house on the evening of Monday the 9th of February last, where they drank whisky till a pretty late hour, when the party broke up, leaving Newton and Guthrie together in the house. At that time there had been no quarrel betwixt them. Guthrie's mother also left the house, and went with a neighbour, Mrs Gowans, in whose house she stopped all night. In the course of the night, Mrs Guthrie becoming uneasy, requested Mrs Gowans's daughter to go to her son's house, and see what was going on. She went accordingly, and finding the window of the room open, went in by it, and saw a man, whom she supposed to be Guthrie, lying on the bed, and Newton lying on the kitchen floor, with his head cut, and the floor strewn with fragments of broken bottles, and covered with blood, vomitings, and other filth. Upon receiving this information, Mrs Guthrie, with her neighbour, Mrs Gowans, returned to the house. They immediately awoke Guthrie, who seemed astonished and sorry at the situation of Newton, and declared he knew no more of it than the dead in the grave. Newton's wound was washed and dressed, and he was put to bed, in which Guthrie assisted. Newton died two days after. The only circumstance which could attach suspicion to Guthrie, was, that his trowsers were stained with blood about the legs; but this was accounted for by Mrs Gowans, who stated, that while she swept the blood and filth from the floor towards the hearth, Guthrie was sitting by the fire; and that from the state of the floor no one could walk on it without having their shoes soiled with blood. All the witnesses, on their cross-examination, gave Guthrie a good character, and deposed to his bearing no ill-will to Newton; but, on the contrary, they had heard him speak frequently in praise of him as a servant. Mr Lloyd, superintendant of police for the county of Haddington, had examined Guthrie's

house, and found the door of the kitchen much shattered, and also the outer window-shutter split, seemingly by a blow from the outside. Mr McNeill said, that he did not, under these circumstances, feel himself warranted in asking a verdict against the prisoner, and he therefore gave up the case. The Jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*; and Guthrie, after a solemn advice to abstain from the use of spirits, was dismissed from the bar.

The next case was that of Alexander McFarlane. The indictment charged him with having, on the 16th of February last, stolen from the shop of Richard Allan, grocer in the Potter-row, a kit of butter; and, when apprehended a few hours after, of having, in the Park-Place watch-house, seized a pair of large iron tongs, with which he assaulted James Stirling, grocer in the Potterrow, who had assisted in his apprehension, and struck him a dreadful blow on the head, by which his life was endangered. McFarlane pleaded *Guilty* of the assault, but *Not Guilty* of the theft, and the Jury having found him *Guilty* accordingly, he was sentenced to a year's hard labour in Bridewell, and farther till he find security in 500 merks to keep the peace for three years.

Benjamin Ross, shoemaker in the Lawn-market of Edinburgh, who had been out on bail, now appeared at the bar, to answer to a charge of assaulting, striking, and wounding Jean Williams, or Ross, his wife. He pleaded *Not Guilty*. His wife stated, that he had frequently abused and hurt her; but on the night of the 31st December last, they had some words, and Ross lifted the tongs and struck her on the temple with them, to the effusion of her blood. She went to a neighbour's house, and by his advice returned, and, having washed the blood from her face, went to bed with her husband. Next morning, being unable to rise, she refused when her husband commanded her to do so; and he then struck her with a large ellwand across the legs; and afterwards, when she got up and said, "Benjy, you're surely not going to murder me!" he struck her on the left side of the head, knocked her down, and cut her. As soon as she was able to rise, she went up stairs in her shift to a neighbour's, who wrapped a covering over her, and went for a surgeon. She was afterwards twelve days



in the Royal Infirmary. Mrs Ross's testimony, as far as regarded what took place out of her own house, was corroborated by other witnesses, and the Jury found the husband *Guilty*. The Court were of opinion that a more brutal and savage case had never come before it, and Ross, who is a man above seventy years of age, was sentenced to transportation for life.

24.—James Sime was convicted of bigamy; but in consideration that he had already suffered a long confinement, and other alleviating circumstances, he was only sentenced to three months imprisonment.

31.—*Selling blasphemous publications.*—James Affleck, bookseller in Adam's Square, Edinburgh, was put to the bar, accused of publishing and vending seditious and blasphemous publications. He pleaded *Guilty*, and Mr Jeffrey addressed the Court in mitigation of punishment. The learned Gentleman pleaded the candid confession of the prisoner, and as a proof of his contrition stated, that from the moment in which this charge had been brought, he had abstained from carrying on his trade of bookseller, and had shut his shop altogether, and had offered satisfactory security to the Lord Advocate, that he would forever abandon the sale of the objectionable works. In consequence of these circumstances, the Court only sentenced Affleck to three months imprisonment, and to find security for the space of three years in the penalty of £.100.

#### JUNE.

8.—*Execution.*—Yesterday John McCreevie, who was convicted at the Glasgow Circuit of breaking into Mr Shepherd's house at Springvale, and striking him while in his bed with a crow-bar, and robbing the house, was executed there in front of the Court-houses. Being led to the foot of the scaffold by the officers, he shook hands with Bailie Anderson and Mr Cleland, at the same time saying, "I am innocent—I am innocent." At this time he fell into an apparent stupor, and nearly fell down, but was supported by the officers. After having a little recovered, he ascended the platform with support, and the rope being adjusted, the Rev. Mr Muir offered up, on his behalf, a most impressive prayer, at the end of which he appeared to be again falling, when the officers supported him. Having recovered a little, he prayed for some time in a muttering manner, but afterwards he spoke in a loud and firm voice, calling upon his Maker to extend mercy to him; he then bowed to the multitude and gave the signal, when was he launch-

ed into eternity at twenty-five minutes past two o'clock.

**HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.**—Yesterday Samuel McMenemy was called to the bar, to receive the judgment of the Court, he having been found *Guilty*, on his own confession, at the last Glasgow Circuit, of several acts of falsehood, fraud, wilful imposition, cozenage, breach of trust, and embezzlement; the case was certified to this Court for punishment. Lord Meadowbank, who presided at the trial, stated, that the prisoner had been indicted on no less than eight different charges, to the three last of which he had pleaded *Guilty*; and he had certified the case, that it might be duly weighed and considered by their Lordships. Lord Hermand proposed that the prisoner should be confined in the Bridewell of Glasgow for twelve calendar months, and kept to hard labour. The other Judges expressed their concurrence, Lord Pitmilly remarking, that, should those crimes happen again, it would then be the duty of the Court to pronounce a heavier sentence.

Isabella Blinkhorn, or Cocker, proprietor of a caravan containing a show of moving figures, was accused of the murder of her daughter, a girl of between nine and ten years of age, in the month of October last, at Johnstone, in the parish of Paisley. A number of witnesses were examined, from whose testimony it appeared, that the body of the girl had been found in the river Cart, bundled into a sack, on the 9th of October; that on the preceding day, several individuals heard cries proceeding from the waggon, and knew that the girl was missing next day. The mother, when shown the body, denied its being that of her daughter; and as the Court would not permit the examination of the prisoner's son, a very young boy, who was said to be the only eye-witness of the murder, there was no evidence to convict the prisoner. The trial lasted to a late hour; and this morning, at ten o'clock, the jury returned a verdict of *Not Proven*. She was of course dismissed from the bar.

14.—*Murder.*—This day, William Devan, or Divine, from Glasgow, charged with the wilful murder of his wife, was placed at the bar, and pleaded *Not Guilty*, the five Judges being present. The declarations of the prisoner were duly identified, as were also the bloody razor, and several other articles which were found near the deceased after the murder. The direct testimony against the prisoner was that of a boy, who was too young to be sworn, and a man who lived in the neighbourhood. The one declared that he

looked through a broken pane of the prisoner's window, and saw the prisoner sitting beside his wife on a wee stool; and that he saw him draw a razor across her throat, in the manner which he described with his hand on the throat of the macer; and that she then fell backwards; and he, being frightened, ran up the stair above, where he lived, and told what he had seen to his mother, who is since dead. The other declared that he looked through the same hole in the window, and saw the prisoner dragging something along the ground from the window to the bed. According to other evidence, the body was afterwards found in the situation to which the man said he saw this bundle removed, and there was a pool of blood in the place from which it had been dragged. There was other circumstantial evidence, which proved that the prisoner had been at his house, and that the door was locked about the time when the crime is supposed to have been committed. The razor with which the fatal act was committed was borrowed of a neighbour by the deceased, at the request of her husband, a short time before the atrocious deed. Several witnesses were called for the prisoner, with a view to prove an *alibi*; they however were not all of them very decisive upon that point, and they differed respecting immaterial circumstances, which disagreement was considered to shake the credibility of their general testimony. The panel, in his declarations, also pleaded *alibi*, and alleged that he had accompanied his two sons to their work; but his counsel produced no evidence of this, although it was admitted to be competent for the sons, though under the age of pupilarity, to be called as evidence for the prisoner, but not for the Crown. The prisoner, in his declarations, relied chiefly on the theory of suicide, but it was proved by the Medical and other testimony, that the deceased did not kill herself; that the two wounds on her throat must have caused instantaneous death; and therefore that the deceased could not have removed from the situation where she first fell, nor have placed the razor on the mantelpiece, where it was found; nor have exchanged her under garment, and concealed beneath the bed the shift which was there found saturated with blood. Mr D. McNeill addressed the Jury for the Crown, and Mr Wigham for the prisoner. The Lord Justice-Clerk summed up the evidence, and the Jury brought in a verdict of *Guilty*. His Lordship, in a very impressive manner, pronounced on the panel the sentence of death.

21.—*Murder*.—This day came on the

trial of Daniel or Donald Elphinstone, accused of the murder of Mrs Croket, his mother-in-law. To the charge of murder, the prisoner pleaded *Not Guilty*. The principal facts of the case, were, that the prisoner, on the 20th February, accidentally met his wife (who had been for some time living in a state of adultery with a man named Mackintosh) at her mother's door, in Libberton's Wynd, Edinburgh; that some ill language passed between the prisoner and his wife, when the former threw a 1 lb. weight at his faithless rib, and struck her on the hip. The wife then came to the door calling out murder, and the deceased coming up the Wynd at the time, lifted up an empty water stoup, which she threw at the panel, who threw it back again, and also drew a clasp knife from his pocket, with which he stabbed Mrs Croket below the 10th rib, the prisoner saying, "take that, and keep it as a keep-sake for your daughter." In consequence of the wound, Mrs Croket died on 9th March in the Infirmary. A number of tradesmen, with whom the prisoner had been employed as a painter, gave him a most admirable character for sobriety, honesty, and industry. The Jury—being addressed by Mr Alison for the prosecution—Mr Maitland for the prisoner, the Lord Justice-Clerk summed up the evidence at great length—returned a verdict, finding by a plurality of voices the prisoner *Guilty* of murder. The Court then sentenced the prisoner to be executed at Edinburgh on the 28th July, and his body to be given to Dr A. Monro for dissection. He has since been respited during his Majesty's pleasure.

Johanna Rickaby was convicted, on her own confession, of various acts of swindling, and sentenced to 9 months' confinement in Bridewell.

25.—At the Surrey quarter sessions, last week, Captain L. C. O'Callagan, stated to be in the Spanish service, but occasionally acting at one of the minor theatres in London, was found guilty of an assault on the Rev. Mr Saurin, son of the Bishop of Dromore, by giving him a stroke with his own stick over the shoulders. The parties were returning from a visit to the discovery-ships at Deptford, and the prosecutor being on horseback, took too great a liberty, as the Captain conceived, in staring repeatedly into a carriage at Mrs Thelwall, and some ladies, who were under the Captain's care, he riding on the dickey. The scene took place at a turnpike gate on the road; and the parson gave the Captain his card, tearing off the word Rev., avowedly, as he said, on his examination, with the view of fighting him, if called upon! As



the assault was proved, the defendant was sentenced to one month's imprisonment; which he is now suffering, with bread and water only for his diet, having, under some misrepresentation, refused the county allowance, with the view of finding his own provisions, and then too late discovering that the alternative was bread and water only. He petitioned the Sessions, but they had no power to interfere, the visiting Magistrates alone being entitled to give directions in such matters. (Mr Denison has since given orders to allow Captain O'Callaghan what he pleases.)

**28.—Dreadful Conflagration.**—About one o'clock in the morning of Thursday the 24th inst. a fire broke out in Edinburgh, in the back premises of a spirit-dealer at the head of the Royal Bank Close, High-Street, which was more destructive than any calamity of the kind for a hundred years before, having completely destroyed five houses of six stories high, comprising those well-known tenements over the piazzas leading into the Parliament Square, one house in the Square, and the one in the Royal Bank Close, in which the fire originated, which last, with the one immediately in front of it, were reduced to a heap of ruins before three o'clock in the morning. The afternoon of Thursday was far advanced before the devastating fury of the flames received any sensible check, and the engines continued to play upon the smoking ruins at intervals the three following days. The loss of property has been immense, notwithstanding that much of it was covered by insurance. The loss of life has been almost miraculously confined to that of one individual. The inhabitants of the two houses which first suffered, entered by a common stair in the Royal Bank Close, and although the fire broke out at the dead hour of night, by the extraordinary intrepidity of a few individuals, they were all got out in safety, many of them naked. Alexander Chalmers, a town-officer, was tempted, after he had rescued a wife and seven children, to make an endeavour to recover some valuable papers which he had in charge; but on opening his door he was met by a body of flame which seized upon his clothes, and he was so dreadfully scorched, that he died in consequence yesterday morning. The upper flats of the houses destroyed were inhabited mostly by poor people, most of whom lost every thing but their lives. Others were enabled to save part of their furniture and effects, which were deposited in the Parliament Square. Here a most distressing scene was exhibited in the course of Thursday; numbers of individuals, now

without a house, were seen in the most anxious state, watching over the little property that they had been able to save from the general ruin. Among those were some infirm old women and children, which completed this picture of misery. A general subscription was immediately commenced for their relief. Except the house in which the fire commenced in the ground floor, the others all caught flame at the top and burned downwards. The property of those inhabiting the shops and lower flats was in consequence mostly saved. Among them were Messrs Tait and Co. haberdashers; Mr Nelson, bookseller; Mr Ferguson, tobacconist; Mr Brash, spirit-dealer; Mr Budge, of John's Coffee-house; and Messrs Bell and Bradfute, booksellers, the greater part of whose stocks were removed in safety. It is remarkable that the buildings on the same site were consumed in the year 1700, in a most fearful conflagration which broke out in the Meal-Market, Cowgate, and made its way to the High-Street. "By a dreadful fire (says Maitland in his History of Edinburgh,) that broke out at the north-eastern corner of the Meal-Market, about ten o'clock on Saturday night, on the 3d of February, all that magnificent pile of buildings (exclusive of the Treasury Room) in the eastern and southern sides of the Parliament Close, with the Exchange, were destroyed." About two years before this great fire, the Scots Parliament, anno 1698, we are told, "taking into consideration the great danger the Edinburghers were exposed to by the excessive height of their houses, both in respect to fire and falling, they enacted, that no building to be erected in the city thereafter shall exceed five stories in height; the front wall in the ground story to be three feet in thickness, the second two feet nine inches, the third two feet six, the fourth two feet three, and the fifth two feet."—Before this, the houses had been considerably higher, as we are informed that the house on the south side of the Parliament Square, which was burnt down in the great fire of 1700, was three stories higher than the one which stands there at present, and which, at the back part, is eleven stories high, being the highest house in Edinburgh.

**28.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.**—This day Jane Macfarlane was found Guilty of stealing from the person of W. J. Brown a pocket book, containing bank-notes to the amount of £.53, or thereby. Another woman, Margaret Muir, was charged with the same crime, but not appearing, was outlawed. The robbery



was committed on the North Bridge on the night of the 24th of March, and Mr Brown having missed the pocket-book immediately, seized the two women, and held them till taken into custody by two police officers. They had thrown the book over the bridge, and it was found immediately under the spot where they had been standing. The Court continued the diet against the prisoner. [She has

since been sentenced to twelve months confinement in Bridewell.]

Daniel Mackenzie was found *Guilty*, upon his own confession, of theft and housebreaking, but the libel having been restricted, and circumstances favourable to the prisoner pleaded by his counsel, he was sentenced only to hard labour in Bridewell for eighteen months.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

June 2.—George, Earl of Morton, to be Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Mid-Lothian.  
—John William Robert, Marquis of Lothian, to be Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Roxburgh.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

May 25.—Mr William Nay ordained to the pastoral charge of the Relief Congregation, Toll-Cross, Glasgow.

June 2.—Rev. Alexander Stewart presented by the King to the Church and Parish of Cromarty, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Smith.

### III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Colthurst, 97 F. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819  
R. H. Gds. Hon. G. W. Forester, Cornet by purch. vice Sir R. Hill, ret. 27 May 1824  
2 Dr. G. F. C. Griffiths, Cornet by purch. vice Duncombe, Gren. Gds. 17 June  
6 Lieut. Hume, from 15 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Langley, ret. 10 do.  
7 Dr. Ensign Edwards, from 46 F. Cornet vice Aird, h. p. 10 F. do.  
Capt. Shirley, Maj. by purch. vice Keane, prom. 17 do.  
Lieut. Williams, Capt. do.  
Cornet Pringle, Lieut. do.  
15 Cornet Garnier, Lieut. by purch. vice Hume, 6 Dr. G. do.  
H. T. Lord Pelham, Cornet do.  
Gren. Gds. Cornet Duncombe, from 2 Dr. Gds. Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Douglas, prom. do.  
1 F. Lieut. Smith, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut. vice Rafter, cancelled 27 May  
4 Lieut. Irving, Capt. by purch. vice Spink, 92 F. 3 June  
Ensign Heedly, Lieut. do.  
D. W. I. L'Ardy do.  
10 Capt. Vandeleur, from 5 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Blane, 90 F. do.  
11 Assist. Surg. Chermiside, from h. p. 7 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Stewart, Afr. Corps. do.  
16 Capt. Kemp, from 55 F. Capt. vice Straker, h. p. York Chass. 27 May  
18 Bt. Lieut. Col. Gorrequer, Maj. by purch. vice Percival, ret. 10 June  
Lieut. French, Capt. do.  
21 Hosp. Assist. Ewing, Assist. Surg. vice Freer, removed from the Service 3 do.  
27 Lieut. McPherson, Capt. vice Waldron, dead 25 March  
Ensign Carroll, Lieut. do.  
J. F. Lonsdale, Ensign 27 May  
37 Lieut. Dyer, Adj. vice Lange, res. Adj. do.  
40 Capt. Moore, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Phillips, dismissed 10 June  
46 W. Edwards, Ensign vice Swetonham, res. 3 do.  
Ensign Keiley, from h. p. 10 F. Ensign vice Edwards, 7 Dr. 10 do.

48 F. Ens. McKeuzie, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Ens. vice Grant, 58 F. 27 May 1824  
54 Lieut. Moore, from h. p. 71 F. Lieut. vice Hawkins, 91 F. 20 do.  
55 Capt. Verity, from h. p. York Chass. Capt. vice Kemp, 16 F. 27 do.  
58 Ensign Grant, from 48 F. Ensign vice Lett, h. p. Afr. Corps. do.  
60 Hosp. Assist. Lamond, Assist. Surg. vice Melvin, prom. do.  
Lieut. Tempest, from 96 F. Lieut. vice Cornwall, 76 F. 19 June  
62 Ensign Lane, Lieut. by purch. vice Butler, ret. 27 May  
J. W. Fisher, Ensign do.  
63 Capt. Hill, from h. p. 28 F. Capt. vice Lynch, 3 Vet. Bn. 3 June  
Lieut. Jordan, Adj. vice Dupont, res. Adj. 20 May  
Surg. Bohan, from h. p. 23 F. Surg. vice Macnish, h. p. do.  
Lieut. Forster, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Paymaster, vice Jones, dismissed 10 June  
71 Lieut. Pennington, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 20 May  
Quart. Mast. Serj. Agnew, Quart. Mast. vice Herring, ret. on full pay 17 June  
76 Lieut. Cornwall, from 60 F. Lieut. vice Grubbe, h. p. 74 F. 10 do.  
90 Capt. Blane, from 10 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Williamson, h. p. 28 F. 3 do.  
Assist. Surg. Whitney, from 85 F. Surg. vice Morrison, dead 17 do.  
91 Lieut. Hawkins, from 54 F. Lieut. vice Berkeley, h. p. 71 F. 20 May  
97 Surg. Conolly, from h. p. 5 W. I. H. Surg. 17 June  
98 Capt. D. Campbell, from h. p. 94 F. Capt. vice Fox, cancelled 27 do.  
Lieut. Freebairn, from h. p. 74 F. Lieut. vice Tempest, 60 F. 10 June  
Lieut. Dunlevie, from h. p. 65 F. Paym. do.  
99 Surg. Hibbert, from h. p. York L.I.V. Surg. 17 do.  
Rifle Brig. 1st Lieut. Felix, Capt. by purch. vice Travers, ret. 20 May  
2d Lieut. Irton, 1st Lieut. do.  
H. F. Beckwith, 2d Lieut. do.  
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Scott, from h. p. 26 F. Capt. vice Strangeways, ret. list 27 do.  
3 Bt. Maj. Lynch, from 63 F. Capt. vice Vandeleur, 10 F. 3 June  
Ensign Douglas, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ensign vice Boreham, ret. list do.

### Unattached.

Major Keane, from 7 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. Lieut. Gen. Stovin, ret. 17 June 1824.

### Staff.

Lieut. Nunn, from 59 F. Staff Adj. vice Gourlay, dead 27 May 1824

### Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Stewart, from h. p. 38 F. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Chambers, 64 F. 20 May 1824

Assist. Surg. McLeod, from h. p. 78 F. Assist. Surg.  
vice Hosp. Assist. McNiece, dead 25 May 1824  
Caldwell, from h. p. 31 F. Assist.  
Surg. vice Lamonde, 60 F. 25 June  
Hosp. Assist. Morgan, Assist. Surg. do.  
J. Young, Hosp. Assist. vice Blair, dead 18 do.

### Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Sir T. N. Hill, K.C.B. from Gren.  
Gds. with Lieut. Col. Ellison, h. p. Unatt.  
Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. with Lieut.  
Col. Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R.  
Major Sweney, from 1 Dr Gds. rec. diff. with  
Major Delancey, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.  
Nicolls, from 96 F. with Major White,  
h. p. 24 F.  
Bt. Lieut. Col. Sir T. Reade, from 27 F. with  
Capt. Franklyn, h. p. 24 F.  
Capt. Paterson, from 8 Dr. with Capt. Knight,  
63 F.  
Dashwood, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Dou-  
glas, h. p. Unatt.  
Lieut. Deacon, from 16 F. with Lieut. Murray,  
Ceylon Regt.  
Warren, from 41 F. with Lieut. Logan,  
Rifle Brig.  
Ashe, from 41 F. with Lieut. Barnes, 65 F.  
Giffard, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.  
Forbes, h. p. 18 F.  
Harvey, from Cape Corps (Inf.) with Lieut.  
Ross, h. p. 60 F.  
Ensign Nixon, from 44 F. with Ensign Dodgin,  
66 F.  
Ensign Kellett, from 48 F. with Ensign Smith,  
h. p. 24 F.  
Paym. Chitty, from 2 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Hay,  
h. p. 45 F.  
Surg. Shorland, from 31 F. with Surg. Callow,  
96 F.  
Jones, from 44 F. with Surg. Daunt, 58 F.  
Assist. Surg. Campbell, from Rifle Brig. with  
Assist. Surg. Armstrong, h. p.  
Hosp. Assist. Farmer, with Hosp. Assist. Black-  
wood, h. p.

### Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Gen. Stovin, from 17 F.  
Major Percival, 18 F.  
Capt. Langley, 6 Dr. Gds.  
Travers, Rifle Brig.  
Lieut. Butler, 62 F.  
Cornet Sir R. Hill, Royal Horse Gds.  
Ensign Sweetenham, 46 F.

### Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Fox, 98 F.  
Lieut. Rafter, 1 F.  
Lieut. Ker, 30 F.

### Removed from the Service.

Assist. Surg. Freer, 21 F.

### Deaths.

General J. Murray, of late 96 F. Paris.  
Lieut. General Farley, late of 68 F.  
Major General Du Plat, h. p. late Germ. Leg.  
Hanover 19 March 1824  
Lieut. Col. Johnston, h. p. Corsican Rang.  
Lee, Royal Marines, Chatham May  
Capt. Mackay, 48 F. Sydney, New South Wales  
2 Dec. 1825  
L'Estrange, R. Afr. Col. Corps, in Africa,  
from excessive fatigue 21 March 1824  
Quentin, h. p. 2 Dr. Germ. Leg. Hanover  
20 May

Lieut. Bourke, 7 F. 7 June  
Cuthbertson, 48 F. drowned at Macquarrie  
Harbour, Van Diemen's Land 24 Dec. 1823  
Roy, 69 F. Wallajahbad, Madras  
27 Jan. 1824  
Mallet, late Invalids, Plymouth 1 June  
Watt, late 3 Vet. Bn. Jersey 4 do.  
Ingleby, h. p. 1 Dr. Lancaster 10 April  
K. Campbell, h. p. 74 F. Inverness  
29 March  
Pyne, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dublin 22 Jan.  
Noble, h. p. 95 F. Rothsay 21 April  
Cauchi, h. p. R. Reg. of Malta, France  
15 Jan.  
Ordioni, h. p. Corsican Rang. Corsica  
23 Sept. 1823  
De Vaux, h. p. Chas. Britain, Nantes  
23 Feb. 1824  
Mackenzie, h. p. 1 Lieut. Dr. Ger. Leg.  
drowned at Hanover 9 June  
Ensign Woodburn, 46 F. 1 Feb.  
Lisle, 83 F. Trincomalee, Ceylon  
26 Nov. 1823  
Cumming, late 3 Vet. Bn. Edinburgh  
28 May 1824  
Macpherson, late 3 Vet. Bn. Stromness,  
Orkney 2 June  
Newman, h. p. 40 F. 22 Feb. 1822  
Bornemann, h. p. 8 Line German Leg.  
Frankfort 15 April 1824  
Adjutant Perry, h. p. 21 Dr. 22 May  
Quart. Mast. Paul, 87 F. on board the Abberton  
Indianman 14 Feb.  
Holmes, late of Coldst. Gds. Hollar-  
way 18 April  
Coleman, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds. Carlou.  
Ireland 5 do.  
Hill, h. p. Depots 23 Feb.

### Medical Department.

Staff Surg. McGlashan, h. p. Glasgow May 1824  
Power, h. p. Bere Island 18 April  
Staff Assist. Surg. Dr Wharrie, Ceylon 8 Jan.  
Assist. Surg. Hoatson, Ceylon Regt. Ceylon  
7 Nov. 1823  
Dr Menzies, h. p. 21 Dr. India 25 Dec.  
Meyer, h. p. 4 Vet. Bn. France 5 Nov.  
Apoth. Fox, h. p. May 1824  
Price, h. p. London do.  
Hosp. Assist. Picton, Africa 5 March

### Chaplain's Department.

Rev. Archdeacon Owen, Chaplain General to the  
Forces 4 June 1824

*Killed, Wounded, and Missing, of the Re-  
gular Force in Action with the Ash-  
antees on 21st January 1824, in the  
West Wassa Country, Cape Coast  
Castle, West Coast of Africa.*

### Killed.

Brig. Gen. Sir Charles M'Carthy, wounded, taken  
prisoner, and afterwards killed.

### Wounded (slightly.)

Capt. Rickets, 2 W. I. R. Maj. of Brig.  
Ensign Erskine, R. African Colonial Corps.

*Missing, and supposed to have been after-  
wards killed.*

Ensign Wetherell, 2 W. I. R.  
Dr. Beresford Tedlie, Surg. of 2 W. I. R.

## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.		Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Mea			
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.								Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.		
		s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.		
June 25	77	24 6	56 6	53 5	28 6	50 0	20 0	27 0	20 0	26 0	10	1 0	June 22	500	1 7	91 1 3
30	629	24 0	36 6	32 3	24 0	28 6	20 0	26 6	20 0	26 0	10	1 0	29	474	1 7	88 1 3
July 7	609	23 6	36 0	31 5	24 0	29 6	21 0	27 0	20 0	26 0	10	2 0	July 6	476	1 7	89 1 3
14	753	22 0	36 0	30 7	20 0	28 0	20 0	26 0	20 0	26 0	10	1 8	13	386	1 7	86 1 3

## Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.				Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pee.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantrie.		For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		s.	d.
June 24	s.	s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.
July 1	—	—	—	30 0 36 6	21 0 25 0	25 0 29 0	31 0 33 0	27 0 29 0	23 0 26 0	21 0 24 0	21 0 24 0	53 55 0
8	—	—	—	30 0 36 0	21 0 24 0	25 0 27 0	31 0 33 0	27 0 31 0	25 0 26 0	21 0 24 0	21 0 24 0	53 55 0
15	—	—	—	30 0 36 0	20 0 24 0	25 0 27 0	30 0 33 0	27 0 31 0	22 0 25 0	21 0 24 0	21 0 24 0	53 55 0
	—	—	—	30 0 34 6	19 0 22 0	25 0 27 0	30 0 32 6	27 0 31 0	22 6 25 0	18 0 25 0	53 55 0	

## Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.		Pease.	Beans.	1824.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
June 25	621	23 0	35 6	30 7	24 0	31 0	22 0	26 0	June 21	22 6	23 6	1 6 1
July 2	704	25 0	34 0	30 4	24 0	30 6	21 0	26 6	28	22 0	23 6	1 6
9	621	24 0	34 0	29 1	25 0	31 0	22 0	26 0	July 5	22 0	23 3	1 6
16	449	24 0	33 0	29 5	25 0	32 6	21 0	25 0	12	20 0	22 0	1 5 1

## Dalketh.

## London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
June 21	48 70	38 44	30 38	21 29	25 33	42 48	35 44	41 44	35 37	55 60	46 55	— 10
28	42 70	36 42	31 39	21 29	25 33	42 48	35 44	41 44	35 37	55 60	46 55	— 10
July 5	42 70	34 40	31 39	21 29	25 33	40 47	33 43	41 44	35 37	55 60	46 55	— 10
12	40 70	34 40	31 39	20 28	24 32	39 46	32 42	41 44	35 37	55 60	46 55	— 10

## Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.								Oatm. 240 lb.			
							Eng. 240 lb.		Irish.		Amer. 196 lb.				Engl.		Scots.	
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.			
June 22																		
29	4 0 10 0	3 6 3 10	4 3 5 4	38 42	38 45	30 48	44 52	42 50	21 23	30 37	32 34							
July 6	4 6 10 0	3 6 4 0	4 5 5 6	42 44	38 46	32 42	50 52	46 50	22 23	35 38	29 33							

## England &amp; Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
June 12	63 2	38 9	33 6	26 11	39 1	39 1	—
19	62 1	42 4	32 8	26 9	39 11	38 4	—
26	61 10	41 10	32 9	27 2	38 2	39 11	—
July 3	61 6	40 8	33 8	26 7	38 7	39 2	—



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
June 1	A. 42 M.55	29.890 30.103	A. 58 M.59	SW.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.	June 16	A. 44 M.52	29.587 .603	A. 57 M.56	E.	Dull, and cold.
2	A. 45 M.55	.225 .151	A. 63 M.63	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.	17	A. 45 M.48	.769 .794	A. 54 M.57	E.	Foren. dull, sunsh. aftern.
3	A. 39½ M.60	.142 .176	A. 65 M.67	NW.	Fair, dull mid. of day.	18	A. 39 M.55	.810 .648	A. 60 M.60	NE.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
4	A. 49 M.62	.252 .229	A. 69 M.64	Cble.	Ditto.	19	A. 38 M.54	.450 .303	A. 62 M.57	E.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
5	A. 44 M.54	.225 .225	A. 62 M.59	E.	Morn. foggy, day sunsh.	20	A. 45 M.52	.303 .285	A. 58 M.55	E.	Rather cold and dull.
6	A. 43½ M.49	.142 29.965	A. 58 M.59	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. even. foggy.	21	A. 42 M.52	.502 .538	A. 55 M.57	E.	Dull, with slight shrs.
7	A. 42 M.58	.907 .907	A. 61 M.66	W.	Morn. foggy. Sunsh. day.	22	A. 43½ M.55	.389 .408	A. 60 M.56	E.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
8	A. 48½ M.59	.907 .910	A. 70 M.63	Cble.	Sunsh. foren. dull aft. cold.	23	A. 44 M.54	.372 .340	A. 58 M.56	NE.	Dull, but fair.
9	A. 45 M.51	.850 .830	A. 60 M.69	E.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	24	A. 45 M.51	.325 .325	A. 54 M.57	NE.	Morn. h. rain. day fair.
10	A. 44 M.49	.880 .932	A. 56 M.55	E.	Rather dull, very cold.	25	A. 46 M.52	.585 .529	A. 61 M.61	Cble.	Day fair, dull rain evening.
11	A. 39 M.49	.968 .985	A. 56 M.55	NE.	Day cold and dull.	26	A. 45 M.58	.692 .299	A. 62 M.63	Cble.	Rain morn. and aftern.
12	A. 39 M.52	.925 .892	A. 59 M.58	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	A. 45½ M.60	.715 .628	A. 61 M.61	SE.	Warm, with showers rain.
13	A. 39 M.54	.812 .560	A. 59 M.61	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	28	A. 49 M.60	.602 .550	A. 64 M.63	SE.	Morn. rain sunsh. aftern.
14	A. 43 M.50	.575 .256	A. 58 M.53	E.	Rain morn. and aftern.	29	A. 50 M.62	.429 .275	A. 62 M.64	SE.	Showers rain during day.
15	A. 37½ M.51	.279 .475	A. 53 M.53	E.	Dull morn. sh. rain aftern.	30	A. 47 M.61	.317 .312	A. 61 M.61	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.

Average of rain 2.109 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The dry weather, which had produced such pernicious effects on the growing crop at the date of our last, continued (with the exception of a shower on the 15th) till the 24th, at which period serious apprehensions were entertained for every thing connected with vegetation. A moderate shower fell on the 24th, and less or more rain fell on each of the ten succeeding days, accompanied with a temperature averaging about 58° Fahrenheit. The depth of rain during that time amounted to two inches; since our last, to two inches and seven-tenths. As might have been expected, the effects of the rains on the growing crop has been particularly favourable. Wheat had the ear previously formed, and on light lands it was short; but a luxuriance is now communicated to the plant that will insure a well-filled ear. Lateral shoots of oats, that began to languish, have acquired fresh vigour; early varieties are in full ear, and promise well. Barley that was early sown is in many instances rather thin, but shews a fine ear with dark-green foliage. Beans have elongated considerably; and pease are now in full flower, and promise a bulky crop: Potatoes shew healthy spreading foliage; early varieties swell rapidly. Turnips were for the most part sown before the rains, and a fair braird has been obtained; but an unusual number of annual weeds appear in every turnip field. The hay harvest commenced about the last week in June; The crop is light, and the weather has been rather unfavourable for getting it secured. A great breadth still remains in the small cock. The second cutting of clover comes forward boldly, and pastures now afford a full bite. Vegetation is about eighteen days earlier than at this period last year. In the corn market, sales have been rather dull of late, and prices begin to retrograde. A good deal of wheat is still on hand, and indifferent samples are almost unsaleable. In barley there is little doing. Oats continue to command a brisk sale, but prices are looking down; and bonded oats are now sure to meet the current crop in the market by the end of next month. The price of cattle has improved since the rains. Horses are not purchased with the same avidity as in the spring months. Sheep go off well, and wool is expected to rise a little higher in price than last year.

Perthshire, 14th July 1824.

*Course of Exchange, London, July 13.*—Amsterdam, 12: 1. Ditto at sight, 11: 18. Rotterdam, 12: 2. Antwerp, 12: 4. Hamburg, 37: 3. Altona, 37: 4. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 45. Ditto at sight, 25: 75. Bourdeaux, 25: 75. Frank-fort-on-the-Maine, 155. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 47½. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ ⅞ cent.

*Prices of Bullion, ⅞ oz.*—Portugal Gold in coin, £.0.0.0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3.17.6.—New Doubloons, £.0.0.0.—New Dollars, £.0.4.9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0.5.0.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. a 8 gs.

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from June 23, to July 14, 1824.*

	June 23.	June 30.	July 7.	July 14.
Bank Stock.....	—	238½	237	237½
3 ⅞ cent. reduced.....	95½	95½	94	97½
3 ⅞ cent. consols.....	—	—	93½	93½
3½ ⅞ cent. do.....	101½	102	101½	101½
4 ⅞ cent. do.....	101	101	101½	101½
Ditto New do.....	—	—	106½	106½
India Stock.....	—	—	—	269½
— Bonds.....	80	83	80	83
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	21	32	34	41
Consols for account.....	95½	96	94½	94½
French 5 ⅞ cents.....	103 f.25c.	103 fr.50c.	101 f.37c.	101 fr.3c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of May and the 20th of June 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashbon, T. Canton-place, Poplar, underwriter.  
 Austin, C. Luton, Bedfordshire, banker.  
 Austin, J. B. Cheapside, druggist.  
 Beale, C. Salisbury, oilman.  
 Bird, W. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Bliss, E. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, scrivener.  
 Booth, P. Gee Cross, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Bulmer, G. D. Liverpool, money-scrivener.  
 Campion, R. Horsleydown, cooper.  
 Castelli, J. Blackman-street, Newington, wire-worker.  
 Caulfield, P. Monkton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer.  
 Clark, R. and J. Jobling, jun. Trinity-square, coal-factors.  
 Courteen, R. Size-lane, dealer.  
 Courthorpe, T. Rotherhithe, boat-builder.  
 Crooke, W. Burnley, Lancashire, iron-merchant.  
 Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, victualler.  
 Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper.  
 Duke, J. Basinghall-street, warehouseman.  
 Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St John's-street, West Smithfield, stationers.  
 Edwards, W. Bleinham-street, merchant.  
 Evans, W. Albany-terrace, Old Kent-road, merchant.  
 Everitt, J. Stamford Baron, horse-dealer.  
 Fairmaner, J. Alfred-news, Tottenham-court road, horse-dealer.  
 Fation, F. Maddox-street, Bond-street, watch-maker.  
 Finch, R. and J. Ensham, Oxfordshire, glovers.  
 Fishwick, W. Habergam, Eaves, Lancashire, timber-merchant.  
 Gaskell, F. Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Giani, A. New Cavendish-street, music-publisher.  
 Gibson, R. J. P. Great Bell Alley, merchant.  
 Griffiths, W. Beaumaris, currier.  
 Hale, W. Church-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker.  
 Hall, W. Layton's-buildings, Southwark, merchant.  
 Halliwell, W. Bunhill-row, hatter.  
 Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, mercer.  
 Hifferman, J. N. Alington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.

Hill, J. Carlisle, mercer.  
 Hilder, J. Lime-street, victualler.  
 Holmes, T. Nottingham, corn-factor.  
 Hooman, J. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, carpet-manufacturer.  
 Humble, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.  
 Huntriss, W. Northowram, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Jackson, E. York, goldsmith.  
 James, Cath. Horsham, innkeeper.  
 Jameson, W. Pancras-lane, provision-merchant.  
 Joyce, H. S. and J. Freshford, Somersetshire, and T. Joyce, Bucklersbury, clothiers.  
 Kain, F. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant.  
 Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer.  
 McCarthy, D. Shadwell, coal-merchant.  
 McKenzie, A. Lime-street, merchant.  
 Makepeace, H. Bristol, coach-maker.  
 Marshman, M. Trowbridge, clothier.  
 Meybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor.  
 Moore, J. Bristol, timber-merchant.  
 Moore, J. sen. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Naish, J. Bristol, auctioneer.  
 Noyes, J. Tooley-street, oilman.  
 Pacey, T. Lincoln, mariner.  
 Parke, J. Liverpool, druggist.  
 Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers.  
 Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.  
 Prestwidge, S. Drury-lane, grocer.  
 Purchas, S. Yeovil, draper.  
 Raney, J. Whitehaven, banker.  
 Rawlings, R. and J. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, card makers.  
 Roberts, J. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.  
 Rossiter, T. Bristol, bottle-liquor merchant.  
 Sanders, T. A. Penkridge, surgeon.  
 Sherwin, J. and J. Drane, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, comb-makers.  
 Sheriff, W. Liverpool, dealer.  
 Skaife, J. S. Tokenhouse-yard, hatter.  
 Smith, J. Church-passage, Fenchurch-street, money-scrivener.  
 Smith, T. Chepstow, cabinet-maker.  
 Smith, F. B. A. and D. Old Trinity-house, cora-factors.

Smyth, T. Exeter, bookseller.  
 Spofforth, R. jun. Howden, Yorkshire, scrivener.  
 Stephenson, C. V. Liverpool, linen-draper.  
 Symonds, N. W. Crutched Friars, merchant.  
 Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler.  
 Thropp, J. Tooley-street, victualler.  
 Todd, E. Charlton, Lancashire, cotton spinner.  
 Tode, C. P. Regent-street, St James's, watch-maker.  
 Vankempen, P. Wapping-wall, brewer.  
 Warnford, F. Wakefield, tea-dealer.

Waterhouse, C. Bridgnorth, druggist.  
 Wells, T. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer.  
 Whitaker, J. St Paul's Church-yard, music-seller.  
 Whitbread, W. South-end, linen-draper.  
 White, W. B. Strand, linen-draper.  
 Wilcox, O. Tottenham court-road, butcher.  
 Williams, E. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant.  
 Wilson, R. Turnham green, draper.  
 Wilson, R. Tooley-street, victualler.  
 Wylde, J. Macclesfield, victualler.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced June 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

#### SEQUESTRATIONS.

Air, William, merchant in Coldstream.  
 Bell, James, fish-merchant in Perth.  
 Grant, Lewis, bookseller in Inverness.  
 Gray, John, grain-merchant, corn-merchant, and miller, residing at Comedy, Barony Parish of Glasgow.  
 Gutzmer, Anthony Henry, founder, Leith Walk.  
 Harper, Alex. shawl-manufacturer in Kilmarnock.  
 Huie, James Leith, bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh.  
 Lee & Myers, jewellers, auctioneers, and general-agents in Glasgow.  
 Liddel, Robert, grocer, brewer, and baker, at Blantyre Toll.  
 McDonald, John Hall, merchant in Falkirk.  
 McLean, Wm. & Sons, late merchants in Edinburgh.  
 Paul, William & James, distillers and merchants in Stirling.  
 Taylor, Patrick, spirit-dealer in Auctermuchty.

Thomson & Goodair, muslin and lace-merchants in Edinburgh.  
 Urquhart, George, brewer and distiller at Inverness.  
 Wilson, Thomas, vintner at Beallock Bridge.

#### DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, William, late tanner in Glasgow; by Robert Blackie, merchant there.  
 Finlay, Thomas, late builder in Elie, Fife; by D. S. Threshie, W.S. Edinburgh.  
 Knox, John & Sons, cotton-yarn merchants in Glasgow; by D. Cuthbertson, accountant there.  
 Rae, John, candle-maker in Edinburgh; by W. Sanderson, merchant there.  
 Ramsay, Smith, Graham, & Co. merchants in Glasgow; by Robert Blackie, merchant there.  
 Watt, Thomas, & Co. merchants and warehousemen in Glasgow; by James Aitken, merchant there.

### Obituary.

#### DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD MACDONALD.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we announce the decease of this amiable and distinguished nobleman, who died at his house in London, on Saturday the 19th June, after a protracted illness, which came to a sudden termination.

His Lordship entered in early life into the army, and had the honour of serving for some years in the Tenth, when that regiment was under the command of his present Majesty. He afterwards raised a corps of fencibles, of which he continued in command as long as that description of force was judged necessary for the defence of the kingdom. He likewise represented the borough of Saltash in Parliament for several sessions, during which he was one of the most zealous and disinterested supporters of the principles of Mr Pitt.

But it is from Lord Macdonald's patriotic labours for the improvement of his vast estates in the Hebrides, that an estimate of his character is to be formed. Convinced that the first step towards improvement is to render a country accessible, his Lordship made, with the assistance of Government, upwards of 100 miles of public road, on his own property, in the islands of Skye and North Uist; subscribed largely towards the formation of roads in districts leading to those islands, and built two handsome piers at Kyle-

akin and Portree; not only to promote the trade of those villages, but generally as a protection to shipping in a tempestuous sea. As an inducement to himself and his successors to live on their own estates, he began a magnificent castle at Armidale, according to a design by Gillespie, and carried it on so far towards a completion, and embellished it with so much taste, that it is now one of the greatest ornaments of the north. His Lordship's constant endeavours also to improve the manufacture of kelp, and introduce the culture of hemp, to drain the marshes and cultivate wastes, to erect churches, mills, and bridges, and, by every means, to provide food and employment for the lower orders, will cause his memory to be long cherished in the hearts of a grateful population.

While other landowners were banishing the people from their properties, in order to introduce sheep, it was Lord Macdonald's boast, that of a population of 24,000, not a man had been compelled to emigrate from his; and, to add but one remarkable circumstance more to this short sketch, such was his kindness to his tenantry, that, notwithstanding their numbers, and the general distress for the last few years, not one had his goods sequestered from the time his Lordship came to his estates.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS.

1824. Jan. 7. At Nagpore, the Lady of Andrew Ross, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon 2d battalion 18th regiment, a son.

May 24. In Costes Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs George Forbes, a daughter.

28. At Stewartfield, Mrs Veitch, a son.

— At North Berwick, the Lady of Major-General Dalrymple, a son.

May. 29. At Woolwich, the Lady of Lieutenant William Cochrane Anderson, royal horse artillery, a daughter.

— At Costes Crescent, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Aytoun, R. A., a son.

30. At Penchrise, Mrs Pott, a son.

— At Forge Lodge, Dumfriesshire, the Lady of Pulteney Mein, Esq. a daughter.

June 2. At Queen-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq. a daughter.



June 5: At Portobello, the Countess of Kintore, a daughter.  
 — At Grandholm Cottage, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Lindsay, 78th Highlanders, a daughter.  
 7. At Craigie manse, Mrs Dr Stirling, a daughter.  
 — At 31, Howe-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Hay, Esq. of the India Company's service, a daughter.  
 — At Croydon Farm, the Lady of John Dingwall of Brucklay, Esq. a daughter.  
 9. At Links Place, Leith, Mrs Donaldson, a son.  
 10. The Lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. W. S. a son.  
 — Mrs Jolly, 20, Windsor-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.  
 11. At Greenhead, Glasgow, the Lady of Capt. T. D. Stewart, of the Bengal cavalry, a son.  
 12. At Rosebank, the Lady of Kenneth Macleay of Newmore, Esq. a daughter.  
 13. At Park House, Kent, the Lady of Sir Henry R. Calder, Bart., a son.  
 16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Borthwick, 83, George-Street, a son.  
 17. At Edinburgh, Mrs William Snell, a daughter.  
 20. Mrs Richard Mackenzie, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.  
 — At Park Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Grant, of Congalton, a son and heir.  
 22. Mrs Cook, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a son.  
 23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Stewart of Glenormiston, a son.  
 — In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Duncan, a son.  
 — In Queen-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Henry Ferguson, a daughter.  
 Lately. At the Upper Lodge, Bushy Park, the Lady of Colonel Fitzclarence, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

1823. Dec. 22. At Nusseerabad, at the house of Sir David Ochterlony, Bart. G.C.B. Wm. Seton Charters, Esq. M.D. of the Bengal medical establishment, to Louisa Scott, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. of Canton.

1824. April 29. At Bridge Town, Barbadoes, William Moffat, Esq. to Miss Emily Woolford, only daughter of J. Woolford, Esq. merchant there.

May 21. At London, the Rev. William Robinson, son of Sir John Robinson, Bart. to the Hon. Susanna Sophia Flower, eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ashbrook.

— Philip Anglin, Esq. M.D. of the island of Jamaica, to Catharine Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Colonel John Robertson.

23. At Banff, George Craigie, Esq. M.D. of the Bengal medical service, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq.

June 1. At Paris, the Prince Polignac, to Madame le Marquis de Choiseul, widow of the Marquis de Choiseul, and niece to Lord Ranelagh.

— At Burntsfield Place, Edinburgh, William Bowden, Esq. of Hull, to Margaret Sawers, eldest daughter of Archibald Anderson, Esq.

— At Bo'ness, Islay Burns, Esq. surveyor of his Majesty's Customs, to Janet, third daughter of the late Andrew Milne, Esq. merchant there.

— At Drumpellier, Lieut. John Hay, R. N. to Marion, eldest daughter of David Carrick Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpellier.

— At the house of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. Salisbury Road, Edinburgh, Dr James Kellie, physician in Dunbar, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr George Wauchope.

2. At Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, David Arthur Davies, Esq. surgeon, Linlathly, to Spencer Boyd, eldest daughter of Andrew Sievwright, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

7. At Tunbridge Wells, William Thomas Thornton, Esq. to Hannah Isabella Cornelia, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Halket Craigie of Hailhill, in the county of Fife.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Captain W. L. Fitzgerald, De Roos, of the 1st regiment of life guards, to Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

8. At Glasgow, John Graham, Esq. of Nether Glenny, to Isabella, second daughter of James Stiven, Esq. Glasgow.

June 9. At Windsor Street, Leith-Walk, Mr John Connell, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Johnson.

11. At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, David Canning, Esq. surgeon, to Mary Stewart, eldest daughter of John Reid, Esq.

12. At Edinburgh, A. F. Smith, Esq. surgeon, Kirkaldy, to Mary Ann, daughter of James Burn, Esq. manufacturer, Edinburgh.

14. At Glasgow, Robert Mitford Peacock, Esq. eldest son of Robert Peacock, Esq. of Solgirth House, late of Calthorpe Hall, Yorkshire, to Mary, third daughter of Mr John McCallum, wine-merchant, Glasgow.

— At Glasgow, Mr Thomas Young, merchant, to Catharine, second daughter of Mr John McCallum, wine merchant, Glasgow.

15. At Paisley, Mr James Allan, jun. merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, second daughter of Thomas Leishman, of Oakshaw, Esq.

— At Pilrig-Street, Edinburgh, Robert Blackie, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of the late Burridge Purvis, Esq. of Glassmount.

— At the Haining, Archibald Douglas, Esq. son of Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Adderstone, to Margaret Violetta, daughter of the late Mark Pringle, Esq. of Clifton.

16. At Craighead, Archibald Smith, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas McCall, Esq. of Craighead.

17. At the Collegiate Church, Manchester, Charles Grant, Esq. of Barwood House, near Bury, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Thomas Worthington, Esq. of Sharon Hall, Cheshire.

19. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Fox, son of Lord Holland, to Miss Mary Fitzclarence.

21. At Park Place, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Elizabeth Ann Campbell, second daughter of the Hon. Lord Succoth.

— At Edinburgh, Munro Ross, Esq. of Rosshill, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late John Cumming, Esq.

22. At Glasgow, Thomas Campbell, Esq. to Agnes, second daughter of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward.

— At Woodhill, Thomas Bannerman, Esq. to Jane, second daughter of George Hogarth, junior, Esq. of Woodhill.

## DEATHS.

1824. Jan. 12. At Madras, James Waddell, Esq. 19. At Batavia, Henry Band, son of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant in Leith.

March 14. At Montreal, suddenly, of asphyxia, the Rev. T. Hill. This gentleman came to this country last fall from Edinburgh, and being a regularly educated and ordained minister of that body of Christians known by the name of Presbyterians, had been preaching in the church of St Peter's Street in Montreal, ever since, as assistant to the Rev. Mr Easton. After morning service on Sunday, and performing his functions as usual, he returned to his lodgings, and had just seated himself, when he fell on the floor lifeless.

25. At Islington Pen, St Andrew's, Jamaica, at an advanced age, the Hon. James Stewart Cuxton, and late one of the representatives in the Hon. House of Assembly for that parish; also a Judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature, and Auditor-General and Surveyor of the parish revenues.

May 6. At Foveran House, Aberdeenshire, John Robertson, Esq. of Foveran.

15. At Norham, Lieutenant Cornelius Murray, of the 101st regiment, son of the late Daniel Murray, Esq. of Overdurie and Christianbank, aged thirty-three.

18. At Islington, in his 31st year, the Rev. George Strahan, D.D. Prebendary of Rochester, Rector of Kingsdown, Kent, and Vicar of Islington. Dr S. was the second of the three sons of the late eminent printer, William Strahan, Esq. M. P. and elder brother to Andrew Strahan, Esq. the present printer to the King, and many years M. P.

19. At Bervie, Dr Robert Napier.

22. At Leith, Mr Alex. Paterson, ironmonger, (late of Stirling.)

— John Parry, Esq. Vice Warden of the Stannaries for Devonshire, and formerly proprietor of the London Courier.

— Mrs Elizabeth Sinclair, relict of the late John

Mackenzie, Esq. of Jamaica, and sister of the late Sir Alexander Sinclair, of Dunbeath, Bart.

May 27. At Dysart, Mrs Grace Reddie, relict of Lieut. James Black, R. N.

25. At Alloa, Captain Robert Henderson.

— At Florence, William Crosbie, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Tuscany.

25. At Ayr, Mrs Crawford, senior of Ardmillan.

26. At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Hutton, eldest daughter of the late John Hutton, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

— In East Heech, Taunton, Mr John Taylor, in the 109th year of his age. He was a butcher, and regularly attended the markets of Taunton, Wellington, and Wyvilcombe, upwards of sixty years. He has left two sons, the eldest of whom is 87, and the youngest 64.

— At Montcalier, near Turin, Capel Loft, Esq. 27. In Lower-Brook Street, London, Mrs Rattray, widow of the late Colonel John Rattray, of Craighall, Perthshire.

28. At his seat, Hawkstone, Salop, Sir John Hill, Bart. in the 84th year of his age.

— At Banff, Mrs Gordon, widow of the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, minister of Banff.

— At London, John Locke, M.D. late of Glasgow.

29. At the Lairg Cottage, near Tain, Lieutenant J. P. Gordon, half-pay 71st regiment.

— At his house in Forth-Street, Edinburgh, David Kinnear, Esq. banker.

— At Hastings, in Sussex, Robert Alexander Paterson Wallace, Esq. only son of the deceased Major Robert Wallace, of the 17th foot, and grandson of the late Alexander Wallace, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

30. At Square Point of Crossmichael, William Rae, Esq. late of Dunjarg, aged 85 years.

— At Coats House, Major-General Nicholas Carnegie, of the Hon. East-India Company's Bengal establishment.

31. At Bath, the Lady of Sir George Abercromby Robinson, Bart.

— At Bilbwo, parish of Troqueur, Miss Eleanor Lidderdale, daughter of the late Robertson Lidderdale, Esq. of Castlemilk.

— At Star Bank, Fife, Mr Thomas Erskine Pattullo, aged 19, third son of Robert Pattullo, Esq.

June 1. At his house in Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Alexander Wylie, doctor of medicine.

2. At Edinburgh, Samuel Watson, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Fintry, Stirlingshire, Janet Waters, aged 100. She had 15 children, 55 grand children, and 40 great-grand-children—total, 106. Eight of her children died in infancy; of course only five of her children have any offspring.

3. At Fyvie, the Hon. Mrs Gordon, relict of the late General the Hon. William Gordon of Fyvie, in the 81st year of her age.

— At Edinburgh, Daniel Ramsay, of Falla, aged 64 years.

4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Abercrombie, widow of the late Rev. George Abercrombie, one of the ministers of Aberdeen.

5. At Lauder, Alexander Dawson, Esq. surgeon, Chief Magistrate of the burgh of Lauder.

— At Bogton, Cathcart, Miss Pagan of Bogton, aged 66 years.

— In Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London, Lieut-General Simon Fairley, aged 78.

6. At Kirkconnel manse, in the 48th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth McLean, wife of the Rev. James Richardson, minister of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Johnston, wife of William Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk, and only surviving daughter of Mr S. Douglas.

7. At his house in York Place, Edinburgh, John Blackwell, Esq. advocate.

8. At Malvern, Lieut-Colonel Hugh Houstoun.

9. In South Audley Street, London, Thomas Chevalier, Esq. surgeon extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

— At Kirkwall, in Orkney, the Rev. Robert Yule, minister of the Gospel there.

10. At Rankeilour House, Mrs Mary Maitland,

widow of the late Charles Maitland, Esq. younger of Rankeilour.

June 11. At Edinburgh, Thomas Ferguson, Esq. of Baledmund, in the 23d year of his age.

— At Stirling, the Rev. Archibald Bruce, one of the ministers of that parish.

13. At Dumfries, Mr James Gibson, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, in the 50th year of his age, Mr James Souter, slater to his Majesty.

— At his house, Blythwood Place, Glasgow, William Monteth, Esq.

14. At Waukmills of Letham, Mr Patrick Strirling, aged 82 years.

— At Thurso, Mrs Pringle, wife of Mr Robert Pringle, collector of Excise.

16. At Weymouth, in his 50th year, George Mellis, Esq. of Perthshire, having arrived in England from Calcutta, in the Kingston, only twelve days before.

— At 2, Arncliffe Place, Major Colin Campbell, of Strachur.

17. At his residence in Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, Deputy Earl Marshal of England, and brother to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. His Lordship was a Protestant. He represented the city of Gloucester in several Parliaments, and sat in the present Parliament for Steyning.

19. At her residence, No. 13, Seymour Place, Little Chelsea, Donna Maria Theresa del Riego y Riego, widow of General Don Rafael del Riego y Riego.

20. At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Fraser, formerly of the 71st, thereafter of the 87th regiment of foot—Lieut. Fraser entered the 71st regiment at the youthful age of 16. He passed with approbation through the grades from private to officer in the short space of eight years. His signal bravery at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope induced the commanding officer to report him for an officer's commission; for he was one of a party of thirty, who, on that occasion, volunteered to storm a battery, and the only one of the party who survived (but not unwounded) the capture of it. The regiment went from the Cape upon the expedition to Buenos Ayres, in which country Mr Fraser did good service, although in the condition of a prisoner. This was reported by the then Colonel of the regiment, Colonel, afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Denis Pack, to the Secretary of the Commander in Chief, in the following very handsome terms:—"By his exemplary behaviour, when far in the interior of South America, he acquired such ascendancy over a number of men, as to be acknowledged by them as their commanding officer; and by his manner throughout, materially tended to uphold the allegiance they have shewn; and was such as to induce the Spaniards to offer him a large sum and a commission in their service." Mr Fraser was with the same distinguished corps, and was again wounded, when it formed part of the army under General Sir John Moore, and at the glorious epoch of Vimiera and Waterloo.—When the peace came he was put upon half pay, and had engaged successfully in business. But the need of just praise is of perilous attainment. His arduous military duties had planted the seeds of early dissolution in a frame both originally robust, and fortified by sober habits. His premature death, at the age of forty-two, is to be traced to that cause; while it will long be deplored by all those who knew him in civil life, as having deprived society of a valuable man, and his wife and numerous infant family of a most affectionate and exemplary husband and father.

Lately. At Paris, General John Murray, aged 86. He had served his Majesty 60 years in different parts of the world, and was twelve years a prisoner in France under Napoleon's Government. His eldest son, Major-General Murray, was late Governor of Demerara.

— At Vienna, the Austrian Finances Minister, Count Von Stadion.

— In Rutland Street, Cheltenham, Sarah Pool, at the extraordinary age of 110 years.

— At Shalden Lodge, Hants, aged 45, Lieut. Colonel Arthur Johnston, late Assistant-Commandant at the Royal Military College, Farnham.

# THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

## LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

## The Scots Magazine.

AUGUST 1824.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY



# HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>		<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
Sept. 1824.		H.	M.	H.	M.	Sept. 1824.		H.	M.	H.	M.
W.	1	7	55	8	39	Th.	16	7	1	7	41
Th.	2	9	24	10	9	Fr.	17	8	27	9	15
Fr.	3	10	47	11	21	Sa.	18	9	59	10	38
Sa.	4	11	48	—	—	Su.	19	11	13	11	45
Su.	5	0	12	0	34	M.	20	—	—	0	12
M.	6	0	51	1	8	Tu.	21	0	38	1	1
Tu.	7	1	24	1	40	W.	22	1	24	1	47
W.	8	1	56	2	10	Th.	23	2	7	2	28
Th.	9	2	26	2	40	Fr.	24	2	48	3	9
Fr.	10	2	55	3	8	Sa.	25	3	28	3	48
Sa.	11	3	23	3	38	Su.	26	4	6	4	26
Su.	12	3	55	4	12	M.	27	4	45	5	6
M.	13	4	30	4	48	Tu.	28	5	27	5	51
Tu.	14	5	8	5	31	W.	29	6	17	6	48
W.	15	5	55	6	25	Th.	30	7	22	6	6

## MOON'S PHASES.

### Mean Time.

	D.	M.	H.
Full Moon, ... W.	8.	23	past 11 morn.
Last Quart, ... Th.	16.	59	— 6 morn.
New Moon, ... W.	22.	7	— 10 aftern.
First Quart, ... W.	29.	9	— 11 aftern.

## TERMS, &c.

### September.

1. Partridge shooting begins.
23. Day and Night equal.
30. Hare hunting begins.

## To Correspondents.

"*Classical Recreies, No. VII.*,"—"Forty Years Since,"—the Review of Henderson's History of Wines,—and a number of other Articles, are unavoidably postponed.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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AUGUST 1824.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SCHOLAR.

*State of the Latin Language from the termination of the first Punic War till the death of Sylla, (78, B. C.)*

THE history of this noble form of speech naturally arranges itself into five periods or epochs: 1st, From the building of Rome till the Conquest of Magna Græcia, or rather, till the termination of the first Punic War: 2d, From the close of the first Punic War till the death of Sylla: 3d, From the demise of the Dictator till that of Augustus: 4th, From the death of Augustus till the age of the Antonines; and, 5th, From the age of the Antonines till the transference of the seat of the empire from Rome to Byzantium. It is of the second and most remarkable of these periods that we propose to exhibit a few characteristics. Every scholar knows that the conquest of Magna Græcia was followed by an almost instantaneous improvement in the structure, rhythm, and harmony of the Latin language. The learned men of that colony were either carried to Rome as prisoners, or attracted thither by hopes of honour and advancement; while, on the other hand, a great number of Romans, allured by the delicious climate and high refinement of the south, speedily settled in the conquered province. In conformity with a maxim which regulated the policy of Rome, so long as her arms continued victorious, no pains were spared to effect a speedy and entire amalgamation of the victors and the vanquished. Circumstances, in the present case, were eminently favourable to the accomplishment of this wise object. Justly proud of their superiority in arms, the Romans were at the same time sensible of their vast deficiency in the arts which embellish life, and give splendour to martial achievement, and disdained not to become the pupils and scholars of those whom they had subdued. The Greek colonies in Italy had long maintained a generous rivalry with the mother country in genius and in art, in which, at the period of their conquest, they were little, if at all, inferior. In proof of which, it is sufficient to mention, that Plato visited Italy in order to make himself acquainted with the discoveries of Pythagoras, and converse with Archytas of Tarentum, and Timeus the Locrian; from whom the illustrious founder of the Academy derived no small portion of that sublime philosophy which he has bequeathed to us in his eloquent and immortal works\*.

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\* Audisse te, credo, Tubero, Platonem, Socrate mortuo, primum in Aegyptum discendi causa, post in Italiam et in Siciliam contendisse ut Pythagoræ inventa perdisceret; eumque et cum Archyta Tarentino, et cum Timæo Locro multum fuisse; cumque eo tempore in his locis Pythagoræ nomen vigeret, illum se et hominibus Pythagoreis, et studiis illis dedisse." Cicero *de Republicâ*, l. 10. ed. Ang. Maio, Item confer *De Fin.* v. 29.; *Quæst. Tusc.* l. 17.; *De Senec.* XII.; *Lucan.* X. 181.; *Val. Max.* VIII. 7. ext. 3.

By the fall of Tarentum, and the conquest of Sicily, which followed at a short interval, the Romans were, therefore, brought in direct contact with the philosophy and literature of Greece at the period when both had attained their maximum of expansion and improvement, and when five centuries of social existence had prepared their minds to become recipients of whatever was fitted to enlighten and refine. The most remarkable moral revolution recorded in the annals of mankind almost immediately ensued; and in nothing was that revolution more strikingly evinced than in the change that took place in the language. The first poets of Rome were natives of Magna Græcia; and though, after the conquest of their native country, they had to learn the language of their conquerors, the improvement which they effected must still be matter of surprise and astonishment. To satisfy his mind of the amount of this improvement, it is only necessary for the classical reader to compare the monuments of an elder date, preserved in the *Monumenti degli Scipioni*, or the *Roma Antica*, with the existing fragments of Livius Andronicus, Naevius, and Ennius, writers in whose hands the language passed from a rude, uncouth, semibarbarous dialect, incessantly varying and fluctuating, into a regular form, and assumed much of that severe and majestic dignity by which it was ever after characterized.

Still, however, many archaisms, which it was reserved for the writers of the Augustan age to remove, continued in use, and the language was deformed by the frequent recurrence of *sesquipedalia verba*, compounded on the analogy of the Greek, but hostile to the genius of the Latin, which reluctantly admits triplicate, and seldom or never quadruplicate combinations. These and other peculiarities we propose now to exemplify; and as some arrangement is convenient, we shall do so under the following heads:

1. WORDS.—The writers anterior to the time of Cicero employed a number of substantives which the Augustan authors generally rejected; such as *anquinae*, *apludae*, *aqualis*, *aquila*, *axicia*, *bucoedu*, *bucco*, *bulga*, *bustirapus*, *capronae*, *capulum*, *carinarius*, *casteria*, *colluthea*, *conchita*, *conspicillum*, *cordolium*, *cuppes*, *dividia*, *estrix*, *fala*, *famigerator*, *flammearius*, *grallator*, *hamista*, *illex* for *exlex*, *lectisterniator*, *legirupa* and *legirupio*, *lenullus*, a diminutive from *leno*, *limbolarius*, *linteo*, *Lucus bos* for *elephantus*, *mando* for *helluo*, *mantellum*, (whence the English word *mantle*), *mantisa*, *meddix*, an Oscan word, equivalent to *magistratus*, *mellinia*, *mosculus*, a diminutive of *mos*, *nulleus*, *ocris*, *offerumentum*, *petimen*, *perlecebra*, *petro*, *portisculus*, *proseida*, *sedentarius*, *statutus* for *procerus*, *struix*, *stultiloquentia*, *subulo*, *Summanus* for *Dis*, *suppromus*, *suras*, *sutela*, *tama*, *temelum*, *terginum*, *trico*, *vesperugo*; *cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. In this enumeration we have omitted words applicable to certain parts of dress, to trades, and to objects of natural history, because, though not to be met with in compositions of the Augustan age, they are not properly to be considered as having fallen into desuetude from any amelioration of the language, but as having become unnecessary or meaningless by the change which time and fashion had introduced. The writers of this period also employed substantives in a sense in which they are not found in the works of their successors; as *flagitium* for *flagitatio*, *hæres* for *dominus*, *labôr* for *morbus*, *nugæ* for *naenia*; and introduced a great number of vocables, which are either Greek, or closely imitated from that language; as, *architecton* for *architectus*, *batiola* from *βάτιον*, *gaulus* from *γαῖλος*, *halophanta* from *ἁλοφάντης*, *horœnum* from *ὥραιον*, *lepada* from *λεπὰς*, *miccotrogus* from *μικκός*, and *τρώγειν*, *paseolus* from *Πασκάλιον*, *pithecium* from *πιθήκιον*, *schoœnum* from *σχόινος*, *stalagmum* from *σταλαγμός*, *trapezita* from *τραπεζίτης*. Compound words of prodigious length, and utterly abhorrent to the genius of the language, are likewise frequently to be met with, as *argentienterbronides*, *damnigeruli*, *dentifrangibula*, *feritribaces*, *flagritribæ*, *gerulifigulus*, *nucifrangibula*, *oculicrepidae*, *perenticidae*, *plagipatidae*, *subiculumfragri*, and other combinations equally monstrous, in which Plautus particularly delights to indulge. In fact, the Umbrian baker appears to have taken a pleasure in sporting an occasional and notorious barbarism; at least we



can offer no other apology for such horrid jaw-breakers as *hilbere*, *publicotabi*, *buttubata*, and *tax-tax* \*.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the language at this period is the use of the singular of words of which only the plural remains, as *moene*,—the employment of diminutives which subsequently disappeared altogether, as *digitulus*, *dicula*,—and particularly the difference in the termination and declension of a great number of substantives, from those which obtained in the Augustan age. Thus we find *angustitas*, *concorditas*, *differitas*, *impigritas*, *epulentitas*, *tristitias*, of the third, and *amicities*, *avarities*, *luxuries*, of the fifth declension instead of the first; *duritudo*, *ineptitudo*, *miseritudo*, *moestitudo*, and such like, are of frequent occurrence; and many substantives, which now end in *us*, were then terminated in *um* of the second,—and *vice versâ*. But the variations were most numerous in the third declension; so much so, indeed, that it would be a hopeless task to exemplify even a small proportion of their number. It appears, however, that the Augustan terminations in *al* and *ar* were originally quite regular; thus, *animale*, *sale*, *exemplare*, the elision of the final *e* being, in our opinion, the very reverse of an improvement.

The varieties, peculiar to this period, in the terminations of the cases of nouns, would seem to warrant a presumption, at least, that, originally, there were only two declensions, the second and the third. Thus we meet with *ai* and *as* in the genitive singular of nouns of the first declension, as *vitai*, *familias*,—with *is* in those of the fourth, as *senatuis*, *exercituis*,—and, in the fifth, even in its present state, with indications characteristic only of the third. To illustrate this by an example, Let us suppose the word *familia* declined according to the third, then the regular genitive would be *familiais*, or, dropping the short *i*, *familias*, which still remains in *paterfamilias*, *materfamilias*. Instead of the penult, however, the final letter (*s*) was more frequently dropped. Hence *vita*, declined in terms of the third, would give in the genitive *vitais*, which, by dropping the *s*, would become *vitai*, the form in which the genitive of all words of the first declension constantly appears in the poem of Lucretius, and sometimes even in Virgil, as *aurai simplicis ignem* (*Æneid*. vi. 747.) In the same manner *domus*, *exercitus*, *senatus*, if regularly declined according to the third, would give *domuis*, *exercituis*, *senatuis*, which are of frequent occurrence in the writers of the period under consideration; the dative would be *domui*, *exercitui*, *senatui*, and the ablative *senatue*, *exercitue*, or, contracted, *senatu*, *exercitu*. If the common, or indeed any example of the fifth declension be taken, and declined according to the third, it will exhibit coincidences precisely similar. The termination of the datives and ablatives plural of a certain class of nouns of the first declension in *abus* is entirely favourable to this hypothesis, which we give as such, without attempting any farther generalization. It is also deserving of remark, that, during a portion of this period, the masculine nouns of the second declension appear to have had only one form; thus we met with *puere* as the vocative, from the nominative *puerus*.

The genders of substantives were still very irregular and indeterminate; thus *aerarium* is sometimes found in the masculine, as are *actas*, *grando*, *stirps*, *lux*, *silex*, *calx*, *crux*; Greek neuters in *a*, which the writers of the Augustan age invariably declined according to the second form of the third declension, are occasionally met with of the first, *e. g.* *dogmam*, *schemam*, *diademam*: *guttur* and *murmur* are sometimes masculine, *metus* feminine, and *sexus* neuter. A great number of adjectives in frequent use during this period afterwards disappeared, as *alliatu*, *bronus*, (which Varro writes *brocchus*,) *capularis*, *caudeus*, *compennis*, *crepenus*, *crucius*, *deliquus*, *dierecetus*, *elleborosus*, *exsinceratus*, *gravastellus*, *inanilogus*, *labosus*, *macellus*, *malacus*, *medioximus*, *munis* (whence *immunis*,) *murricidus*, *ningulus*, *ocu-*

\* The last of these Pagan vocables has long been naturalized in the language of this country, the inhabitants of which enjoy almost daily opportunities of acquiring, experimentally, a correct idea of its import. In this respect they have decidedly the advantage of the ancient Romans.

*lissimus, privus, rodus* or *radus, sollus, stlembus, stultividus, voluptabilis*; and some, too, were employed in a sense altogether different from that which they subsequently conveyed, as *assiduus* signifying *rich* (ab *assibus ducendis*, non ab *sedeo*) *cupidus* desirable, *curiosus* lean, *immemorabilis*, in an active signification, he who declines speaking, *superstitiosus*, denoting a foreteller of future events, a prophet or seer. Several peculiarities likewise existed in the declension and gender of adjectives. *Alter, solus, nullus*, and others of this class, had not, as in the sequel, the genitive in *ius*, and the dative in *i*; while, instead of *gracilis, hilaris, infimus, utilis, mansuetus, munificentior, mediocris, potior, quotus, spurcus, subjectus, extensus*, we meet with *gracila, hilarus, infimas* or *infimatis, utilis, mansuas, munificior, mediocriculus, plerus, quotumus, spurcificus, subex, tentus*. In the pronouns, too, some striking anomalies may be remarked. For ipse the authors of this period wrote *ipsus*, for ille ipse *ipsipsus*, for quis *quips*, for is *ips*, for eum *em* and *im*, for eundem (eum demum) *emem*; for hi, *hae*, *haec* they wrote *hic, haec, istaec, hisce* for *hi*, *qujus* for *cujus*, *vopte* for *vos ipsi*, *sum, sam, sos, sas* for *sum, suam, suos, suas*, &c.

Of the verbs in use, at this period, a goodly number were totally rejected by the Augustan writers; such, for example, as *ahjugo* for *separo*, *adverrunco* for *averto*, *alludio* for *alludo*, *ambabedo* for *circumquaque ardo*, *betere* for *ire*, *calvier* for *frustrare*, *causificari* for *accusare*, *cette* for *cedite*, *cicurare* for *mansuefacere*, *concenturiare* for *colligere*, *corvitare* for *circumspicere*, *depuccere* for *caedere*, *dispennere* for *dispendere*, *suo* for *sum*, *gnarigo* for *narro*, *lamberare* for *scindere*, &c. &c. Several verbs were employed in a sense totally different from that afterwards given to them, as *corporare* to kill, *innuhere* to pass from one point to another, *latrare* for *poscere*, and *latrocinari* for *militare*; and not a few of those closely imitated from the Greek, subsequently fell into desuetude, as *badizare, clepere, harpagare, imbulbitare* (from βάλβιτον), *patrissare, protelare*, &c. Among the elder writers of this period, many of the verbs, which the Augustan authors used as deponents, were employed as actives; thus *arbitro, aucupo, auspico, cohorto, congreo, consolo, contemplo, cuncto, digno, elucto, expergisco, frustro, imito, impertio, laeto, lucto, miro, multo, omino, opino, pacisco, percontio, polliceo, proficisco, recordo, refrago, scruto, sortio, vago*; and, on the other hand, we meet with the following as deponents: *adjutor, bellor, certor, consecror, copulor, emungor, expalpor, manducor, murmuror, natrior, pigneror, punior* (which was sometimes used as a deponent by the writers of the succeeding period; thus Cicero, pro Milone 13, says, *Tu inimicissimum multo crudelius etiam punitus es, quam erat meae humanitatis postulare*;) *sacrificor, spoliore*. In the conjugation of verbs, these early writers indulged in the utmost license, not unfrequently confounding the first and second, the first and fourth, and the second and third conjugations; for example, they wrote *estur* for *editur*, *facitur* for *fit*, *osus sum* (*perosus* is still in use) for *odi*, *quitus sum* for *possum*, *donunt* for *dant*, *nequinoant* for *nequeunt*, *solinunt* for *solent*, *scibam* for *sciebam*, *exposivit* for *exposuit*, *loquitatus* for *locutus*, *morsi* for *momordi*, *parsi* for *peperci*, *sapivi* for *sapui*, *solverim* for *solitus sim*, &c.

2. PHRASES.—Having dwelt so long upon isolated words, we shall now point out a number of phrases peculiar to this period, without stopping to analyze or explain them. The most remarkable of these are the following: “*Adire manum alicui*,—*gallam bibere ac rugas conducere ventri*,—*caedere sermones*,—*colere vitam*,—*quadrupedem constringere*,—*dapinare victum*,—*dare bibere*,—*suum defrudare genium*,—*herbam dare*,—*follitim ducitare*,—*peratim ducitare*,—*emungere aliquem argento*,—*ex aliquo crepitum polentarium exciere*,—*exporgere frontem*,—*curculiunculos minutos fabulari*,—*expeculiatos fieri*,—*fraudem frausus est*,—*mulsa loqui*,—*datatim ludere*,—*obsiparea quulam*,—*obtrudere palpum*,—*ornare fugam*,—*os occillare*,—*percutere animum*,—*sub vitam praeliari*,—*sermonem sublegere*,—*fulmentas suppingere soccis*,—*thermopetro gutturem*,—*pugilicè et athleticè valere*,—*as-yarebolum venire*,—*desymbolis esse*,—*aestivè viaticari*,” &c.

3. A single word on the subject of ORTHOGRAPHY. The ancients frequently retrenched a vowel from the middle of a word, as *defrudo* for *defraudo*,



*caldus* for *calidus*, *mina* for *mina*, *periculum*, *vinculum*, *sæculum*, for *periculum*, *vinculum*, *sæculum*; and sometimes from the end, as *volup*, *facul*, &c. In the dative of the fourth declension, the final *i* was frequently dropped, as *magistratu*, *luxu*, *victu*, for *magistratui*, *luxui*, *victui*; and in such words as *satis*, *animus*, *opus*, *prius*, &c., the terminal letter was often elided, without any apparent advantage or obvious reason. Nay, whole syllables were sometimes lopped off, to the manifest injury both of etymology and perspicuity; thus, they sometimes wrote *rabo* for *arrhabo*, *conia* for *ciconia*, *momem* for *momentum*, *dein*\* (which still remains) for *deinde*, &c. But if they re-trenched in some instances, they added in others; thus we meet with *stlis*, *stlocus*, *stlatus*, for *lis*, *locus*, *latus*,—*trabes*, *merix*, *nuculeus*, for *trabs*, *merx*, *nucleus*,—*exemplare*, *sale*, &c. &c. Where the letter *b* was afterwards used, we sometimes meet with *du*, as *duonus* for *bonus*, *duellum* for *bellum*; and one letter or diphthong is frequently substituted for another; but as some of these changes may have been the work of the transcribers and copyists, we shall not stop to particularise them†. The orthography of this period is deserving of the more attention, as it will frequently enable the etymologist to trace words to their simplest elements, and thus contribute to throw light on some of the nicer and less obvious analogies of the language. But something too much of mere verbal criticism.

### Plagiarisms of Virgil.

Many of the finest passages in the *Æneid* are borrowed, in whole or in part, either from the poem of Lucretius, or the works of Ennius; though it must, at the same time, be said for the bard of Mantua, *Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit*. The extent of his obligations to Lucretius are matter of notoriety, and therefore need not be exemplified; the following parallel, which might be easily extended to much greater length, notwithstanding the little that remains of the venerable father of Roman Song, will sufficiently evince how closely he imitated, and how freely he borrowed from Ennius.

Ennius Book 6.	Vertitur interea coelum cum ingentibus signis.
Virgil, <i>Aen.</i> 2.	Vertitur interea coelum, et ruit oceano nox.
Ennius, 1.	Qui coelum versat stellis folgentibus aptum.
Virgil, 6.	Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
Ennius, 1.	Est locus Hesperiam quam mortales perhibebant.
Virgil, 1.	Est locus Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt.
Ennius, 8.	Consequitur, summo sonitu quatit ungula terram.
Virgil, 8.	Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
Ennius, 12.	Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.
Virgil, 6.	Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem.
Ennius, 16.	Concidit, et sonitum simul insuper arma dederunt.
Virgil, 10.	Corruit in volnus; sonitum super arma dedere.
Ennius, 1.	Hei mihi qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo.
Virgil, 2.	Hei mihi qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo, &c. &c.

Should the reader be desirous of more examples, he is referred to *Macrobius Saturnal.* vii., 1, 2, and 3.

### Character of Ennius.

In the seventh book of his *Annals*, Ennius has sketched the character of the friend and military adviser of Servilius, and it has been generally believed that the Poet, on this occasion, drew from himself. The supposition is not improbable, and the portrait is certainly a very flattering one—as the reader will perceive.

Hoc locutus vocat, quicum bene saepe libenter  
Mensam, sermonesque suos, rerumque suarum

\* It is probable, however, that *dein* is only *inde* transposed.

† Such as desire further information on this subject may consult Funccius *De Adolescentiâ Latinae Linguae*, c. 7.



Comiter impertit ; magna quum lapsa dies jam  
 Parte fuisset de parvis summisque gerendis,  
 Consilio, induforo lato, sanctoque senatu ;  
 Cui res audacter magnas parvasque, jocumque  
 Eloqueret, quae tincta maleis, et quae bona dictu  
 Evomeret, si quid vellet, tutoque locaret.  
 Quocum vulta volup, ac gaudia clamque palamque,  
 Ingenium cui nulla malum sententia suadet,  
 Ut facinus faceret ; lenis tamen, haud malus ; idem  
 Doctus, fidelis, suavis homo, facundus, suoque  
 Contentus, scitus atque beatus, secunda loquens in  
 Tempore commodus, et verborum vir paucorum.  
 Multa tenens antiqua sepulta, et saepe vetustas  
 Quae facit, et mores veteresque novosque tenentem  
 Multorum veterum leges, divumque hominumque  
 Prudentem, qui multa loquive, tacereve possit.

Horace informs us (Epist. I. 19. 7.)

Ennius ipse pater numquam, nisi potus, ad arma  
 Prosiluit dicenda.

Query, whether were the *Calabrae Pierides* drunk or sober when the above laudation was indited ? With this in his eye, Gellius might well have spared his ill-natured remark concerning the "Campanian arrogance of Naevius."

#### On the derivation of the word "Italy."

One would naturally expect that a country, whose limits have been so distinctly marked out as those of Italy, would have been always described by a uniform general appellation. History, however, does not follow the course which geography would seem to indicate. For a long series of ages after the whole of it was occupied and colonized, Italy was designated by no general name ; but, divided among a number of independent tribes, its different provinces bore the names of their respective inhabitants. As late as the time of Aristotle, six countries are mentioned, which probably comprehended the whole of Italy. These were, *Ausonia*, *Opica*, *Tyrrhenia*, *Iapygia*, *Umbria*, *Liguria*, and *Henetia*. For example, Thucydides, speaking (VI. 4.) of Cumae, says it was situated in *Opica* ; and Aristotle, cited by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, (*Antiq. Rom.* I. 72.,) calls *Latium* a province of *Opica*. *Hesperia*, *Saturnia*, *Oenotria*, and *Latium*, though applied by the most ancient of the Greek, and afterwards by the Latin poets, to the whole of Italy, appear to have been originally the names of particular provinces or districts.

The derivation of the word Italy has puzzled the etymologists both of ancient and modern times. Apollodorus (*Biblioth.* II.), Varro (*De Re Rust.* II. 5.), Columella (*in Proem.*), Servius (*ad Aeneid.* I. 536.), and Aulus Gellius (*Noct. Att.* XI. 1.), agree in thinking that the name Italy is derived from *ιταλος*, *bos*, (whence the Latin word *vitulus*,) and that it was originally bestowed by the Greek settlers, in consequence of the great numbers of cattle with which the pastures abounded. Others, again, suppose that the country took its name from *Italus*, the chief or leader of a Sicilian colony which first settled in the Sabine territory and in *Latium* ; and that, in process of time, and by a variety of causes, it superseded all the others. Among the modern derivations, the most whimsical and extravagant is that of Bochart (*Chanaan*, I. 33.), who imagines that it must have been taken from a Punic vocable (*iturgia*) signifying pitch, because the district inhabited by the *Bruttii*, and which abounded in that article, was, in his opinion, the first to which that name was applied. Now, without pretending to give any decided opinion, we may remark, that, as there is no doubt that the term Italy was originally applied to that part of the Peninsula which forms the province of *Calabria Ultra*, the hypothesis of those who derive it from

the name of the Sicilian prince is thus rendered the more probable, as far as the reason of the thing is concerned, to say nothing of the facility of forming *Italia* from *Italus*. It was long before this denomination was applied to any extensive portion of the country. Even towards the fifth century of Rome, it only designated those countries to the south of the Tiber and *Æsis* (*Esino*), or the kingdom of Naples, with a small portion of the States of the Church. Polybius, so far as we know, was the first who gave this general appellation to the whole country south of the Alps, including, of course, Cisalpine Gaul and Venetia; but it was not till the formation of the second triumvirate that the whole country was politically united, and called by the name of Italy; the ostensible object of which was, that Cisalpine Gaul might no longer be governed as a province by a Proconsul, who, in imitation of Julius Cæsar, might turn the arms of his legions against the Republic.

#### *Identity of the Thracians and Illyrians.*

The identity of the Thracians and Illyrians is proved by the ancient writers applying, some the former, and others the latter of these epithets, to one and the same people. Thus the Dardanians, described as Illyrians by Strabo and Appian, are denominated Mæsiens, and, consequently, Thracians, by Dion Cassius; while the Triballi, whom the ancients generally classed among the Thracians, are named Illyrians by Aristophanes and Livy. The Scholiast of Aristophanes, in illustration of a passage in the Clouds, says expressly, that "*all the Illyrians are Thracians.*" Adelung divides the great primitive nation of the Thracians into three principal branches, the Illyrian, the Pelasgic, and the Hellenic.

#### *The Pelasgi.*

Strabo (*Geogr.* IX. 273.) says that the Pelasgi were so called διὰ τὴν πλάνην, *ab errando*; and Pomponius Festus appears to interpret Aborigines (quasi *Aberrigines*) in a similar manner. This, however, Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Antiq. Rom.* I. 8) considers a distortion of the word; and maintains that the Aborigines and the Pelasgi were distinct tribes, though both of Greek origin; the former having, according to him, sailed from Arcadia, their native country, to Italy, about five centuries before the capture of Troy, while the latter did not enter that country till about a century and a half later. It appears also from a passage in the *Antiq. Rom.* that Cato, in his work *De Originibus*, and Caius Sempronius, considered the Aborigines to have been Greeks who emigrated from Achaia many ages before the Trojan war; but that neither of these authors delivered any opinion as to the particular Greek tribe from which they sprung, or the course they followed in entering Italy. The truth is, all the ancient writers agree in one point—that the Pelasgi were Greeks, although there is great difference of opinion as to the particular race from which they sprung; some asserting that they were of Athenian, others of Lacedæmonian, and others again of Thessalian origin, to which last opinion Servius (*ad Æneid.* VIII. 600). inclines, *nam multas in Thessalia Pelasgorum constat esse civitates*. Hyginus and Varro, as quoted by Servius, represent the Pelasgi as Tyrrhenians; but this seems to be a mistake, as it appears, from all that we have been able to collect, that the Tyrrhenians were the tribe which afterwards received the name of Etruscans, and arrived in Italy at a period considerable posterior to the immigration of the Pelasgi, with whom, nevertheless, they coalesced. Livy, who represents the Aborigines as readily uniting with Aeneas and his colony of Trojans, in waging war against the circumjacent states, gives no opinion as to their descent, which was probably, even in his time, involved in obscurity. It being admitted, however, that the Aborigines and the Pelasgi were both of Greek origin, and the import of the names, by a slight charge on the former, being nearly identical, we are inclined to think, notwithstanding the authority of Dionysius, that they were one and the same people, and that they were the first who im-

ported the elements of civilization into Italy. This conjecture is strengthened by a well-known passage in the *Æneid* :

Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos,  
Arvorum pecorisque Deo, lucumque, diemque,  
Qui primi fines aliquando habuere Latinos.

We are aware that the authority of Sallust may be adduced to invalidate this inference ; but it is not improbable that he applied the term *Aborigines* to the descendants of the Celtic tribes, who entered Italy by the passes of the Julian and Cottian Alps, and by the course of the Adige, and that he described them as a savage and lawless race, only in comparison with the institutions and refinement of an enlightened and polished age.

### CICERO de Republicâ.

There is perhaps no monument of ancient literature the disappearance of which had excited so much regret, as that of Cicero's treatise *De Republicâ*. Though the earliest \*, perhaps, of all his philosophical works, it was that upon which he himself set the highest value, and which his contemporaries most admired ; it was said to have been written in his happiest style, and to have been the great repository of the political wisdom of the ancients. The splendid fragment (*Somnium Scipionis*) preserved by Macrobius, together with the quotations interspersed through the works of Lactantius, St. Augustine, and Nonius, served to exasperate the vexation of the learned at a loss which seemed as great as it was irretrievable. A complete copy was extant as late as the 11th century ; since which period the literary world have been at different times flattered with the hopes of its recovery, and rumours have been circulated that manuscripts of the work existed in France, Poland, and other countries. It is needless to add, that these rumours turned out to be groundless, and that the hopes they had raised were uniformly disappointed.

Within the last few years, however, a considerable portion of this famous treatise has been recovered by the industry and ingenuity of the Librarian of the Vatican, who effected his object by having recourse to means which his predecessors had never dreamed of. It is well known, that whenever papyrus or parchment were scarce, it was customary to obliterate old, in order to admit fresh, writing ; and that parchment or papyrus thus rescribed received, even in the time of Cicero, the name of palimpsest (*α πάλιν rursum et ψάω abstergo*.) In the middle ages, when the means of writing were of difficult attainment, and the classics had given place to monkish legends, or the wild fictions of romance, this practice became so frequent, that these rescribed MSS., or palimpsests, were more numerous than parchments from which the original writing had not been discharged. On many palimpsests, however, the process of obliteration had not been so complete, as to render the original writing altogether invisible ; on close and continued observation it might not only be discovered, but in many instances read, and the nature and purport of the writing ascertained ; this fact, however, was turned to no practical use till Signor Angelo Mai decyphered and published, from palimpsests in the Ambrosian Library, of which he was keeper, the fragments of six inedited orations of Cicero with ancient commentaries. This discovery having attracted very general notice, Signor Mai, promoted, in recompence of his learning and industry, to the superintendence of the Vatican Library, prosecuted, with indefatigable activity, at Rome, those interesting researches which he had so auspiciously commenced at Milan ; and it is to this enterprising and learned individual that the world is now indebted for the recovery of about a third part of the most celebrated and popular work of antiquity. The palimpsest from which

\* It was begun in the month of May in the year of Rome 699, when the author was in the 53d year of his age ; but it is not certain when it was finished.



so very considerable a portion of the first three books *De Republicâ* has been recovered, is arranged in quaternions, amounting, in all, to 302 pages, and is rescribed with part of a Commentary on the Psalms, by St. Augustine,—the obliteration and rescription being supposed to have taken place before the tenth century. The characters of the original writing are, of course, only in faint outline, and, from their large square form, are referred by Mai to the sixth century. This palimpsest was found in a most disordered and mutilated condition, and was in some parts easily, and in others with extreme difficulty, decyphered. Moreover, it was full of the most palpable and egregious blunders, which had crept into it from the ignorance of the transcribers, who were generally slaves, and, except the mechanical accomplishment of being able to write, for the most part grossly ignorant. It would hardly be possible to estimate the injury which the Latin authors sustained in consequence of the ignorance and inattention, or, at the best, the caprice of the copyists. Cicero himself, in a letter to his brother Quintus (III. 5.) complains bitterly of this evil: *De Latinis libris quo me veritam nescio; ita mendose et scribuntur et videntur: and if it had become so great as to vitiate the standard works in his time, what irretrievable injury must it not have occasioned in the many ages of darkness, confusion, and barbarism, which followed! Still, however, this palimpsest exhibits undoubted examples of the ancient orthography, well deserving the attention of the etymologist and of the scientific philologist.*

Like the greater part of Cicero's philosophical works, the treatise *De Republicâ* is in the form of a dialogue, and the interlocutors are Scipio Aemilianus, Laelius, Philus, Manilius, Mummus, Tubero, Rutilius, Scaevola, and Fannius. The object of Cicero, in composing this *great and laborious work*, as he himself describes it, like that of Polybius in writing his history, appears to have been, to exhibit a view of the different political and moral causes which had secured to the Roman people the empire of the world; and for this purpose, as well as to avoid giving offence, and, if possible, to recommend the stern but lofty severity of ancient manners,—on which wealth, luxury, and political profligacy, were daily making sad inroads,—he introduced the most distinguished of the Old Republicans, who detail, in a manner highly characteristic and striking, their different sentiments as to the best forms of polity, and particularly whether, in the government of states, justice ought to yield to, and be determined by, expediency. Scipio, *πρόσωπον πόλιως*, after examining in succession the three simple forms of government, pronounces in favour of monarchy, as *per se* preferable to either of the two other forms separately; but declares, that the best conceivable form of civil polity is that in which the three are so blended and attuned as to act and re-act on one another, and to produce, as it were, a state of equilibrium. And this, he maintains, was the form of the Roman Government after the expulsion of the kings. The arguments in favour of republicanism appear, however, to preponderate, as it was probably the author's intention that they should. In what remains of the third book, Philus undertakes the defence of expediency in government in opposition to justice, and, if we may form an opinion from what remains, appears to content himself with merely repeating the sophisms of Carneades. It is a subject of infinite, and, we fear, now unavailing regret, that the reply of Laelius, pregnant with the *mitis sapientia* peculiar to his amiable and endearing character, and containing, if we may believe antiquity, the most glorious and triumphant refutation of the machiavelism put in the mouth of Philus, has not been recovered. This was undoubtedly the most eloquent and interesting portion of the work. Cicero never personates the character of that virtuous and enlightened Roman, without rising, as it were, above himself, both in argument and in eloquence.

Scipio, as we have already said, argues in favour of kingly power, as compared with either of the other two simple forms of government. The following argument from analogy, in support of his preference, is interesting in a threefold point of view; first, for the ingenuity, far-fetched though it

may appear, with which it is conceived ; next, for the anecdote which it records ; and, lastly, for the felicity with which it is expressed : “ Tum Scipio, utere igitur argumento, Laeli, tute ipse sensus tui. Cujus, inquit ille, sensus ? S. Siquando si forte tibi visus es irasci alicui. L. Ego vero saepius quam vellem. S. Quid ? cum tu es iratus, permittis illi iracundiae dominatum animi tui ? L. Non me hercule, inquit : sed imitor Archytam illum Tarentinum, qui cum ad villam venisset, et omnia aliter offendisset ac jusserat, te te infelicem, inquit villico, quem necassem jam verberibus, nisi iratus essem. Optime, inquit, Scipio. Ergo Archytas iracundiam, videlicet dissidentem a ratione, seditionem quandam animi movere ducebat, eam consilio sedari volebat. Adde avaritiam, adde imperii, adde gloriae cupiditatem, adde libidines ; et illud videre est, in animis hominum regale si imperium sit unus fore dominatum, consilii scilicet : ea est enim animi pars optima : consilio autem dominante, nullum esse libidinibus, nullum irae, nullum temeritati locum . . . . Cur igitur dubitas quid de re publica sentias ? in qua, si in plures translata res sit, intellegi jam licet, nullum fore quod praesit imperium ; quod, quidem, nisi unum sit, esse nullum potest.” Lib. I. c. 38. Scipio, in fact, is represented as cherishing a perfect horror of that *immanis bellua*, “ the swinish multitude,” which he thinks ought to be fettered and restrained by every possible expedient ; and he lays it down as a maxim, never to be deviated from, that, in the constitution of states, the first and most important object is to provide, *ne plurimum valeant plurimi*. This would be quite orthodox doctrine even in our day.

Immediately before Philus undertakes the defence of what we now denominate machiavelism, Cicero makes Laelius pronounce the following splendid sentiment : “ Ut enim in fidibus aut tibiis, atque ut in cantu ipso ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum aut discrepantem aures eruditae ferre non possunt ; isque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur et congruens ; sic ex summis et infimis et mediis et interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillimorum concinit : et quae harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, artissimum atque optimum in omni re publica vinculum incolumitatis ; eaque sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest.” Lib. II. c. 42.

It is well known that Cicero's original intention was to extend his treatise to nine books, each of which was to contain the substance of one day's conversation on the subject of Government ; but that he afterwards altered his plan, and confined it to six books, exhibiting the substance of only three days' discussion. When he had finished the two first books he read them to a select party of his friends who had met at his Tusculan villa. On this occasion, Sallust, who was one of the company, strongly advised him to throw aside the form of dialogue, and treat the subject in his own person ; alleging, “ that the introduction of those ancients, instead of adding dignity, gave an air of romance to the argument, which would have greater weight when delivered by himself, as being the work, not of a petty sophist, or speculative theorist, but of a consular senator and statesman, conversant with affairs of the greatest importance, and writing what his own practice and the experience of many years had taught him to be true.” (Ad. Q. Fr. III. 5.) As far as the substance of the work was concerned, this was undoubtedly sound advice ; and so Cicero himself appears to have thought ; especially as, by throwing the scene so far back, he had precluded himself from touching on some important changes in the republic, and particularly from introducing Varro, conformably to the earnest request of Atticus, which, in a work of this description, must have been peculiarly appropriate, as well as gratifying, to that distinguished scholar and philosopher. But after some deliberation, and probably from a reluctance to throw away the two books already finished, he adhered to his original plan, which enabled him to exhibit with greater facility both sides of the argument, and, at the same time, to intersperse the discussion with those inimitably characteristic traits and strokes of eloquence which afforded so much delight to his countrymen, and still



rivet the attention even in perusing the mutilated fragments now for the first time, since the disappearance of the work, collected and embodied in something like a regular form.

The industry and research displayed by the learned keeper of the Vatican Library, in decyphering, arranging, editing, and illustrating these interesting remains, are only equalled by the judgment and skill he has brought to the execution of a task of no ordinary difficulty, and requiring a combination of talents and acquirements seldom found united in one and the same individual. Having merited so well of the literary world, it is gratifying to observe, that our Royal Society of Literature has had the grace to elect him one of its Associates; an act of liberal justice, which does honour to that infant institution, and gives promise of better things than some persons were disposed to anticipate. *Macte virtute esto!*

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#### THE SCENERY OF THE CLYDE.

Most people, I suppose, have heard of the Clyde. It is the finest river in Scotland, and Scotland is rich in fine rivers. There is the Forth, which takes its rise from a small clear pool at the bottom of Benlomond, and after winding away for miles, like a silver thread, through the wild and beautiful scenery of Stirlingshire, expands below Alloa, into a broad and majestic sheet of water, rolling on slowly and silently to the German Ocean. There is the Tay, drawing its source from the distant mountains of Breadalbane, and flowing through the enchanting lake which bears its name, whose wooded banks and little tufted island (romantic with the ruins of its ancient priory) no admirer of the picturesque should live another month without seeing; and let him follow the gentle stream, as it sweeps past the royal borough of Perth, and, gliding under the nine-arched bridge, enters the "Carse of Gowrie"—the Caledonian Arcadia—and at length, swelling into a *frith*, ceases to exist "betwixt St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee." Then there is the Tweed, —the very Avon of the north—with its classic tributaries, the "Galla Water," and the Tiviot, whose "wild and willowed shore" lives in immortal song. Then there is the Esk, too, or rather the Esks—the North and the South—tracing their origin up to the Grampian Hills, and after finding their way, by different channels, through their native shire of Angus, meeting, for the first and last time, just as they are passing into their common grave in the neighbourhood of Montrose. And there

are the Don and the Dee—the noblest of our Highland streams, whose course lies among rocks, and moors, and glens, and heathy hills, softening the stern aspect of the mountains of Mar Forest, and giving a softer beauty to the vale of Braemar. And there are the Nith and the Annan, rolling on in placid quiet, to the boisterous Solway. He who does not know their charms must learn them from Cunningham, not from me. Though last, not least, there is the Devron, a narrow, but romantic stream, and the chief ornament of Banffshire, giving luxuriance to the sweet valley of Forglen,—sweeping round the foot of the green hill, on whose brow stands the cottage of Eden,—winding among the woods of Mount Coffre,—sleeping like liquid crystal under the bridge of Alva, and then meandering on through the noble parks of Duff House, as if loth to leave those favourite scenes for the rude billows of the Murray Frith.

Yet still the Clyde keeps its own ground, and remains unrivalled. Let me carry you along with me, whilst we visit its leading beauties.

We shall set out from Lanark. Here is a path along the northern bank. It is shaded by trees, and its aspect is rural, but you may perceive by its breadth that it is one over which many have trod. The stream flows on beside us, somewhat rapidly, confined within a narrow bed by those high perpendicular walls of equilateral rocks. Now you may hear a noise in the distance, like a November wind sounding among the dry crashing branches of the forest. It increases, and the surrounding



trees and rocks throw a deeper gloom over the path. Is it the roar of approaching thunder? No; the sky is blue and serene, and the sunbeams, though they cannot penetrate here, have all the brightness of April. We must ascend out of this darkness. This little by-road will conduct us to yonder old tower that stands upon the height before us. The situation here is more airy, but the noise is louder than ever. Nay, do not fear it. Follow me to the tower. Now, look there! This is Cora-linn! There is the cataract before us, tumbling down from rock to rock, dashing from chasm to chasm, foaming, boiling, roaring, till the brain becomes dizzy, and the sense of hearing suffers a temporary annihilation. See how its waters seem to burst fresh from the caves of the surrounding rocks! See how the boughs of the impending trees are whitened by its spray! Look how the river slides along with the silent velocity of light, till it reaches the edge of the precipice, and then mark how it leaps into the gulf below, and frightens the mountain-echoes with its earthquake voice! Look yonder, where for a moment it catches the sun-light in its fall; see how every drop glitters with a different hue, laughing to scorn the brightness of the rainbow. When did water ever suggest so many varied emotions,—wonder, fear, delight, and awe! Every faculty is absorbed; the mind is put upon its utmost stretch; the very excess of pleasure becomes pain. We shall gaze no more. Yet it was in this savage retreat, among those rugged, inaccessible cliffs, that the patriot Wallace is said to have concealed himself for a time, meditating the deliverance of his injured country.

Let us pass on—still nobler prospects await us. Those orchards and luxuriant fields through which the stream now winds will not detain us. We are bent upon exploring more distant beauties. Here is the smoky city of Glasgow. Let us get through it, I beseech you, as expeditiously as possible. What a multitude of steamboats are at the quay! We shall go on board “the Inverary Castle.” It is large and commodious, and, what is more, sails fast and smoothly. Some of them (though not many)

are so ill fitted with engines, that you run some danger of being shaken in pieces.

For about ten miles, the river turns and winds like a cork-screw. It presents a perpetual succession of sinuosities; and in its course a painter may discover Hogarth’s lines of beauty multiplied *ad infinitum*. But in some of its bolder sweeps, as well as in many of its more abrupt and geometrical meanderings, how beautiful are the little pictures of Nature which are continually presenting themselves! Here, for example, on the bank to the right, is a hamlet, or rather a few detached houses, to which they have given the name of Dunglass. It stands almost embosomed in trees; and immediately behind, a richly-wooded hill rises in a gentle acclivity. I know not well how to account for the many delightful sensations which this secluded spot, “unsung in tale or history,” awakens in the bosom. I have seen such scenes before, in England, and I have read of others which my imagination clothed perhaps in ideal charms, but here those charms are realised. They remind me of the vicinity of Litchfield, the residence of Miss Seward, a lady whose worth and genius will be better appreciated hereafter, but whose sweet cottage, with all its pleasant associations, will ever hold a prominent place “in my mind’s eye.” They place before me Weston—the “beloved Weston” of the gentle poet Cowper; and, for the moment, I can almost fancy myself surrounded by the spirits of Mrs Unwin, and Lady Hesketh, and Joseph Hill, and Samuel Rose, and Cowper himself, the centre of the system, round whom all the other planets revolved. They recall to my memory that most enchanting retreat in all Somersetshire, where one who has outlived nearly all the associates of her youth, and who has stepped down, almost alone, from the last century to this, still resides in the midst of her fruits, and flowers, and gardens;—fruits of her own rearing, flowers of her own sowing, and gardens of her own laying out. When I mention Barley Wood and Miss Hannah More, there are readers who will not wonder at my enthusiasm. Where does Mrs Hemans

live? I know it is in Wales, but is it in such a situation as a poetess would choose, and as such a poetess has a right to claim? I never see a rich sequestered scene, smiling in sunshine and autumnal luxuriance, without thinking of *her*. It is over such scenes that her mind knows how to throw a hallowed beauty and a cloudless light, that reminds you of the clear delicious tints of a Poussin or a Claude.

But we have already left Dunglass far behind. We are now passing by Erskine House, or rather Erskine Parks—the seat of Lord Blantyre; and a noble seat it is, as far, at least, as the grounds are concerned. The house is old-fashioned, and destitute of architectural ornaments. But I do not like it the worse. It has a simple and venerable air. His Lordship, however, is about to pull it down, for he is building a new and more splendid edifice. A Scottish nobleman could not possess a nobler situation for a magnificent mansion.

Turn again to the right. You have heard of Dumbarton rock and castle; they are there before you. Whence came this immense mass, you inquire, isolated as it is, and unconnected with any neighbouring mountain? The question is more easily asked than answered. An effect is often apparent, though the cause be concealed. Neither Hutton nor Werner can explain the mystery. They know no more of the matter than the humblest fisherman. The rock is there, and there it hath stood for ages. Look beyond it, over the town of Dumbarton, and across the rich country that intervenes, and your eye will rest upon a still nobler object, a still more magnificent production of Nature,—Benlomond, “giant of the *Northern land*,” looking, if not over “half the world,” at least over more than half of Scotland. How sublimely does it rise into the “second heavens!” hiding its haughty head, not, in the figurative signification of poetry, but literally and truly, among the clouds of the air, as often, at all events, as the air contains clouds, which, in this region, is at least during ten months of the year. Far below, but invisible from our present situation, lies the prince of Caledonian lakes, a glorious sheet

of water, larger than all the ponds of Cumberland and Westmoreland put together. Nor let me forget the “crystal Leven,” which, flowing from the south-west end of Loch Lomond, falls into the Clyde, after a short but beautiful course of a little more than six miles. It is a stream unequalled for the pure transparency of its waves, and the romantic loveliness of its banks. It is worthy of the immortality which Smollet has given it.

Hitherto we have been sailing within a narrow channel, and the banks have been marked with the characteristics of inland and fresh water rivers. But we are now entering upon a broader expanse. The banks are changed into shores, and their minuter charms are seen indistinctly in the distance. As if to compensate, however, for this loss, the features of the scenery become at once bolder and more decided. We can hardly talk any longer of their beauty, we must speak now of their grandeur and sublimity. How noble the prospect which opens upon you! The river itself is glittering in the sunshine like a plain of liquid silver. On either side appear towns, villages, and hamlets; and behind those, on the right, are seen the wild and irregular mountains of Argyleshire, bare and barren, but, in the clear atmosphere of summer, rising with an imposing solemnity and majestic stillness into the calm blue air. Yonder is Roseneath, a beautiful wooded peninsula, where the Duke of Argyll has left, in an unfinished condition, the finest model of a nobleman's country residence which Scotland at this instant possesses. By the way, talking of Roseneath, I cannot help adverting to the very imperfect knowledge of its localities shown by the author of “*Waverley*,” in the last volume of the “*Heart of Mid-Lothian*.” He talks of it again and again as an island,—describes views to be had from it which even an Argus could never have discovered,—and, above all, displays a total ignorance of the breadth and general appearance of the lochs by which it is cut off from the main land on the east and west. The reader feels disappointed when he makes this discovery; his confidence in his author's accuracy is shaken; and he conse-



quently peruses with less pleasure any descriptions of scenery with which he may subsequently meet.

We have not yet come in sight of the ocean, for even after it has increased to its greatest breadth, the Clyde still retains its love of abrupt turnings and windings; so that, to the eye of a stranger, it frequently appears land-locked; and it is not till he has followed its meanderings more than once that he is able to distinguish its course from a distance. But we have passed Port-Glasgow, with its hanging steeple,—and Greenock, with its stately Custom-House,—and Gourock, that most celebrated of watering-places,—and Dunoon, with its little Gothic church and fine romantic site,—and we are bearing rapidly down on the Cloch Light-house. Now at length the far-off Atlantic appears in view. Where have you seen a noble river mingling more beautifully with the sea? The frith is studded with islands, and all of them remarkable for some characteristic attraction. In the foreground are the two Cumbrays placed, as if to shelter the calm bay of Largs, and offering no little temptation to the antiquary in the shape of an ancient cathedral, now in ruins—dedicated to Saint Columba. Further off is Bute, the most level island, perhaps, in the Scottish seas, but rich and fertile, and proud of its romantic kyles, and little sunny creeks. On the south-west lies Inchmarnock, as fair an inch as eye can rest on, with its strata of coral and shells and its old chapel, long since deserted by its patron saint. At a still greater distance rise the mountains of Arran,—stern, rugged, and vast. It is there that tradition preserves the memory of Fingal, and there “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*” places before us “*the Bruce of Bannockburn*.”

Such are the scenes which the Clyde presents; and having spoken thus liberally and impartially of their charms, we may be allowed, perhaps, without incurring the charge of injustice, to say a few words upon a somewhat different view of the subject. The great want which a stranger must always feel (at least if he has any pretensions to the name of scholar) in visiting this favourite district of Scotland, must ever be the

almost total absence of any thing like classical associations. On the contrary, the inhabitants of the banks of the Clyde are, and, as far as I can learn, have always been, the most vulgarly mercantile, and consequently the most doggedly unpoetical, on this side of the Tweed. I have somewhere or other read the following epigram on good music, but bad dancers:—

“How ill the music with the dancers  
suits!  
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the  
brutes.”

The same “satirical rogue” might have made a somewhat similar remark upon the difference which exists here between the scenes of external Nature, and the human beings upon whom she has so lavishly bestowed her bounties. There is a common, though rather vulgar remark, that “*God made meat, but the Devil made cooks*.” In like manner, there can be little doubt but that those eternal waters and mountains are the works of Omnipotent goodness; yet, far be it from me to insinuate that the bestial capacities, intent only upon a little paltry gain or sensual indulgence, and incapable of inhaling one draught of inspiration or lofty enthusiasm from scenes so varied and so wild, are of an origin in any degree less honourable than that which belongs to the rest of mankind.

Yet, who must not regret the withering and debasing influence of avaricious commerce, when he reflects on what was done in Greece and Italy, where every river, and fountain, and valley, and green hill, was rendered immortal? Alas! where shall we find a Parnassus in Scotland? Where shall we meet with a Hippocrene, though we travel for the purpose from Jedburgh to Dunnet-Head? The vast hordes who, issuing in swarms from the cotton-mills and weavers’ shops in Glasgow or Paisley, annually overrun the shores and islands of the Clyde, are but sorry substitutes for a Corinthian, Theban, or Athenian population. It will be long before we find among them either an Epaminondas, a Pin-dar, or a Demosthenes,—a Homer, a Xenophon, or a Euripides. The



heroes of the "Salt-Market," "Tron-gate," and "Guse-Dubs," were unfortunately never intended either for historians, poets, or orators. They float down the river wholesale, by thousands and tens of thousands; they laugh, they talk, and look about them; they eat, drink, and sleep; and having, to use their own peculiarly elegant phrase, "washed their feet in the salt water" for a couple of months or so, they float up again, and return once more to their well-loved cotton-mills, or loom-encumbered shops.

You may perhaps find a few sentimental Cockneys, or maudlin inditers of weak rhyme, who would have you believe that there is something beautiful in a sight like this. They preach to you, in a sickening cant, of the pleasure communicated to a benevolent mind by witnessing the happiness of others; and, indulging in a few "wise saws and modern instances," they will tell you that "the common earth, the air, the skies," are as much the birth-right of the poorest and most ignorant mechanic, as of the proudest philosopher or wildest admirer of Nature. Who doubts it? But there is a time and place for all things. The most accommodating temper that ever existed, if combined with one single spark of poetic fire, would hardly choose to climb Olympus in the company of a stocking-manufacturer, and would not think the more of the vale of Tempe, if he found a Bailie Nicol Jarvie, or a Gilbert Duffie, "washing his feet" in the Peneus. So it is with the scenery of the Clyde.

"The crew of patches,—low mechanicals,—  
Who work for bread upon Athenian stalls,"

with whom we cannot fail to associate it, rob it of half its charms. When we visit the country, it is not with the expectation of finding ourselves among a swarm of tradesmen, gazing and staring in every direction, and drinking in the fresh air like so many fish. We look, on the contrary, for repose and solitude. In our wanderings by the shore, or on the brow of the mountain, we hope to be left to the undisturbed enjoyment

of our own silent thoughts. We have some notion that we shall be allowed to listen in quiet to the song of the bird, and the gurgling of the stream. We fondly imagine that we are to get quit of the bustle and noise of a town. Tradesmen, we are inclined to say to ourselves, of whatsoever description they be, are all very proper and very necessary in their way, but there is no occasion that they should cross our path at every turn. If they must indeed leave the city, and convert the once simple and unsophisticated villages of these Western shores,—Ellensburgh, Dunoon, Rothsay, Largs, and Gourrock, into the very Paestums, Brundisiums, and Baias of Scotland, do not baulk their inclination, but nevertheless allow us to hint to them, that they are out of their place.

Let me not, however, be mistaken. Think not, I beseech you, that I am indifferent to the happiness of the lower classes. "Although I say it who should not say it," few are more of a philanthropist in that respect than I am. But then I like to see them happy in their own sphere. I have no objection to meet them, on a fine Sunday, wandering over the Calton Hill or Arthur Seat. I not unfrequently take my station in the High-Street on a Saturday night, and enjoy most heartily the gay, lively, busy, bustling, moving, living scene, which then presents itself. The gas-lamps burn brightly, the shop-windows pour forth floods of splendour, the active population flows up and down in streams; then the loud laugh, the ear, if not the "spirit-stirring" melody of the itinerant musicians, the greeting of friends, the lusty bawling of the *herring-women* and *potatoe-boys*, the eloquence of the wooden-legged orators with their "easy-priced" pamphlets, the ringing of St. Giles's merry-bells, the simultaneous striking of twenty church clocks, the drums and bugles from the Castle, all come hurrying in upon the ear in a thousand notes of mingled meaning.

But these are sights and sounds to be enjoyed only upon a winter night. It must surely be allowed, that, during the bright days of summer, and in a region which might be made the very home of romance and poetry,

they are woefully misplaced. Yet so it is; and so it will be for ever. We may look upon the beauties of the Clyde with delight, but we cannot help thinking with a sigh, that here too, as in modern Greece,—

“All, save the spirit of man, is divine.”

In the meantime, however, seeing that these more splenetic and sombre reflections can do no good, let me conclude my wandering lucubrations with a simple, and, I hope, edifying story of “true love,” illustrative of the tumult which may exist in a Glasgow vestal’s veins, as well as in those of Pope’s Eloise.

Jacob Sanderson was a manufacturer of buttons. His name, I believe, may still be seen in the Tron-gate. It is in large gilt letters, and has a very imposing and dignified air. Why not? Has not Mr Sanderson a seat in the Town Council, and a country-house on the *Sauhyhaugh* Road? Neither has Mr Sanderson’s good fortune stopped here; for it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon him a wife and an only child. Of his *cara sposa* I need say nothing. She is the button-maker’s better half, and all that such a half should be. Miss Arabella, or, as her friends venture to call her, Miss Bella, demands a greater share of our polite attention. She is decidedly the prettiest girl north of the Clyde. She wears a lilac-coloured pelisse, trimmed with Brussel’s lace; and her bonnet is of flowered white-satin, ornamented with a wreath of roses. She has a perpetual ticket to the Botanical Garden; and instances are on record of students looking at her, when they should have been looking at Professor Hooker’s new classification of mosses. On one occasion, (I think on Saint Valentine’s day,) a young Irishman carried his audacity so far as to present her with a nose-gay, which it had cost him some pains to collect. Unfortunately, among the other flowers, there was one which held rather a prominent place, and which the lady, ignorant of the name by which Linnæus had distinguished it, knew only by the appellation of “Bachelor’s Buttons.” The insult was too gross to pass unnoticed. The unhappy Irishman was discarded for ever.

But there were other young men in the world who knew how to pay the lovely Arabella less dubious compliment. Mr Samuel Dempster was neither a student nor an Irishman; he held Latin and Greek in supreme contempt; and as for Logic and Metaphysics, he did not understand the meaning of the terms. But Mr Samuel Dempster kept a very respectable haberdasher’s shop,—was in a snug, money-making way,—and, on Sunday, looked amazingly genteel in his blue coat, nankeen trowsers, high-polished boots, and new white hat. Samuel had been long a faithful admirer of Miss Sanderson, and, bating one or two little quarrels on the score of mutual jealousy, they had been, upon the whole, remarkably constant and exemplary in their mutual love. This love was founded, as my readers will be happy to learn, on the surest of all bases—a similarity of mind, and a congeniality of sentiment. They were both decidedly of opinion, that the Green of Glasgow was a walk fit only for the vulgar, and they deeply regretted, therefore, that Nelson’s Monument had been placed in so improper a situation. They both concurred in admiring the statue of Sir John Moore, recently erected in George’s Square, and believed it surpassed only by one other in Europe—the equestrian statue, namely, of King William, opposite the Tontine. They both approved of the conduct of the Presbytery, in refusing to sanction Dr Macfarlane’s appointment; and they both agreed, that a drive in a gig was pleasanter than a sail in a steam-boat. With souls thus harmoniously attuned, who can wonder at the loves of Samuel and Arabella? With regard to the former, indeed, his passion was like to run away with his reason altogether. The people even who frequented his shop began to suspect there was something the matter with him, for the aberrations of his mind were often too apparent. There is not a case in all the annals of history where Cupid exercised a similar influence over the heart of a haberdasher. In love!—No; the phrase is cold and unmeaning. He was in flames,—he was in a lime-kiln,—he was in a Newcastle colliery,—he was in the boiler of a



steam-engine,—he was in the crater of a volcano,—what would you have me say?—he was in Tophet.

It was just about this period that Mr Sanderson's intention of going to the sea-bathing for two or three of the summer months was made public. Rothesay and Largs he pronounced too far off; Dunoon he was afraid he would find dull, and the contest therefore lay betwixt Ellensburgh and Gourrock. Miss Arabella was decidedly in favour of Ellensburgh. Nobody, who had the least pretensions to gentility, ever thought of going to Gourrock; how then could the daughter of a button-maker—of one who would in all probability find himself a Bailie at the next election, forget so entirely what was due to her character? Such were Miss Sanderson's very excellent arguments; but, alas! "*dura necessitas*" rendered them abortive. Ellensburgh was already as full as it could hold, (and a good deal fuller,) so that Gourrock was the only remaining alternative, and in Gourrock the family settled.

They had hardly been here a week when the ferry-boat from Kilmun landed on the pier a Highland laird. He had come across for the very purpose of seeing them, for Mrs Sanderson and he happened to be first and second cousins. When I say that he was a Highland laird, I mean that he had a house of two stories, consisting, I think, of five rooms and a kitchen, besides garrets,—that he rented from the Duke some half dozen of the Argyleshire hills,—and that he was the undoubted and sole proprietor of nearly four hundred sheep, (all black-faced,) and of more than five-score head of horned cattle. That he was a man of considerable consequence and authority cannot, of course, for a moment be doubted. I may only add, that he was sufficiently civilized to wear breeches, and that though he still kept his tobacco in a *speuchan*, and his snuff in a *mull*, he carried neither a dirk nor a pouch. Erring Lowlanders called him Macalpin; his own Gaels knew him by some far different appellation.

Unluckily for the attentive reader, who cannot fail to be interested in a tale like this, my limits do not ad-

mit of much amplification. If time and space were allowed me, I could have traced the workings of the Highlander's mind through a thousand varied emotions; but under the circumstances in which I at present write, I can only say, that he saw his cousin, Mrs Sanderson, and fell in love (for the first time in his life) with her daughter Arabella. Both father and mother watched the progress of his passion with delight. They had, it is true, long been aware of Mr Samuel Dempster's attentions in a certain quarter; but, then, what was Mr Samuel Dempster when weighed in the balance with a Highland laird, at the head of whose genealogical tree was the name of Galgacus, the General of the Caledonians in the time of Agricola, and who now, out of complaisance for the usages of modern innovators, condescended to write himself Esquire; making it, at the same time, pretty well known that he was in the annual receipt of two hundred and fifty pounds Sterling?

Notwithstanding all these temptations, however, Miss Arabella herself took rather a different view of the subject. It occurred to her, that Macalpin was a man as near fifty as forty,—that the colour of his hair was not even an *equivogue* between red and auburn,—and that his nose, as if emulous of the distinction claimed by his hair, had a raw and fiery look, which told of smuggled whisky and deep carousals. Her resolution, therefore, was taken, and she heroically determined to die a maid rather than forsake Mr Dempster. While affairs were at this crisis, our friend the haberdasher, unable to bear any longer the pangs of separation from the best-beloved of his heart, stepped on board the Oscar steam-boat one fine Saturday forenoon, and was at Gourrock by dinner-time. I think it right to mention, that he wore his white hat, and that he had emptied the contents of a small vial of lavender-water on his very showy silk-handkerchief. I have been given to understand, too, that he had added an additional seal to the blue riband attached to his watch, and that he sported a carnelian brooch in his breast-ruffles. These are facts, however, for the truth of which I cannot pledge myself.



You may imagine the sensation occasioned by his arrival. Bella, who was reading at the time the third volume of "Sense and Sensibility," actually fainted; Mr Sanderson, who had just got to the last page of "The Greenock Advertiser," let the paper fall in very visible agitation; his wife, who was indulging with Macalpin in some reminiscences of *Inverary*, and the "Black Loch," and the hill of "Duniequaigh," lost all her wonted presence of mind, and knew neither how to look or speak. Mr Dempster himself, though unable at the time to account for this odd sort of reception, was nevertheless the most self-possessed of the party; and some degree of composure having been restored, things went on for the rest of the evening as well as could have been expected.

Early on the following morning, Miss Sanderson and "her own true love" were walking together by the coast, and the former was confidentially relating to the latter the ticklish and uncertain situation in which she stood. Mr Dempster placed his white hat with a very formidable look on one side of his head, and swore, by all the patron saints of Glasgow, that not a Highlander of them all should deprive him of his Arabella. The lovers then returned to breakfast; but Macalpin, whose penetration in affairs connected with the tender passion was not certainly to be much calculated on, had at length discovered something in their conduct to each other which he did not by any means like, and determining to crush in the bud the Glasgow haberdasher's presumption, he threw into his tone and manner, when he addressed him, all that stern dignity and fierce air of conscious superiority which none knew better how to assume than Alpin Macalpin. He placed his chair, too, next Miss Sanderson's, with a look which seemed to say, Let any one dare to occupy this seat but myself:—he walked by her side to church; he turned up the text for her in her own Bible; and this, let me remark, by way of parenthesis, was with him a very unusual piece of gallantry,—indeed, had the passage not happened to be in the book of Genesis, I am sorry to be obliged to confess, that I have great doubts

whether he would have been able to find it at all. In the afternoon and evening he conducted himself after the same fashion, and, in short, succeeded in engrossing the whole of Miss Bella's company.

Mr Samuel Dempster, however, though a seller of cotton-stockings and bombazeens, was not a man to be browbeat by an Argyleshire drover, as he contemptuously termed his too dangerous rival. He knew that he would again have an opportunity of being alone with his mistress on the following morning, (for Macalpin would not have risen before ten to save the nation;) and he took his measures accordingly. The morning was a remarkably fine one, and Arabella looked lovelier than ever. She was dressed, not in her lilac-coloured pelisse, but in a white robe and pea-green spencer. They walked on the road towards Greenock. I cannot tell you their conversation, but I know that they were met by a *noddy* before they were a mile out of Gourock. The *noddy* stopped, and the horse's head (for a *noddy* has only one horse) was turned again towards Greenock. Mr Dempster opened the door, and let down the steps. Miss Sanderson blushed, pulled out a white cambric handkerchief, and cast her eyes back towards her father's house in Gourock. "Is it of Macalpin you are thinking?" said Mr Dempster. The question was decisive. Arabella entered the *noddy*, and Samuel followed her. They drove to the "Steam-boat Quay" at Greenock, where they found the "Inverary Castle" on the very point of sailing for Glasgow.

The hour of breakfast arrived at Gourock. The fresh-herrings were already on the table, and the tea had been masking for nearly twenty minutes, but what was become of Miss Sanderson and Mr Dempster? They were surely ignorant of the time of day, yet Mr Dempster's seals and blue riband had seemed to indicate that he possessed a watch. There was something mysterious in their protracted absence. The breakfast passed over in silence. Little, indeed, was eat. Macalpin could hardly finish his second herring. At length the wooden clock in the kitchen struck twelve. The distress of the party was

at its height, and some faint suspicions of the truth began to be entertained. Just then a very worthy old gentleman, an upholsterer, called upon Mr Sanderson, and in the conversation (which, by-the-bye, was entirely on his side) he happened to mention, as a circumstance which Mr Sanderson was of course better acquainted with than he, that he had seen Miss Arabella and Mr Dempster sail that morning for Glasgow from Greenock. Here was at once "confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ!" The scene that followed no pen could do justice to. Macalpin was the chief object in the group. It was not so much the loss of his intended bride that he felt, as the insult offered to his Highland dignity. His face became first white, then red, and at length blue—a pale, determined blue. He did not speak much, but he went up to his bedroom, and brought down in his hand a couple of pistols, which, he said, were loaded to the muzzle. "By Got!" he added, "they will take his life, if they take nothing else;" and he finished the sentence by taking in the meantime a huge pinch of snuff. In half an hour afterwards he was on his way to Glasgow, and Mr and Mrs Sanderson accompanied him.

Mr and Mrs Dempster became one flesh on the very day of their elopement. I need not describe to my intelligent readers their mutual raptures. The only thing which threw a cloud over their happiness was the

dread of pursuit, and a whole volley of reproaches. But though they had boldly and openly taken possession of Mr Dempster's house in Virginia Street, the day passed over without interruption. The next came and departed in the same way, and the next, and the next. At length, on the fourth or fifth, the button-maker and his spouse made their appearance. They were both in black, and their countenances were "more in sorrow than in anger." They spoke not a word of reproach, for the good people now knew that it would do no good, and, besides, were very glad to see their child so respectably settled for life. One little circumstance had perhaps no small influence in bringing them to this wholesome mode of thinking; I mean an apoplectic fit, which removed the worthy Macalpin from this life, just as he was stepping ashore, with his pistols in his hand, at the Broomielaw. Whether this was a consummation hurried on by the effects of his passion, it is difficult to say, but it is certain that he was buried at Kilmun with all due solemnity.

Mr and Mrs Dempster live in the greatest possible felicity; while the former continues to be looked up to by all the young haberdashers of Glasgow, as affording the finest instance now extant of the falseness of Shakespeare's apothegm, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

H. G. B.

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### Farewell to the Rose.

SWEET Rose of summer, whither fled?

Why fades so soon thy lovely bloom?

Thy glowing bosom scarcely spread

When Nature seals thy hapless doom!

Hadst thou expir'd on Laura's breast,

I would not o'er thy fate repine;

In life and death supremely blest—

The loveliest flow'r—the richest shrine;

But thus to vanish from my view,

To see thy head with age decline,

Demands a sigh,—sweet Rose, adieu!

When wafted on Favonius' wing,

Young Flora's footsteps first are seen,

And, softly smiling, genial spring

Array'd thy parent stem in green,

The daisy on the verdant lawn

Gave promise of thy glories gay,

As the first streak of orient dawn

"Is hail'd, the harbinger of day;

We joyous saw thy green-buds swell,"

And forward look'd to flow'ry May,

But thou art fled,—sweet Rose, farewell!

I saw the modest primrose smile,

Inhal'd the violet's odorous breath,

The flaunting tulip bloom'd awhile,

And, drooping, sunk in early death.

How sweet the birch at dewy morn,

And wall-flow'r at the twilight hour,

And, sweeter still, the blossom'd thorn,

When linnets shook its snow-white

show'r!

Though every day brought graces new,

I thought of thee, the loveliest flow'r;

But thou art fled,—sweet Rose, adieu!

The dews of morning softly fell,  
 While evening suns serenely smil'd,  
 And still I saw thy bosom swell,  
 Beheld thee Flora's favourite child :  
 At last, she wav'd her viewless wand  
 Above thy budding form so fair,  
 And bade thy blushing leaves expand,  
 Her noblest pride, her fondest care ;  
 With thee her sole delight to dwell ;  
 For thou wert sweet beyond compare ;  
 But thou art fled,—sweet Rose, farewell !

How sweet thy fragrance floating round !  
 Thy clustering leaves how rich to see !  
 With thee the sun-bright summer crown'd,  
 Rejoiced in Nature's jubilee !  
 Love's gentle whispers softer flow'd  
 Amidst thy breathing odours sweet,  
 And Beauty's cheek more richly glow'd  
 When thou wert blushing at her feet ;  
 On swifter wings their moments flew,  
 With thee to shade their lov'd retreat ;  
 But thou art gone,—sweet Rose, adieu !

To languish in thy lap at noon,  
 The wild-bee left the lily's bell,  
 And deem'd it Nature's richest boon  
 Within thy silken folds to dwell :  
 Upon thy richly blooming breast  
 The dews of morning lov'd to lie ;  
 And evening zephyrs still were blest,  
 If they could on thy bosom die,  
 Where soft as moonlight beams they fell,  
 Expiring in a gentle sigh ;  
 But thou art fled,—sweet Rose, farewell !

Unsated still the gazer's eye  
 Beheld thy blush by Nature giv'n,  
 Fair as the cloudless eastern sky,  
 When morn unbars the gates of  
 Heav'n :  
 Yet rich and lovely as the glow  
 On Laura's virgin cheek that spread ;

But Time has laid thy beauty low ;  
 The blush from Laura's cheek has fled !  
 Like thine as sweet,—as transient too ;  
 How lovely both,—how quickly shed !  
 Sweet Rose-buds both, a sad adieu !

But thou, although thy early bloom  
 Was but the blossom of an hour,  
 Still breath'st around a rich perfume,  
 Though faded,—still a precious flow'r :  
 When but a few short months are o'er,  
 Thy stem shall bud and bloom again,  
 Glad spring its verdure shall restore,  
 And summer lead her laughing train  
 To load the branch from which thou fell ;  
 Yet still this parting gives me pain ;  
 I grieve to say, " Sweet Rose, farewell ! "

And thou canst whisper in my ear,  
 Though Laura's bloom is fled like thine,  
 She still has charms which I revere,  
 That fondly round my heart entwine ;  
 Though fled what once could glad my  
 sight,  
 And seem'd so lovely to the eye,  
 Enough remains to give delight ;  
 For Love and Virtue never die,  
 But shed their odours, ever new—  
 They can the stroke of Time defy,  
 When we have bid youth's Rose adieu.

And though each early grace is fled,  
 Which time again shall ne'er restore,  
 Though we must mingle with the dead,  
 The dream of life for ever o'er ;  
 There is a spring shall yet return,  
 When light shall burst the dreary gloom,  
 Inspire the ashes of the urn,  
 And wake the sleepers of the tomb :  
 Such are the truths thou deign'st to tell ;  
 Yet must I mourn thy faded bloom,  
 And sigh to say, " Sweet Rose, fare-  
 well ! "

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ADDITIONAL INSTANCES OF "FATAL PRESENTIMENTS."

MR EDITOR,

Not long ago, there appeared in your Magazine an interesting paper containing a number of instances where individuals, immediately previous to their death, had had revealed to them presages of its near and certain approach. Every body, I believe, has heard or read something of this sort ; and, consequently, the author of that article might have multiplied his examples to nearly any extent. But there are two cases of this presentiment so very remarkable in themselves, and at the same time so perfectly authentic, that I am surprised they should have been over-

looked or omitted, especially as they are to be found in a work "which," Dr Johnson says, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety ;" I mean, "*Some Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester*," by Bishop Burnet.

The first of these is nearly in all respects similar to the majority of the anecdotes related by your correspondent.

"When he (Rochester) went to sea in the year 1665, there happened to be in the same ship with him Mr Montague, and another gentleman of



quality; these two, the former especially, seemed persuaded that they should never return into England. Mr Montague said he was sure of it: the other was not so positive. The Earl of Rochester and the last of these entered into a formal engagement, not without ceremonies of religion, that if either of them died, he should appear and give the other notice of the future state, if there was any. But Mr Montague would not enter into the bond. When the day came that they thought to have taken the Dutch fleet in the port of Bergen, Mr Montague, *though he had such a strong presage in his mind of his approaching death*, yet he generously staid all the while in the place of danger. The other gentleman signalized his courage in a most undaunted manner, till near the end of the action, when he fell, on a sudden, into such a trembling, that he could scarce stand; and Mr Montague, going to hold him up, as they were in each other's arms, a cannon-ball killed him outright, and carried away Mr Montague's belly, so that he died within an hour after. The Earl of Rochester told me, that these presages they had in their minds made some impression on him, *that there were separate beings, and that THE SOUL, EITHER BY A NATURAL SAGACITY, OR SOME SECRET NOTICE COMMUNICATED TO IT, HAD A SORT OF DIVINATION: but that gentleman's never appearing, was a great snare to him, during the rest of his life.*"

The second case differs in one respect from the foregoing, and from all those adduced in the paper on *Fatal Presentiments*. I shall give it in the Bishop's words.

"He told me of another *odd presage that one had of his approaching death*, in the Lady Warre, his mother-in-law's house: The Chaplain had dreamt that such a day he should die; but being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgot it: till the evening before, at supper, there being thirteen at table, according to a fond conceit that one of these must soon die, one of the young ladies pointed to him, that he was to die. He, remembering his dream, fell into some disorder, and the Lady Warre re-

proving him for his superstition, he said, *he was confident he was to die before morning; but he being in perfect health*, it was not much minded. He went to his chamber, and sat up late, as appeared by the burning of his candle, and he had been preparing his notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning! These things, he said, made him incline to believe the soul was a substance distinct from matter, and this often returned into his thoughts."

In the eyes of some persons, these, and all similar anecdotes, will appear as nothing but mere phantasmata of the brain, which, like all other visionary hallucinations, would have attracted little or no observation, were it not for the accidental coincidence between the presage, engendered by a morbid affection of the mind, and the event, which, to hasty and superficial thinkers, gives it something of the air and character of prophecy. And, in support of this view, it may be, and in fact has been argued, that no record has been taken of the (supposed) innumerable instances in which "presages of approaching death" have been belied, because they are little calculated to interest the imagination, or gratify the love of the marvellous; whereas, on the other hand, every case where accident has produced the accomplishment of the omen, has been eagerly seized hold of and retailed for the gratification of superstitious and credulous anecdote-mongers; that of the vast numbers, for example, who have died in battle, there have been exceedingly few who had any other presentiment than that created by the natural and ineradicable principle of fear, from which no human being is altogether exempt, when death, in a thousand forms, is every instant staring him in the face,—still fewer who, abandoning the confidence which every man has in his own good fortune, firmly believed they would not survive a particular conflict,—and only a rare instance now and then, where chance has given to a diseased state of the mind the colour of prophecy, by the apparent fulfilment of a hap-hazard prediction; and, lastly, that the principles of human nature being, upon the whole, uniform

in their operation, it must be self-evident, that examples of this pretended species of divination would be as numerous as they are found by experience to be the reverse.

It is impossible for any one to deny that there may not be a good deal of truth in all this. Every circumstance of an extraordinary, not to say supernatural kind, running counter to the general experience of mankind, rare in its occurrence, and perhaps embellished in the relation, ought doubtless to be received with extreme caution, and accredited only on the best evidence, narrowly examined by the rules of a strict logic. But, on the other hand, if we are to reason at all, we can only reason from such facts, properly authenticated, as we have come to the knowledge of; and it is a very insufficient ground for wholly rejecting these facts as unworthy of regard, that none of a contrary description have been put upon record; in other words, to meet testimony by hypothesis. For instance, it is a very unsatisfactory explanation of the point presently under consideration, to allege that there *may* have been innumerable cases of fatal presentiment not verified by the result. The question, in all reasoning, is, not what may have happened, but what conclusion are we to draw from facts which nobody disputes? Nor is there much in the argument drawn from the supposed uniformity of the general principles of human nature, and the consequent congruity of feeling among all men on certain subjects. As was properly remarked in the former paper, the physiology of the mind is a subject but little known, and probably destined to remain for ever involved in obscurity; but the phenomena of dreams and of madness demonstrate, that there exist relations among our ideas, of which, in ordinary circumstances, we are perfectly unconscious, and, with all our best ingenuity, incompetent to solve or explain. It is, therefore, most unphilosophical to pronounce a fact incredible because it is rare, or unworthy of examination because it harmonizes not with the common course of our experience; and it is utterly absurd to erect our general consciousness into a standard by

which to try those anomalies and exceptions, so to speak, peculiar to a spiritual being, of many, if not perhaps the greater part, of whose properties we are still in complete ignorance.

Many of the ancient philosophers believed that the mind was endowed, to a certain extent, with a power of prescience totally distinct from and independent of that conjectural sagacity in regard to the future, which is derived from enlarged and comprehensive experience of the past; and Cicero, in different parts of his philosophical works, gives us to understand that he entertained a similar belief. In fact, this is a tenet which has been common to men in all ages, embodied in their popular poetry and traditions, and disputed only in periods of sceptical refinement. And if we admit—as I think we must, if we reason at all on the subject—that every action and every event occur in conformity to general laws,—in other words, that there is no such thing as contingency either in human actions or the course of events, but that each must be determined by an adequate motive or cause,—there seems nothing repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with what we already know of the mind, in admitting the possible existence of such a faculty, though, for wise purposes, its operation is confined within narrow limits, and we are kept in salutary ignorance of the things yet to be. If there be no contingency, every thing is necessary, and, what must inevitably happen, *may*, for any thing we know to the contrary, be sometimes, and to a certain extent, foreseen even by man in his present imperfect state. It has been often remarked, that men have a presentiment of approaching disaster and calamity, while prosperity, even when it comes suddenly, is seldom or never preceded by any presage of its approach. This is, no doubt, a wise provision, as it is of more importance to men to receive a premonition of coming evil than of coming good. But we think a different solution may be given. All the powers and faculties of man are devoted primarily to his preservation, and are most violently called into action when it is endangered. Hence,

even the very instincts of his nature frequently give him a sort of salutary presentiment indispensable to his safety. It is upon this principle that we would account for the presentiment of evil being so much more powerful than that of good, which requires no harbinger to prepare us for its approach. But for the very same reason that we have sometimes a general and indefinite presentiment of coming evil, which may, in fact, prove complex in its character, we may have a distinct presage of the approach of death, which is *one* event, and in itself the most awful we are called upon to meet in the present state of our being.

I am therefore of opinion, that Lord Rochester's "impression, that

the soul, either by a *natural sagacity*, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a *sort of divination*," comes much nearer the truth than any conclusion hitherto drawn by those who have speculated on the subject. It is much to be regretted, that a man of Bishop Burnet's acuteness and "natural sagacity" should have suffered a matter so interesting to pass without offering a single remark on the subject.

The anecdote of the chaplain shows, that such presentiments as those I have been writing of are not confined to men exposed to the perils of war, and is at least one authentic instance of such presages communicated by dreams; *καὶ τ' ὕπνῳ ἐκ Διός*  
1571. ONIROPOLOS.

### Death.

I SAW a face once in a dream. O God !  
Rather than gaze upon that face again,  
Let sleep forsake my aching eyes for ever.  
I knew the features well ; they were the same  
As those on whom my soul rejoiced to look  
In luxury of love and happiness,—  
The same,—yet oh ! how changed ! It cannot be  
That Death has power like this o'er things so bright.  
Death may corrupt ; and in the grave the worm  
May riot on young beauty. But can Death  
Assume this marble stillness,—this dread air  
Of sad but deep repose ? Can cold, stern Death  
Embalm in gloomy immortality  
The melancholy smile, or the faint flush  
Of lingering life upon a fair wan cheek ?  
These are its horrors ! This wild mockery  
Of life beyond the grave ; this awful gaze  
Of fix'd and stony nothingness, that still seems  
To admit not of decay ; that cold, glaz'd eye,  
Yet fix'd upon you with a nameless meaning,  
Which brings before your mind the sightless ball  
Of some Egyptian statue, dimly seen  
By moonlight on the Nile's lone banks, or where  
In tombs eternal mouldering monarchs lie ;  
That damp white brow ; that hair, robb'd of its lustre,  
Yet as dark as ever, shaded across  
The unchanging forehead like a cypress wreath :  
These are Death's horrors ; when, with fiendish powers,  
He sports with your affection for lost friends,  
Converting love to awe, and a strange fear  
Of something undefin'd,—a withering doubt  
That what you look on is not what it seems,  
Or what it was. Then comes the stifled groan  
Of complex woe ; and then the sudden start  
That robs you of the vision, and again  
Wakes you to misery !

H. G. B.



LETTER FROM THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF SCOTLAND, TO KING JAMES VI.,  
ANENT PUBLISHING THE WORKS OF MR THOMAS CRAIG. 1610\*.

*To His Majestie, anent Mr Thomas  
Craigis Workis.*

*Pleis your Sacred Majestie,*

THE assuriance gevin to ws, of your Majesteis good pleasour and will to have the workis of umquhill Mr Thomas Craig, (zit unpublish- ed,) to be perused and sene, hes gevin ws the hardiement now, efter exact consideratioun had be ws of the same, to commend thame to your Majesteis most gracious patronage, quhill we the more bauldlie have undertaiken to do, in regard we find the same to conteine most excellent mater, eloquentlie penned be the author, who most learnedlie has not onlie expressed himself in his bookis de feudis, bot also hes left honourable monumentis in his poemes writ- ten in honour of your Majesteis self, your royall progenituris, your Ma- jesteis most excellent quene, and the prince, his grace, your heyne sone, all of thame selfis worthy to be im- parted to the aig present and posterie, and not so to be schaddowed up in perisching scrollis. The publish- ing quherof, can not bot beget hon- ourable credite to this your Majesties kingdome, and profitabill good to the subjects of the same. We think it nocht expedient to impesche your sacred earis in declaring with quhat fervent zeale and devotioun to your heyne service and publict good the author wes consumed quhill he leved, as most notour to your Ma- jesties self and whole cuntrey; the reporte quherof we remit to the richt honourable and alwyse learned your Majesties chancellor of this kingdome, of whome your Majestie may treullie try the worthy stuff of

these workis, togidder with our fer- vent desyre and request to your Ma- jestie, to mak suche rare monumentis go abroad to the world, quhillis just- lie craves to receive their dew luster and lyf frome your Majesties self, whose princelie virtewis and royall dispositioun towardis all learning may onlie ansuerabill ryse up these workis, and restore thame to thair deserved and desyred lycht. We are out of all doubt to find pardoun of your Majestie, for the offering of these our lyke commendable ende- voris to your heyne protectioun, knowing your Majestie to be a peerles patrone of all learned eruditoun, in quhom God hes placed suche rare princelie qualities of force to mak the world wonder and admire thame, and to ws your Majesties subjectis so powerfull, that in most ardent zeale to the Almightie, we pray for the happie progres and perpetuite of the same, in your Majesties long and happie lenght and glorious reigne, and your heyne royall progenie. In the quhill prayer, we maist humble tak our leive. Sic subscribitur. Your Majesties most humble and obedient subjectis and servitouris, Jo. Pres- toun Blyntyre, S<sup>r</sup> T. Hammiltoun, S<sup>r</sup> A. Hay Kilayth, clericus registri Edzell, S<sup>r</sup> A. Hammiltoun, J. Hay, Robert Melvill.

N.B.—Besides this letter from the Privy Council to the King, in favour of his Works, there was a "*Recommendation from the Estates to his Majestie of umquhyle Mr Thomas Craige, his works.*"—"Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland." Vol. IV., p. 623. Both are omitted by Mr Tytler.

\* Transcribed from a volume of Letters from King James VI., and of the Privy Council, from 1604 to 1612, preserved in the General Register House.

## THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF GILBERT GREENWOOD ;

## In Four Parts.

## Part I.

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight.—*Beattie.*

BIOGRAPHICAL Memoirs are generally perused with avidity, often with much pleasure, as a fruitful source of amusement and instruction, although this is sometimes obtained at the expense of the character delineated. It formed part of the litany of a man well acquainted with human nature—"God preserve me from my friends ! I am aware of my enemies." This prayer might be uttered by every one who prizes posthumous fame, and who imagines it possible that his "sayings and doings" will be recorded when he is stretched in the narrow house, alike insensible to the voice of praise and censure.

It has been laid down as a maxim, that no man was ever truly great to his *valet de chambre*. To obtain and preserve respect, it is necessary to maintain a kind of fictitious dignity, which can be done only by keeping at a certain distance, and avoiding improper familiarity ; otherwise, we are sure to betray the weaknesses of our nature ; for there are infirmities, both physical and intellectual, inseparable from the greatest and wisest, which, when conspicuous, reduce them to the level of ordinary mortals. A general, at the head of his army, will march with fearless intrepidity to the field of death, and after having dared him at the cannon's mouth, will be afraid to snuff his candle with his fingers. A philosopher may harangue his pupils in the Lyceum on the beauty of virtue, and persuade even himself that he is superior to the infirmities of nature ; yet the impertinence of a servant may rouse him to anger, or the blandishments of a wanton provoke to libidinous desire. What can be more opposed to each other, than Cæsar writing *Veni, vidi, vici*, and whining on his couch like a sick baby, "Give me some drink, Tittinius !" or Pericles, in the groves of Academus, listening to the lectures of Zeno, and the same sage lolling

on the lap of the courtesan Aspasia ! Or, to come to modern times, how different was the mind of Bacon, when writing his *Novum Organum*, from the feeling with which he wrote his instructions for escaping the incantations of witchcraft ! The fable of Hercules wielding his club, and sitting at the feet of Omphale holding the distaff, has been realised in later ages, by Charles, Emperor of Germany, at the battle of Pavia, and telling his beads in the monastery at Estremadura. The author who believes himself secured of immortal fame, writhes under the attack of a dull scribbler, or feels a pang of envy, when a rival's name is mentioned with applause. Although the ancient philosopher, when abused by an impudent fellow, said, that if an ass kicked at him, he would not degrade himself by returning the compliment ; yet the contempt expressed in the observation proved that he felt the insult ; and our great modern moralist, Johnson, has left it on record, that even his gigantic mind could not rise above that feeling ; for he says,

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;  
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,  
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

This is according to nature ; we may affect publicly to despise, but we cannot help secretly feeling. The war-horse, that rushed fearlessly to the charge, will gallop round the park to avoid the sting of a gad-fly. A practical illustration has just now brought home this observation to "my business and my bosom :—" while writing this sheet, a puny fly has been buzzing about my eyes, and tickling my nose, till it has wearied out my patience ; and, unlike Uncle Toby in a similar case, I have lost

my temper; and, irritated by the teasing intruder, now settled before me, I struck at the insect, missed it, but peeled my knuckles on the hinge of my desk: yet the reader, if he has patience to peruse the auto-biography which I am about to lay before him, will find that I have borne far greater evils, if not with equanimity, at least without betraying the same impatience and irascibility. Although this may be thought a digression, it is intended as illustrative of the assertion, that no man is great or wise at all times; and that about all of us there are some things which it were wise to keep concealed, or, in the language of Burns,

Aye keep something to oursel's,  
We scarcely tell to ony.

From these considerations, I maintain, that it is seldom for the honour of a character, who is brought before the public, that his biographer should have been too familiar with him of whom he writes; above all things, it is to be desiderated, that he should not have been his doting and enthusiastic admirer, blind to the foibles and frailties which "human flesh is heir to." And the greater the veneration entertained for the character, and the nearer it approaches to idolatry, by so much the more is the danger of injudicious disclosures increased. I would not have errors, or lapses, which may serve as beacons to the public, concealed. There is no great risk of the most devoted admirer attempting to whitewash them, that they may appear as virtues. The danger is, either that the biographer, considering the character of whom he writes as an oracle, retails all his thoughtless and unpremeditated sallies as deliberate cogitations and words of wisdom, or, if they will not bear that appellation, as being at least excusable, on account of him by whom they were uttered. In this case, the biographer resembles a fond mother prating about her child in a company of strangers; when, although she may tickle some itching ears, and gratify those who wish to see her or her bantering made ridiculous, she is rashly exposing both herself, and the object of her idolatry, to the pity or contempt of her auditors. How remarkably has

this been exemplified in the case of the author last quoted! How many of his licentious extemporaneous effusions have been preserved and recorded by blind admirers! They were the ideas of the moment, elicited by convivial hilarity,—unpremeditated sallies, prompted by the impulse of youthful passions and strong feelings, aided by the intoxication of flattery and potent liquor. The preservation of these has caused a blush on the cheek of those who respect his talents, and know what excuses and allowances ought to be made for a frail mortal; while it has afforded his detractors and enemies a fair pretence for insulting his memory, and talking of him with contempt: they can see and know his failings, but they are unacquainted with the strength of his temptations, or how much may have been resisted. When we are informed that Pope was an epicure, Gray a finical spruce fop, and Thomson and Johnson gluttons, in spite of ourselves, it in some degree lessens our respect for their characters; and although good-nature may philosophically smile at the

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,

yet bigotry, envy, and narrow-minded or malignant dispositions, will exult over these frailties with indecent triumph. But no public character has suffered more severely from the blind idolatry of his biographer than Johnson. The gossiping chit-chat and untiring garrulity of Boswell, has exposed the great man, in his most unguarded moments; forgetting that there are attitudes and positions in which we may allow ourselves to appear before a very intimate friend, at the moment when restraint is banished, and the mind unbent, but which a sense of decorum would paint as an indecent exposure, should we be thus seen by the public. A modest and delicate lady would not admit even a favoured lover into the privacies of her dressing-room, (at least in Britain;) and would be ready to expire with shame and vexation, could she believe that her chamber-maid, after death, would expose her remains in their original nudity. Yet all this has Boswell done; and the public have gazed on the hapless victim;



some with a sigh of pity, many with wondering curiosity, and not a few with gloating and delighted eye ; gazing on every scar, excrescence, or deformity, which was injudiciously laid bare before them ; and ever after find him, in his own language,

Perversely grave, and positively wrong.

It is to prevent the possibility of having such an injudicious friend for my historian that I have resolved upon being my own biographer ; although I believe there is no great risk of my memory being injured in that manner, for I have had few friends ; and of those whom I expect to heave a sigh over my dust, there is not one who makes the slightest pretensions to authorship. It is, indeed, a delicate task which I am about to undertake, and I have perhaps resolved too rashly ; but I scorn to retract ; for I have been through life a reckless mortal, never calculating probabilities, and often overlooking most obvious consequences ; enjoying the present, and careless of the future. The degree of credit to be given to my narrative shall be left to the reader's own discretion ; at the same time, I can assure him, that I have been too much of a fool ever to wear the mask of wisdom : I did sometimes, at the entreaty of my friends, try to slip it on ; but, like a new shoe, it was always uneasy ; sometimes dimming the eye-sight, at others pinching my nose, or stifling my breath ; so that, lifting it for a momentary relief, I do not recollect one occasion on which I escaped detection. From my earliest years, I may say from my cradle, till my star of life was descending from its meridian altitude, I preferred fun to philosophy, and would rather have lost a friend than a good joke. I have been angry with myself, and many a man and woman besides ; but I never indulged hatred against any one, and knew envy only by description. I was not the slave, but the keen combatant of my passions, with which I have had innumerable skirmishes, and not a few pitched battles, in most of which I confess being defeated. I was almost the child of circumstances, as much as the shepherd's dog, that leaves the sheep to follow a hare, and again turns

from the chase, to pursue the first wild-fowl that springs up before him. People may talk of the happy days and guileless innocence of childhood, when the path is always strewn with flowers, perpetual sunshine, and halcyon seas, smiling above and around them ; when the sun never went down on their wrath, and they never rose but with a light heart. I am much inclined to doubt the truth of these descriptions ; and suspect they often proceed, not so much from a recollection of former happiness, as a peevish fretfulness under present cares. At any rate, I maintain that my spring of life was like what Nature generally makes that season,—changing April sky, clouds, and sunshine, rain and fair weather, alternately. I had many friends, and, I believe, not few enemies ; my friendships were warm, but not permanent ; and my feuds were also violent, but of equally short duration. But let me proceed methodically ; and, as I intend to speak without disguise of myself, I shall have no reserve concerning others. My chequered life may not be without its use to the world, offering some not unimportant lessons, to both parents and children ; but bearing in mind, that

Men must be taught, as if we taught them not,

I shall very seldom harass the reader with dry moralizings, but leave him to draw his own conclusions.

Although there is no chance that seven cities will contend for the honour of having given me birth, as the Greeks did for Homer, I shall leave my paternal spot, or, as D'Israeli expressively terms it, my *fatherland* involved in obscurity, and dark as the fogs that sometimes hovered over my native valley in a winter morning. This may perhaps raise me in the reader's estimation ; for every body knows, that mist serves the same purpose as a magnifying glass, representing pygmies as Patagonians, and cottages as enchanted castles. The names of my parents I shall also leave to the reader's conjecture ; it being impossible that they can ever be discovered from mine, for I have long ago renounced my patronymick ; it was on that evening on which my father gave me

the last proof of his parental feeling, by kicking me out of doors, which I have never since entered;—but let me not anticipate.

I was first introduced to all the pleasures and pains that mortal flesh is heir to, on New-year's-day, which implies, at least, a probability that I had been begotten on the first of April: whether this had any influence on my brain, I shall leave philosophers and metaphysicians to decide. The annals of the first three years of my life present nothing worthy of recording; besides, as I wish to speak from my own knowledge, if I ever recollected any events of that period, they are now faded from my memory. It may, however, be necessary to mention, that my parents gave me the name of Gilbert, to which I have since added the surname of Greenwood. Having been preceded by two brothers, and before I had completed my first year, my mother giving me the felicity of having a sister, I ran no great risk of being a spoiled child. Indeed, both parents had at my birth been rather displeased with me, for what I have never been able to consider myself in any degree responsible; namely, because I was not of the feminine gender, that being the sex upon which both had set their hearts. The birth of my sister still farther operated on the thermometer of their affection to me, which, at its highest point, had never been beyond temperate, generally below; and by the time my sister could lisp "pa" and "ma," it had sunk nearly to the freezing point. I could speak these endearing appellations much plainer, and could clasp my father's knees and my mother's neck as fondly; but, somehow, my efforts did not meet the same return; and I soon began to pine in discontent, when I saw my sister almost smothered with maternal kisses, and dandled in my father's arms, while I stood neglected, or was perhaps scolded from the parlour. From my earliest recollection, I was left almost solely to the care of servants, and, except the housemaids, had no other companions; for by some unlucky chance, my brothers and I could never agree; they always assumed something resembling aristocratical superiority,

while I was for democratical equality.

David, my eldest brother, was a tall, lubberly coward, but proud and irascible, never, for a moment, forgetting his right of primogeniture; he then appeared, what he has since proved, rather of obtuse intellect. His brother Peter was of a delicate, and, I believe, infirm constitution; seldom in good health, which made him fretful, peevish, and unhappy: perhaps the parents nursed and promoted the wayward dispositions of both, by foolish and injudicious fondness; the one, because he was their first born, and the other on account of his sickly constitution. Most firmly do I still believe, that my parents erred in both extremes, for my brothers were spoiled by indulgence, while I was injured by neglect; and that they also laid the foundation of that early dislike which subsisted between my brothers and me, which seemed to

"Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength."

When we met in the parlour, for childish sport, David insisted upon having every thing his own way, and if this was not instantly granted, like Achilles, he became sullen, and withdrew in a pet: Peter, again, would cry at a chance fall, or the most trivial contradiction; till I was kicked from the parlour to the kitchen, like the scape-goat to the wilderness, for the faults of others.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned, that there might have been another reason for the dislike of my parents: I had, and still have, a peculiar cast of countenance, the reverse of an Adonis, which was still farther heightened by a most remarkable squint with my right eye; and it is among my earliest recollections of my father's uncle, from England, visiting my paternal roof; he looked at me with intense curiosity, would give me sweetmeats from his pocket, stare full in my face, and then place me so as to have a profile view of my countenance. This was done in the presence of my parents; after which, he laughingly asked my mother if she had ever been either in London or Paris? With much simplicity, she answered "No."



"Did she ever see John Wilkes?" (then in the zenith of his civic and political fame;) she again answered in the negative; inquiring his reason for these extraordinary questions. "Because," said he, "your son, whom I delight to look on, is the very picture of that celebrated patriot!"

My father believed himself a politician; and if he hated any man who had never injured him, it was John Wilkes, whom his uncle had pronounced a celebrated patriot. This he attributed to his loyalty, although I have since discovered that it proceeded from some attachment to Lord Bute. "Like that scoundrel!" exclaimed my father; "I would as soon hear you say he is like the Grand Turk!" "And he may be a very respectable man, and a good-looking personage for aught I know," replied the uncle. A dispute now took place, which I was not of an age to understand; but I can recollect that it was continued till both got angry; for my father's breath failed him, which it always did when in a rage, and my uncle's face reddened like the gills of the turkey-cock in the yard when I provoked him with a stick. My uncle was a rich old bachelor, and had come down intending to pass some weeks of the summer with us; but the conversation about Wilkes was renewed next day at breakfast; at dinner they "fought their battle o'er again;" and the result was, that uncle took his departure next morning. After he was gone, I went up to my father to shew him a bird which had been given me by a servant; but he stamped with his foot, and, with a frown which I have not yet forgotten, cried, "Get out of my sight, you ugly brat! you are a disgrace to the family!" I did not then understand this; but I felt that every day after I was less welcome to the presence of both my parents.

In about a year after, my father received a letter from his uncle, thanking him for having been the cause of greater happiness than ever he had expected to enjoy, for he was now blessed with a fond and affectionate wife, who had made him the happy father of an infant son, whom

he had named John Wilkes. My father, glancing at me with the glare of a tiger, exclaimed, "Vile wretch! you have cost the family at least ten thousand pounds!" I have since understood that this was the supposed amount of my uncle's fortune, and that my father calculated upon being his heir; I was deemed the cause of their quarrel, which had induced the old man to marry, and I became almost odious in the sight of my parents. This incident, I believe, had an influence on my future fate, and has since been the source of much deliberate and serious thought to me;—the heaviest consequences of the quarrel fell on me, although I have never been able to convince myself that I was not the most innocent of all concerned.

It was now seldom that I was permitted to enter the parlour; and my reception when there had no tendency to make me regret the prohibition; for my father kept harping about my ugly countenance, and my mother upbraided me with my awkward manners and vulgar language, forgetting that both were copied from those with whom their unkindness had doomed me to associate.

In proportion as I was an object of dislike up stairs, I became a favourite in the kitchen, the dairy, and stables; for I could curse and swear in a style that the groom said did his heart good to hear, and he pronounced me a most promising boy; he had also taught me several words and phrases, of which I knew not the meaning, although I heard them often used by him and his companions. I, however, happened to utter some of them in the hearing of the maid-servants; they called me a little devil; but I observed that they laughed to each other; they knew my temper to be such, that a prohibition was the readiest method of making me repeat them, which I did, till I saw that they liked to hear them, for they kissed and fondled me after I had thus dared to disobey them; and I soon discovered, that if I had a favour to solicit from them, the repetition of these cabalistical words was like Ali-Baba's "Open, Sesame," which gave me the command of both cupboard



and dairy, always putting the girls in such good humour that they could deny me nothing. Although in the fifth year of my age, I yet slept with one of the maids, a giddy, buxom wench, who delighted in romping with the men-servants; she had a peculiar pleasure in hearing me speak what was to me an unknown tongue; and under her tutelage, my vocabulary was every day increasing, till I became the delight of every menial on the establishment.

I did not yet know my letters; but, exclusive of the qualifications already mentioned, I could play at blind-man's-buff and blind trumps, in the kitchen; pitch-and-toss in the stable-yard; romp with the maids; and wrestle a fall, or box with any boy in the neighbouring village, although several years older; for I had been taught wrestling and pugilism, scientifically, by my good friends of the stable. I was the ready messenger and faithful confidant of the twilight assignations which took place between my friends of different sexes; and my presence was never considered as an interruption to their romping freedoms, so that I had already more unblushing confidence—why should I not say forward impudence—than most boys of double my age. I was also expert in cunning, could tell a lie with an easy grace, and bear a cross-examination without contradicting myself. By the means already mentioned, I knew how to obtain curds and cream, and laid both dairy and pantry under contribution as often as I pleased.

I was now sent to a day-school, in a village about half a mile distant. Marion Skae, the governess of this Lyceum, was a vestal, if not of youthful loveliness, at least of virgin purity. She had been often heard to affirm, that this was her own deliberate choice, although others attributed it to the Parcae who presided over her destiny. Be this as it may, her personal attractions, even in her youthful bloom, had been of a peculiar, and rather uncommon kind. When, like some bipeds of the feathered creation, she stood upon one leg, she might have passed muster for a grenadier; but Nature

had left her work imperfect; and when Marion set both feet to the ground, her altitude was many inches less, besides making her lean considerably from the perpendicular: like myself, she had a most bewitching squint with one eye, and the other was constantly distilling a scalding rheum. If there had ever been roses on her cheeks, they had faded before I had the pleasure of seeing her; but the thorns still remained, and stood thick and prominent, black and bristling, on her chin. A large black mole decorated the centre of her arched nose, which was hooked like a hawk's bill; her lips were thin, and, like her cheeks, skinny, parched, and wrinkled; her teeth had never been drilled into symmetrical order; many had now deserted their posts, and, by an inveterate custom of smoking tobacco, the few that remained appeared in the garb of mourning, perhaps for their companions who had fallen or been disabled in the service. There was something almost appalling in her cadaverous complexion; and her dingy tresses, interspersed with grey, floated on a long and scraggy neck, in colour much resembling a parchment charter granted some centuries ago; her voice resembled the hoarse croaking of the raven; and there was something so fascinating in her guttural pronunciation, that I soon imitated her with great success. Her only sensual enjoyments, as far as I could ever learn, were drinking strong tea and smoking tobacco; and her sole companions, exclusive of her pupils, were a green parrot and tortoise-shell cat; this last generally lay purring on her lap, ready to munch a bit of cheese, or any other delicacy, which often proved a peace-offering from some idle or roguish urchin, propitiating the rising wrath of Marion. The parrot's cage was suspended in another apartment, that its loquacity might not interrupt the school exercises; but after their lessons, favourite pupils were permitted to retire, and hold a confabulation with pretty Poll, as a relaxation from their studies.

When I stood up beside her to my lesson, a suppressed titter went round the room, for she squinted with one eye, and I with another; and both

our looks seemed averted, when we were staring each other full in the face. I had, as already mentioned, learned to imitate her pronunciation, which perhaps she considered mimicry and mocking, and I, therefore, was no favourite. There was perhaps another reason; I was wayward, self-willed, and practised many little roguish tricks, any one of which, although *per se* trivial, by continued repetition, or taken in the aggregate with its companions, was rather too much for Marion's philosophy. During the first year of my scholarship, not a week elapsed in which I did not experience one or more castigations, which were the more severely administered, as the dame was mortified to find that she could never extract a tear from my eyes. When I went home at night, the occurrences of the school served to amuse my friends in the kitchen, who now became my counsellors, teaching me many tricks, for teasing and plaguing the school-mistress, whom I neither loved nor feared. I shall relate one or two of my feats at this seminary, as they followed one another in a consecutive series, and ultimately led to my expulsion.

There was a small lake behind the village, where we amused ourselves on the ice in winter. I procured some bird-lime and walnut-shells, and one day, at noon, by the help of some confederates, decoyed the Tom cat till we shod him with the shells, put him in a bag, and carried him to the ice, set him down, and amused ourselves with his tumbling and sprawling, for he could neither run nor walk. The tale was soon told to Marion, who hurried out to the rescue of her favourite; but she durst not approach us, but stood fretting on the margin of the lake, while our shouts of laughter were echoing both loud and long; our mirth maddened her into fury, and she brandished her crutch in impotent rage. When tired of the sport, we conveyed the trembling animal on shore, released him from his pattens, when he was carried home in the arms of his mistress. A strict investigation took place; I was informed upon as the *primum mobile* of the whole, and a severe flagellation was the consequence.

As Grimalkin had been only teased and frightened, without receiving any injury, I conceived myself unjustly punished, and accordingly meditated sweet revenge; and soon after, by the aid of a friendly hint, hit upon the following expedient: when Marion smoked a pipe, she always knocked out the ashes, and instantly filled it, to be ready for the next discharge, placing it on a little shelf on the chimney. While warming myself at the fire, I contrived to secrete the pipe, and retiring to the apartment where there was no witness, except the parrot, and which I believed could not bear evidence against me, I introduced what I conceived a full charge of gunpowder, covered it up with the tobacco, and placing my Congreve rocket in *statu quo*, retired to my seat, impatient for the catastrophe, reckless whether it proved tragical or comical. The dame, who had forborne her accustomed whiff longer than usual, at last took her seat at the fire, called me up to read my lesson at her elbow, and began to light her pipe. Aware of my danger, I was far from easy, but durst neither quit my post nor exhibit any signs of alarm; but I was not long kept in suspense; the explosion soon took place—the bowl of the pipe was shivered in innumerable pieces, which flew in all directions; one of them came against my cheek with a projectile force, which fixed it deep in the flesh, and was not extracted till the dairy-maid performed that office in the evening; the scar still remains, as an evidence of my early folly. When I looked up, Goody's cap was in a blaze; however, she had presence of mind to throw up her worsted apron, and drawing it closely around her head, soon extinguished the flame. The bursting of a bombshell in a fortress could not have produced greater astonishment and alarm than the sudden explosion did among the terrified urchins. Marion's mind was, however, as masculine as her form; she neither fainted nor went into hysterics; but after recovering from her panic, a moment's reflection convinced her that the accident had been produced by gunpowder, and her suspicion rested on me as the incendiary. I was aware that this



would be the case, but having no confederate, I considered detection impossible. Without saying a word, she came slyly behind me, laid me on the floor, and holding me down with the grasp of an amazon, ordered my pockets to be searched. I had foolishly retained my superfluous stock of ammunition; it was produced, and my conviction was complete. She calmly ordered me to my seat, and proceeded in the routine of her duty, although I could see a settled gloom on her countenance; this I considered as the harbinger of an approaching storm, which I believed would be the more dreadful, on account of the calm by which it was preceded. It was the first time she had ever been able to inspire me with any feeling resembling fear, but I certainly did now feel a presentiment of impending danger. However, we were dismissed for the day, without any notice having been taken of my delinquency. I went exultingly home, and was, with great glee, retailing my exploit to the maids, who were laughing and holding their sides, when I was summoned to the parlour. This was something unusual, and I went with a kind of boding reluctance. On my entrance, the first sight I beheld was the school-mistress; she was set at one side of the room, and my father at the other, with the fragment of the burnt cap and my packet of gunpowder on the table. I comprehended the whole; my fortitude was shaken, while my flushed cheek and quivering lip bore evidence against me, before a word had been uttered. The charge was made; I knew the evidence was strong, and that denial would avail nothing, and therefore stood in obstinate silence. In a tone which I had never dared to disobey, my father ordered me to strip instantly; with nerveless fingers I undid button after button, and at length stood before him naked from the loins upward: brandishing a whip over my head, he demanded an instant confession of my guilt; still I stood sullen and silent, but a smart application of the whip soon produced full confession. He now seized me by the arm, and plied the instrument of vengeance so severely, that, although I despised to cry, I sprung from the

floor at every stroke, and absolutely bit my tongue through in the agony I endured. Laying down the whip, he now ordered me to kneel before Mrs Skae, and beg her pardon, promising to be a good boy in time coming. She had looked on with savage satisfaction during my flagellation; and thus to humble myself before her was what went sadly against my stomach, and I stood trembling with mingled agony of mind and body, naked and bleeding, looking at her with stern defiance; however, a fresh application of the whip subdued my haughty spirit, and after half a dozen of strokes more severe than any of the preceding, I crawled to her chair, fell on my knees, muttered some expressions of contrition and promises of submission in future, to all of which my heart gave the lie, for already was it meditating revenge; she held out her withered hand for me to kiss, and I know not the substance in nature I would not have preferred coming in contact with my lips, yet I was forced to submit. Although not the first, this was the severest whipping I had ever got from my father. The apathy, or rather savage delight, with which Marion Skae witnessed my chastisement, stung me deeper than the wounds on my lacerated back; and had I not imagined her too despicable for my hatred, she should have had it in full measure; but I contented myself with honouring her with my contempt, although that did not allay my desire of revenge. I recollected the promise extorted by my father, or rather by the whip with which he was armed; but with a casuistry, similar to that of Hudibras, argued with myself, that

He that imposes an oath makes it;  
Not he that for convenience takes it.

I was afraid that she would have refused to take me back as a scholar, and thereby have deprived me of that vengeance for which my heart panted; no such proposition being made, I returned to school next day, where I was received with a fondness which Marion had never before shewn to me. Whether this was hypocrisy, or if she relented and felt contrition for the sufferings she had caused me, I know not, but I certainly despised her the more for the kindness she



exhibited : she treated me with gingerbread and confectionaries ; but so strong was my contempt for her, that they never entered my lips, but were tossed into the pig-stye when I went home. However, not to be outdone by her in finesse, I was equally tractable and obedient ; I fed her cat with delicacies, and even treated the old woman with tobacco, which, although I would not have poisoned her, I most sincerely wished had been some drug that might have inflicted pains similar to those she had made me feel ; and while we seemed to be metamorphosed into the best friends in the world, not Iago himself was a more consummate hypocrite than I, for not one moment did I cease to meditate on some scheme of revenge. I am fully aware that this rather detracts from my character, as it displays a duplicity very unbecoming in any human being, and almost disgusting at my age ; but I trust the reader will at least give me credit for my sincerity, in thus frankly acknowledging my early depravity : I have already told where I was taught, both by precept and example.

I at last hit upon a strange plan for sating my resentment, and my heart already chuckled in the delightful anticipation. Mrs Skae was a superstitious and bigotted member of the Episcopal Church, and had very improperly, not to say profanely, taught her parrot to repeat several of the petitions and responses in the Litany, which it would scream out on every occasion, always concluding with the Doxology ; for which qualification the bird was held in high estimation by Marion, and some other devout females of her own class. One old-maiden lady had offered ten guineas for this wonderful parrot ; but this Marion, although poor, had refused, declaring that death alone should divide her from pretty Poll. I have already mentioned my expertness in pronouncing certain words and phrases, which, when acquired, were to me an unknown tongue ; but I had gradually come to comprehend their meaning ; and as my knowledge extended, my stock of expressions enlarged ; which will not be wondered at, when it is recollected with whom I associated at home. My good be-

haviour at school now procured me every possible indulgence, and I embraced every opportunity of being alone with the parrot, applying myself most sedulously to teach it a language very different from the Litany. I was a zealous teacher, and had an apt scholar ; it spoke remarkably plain, and could repeat many of my choicest expressions with great fluency ; and my only fear now was, lest it should betray me by a premature disclosure of its scholarship, before my purpose was accomplished ; however, fortune proved propitious, and I found my pupil so much of a proficient, that I longed for an exhibition.

One day two ladies, one of them a stranger, came to visit Marion ; when the stranger said, she had heard such an account of the parrot, as made her wish for auricular demonstration. Nothing could have been more flattering to Marion, and they proposed adjourning to Poll, after some girls had repeated their lessons. I stole to the apartment of my feathered scholar, repeated what I thought necessary, and was highly pleased with the responses I received. The ladies came in, and I withdrew, but no farther than the door, with my ear to the key-hole. Poll was addressed by Marion, in the style which generally called forth the Litany as a reply. On the present occasion, the response was so different, that the poor woman stood in amazement ; Poll continued with great loquacity, and articulated so plainly, as not to be misunderstood ; the ladies stared and blushed, while Marion stood like Horror personified, ready to sink into the earth with shame and vexation. The garrulous animal continued in the same strain, and when no effort could induce it to change the subject, the ladies left the room filled with astonishment. Marion, overpowered with confusion at the awkward exhibition of her favourite, appealed to her friend, whether she had not heard Poll often repeat many parts of the Litany. This was confirmed : " But how could it learn what we have now heard ? " said the stranger.

The school-mistress recollected the time I had lately spent with Poll, and I was instantly accused of having

corrupted the animal; complaint was again made to my father, and I was once more summoned for trial, with Mrs Skae for my accuser. Suspicion and circumstantial evidence were very much against me; but no direct proof could be adduced, and I was dismissed from the bar, after a severe reprimand, and a verdict of "Not Proven." The school-mistress, however, now refused to receive me back on any conditions; but I had the satisfaction of hearing soon after, that the favourite parrot had been sentenced to a capital punishment, for profaneness and immorality.

I was now sent to the parish-school with my brothers. The schoolmaster was, I believe, a "good easy man," but old, formal, and indolent, and, provided his pupils were quiet and orderly, they might be as lazy as himself. Either too ignorant to discover, or too careless to pursue the means for treating different dispositions—to stimulate the indolent, encourage and assist the eager aspirant, to cheer the timid, or invigorate the torpid, was no part of his system; his daily progress was like that of a blind horse in a mill; and he seemed equally glad with his pupils when the tasks of the day were finished. An instance of his inattention will illustrate his character: I have seen my eldest brother, David, and some other dunderheads in the school, sit for more than a week on an arithmetical question, which the master had written on their slates; when they were foiled in performing the operation, they would blot out what they had vainly endeavoured to solve, and walk boldly up for another, which he would write down, possibly to share the same fate. He was peevish, rather than stern; a trifling fault would have been punished with a stroke of his palm on the cheek, but a severe flogging seldom took place; hence I conclude, that, although irritable, he was not vindictive. I continued there for two years, during which no incident occurred worth recording. Under such a teacher, my progress in education, it will readily be supposed, was not great, for though naturally of an active disposition, I preferred sport to study. My brothers and I now came in

closer contact than we had hitherto done, and it did not lead to the happiness of either, for we lived in a state of open and avowed hostility to each other. At home, they had been taught, although not by precept, yet by parental example, to hate me; while I, in return, lost no opportunity of shewing that I defied and despised them. They always called me by the nickname of Gleyed Gibbie; and I distinguished them by the appellations of Doofart Davie and Peevish Patie. Seldom a day passed but David and I were at fisty-cuffs; he had the advantage of me by nearly three years of age, and a proportionate superiority in size; but this was more than compensated by my innate courage and pugilistic skill: Peter I despised, as too feeble an antagonist to strike, and only laughed at, and mocked him, which kept him in a state of constant irritation. Our warfare at length became so desperate, that daily complaints were made to my father; and as I was always prejudged, I was punished without due investigation. On one occasion, David had really been the aggressor; we had a pitched battle, and I sent him home with a bloody face and black eyes; a severe whipping followed, I not being permitted to plead the provocation I had received: this injustice, instead of humbling, aroused me to revenge; and I became so formidable to David, that he refused to attend the school, and, had he understood the term, I am sure would have sworn law-borrows against me. My father, therefore, found it necessary to effect our separation, and I was removed from school, although my future destiny was undetermined.

I was now ten years of age, strong and robust; in the fatiguing studies of reading, writing, and arithmetic, I had made no distinguished progress, but had improved remarkably in such exercises as were more congenial to my disposition. I could ride, not only at full gallop, but fearlessly leap a five-barred gate,—swim,—climb trees,—shoot flying,—play all the games at cards known to my older associates,—was a proficient in the slang of the stable,—and under the tuition of my friends there, as



well as in the kitchen and dairy, was making rapid progress in the vernacular idiom of vulgar gallantry, some endeavours being also making to initiate me in the practice.

Some moralist (if I recollect rightly, Shenstone, in his *Essays on Men and Manners*) expresses his wonder that young people in low life preserve their chastity, considering their incapacity for intellectual enjoyment, their high health, youth, the stimulus of strong passions, with the provocations of unrestrained intercourse, and loose conversation. This remark, although, perhaps, of less general application than the writer imagined, is such as would naturally occur to an accurate observer of low life; and when I reflect, as I have often since done, on what passed between the sexes with whom I daily associated, the levities of conversation which I heard, and that seemed to give equal pleasure to both parties,—when I think on what I have witnessed, the wanton dalliance and romping freedoms which were fondly taken, and willingly allowed; I say, when I reflect on all these, I am inclined to join in wonder with the moralist above mentioned, at least in as far as respected the servants in my father's family, where almost all the senses united to contaminate the

mind, and pollute the imagination: and although I have no wish to set myself up as a moral-monger, and a teacher of dry, didactic precepts, yet, should any one who is, or hopes to be, a parent, glance at this page, I would beg him or her seriously to reflect upon the consequences which may, and generally do result from children having a familiar intercourse with servants. This error is most general, in what are termed the middle ranks in life; and I shall conclude my moralizings by saying, that however unfortunate in other respects, it was certainly for the advantage of my morals that I was now removed from those who had been my associates and tutors, and whom I still considered as my friends; for I now began to take delight in imitating the freedoms of which I had so many examples; and the language which at first I uttered, merely because I saw it gratified others, I now repeated, because it was beginning to afford pleasure to myself.

But my brothers and I continued to quarrel; and as our warfare seemed interminable, my father boarded me with a clergyman, in a distant part of the country. What followed, shall be related in the second part of this history.

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#### HARVEST-HOME.

AFTER wandering about alone, and without any direct purpose, during the greater part of one of those days of uncommon calm and settled stillness, so fitted to inspire a pensive and pleasing melancholy, I recollected that I had been invited by my friend, Mr W., to join the mirth and festivity of his *kirn*, or harvest-home. It was almost the end of autumn, and the harvest had been abundant, and the weather favourable. Few remains of the crops were to be seen, and those lingering relics were thinly scattered over the colder and more backward parts of the country. The bare and deserted fields, contrasted with the well-stocked farm-yards, while they suggested the approach of winter, disarmed it of all its terrors, by giving the comfortable assurance of

plenty and security. Beneath the hedge-rows, and in the *lonings*, the fallen leaves were beginning to fill the hollows, or gather into broad rustling heaps, shifting and crackling beneath the foot, or dropping from the branches with slow and wavering motion. Those that still clung with a mere tenacious closeness to the boughs, displayed, in their paleness, their faded and shrivelled appearance, evident marks that they too, linger as they would behind their fellows, were chilled by the breath of Time, and that age and decay were upon them. The sky was calm, breathlessly calm, but not clear. There was a kind of sober grayness spread over the whole horizon; not dense enough to be called cloudy, yet too much so to be bright. The earth seemed reposing after the busy



toils of autumn, and the heavens regarding it with a peaceful smile; but in that smile there was something of deep solemnity. It was like the calm, thoughtful smile with which an aged, grey-headed patriarch would regard his family, gathered peacefully around him, and reaping the fruits of his industry and care. I gazed around me with a bosom filled with indescribable emotions. I felt happy, too deeply happy for mirth; joyous hilarity would at that time have appeared rude and boisterous, if not insulting; but the slightest symptom of fretfulness or discontent would have appeared an ungrateful crime against the bounty of benignant Nature. I paced, silently musing, along; often turning and gazing around me, and at length seated myself upon a grey stone in the midst of a heathy moor, and directed my view to the western skies, then gleaming in all the glories of evening. They were lovely beyond description, shining in all the various shades of crimson radiance, from the faint and distant tinge, mingling with the cerulean and stainless depths of ether, till where, in the immediate vicinity of the setting orb, they shone with such brilliant and dazzling intensity, as if they were openings into the living fountains of heavenly light.

How long I might have continued in rapturous contemplation of the beautiful scene I know not; but my reverie was suddenly disturbed by the barking of a shepherd's-dog, and the cheerful and frank salutation of his master, who was on his way to the *kirn*; and speedily recollecting myself, I arose and accompanied him. After a hearty welcome from Mr W., followed by a little good-humoured chiding, for my delay in coming, I joined the happy company; and in the excitement of good cheer, and the sympathy of joyous faces around me, soon forgot, in a great measure, my former serious meditations, in so far, at least, as to join their sports and mirth with sufficient glee and cordiality. Among the company, several of whom were strangers to me, I recognised my old friend and school-fellow, Henry M——. I accosted him; he started, gazed in my face, uttered a short exclamation of

surprise and joy, and grasping my hand warmly and fondly, asked me, with all his customary kindness, concerning my health and welfare. After the first moments of recognition were over, I could not help observing how much he was changed from the lively, thoughtless youth, the gayest of the gay, with whom I had spent many a day of boyish mirth and frolic. His high, fair, and open forehead, was marked with lines of thought, it might be of sorrow; his light blue, laughing eyes, had lost their former mirthful expression, and were become slightly hollow, darkened by a gloomy drooping of his eyebrows, and dimmed with a pensive sadness; his cheek had partly lost its exuberant glow of health, and though still of a healthful appearance, had something of a more delicate and thoughtful hue; upon the whole, his looks and manner displayed a melancholy so deeply settled upon him, as to be beyond his power to shake it off. I was anxious to discover the cause, and endeavoured to lead him to explain it to me, but he avoided it with such a trembling sensibility, that I felt it would be cruelty to press upon that subject any farther, and accordingly restrained my curiosity in the best manner I could.

In the mean while, the mirth went on, and increased; the glass went merrily round, and songs were called for. One young man, who appeared to possess a happy flow of light animal spirits, which made him the very life of the meeting, when called upon for his song, sung one which appeared to have been made for the express purpose, and of which the following is an exact copy:

Come, ye rantin' lads an' lasses!  
 Cheerfu' wives an' husbands come!  
 Haste, gudeman! fill up our glasses,  
 Drink! our toast is, Harvest-Home!  
 Far be thoughts o' gloomy sadness,  
 Blithely let us laugh and sing;  
 Swell the shout o' joyfu' gladness,  
 Till the rafters echoing ring!

Troubles a' ha'e fled before us,—  
 Days o' toil, an' nights o' care;  
 Sleep may soundly now come o'er us,—  
 Storms can break our rest nae mair:  
 Winter, threatening, dark an' dreary,  
 Wrap'd in gloom an' tempest, come!

Blaw your warst, we dinna fear ye,  
Hark ! our song is, Harvest-Home !

Lang this night has been expected,  
Look'd for lang with anxious e'e ;  
Now it maunna be neglected,  
Let us spend it gladsoemly !  
Come, then, lads an' bonnie lasses,  
Wives an' drouthy husbands, come ;  
Here, gudeman, in brimming glasses,  
Here's your health an' Harvest-Home !

At the commencement of this song, I had chanced to look towards Henry, and I could not withdraw my eyes from the changing expression of his countenance. At first a gloomy smile overspread his face, and a gleam of pleasure for a moment lighted up his eye ; but it quickly faded, and a darker and deeper sadness took possession of his mournful looks. Several times, with a strong effort, he roused himself, and attempted to throw aside the sorrow which seemed to overpower him ; but it returned with stronger force, and deeper shade ; and when the song was ended, he joined mechanically in the plaudits which followed, while his heart was evidently far otherwise employed. Shortly after, while the song, like the toast, was making a regular round, he leant his head upon his hand, so as partly to screen himself from observation, and began writing upon a slip of paper with his pencil. Upon being called upon in his turn for a song, he handed the slip of paper to Mr W——, saying it contained his excuse. Mr W—— perused it, and told the company that he would give them a song instead of poor Henry, who, he said, was rather unwell. This was willingly accepted, and the mirth and hilarity went on. I afterwards procured a copy of my friend's little note. It consisted of the following verses :

Yes ! raise the song of joyous mirth !  
Bid, unrestrain'd, your pleasures flow ;  
For, ah ! too rarely found on earth  
Is joy without the sting of woe !  
Alas ! full short, and swiftly past,  
Our sunny hours of joy sweep on ;  
While dark and long the dreary blast  
Of sorrow howls with heavy moan !

Have ye forgot how many were  
Your days of toil, your anxious nights ?  
And is each scene of weary care  
Gone in a dream of vain delights ?

Poor thoughtless mortals ! insects gay !  
Sporting while sunny gleams are warm ;  
Heedless how soon and darkly may  
Roll o'er you, fierce, the ruthless storm !

Yet raise your merry shout again !  
I would not wish your joys were less,  
Though in my heart they wake the pain  
Which words are feeble to express !  
Alas ! how soon will end your joy,  
Poor fleeting beings of a day !  
A little time, and ye shall lie  
Unknown, and lifeless things of clay !

These melancholy lines, however, were not read aloud, lest they might, in any degree, interrupt the mirth of the party ; and in a short time some of the younger of them proposed a dance, if music could be had. The mention of such a thing seemed enough : music was instantly procured ; and in a shorter time than it takes to relate it, the young and the lively of both sexes were bounding through the simple evolutions of Scotch reels, in all the wildness of unrestrained delight. The exhilarating sound of the music,—the enlivening and spirited movements of the dance,—the joyous happy faces of my fellow beings around me,—the brilliant and sportive sallies of artless wit and fancy, all conspired to gladden the heart, and spread a charm over me like a sweetly enchanting spell of Elysian joy. During an interval, I happened to cast my eyes upon my poor friend Henry ; and never shall I forget his looks ! There he stood silent, alone, gazing upon the mirthful scene around him,—his eye sickened with unutterable woe,—his lip quivering with suppressed anguish,—his brow bent and wet with the strong burst of awakened agony,—and his bosom heaving with the deep and suffocating sigh, that *might* not be heaved aloud, and *would* not be suppress. I approached him,—I hesitated, yet I ventured to break in upon the sanctity of his grief. " Good Heavens ! Henry ! " exclaimed I, softly, " what is the matter with you ? I cannot see you in such a state, without endeavouring to assist you, or, at least, attempting to turn the current of your thoughts from some secret source of hidden misery. Tell me ! can I in any way be of service to you ? At least let me know the



cause of your affliction, that I may sympathize with your sorrows, if I cannot alleviate them." He scarcely seemed to hear or regard me, but drawing a long, suppressed sigh, and speaking as if he were thinking aloud rather than answering me, he replied, "Yes! such was the scene on that night, the last of my nights of earthly happiness; such were the breathings of the music; so the song and the laugh went round, and so did the youth gaily weave the maze of the sportive dance! Lovely are these maidens, but how far inferior to *her* loveliness! Does she yet remember me? Does her pure spirit behold the grief of my waste and widowed bosom? Oh! ye gay revellers! grief may smite you in the midst of your mirth, as it has done me, and leave you too in joyless despondency, and never-ending gloom. Your festivities tell me of days when I could also be the gayest of the gay! And in the midst of all your joys, I feel that addition to my sorrow which would come upon me, were you all as I am, or rather, were all your griefs poured upon my individual heart." "My dear Henry," said I, "my own friend and old companion! recollect yourself; think where you are. I am sure you would not wish to expose the state of your feelings, and your secret griefs, be their cause what it may, to the rude and curious gaze of so many strangers. Come, rouse your spirit! Be a man; and do not yield so openly to the power of sorrow! This, I can well perceive, is no place for you. Go, tell Mr W. that you are unwell; bid him good-night, and I will accompany you home. Nay, I will take no refusal," continued I, seeing him hesitate; "I see too plainly that you are unhappy; and for my own part, I assure you, that to remain any longer here at present would be no gratification to me." He suffered himself to be persuaded; and after taking our leave of the company and our kind host, we walked away together.

The night was mild and calm. The faint dim edge of the waning moon was sinking languidly through the thin pale clouds, and gradually nearing through the verge of the horizon. The stars were scattered,

few, large, and lustreless; not a breath of wind stirred; and the rush of the *burn* sounded deeper and stronger than by day. We moved along in unbroken silence. I feared to call up the emotions which I had so lately witnessed in such fearful agitation. He appeared to be suffering under an internal struggle. I could remark the restrained and measured regularity of his breathings, evidently warring with suppressed and struggling sighs. I not unfrequently felt his arm tremble within mine, as a strong shuddering passed over his whole frame. At length he suddenly stopped,—grasped my hand,—gazed upon me with a look of inexpressible emotion, and exclaiming, "My only friend!"—threw himself into my arms, leant his head upon my shoulder, and burst into an unrestrained agony of tears. I am not ashamed to confess it, I wept along with him; and his heart was more relieved by the unrestrained utterance of its woe, and my deep sympathy, than it could have been by the most grave and cold moral lecture upon the unavailing nature of human sorrow. A short time brought us to the termination of our walk, during the remainder of which we had continued almost as silent as before, each being too deeply engaged in thinking to admit of much conversation. When we were about to separate, Henry broke through the restraint in which we had both continued, and spoke more freely than I had hoped for. "My dear friend," said he, "I am sensible of the extravagance of my conduct this evening; and in consideration of our long and uninterrupted friendship, I feel that I owe you an explanation of my grief, which you must have regarded as unaccountable, and extremely ill-timed. But I cannot, I dare not trust myself to do so in the way of common conversation. I could not endure to hear my own voice uttering the story of my grief. I will write a short account of it, and send it to you as a letter. This you may regard as the highest possible proof of my friendship for you, as you will then be my first, my only confidant." We then parted, after a warm and affectionate farewell, and in the space of



a day or two I received the promised communication. I perused it with considerable interest, and have every reason to believe that it is a simple statement of real occurrences, and the feelings to which they gave birth. The following is a copy of my friend's letter, without addition or alteration :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE kind sympathy which you displayed, and which drew from me a promise of relating the secret cause of my grief, again comes upon me with a soothing influence and a sweet recollection, reminding me to fulfil my promise. Painful as the task may be, I feel it now my duty to perform it ; nor will I shrink from it, though it will open afresh the wounds which can never be completely healed.

You may recollect accompanying me on a visit to the beautiful little country retreat of my dearest friend Mrs —, and you cannot have forgot her lovely daughter, concerning whom you amused yourself awhile in teasing and rallying me. At that time, I was beginning to feel an unaccountable desire to make frequent repetitions of my visits, and to lengthen them as far as propriety would allow.

It was then that an attachment to that lovely girl took entire possession of my heart, stamped a bias upon my thoughts and feelings, and by its sad termination left me what I now am, and must ever be—a lonely, companionless mourner. Your temporary absence from this part of the country prevented you from knowing what I now proceed, with a sick, sick heart, to relate. I had become, by my repeated visits, a sort of privileged friend, permitted to come as often as I could conveniently do so, and spend a few hours, without any regard to formal ceremony, and without requiring to assign any ostensible reason for my visit. I had not, however, dared to ask my own heart why my walks terminated so often at —, and why its pulsations became tremblingly rapid when that lovely girl met my eyes, walked beside, or conversed with me. About that time, one of the neighbours had invited a small

party of his friends, chiefly young people ; thither I had the supreme felicity to conduct the fair object of my silent and almost unconscious adoration. The party were all known to each other, and the utmost harmony and gladness prevailed. Dancing, as might be easily supposed, formed no small part of the evening's entertainment. In this graceful accomplishment, as in all things belonging to a finished education and a refined mind, Mary highly excelled. The joyous gaiety of all around her, and the enlivening excitement of sportive music, called forth her gentle spirits into more than usual buoyancy, and she looked, and breathed, and moved, pure and happy cheerfulness herself. But, why do I dwell on that night ? why recal its glad moments to memory ? moments then enriched with pleasures never, never to be renewed, but followed by a misery unspeakable, interminable ! Suffice it to say, that, at the time of separation, it was observed, with much dismay, that the weather had changed greatly for the worse. A chilling sleety rain was driving fierce and fast, with a cold, bitterly cold east-wind ; and we were compelled to proceed homewards through the midst of this inclement blast, heated by the late mirthful exercise, and utterly unprovided with any means of protection.

In vain did I strip myself of every disposable part of my clothing to cover her,—in vain did I endeavour to shelter her from the violence of the wind and rain, by keeping myself in the direction whence it blew. Alas ! alas ! in spite of all my efforts, the extreme keenness of the cold, drifting, sleety rain, and the penetrating wind, assailing a frame and a constitution naturally delicate, and at that time peculiarly exposed and sensitive of their attacks, struck a chillness to her heart, and through every vein, from the effects of which she never recovered ! I called next day to inquire after her health. I saw her ; and by the pale, pale cheek and dim eye, the low sad tone of the voice, and the heavy breathing, I knew that she was ill, very ill indeed. When I beheld her altered looks, I felt my heart swell with a

feeling now no longer ambiguous ; and in a moment of deep emotion, I ventured to express, what in different circumstances I would not have dared to utter. My suit was modestly, dispassionately, but firmly checked ; yet were my visits not forbidden, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving that my temerity had not drawn upon me her hatred. My visits, however, from that time, became rather less frequent, and assumed a more tender and deeply respectful character, and though I still saw her, it was generally in the presence of her mother.

After a lingering and protracted illness, she appeared to have overcome the strength of the disease, and to be again in a state of gradual recovery. She herself seemed to think that she was no longer in any danger. Never shall I forget the delight which filled and overflowed my heart when I met her at a short distance from her mother's house, one mild sunny afternoon, and in a playful tone she bade me observe the power of the sun, which had called her forth like a butterfly from its shelter, to flaunt and idle in his beams. Day after day passed on ; but her strength did not increase ; nay, in spite of her assertions to the contrary, it seemed to diminish. I marked the anxious looks of her mother, and I feared to speak of the lovely but faded form of the daughter. A fearful conjecture haunted my mind which I dared not investigate, and could not banish. At length, one day, after her mother had continued in a long and silent fit of abstraction, into which she had gradually fallen upon Mary's leaving us, and retiring to her own room on account of fatigue, she roused herself up, and asked me what was my candid opinion concerning the state of her daughter's health ? " I fear," continued she, with a voice almost choked by sorrow, " I fear my poor Mary is fallen into a rapid consumption." A long and bursting sigh, and a look of unutterable grief, was the only answer I could make to her ; and it told too plainly that I had nothing of hope or consolation to offer. From that day forward I watched her with deep and painful anxiety ; and daily was the conviction forced upon

me, stronger and stronger, that her days in this life were numbered, and fast nearing their termination. Often did the afflicted mother speak to me of her dear Mary, destined to fill an untimely tomb ; and often, often did I wish that it could be possible for me to purchase her health at the expense of my own. And, oh ! how agonizing was it to behold a being so lovely, sinking gradually under the influence of an insidious disease, like some fair flower smitten and blighted in the very source of its growth, and drooping into premature decay, in the midst of its expanding beauty !

But let me not dwell upon this part of my melancholy relation. I need not attempt to describe the progress of the incurable disease. Still less am I able to describe the unutterable and increasing weight of woe which overpowered my heart, as I saw her, the lovely, the gentle, the good, pining and wasting away,—dying by degrees. I feel it yet, but no power of words can ever express its hundredth part ! In a short time she became so weakened as to be obliged to stay within her room, and soon after she became unable to leave her bed. Several days passed without my seeing her, during which I continued unremitting in my inquiries ; but every answer served only to strengthen my fears, and banish every faint glimmering of hope. At length, after a most painful and sickening interval, I was one day told that she had requested me to be called into her room. With throbbing heart I obeyed ; and entered with soft and gliding steps into that apartment where lay, never more to rise, she who was dearer to me than my own existence. Never, till the latest moment of my life, shall I forget the scene and the occurrences of that hour. They are indelibly stamped upon my memory, and can only fade when memory itself is no more. Close beside the head of her dying daughter's bed there sat the mother, in deepest affliction, yet with a countenance in which the intensity of maternal sorrow was subdued into silent, uncomplaining resignation. Grief, mortal grief, had stricken, and would have burst her heart, had it not been sustained by the consolation of religion, and soothed by



the balm of heavenly piety. . . She wept not; but the subdued and sighing tones of her voice, and the settled sadness of her looks, spoke far more of woe than could have been done by the most copious floods of tears, and the loudest lamentations,—woe which nothing could have enabled her to support but an humble acquiescence in the decrees of Providence, founded upon a firm belief of the pure and heavenly doctrines of Christianity.

Gently supported by pillows, there lay the dying maiden. How changed from her lately blooming in all the glow of youth and health! Wasted almost to a shadow, and sinking under the pressure of a mortal sickness, she was still lovely; but her beauty was of now a strange, unearthly character. Too delicately fair for this life, she seemed like an inhabitant of the aerial world. The motion of the blood was almost visible in the small blue veins wandering across her pale marble forehead; and a light emanated from her mild eyes, full of a pure, lofty, and spiritual meaning. A faint smile overspread her face when she saw me, and she bade me come forward, and asked me kindly how I was, in a soft, low, silver tone, which thrilled through my very soul. "I am glad you are come," said she; "I wished to see you, as in all probability it is the last time I ever shall in this world."

I could not answer her; a thousand recollections and feelings rushed upon my heart, and overpowered me. "Nay," said she, "that is unmanly; it is almost unkind: why would you increase the sadness of my dying hour, by yielding to unavailing sorrow? I had hoped that you would behave with more firmness. You make me hesitate to speak what I intended when I sent for you." With a strong effort, I restrained my agitation, and she continued: "In the presence of my mother, and as a dying woman, I may now say to you, what in no other circumstances I could have done. I have observed your attentions to me for some time past; I could not but understand them; and I may now say that they were not disagreeable to me. I have thought it my duty to say so much, because the assurance that your at-

tachment was, though in secret, returned, is now the only recompence in my power to make you for your kindnesses. I therefore wish you that happiness with another which, had it pleased the Almighty, I might perhaps have shared. If I may yet make one request, let me beg of you, for my sake, to comfort my poor mother. I had much more to say to you, but my weakness will not permit me. Give me your hand. May the blessing of God attend you! Farewell!"

As she spoke thus, she gave me her soft, slender, and almost death-cold hand, and turned upon me such a look of kindness, holy love, and tender pity, that my soul melted within me, and I could no longer control my feelings. I knelt beside the bed, pressed her hand to my heart, which rose and swelled in my breast almost to suffocation, and sobbed audibly, while the tears fell fast from my eyes, and moistened her pale and emaciated arm. For a short time I was insensible to every thing, so overwhelming was the agony of my grief. I cannot endure more, I do not think I shall endure so much, at the moment of death. I pressed her hand again and again to my lips, faltered out a broken farewell, and staggered out of the room. How I reached home, and how I passed that night, I know not. Next day I again went to make my usual inquiry. As I approached the house, it seemed covered with sadness, darkness, and silence. An undefinable dread came over me. I dared not think, I even shuddered at the sound of my own breathings; I at last ventured to speak. It was as I might have expected, but which I had hoped, even in despite of certainty, would not yet be. The spirit which animated that fair form was fled. I got admission into the house—into the room where she lay. I saw the body—a sight which will never cease to haunt my sleeping visions, and my waking imaginings. I see it now—pale, cold, lifeless—lovely, but awful. My eyes are fixed on it, with a gaze of shuddering dread,—my soul yearns over it, yet shrinks from it with a feeling of ineffable mystery. What is it now? what was it lately? I turned away in silence, and went and hid myself in the darkest part of



a thick plantation. My thoughts, my feelings, I will not attempt to describe. I attended the funeral ; I saw the coffin, that contained the body of her so deeply loved, committed to the dark and dreary grave ; I heard the heavy, cold, damp mould fall, sounding drearily and sullenly over it, and I felt as if it were piled over my own breast. Every additional quantity thrown into the grave struck an additional chill into my heart—a chill which not the fairest form, nor the kindest smile of any woman, can ever remove. My affections are indeed buried in that silent abode.

Since that day, I have felt that I have indeed done with all the pleasures and enjoyments of this world. Loneliness is my portion, and my heart is wedded to my remembrances, and to one soft ringlet of beautiful hair. When mirth and revelry ring around me, they remind me too powerfully of my irreparable loss, and call forth an insupportable intense recollection of that night which I accuse as the cause of my Mary's death. When friends forsake me, or the world frowns upon me, I feel myself without a sympathising heart to share and soothe my distress. In either case, in the extremes of grief occasioned by witnessing joy, or enduring injuries, I fly to the grave where my only beloved lies. It is my retreat—my only place of refuge—my quiet home. Earth has to me no beauty, no allurement, but in that lone spot, where sleeps, in an untimely tomb, she who was more than all the world to me. The soft green grass, and the gentle daisy, often watered with my tears, which deck the turf that covers her dark and narrow bed of rest, are dearer to me than all the most beautiful and far-famed productions which the whole globe of earth can afford. The light drop of dew, suspended like a tear upon the wild-flower over her grave, is to me brighter than the most costly jewel glittering on the monarch's diadem. At times, when my griefs are strongly excited, and my heart is sick and pained within me, I bend over the grave and moan aloud, while thoughts and fancies of unutterable horror come upon me. I think of the cold mouldering body below, and I feel as if my own per-

son were experiencing the same process of corruption, and yet possessed of all its living powers of sensation and consciousness. I feel the cold, gnawing reptiles, clustering round my heart, which shudders and thrills with morbid acuteness of feeling. I shut my eyes, and, beating my breast in desperate horror, prostrate myself upon the cold ground, and wish to be at rest at once and for ever.

At other times I feel more soothed than agonized by indulging my grief. Tears may flow, but they are not the tears of bitterness ;—sighs may heave my bosom, but they are not the deep, heart-bursting sighs of utter wretchedness ; and, in the midst of my sorrow, a dreamy pensiveness will grow over my mind, till, in fancy, I can hold communings with the sainted spirit of my Mary. I hear her soft and gentle voice calling me away from this land of sorrows to that home of pure peace and undisturbed repose, where the power of death shall be feared and felt no more.

You lately witnessed my emotions, you have now received a simple but true relation of their cause. Pity me or blame me at your pleasure. I cannot command my feelings if I would, nor perhaps would I if I could. I once possessed a light and sportive heart ; I never shall again. I could once have enjoyed the song and the dance ; they now only sadden my soul, plunge me into deeper melancholy, or call forth a burst of uncontrollable anguish. My heart may rest for a little in chill torpidity, but when moved, its emotions are those of woe :—

My heart was calm, its griefs were still'd,  
And all its silent woes might seem  
As when, by Winter's cold breath chill'd,  
Soft glides the noiseless, ice-bound  
stream.

But from my heart, and from my brain,  
These feelings ne'er can banish'd be ;  
They slumber'd, but they wake again  
In one wild burst of agony.

Afresh the stream of sorrow flows,  
My heart's deep wounds are open tore ;  
My bosom heaves with all the woes  
So keenly, wildly felt before.

Have I not knelt beside the grave  
Where my soul's hopes all buried lie,  
And pluck'd the weeds that o'er it wave ?  
Then what have I to do with joy !

No more, my heart ! oh ! never more  
 Canst thou those joyous days renew,  
 When life the form of pleasure wore,  
 And hope shone smiling on my view !

The cup of joy, dash'd from my lip,  
 Has fallen untasted ; from my grasp  
 My promis'd hopes elusive slip,  
 And empty air alone I clasp.

Hopeless, companionless, forlorn,  
 A lonely thing I wander now ;  
 No heart to cheer me when I mourn,  
 No hand to bind my aching brow !

Sweet smiles the earth, and sweet the  
 skies,

But, ah ! they smile for me no more ;  
 For I have done with worldly joys,  
 And wish my term of life were o'er !

But I will cease my idle moan,  
 And sternly mock at joy or woe ;  
 I'll tread my destin'd path alone,  
 And hopes and loves I will not know.

One only pleasure now remains  
 That I in this dark world can share—  
 To soothe the weary mourner's pains,  
 And cheer the heart oppress'd with  
 care !

I feel deeply grateful for your kind, sympathetic commiseration ; but I entreat you never, in your intercourse with me, personally or otherwise, to mention, or in any way allude to what I have here related. You need not attempt to advise me against indulging melancholy and grief ; I know all that your kindness would urge upon the subject ; I can easily conceive your reasons—but all reasoning would be completely in vain. These feelings of grief and lonely sadness are now become familiar to me ; they are, as it were, identified with my soul, and form a part of its constitution. To lay them aside would be attended with more pain than to indulge them. They are all that remain to me of former days, and the only solace of those that now drag wearily along. My fate is fixed, and I need not vainly repine. That yours may be blessed with brighter enjoyments, I most ardently wish. Farewell.

H. M.

#### TRAVELLING REMINISCENCES.

#### No. II.

#### Lyons.—Theodore and Adelaide.

ONE of the noblest prospects in France opens on the view as the traveller, advancing from the north, attains the summit of that ridge of the Jura which overlooks the plain of Lyons. Behind, the vine-clad hills and rich champaign of Burgundy extend their varied charms of landscape. In front mingle, in agreeable succession, along the gentler and nearer slopes, cottages, orchards, vineyards, and corn-fields ; while on the remoter and less accessible steeps, hanging woods lend a bolder feature to the softness of cultivated Nature,

“ — si misto il culto è col negletto.”

Beyond, the eye in vain attempts to scan the vast extent of country which expands below, where the Rhone and Saone unite, and roll their collected waters, glowing like broad lines of silver on a field of azure. Between these two rivers, at their junction, and considerably less elevated than the situation of the ancient *Lugdunum*,

appears its modern representative, with white buildings, and lofty, but narrow streets, gleaming through the distance, in diminished, yet improved perspective. Far on the verge of the horizon, in shadowy hues, rising like the fantastic shapes of evening clouds, are descried the distant Alps,

“ Disabitati, e d'ombre oscuri e neri.”

No two objects of the same kind, and in so close vicinity, ever presented a more striking contrast than the rivers Rhone and Saone, before their union at Lyons. The latter—the Arar of Cæsar—glides away, as described by the conqueror of Gaul, with a motion so gentle, “ that it leaves the eye uncertain in what direction the current flows.” On the contrary, “ the rapid Rhone,” already a very broad and noble stream, pours its majestic tide with such impetuosity, that, after joining its lagging consort, boats proceeding from Lyons to Avignon, and carried along by the

current only, accomplish this passage, of 150 miles, in twenty-four hours\*.

The economy of these trading boats, as I had an opportunity of examining it, further up the Rhone, on the route to Geneva, is curious. They are of various dimensions, from thirty to eighty or ninety feet long—flat bottomed, without any keel—very wide in the beam—shallow, and slightly tapering towards both extremities, which are square, and, from the curvature of the form, rise very considerably above the surface of the stream. At each end is a long and heavy oar, or rudder, serving for the purpose, not of rowing, but of keeping the bark in the middle of the current, and in order to prevent it from being whirled round, or dashed against the banks. This, from the rapidity of the stream, must be an employment often of hazard, and always of labour; yet women, as frequently as the more robust sex, are seen thus engaged. These boats are constructed of fir, chesnut, or oak, and even in the largest, not a single iron bolt is to be found. The frame-work, rude, but strong, is held together by pins of oak, over which is fixed, by the same means, a thin sheathing of fir, or chesnut deal. This external covering is not made to *lap over*, according to the regular mode of boat-building; but the different pieces are put edge to edge; nor is any solicitude shewn to render the joints close, which are merely rough hewn with the axe, and bevelled outwards. When the whole fabric is thus finished, the interstices are stuffed, or, if the expression may be allowed, the seams caulked with moss; over which a split of oak, of the thickness of an ordinary hoop, is fixed by small clasps of iron, flat in the middle, and sharpened at both ends. These being driven into the opposite sides of the joint, are bent over the hoop and

stuffing, rendering the whole firm, and perfectly water-tight.

In barks so inartificially constructed, the inhabitants of these parts encounter the fearful rapidity of the Rhone, carrying the produce of the country—grain, wine, raw silk, wool, and honey—to Lyons, to Avignon, and even to the Mediterranean. The boat is generally disposed of at the place where the cargo is discharged. When the neighbouring proprietors, therefore, or villages of a district, have collected the surplus of their annual produce, they build one of these boats, in which the united stock is sent to market, under care of the most experienced, or deepest interested of the joint owners.

Besides the beauty of its situation, the amenity of its climate, and the general urbanity of its citizens,—recommendations which rather point it out as an agreeable place of permanent residence,—Lyons presents little to interest the passing stranger. The Museum contains a large and curious assemblage of Roman antiquities, discovered chiefly in the vicinity, as also a collection of pictures, the best of which were the gift of Napoleon. The Hotel de Ville is a large, but inelegant structure, and only remarkable as associated with the sanguinary events of the Revolution, not one of the least evils of which, to Lyons, was the destruction of numerous monuments of early French art, principally in bronze†. The Hospital d'*Antiquaille*, formerly, till converted to the present more useful purpose, the seat of a monastic institution, is really a noble establishment, capable of receiving 600 patients; and in its internal arrangements exhibits a regularity, neatness, and comfort, highly pleasing to a benevolent mind.

This is a general asylum for every species of malady; and accordingly the same edifice, perhaps not judi-

\* In the current of the Rhone, at Lyons, are moored floating-mills, for grinding corn and wheat, which are turned merely by the force of the stream.

† While the writer of these notes was at Lyons, they were busied in *getting up* a new statue of Louis XIV. instead of that which disappeared during the Revolution. In the Hotel de Ville, also, were two bronze statues of the Rhone and Saone, mutilated at that period: they are by Coston, and exhibit good specimens of the fine and energetic execution of that master. In restoring the monuments of art, Louis, though a Member of the *Holy Alliance*, has discovered greater anxiety for replacing the statues of *Legitimates* than of *Saints*.



ciously, contains within itself several distinct hospitals. On visiting that appropriated to lunatics, the appearance of one of the cells particularly struck me; round the walls were inscribed, in charcoal, various passages from the Greek and Roman classics—from the best French writers—and also from several of the Italian poets. In a corner of this interesting chamber, the poor inmate was discovered, seated on the bed. He rose as we entered, appearing to be about five and thirty, or perhaps forty; pale and emaciated, but with a countenance which had formerly been handsome, and was even now pleasing, though the expression, to a certain degree, was rendered haggard by the squalidness inseparable from long confinement. A momentary wildness, a rapid unsettling of the eye, were the only indications of mental alienation—effects, however, so evanescent, that they would have escaped notice in one at liberty, and not suspected of labouring under that most fearful of all calamities. Observing my attention arrested by the inscriptions, he seemed gratified, and a feeble smile played for an instant over his pallid features,

“Like moon-light on a marble statue.”

It was a smile of conscious triumph, which would have said, “I was not always thus;” but the suffusion had fled before it could well be marked! Courteously advancing, he addressed me with an introductory line from a well-known passage in the *Æneid*; then paused, as if he waited my reply in that which followed; apparently employing this little artifice, in order to ascertain whether I understood the Latin poet. Satisfied in this particular, he was seemingly much gratified, and continued to converse in that language, which he spoke with tolerable correctness and fluency. Nothing for some time happened, that, to the most attentive observer, could indicate

“——— the delicate chain  
Of thought once tangled—never cleared  
again;”

on the contrary, the conversation was rational, and well supported; but at

length the word *Libertas* occurring in some remark of mine, discovered the latent wound. The human mind, in a state of mild insanity, often presents a striking resemblance to a finely-tuned instrument, of which one chord only is relaxed; in the latter, though the full series of notes remain incomplete, yet, if touched by a delicate and skilful hand, it will, to a certain extent, still “discourse sweet music;” but if these bounds be passed, all harmony is destroyed, and jarring discord succeeds. Thus the poor sufferer enjoys frequent intervals; yet, amid the calmness and collectedness of apparent serenity, a look, a word, is sufficient to awaken those recollections which darken and unbinge the spirit. The effect was instantaneous on the unhappy being at Lyons. Forgetting, in the eagerness of declamation, the idiom which he had hitherto employed, or finding more ready utterance in his native tongue—*La Liberté—c'est un mot—un songe—elle existe peut-être dans l'idée—mais la réalité, où trouvera-t-on?—une notion qui perd les hommes!—La Liberté!*—again exclaimed he, with a wild and demoniacal laugh, casting a hurried glance towards the half-open door, outside of which stood the keeper, and baring at the same time his wrist, on which were still visible, though not recent, the gallings of irons; then pausing, he added in thrilling accents,—*En voilà les fruits!—Allez—vous pouvez—moi!*—and pointing to the grated window, threw himself in reckless despair on the bed. I could bear it no longer. The result of my inquiries respecting the previous fortunes of one who had so deeply interested me, was, that he had been regarded as a man of great talent, and had been employed in a civil capacity under the imperial administration of France. Being dismissed, with some appearance of harshness, on the present dynasty coming into power, he had supported himself by his pen. He had expressed in his writings sentiments too free, or perhaps too true. He was thrown into prison. During this confinement, his wife died of a broken heart, and her's was soon followed by the death of an only child. The poor man's reason sunk under these

accumulated miseries; and when nothing more was to be apprehended from the efforts of a mind which its cruelty had wrecked, Government *humanely* transferred its forlorn victim from a prison to a mad-house.

The environs of Lyons being most delightful, and abounding in picturesque views of Nature, it was resolved to devote one entire day to the enjoyment of their beauties. The banks of the Saone will be the favourite haunt of the traveller who loves such studies, for those of the Rhone are flat. Crossing the former, then, by one of the six bridges which unite the two divisions of the city, (Lyons being situate on both sides of this river, the older lying on the north, but the more important quarter on the south bank of the stream,) I ascended the rocky steep which overlook the town. Proceeding along the summit of these broken acclivities for about half a league, we arrive at the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, overhanging the deep valley in which is built the village, or rather suburb, of *St. Juste*. Here the views commanding the city, the rivers, and the whole adjacent country, are truly grand; while the ruin itself forms a very fine object, independent of those recollections with which the vestiges of a remote and enlightened antiquity are always associated. These remains consist of a lofty square tower, standing immediately on the brow of the eminence; behind which, on the plain, is one entire arch, with fragments of many others. The whole is of stone, intermixed with brick. The outer arches are turned with that large flat species, of a bright red colour, which is peculiarly distinguished by the appellation of *Roman brick*; while the exterior coating has been formed (for in many parts it has fallen away) of a small, and darker-coloured brick, disposed in diagonal arrangement, or, as it is termed in the language of archaeologists, *reticulated*. The body of the structure is composed of flint stones, broken into fragments, then thrown together promiscuously, and consolidated by cement poured upon them;

constituting that kind of irregular masonry called by classical antiquaries *opus ruderatum*. This has certainly been a labour of some magnificence, but to one acquainted with monuments of the same kind existing in Italy, it conveys no elevated idea of the grandeur of an ancient provincial capital.

The opinions which, from the appearance and site of this ruin, have been attempted to be maintained,—that the ancients were acquainted with the law in hydrostatics, by which water is found to rise in pipes to the level of its source, are certainly erroneous, or at least can derive no support from any circumstance in the present instance. The square tower is not the termination of the aqueduct, but merely one of those *castella* so commonly to be met with in similar ruins in Italy, and introduced for the purpose of strengthening the work, or, in some few instances, for ornament. On carefully examining the valley beneath, ruins of pillars and of buttresses, similar to those on the plain above, are to be found in the walls of several houses; while, in the opposite side of the valleys, low arches, almost buried in the soil, and in a direction agreeing with the general course of the whole, are to be traced. These circumstances clearly point out an uninterrupted continuation of the work. In crossing the valley of *St. Juste*, indeed, the height of the original structure must have been very considerable, but not to be compared with the arches which still exist among the mountains east of Rome.

Tracing the course of the Saone to some distance above Lyons, its banks become most enchantingly romantic; secluded vallies open at intervals on the view, and leave the spectator to penetrate their recesses. These, within themselves, frequently disclose a little world of beauty, where rocks, waterfalls, woods, and streams, are intermingled with scenes of a gentler cast, where the grape blushes, the grain waves, and the cottage rears its peaceful aspect, with white walls, and flattened roof, half hid by the embowering foliage\*.

\* It is curious to mark the progressive change in this respect, as the traveller pur-

The most distant of these vallies, to which my little excursion extended, surpassed all others in magnificence and loveliness. The uplands, where too steep for culture, were crowned with fine trees;—here thin and scattered, shewing between their tall grey stems the most luxuriant herbage, on which sheep were browsing;—there, closely planted and umbrageous, they shed a delicious coolness. Along the bottom, and irregularly indenting the acclivities, were stretched out, in every variety of shape, patches of the richest cultivation; while a stream of considerable magnitude, pursuing its devious course through these scenes of beauty, by its sound and motion, diffused over the whole an ever-varying charm. Far up the vale, on the summit of a rocky promontory, round whose base swept the stream in dark eddies, stood the ruins of what had once been a feudal mansion. Though of no great extent, and, as usual, very irregular in its plan, yet the high and pointed gables and turreted battlements, the massive walls and corner towers, aided by the commanding situation, gave an air of lofty grandeur to the pile. Behind the castle, extending backwards from the stream, was a level tract of considerable extent, gradually subsiding from the slope of the valley. On the nearer portion of this little plain might still be traced the remains of a garden, its long stone terraces and flights of steps being partly removed, and partly visible among the long withered grass, while all around

“Was clothed in living emerald.”

In nearly an opposite direction flowed the stream, with the violence of a torrent, being confined in a narrow channel by lofty and precipitous banks. Across this gulf, considerably above the castle, there appeared to have been a bridge, of which a rude

pillar still remained on a mass of rock, rising to some height from the middle of the current. By this means the opposite sides were united, as will appear in the sequel, by a wooden platform.

I had lingered long amid these scenes, and the shades of evening were approaching before an opportunity occurred of making any inquiry respecting their former history. Meeting at length with one whose appearance bespoke the easy circumstances of the small *propriétaire*, I began to question him on this subject. His information, however, extended no farther, than that the castle and its demains had originally belonged to the family de Monthillier, but were now the property of a nobleman who resided in a distant part of the country. To this account a request was added, couched in the politest terms, such as in France frequently surprises the traveller as above the rank of the speaker, “that *Monsieur* would honour his humble cottage and plain supper, in which case his niece, *Augustine*, a very good girl, *et qui avoit du sentiment*, would doubtless have much pleasure in relating to *Monsieur* the history of the last baron.” The invitation was too agreeable, and too kindly offered, to be refused. On arriving at a large and substantial cottage, the old man led the way into a very neat apartment—the floor of shining tiles, scrupulously clean—the walls coarsely but not inelegantly painted in arabesques, to imitate paper-hangings—the bed, the principal ornament, white as snow, and the pillows edged with lace\*. *Augustine* soon made her appearance, with a supper of bread, milk, and grapes. *Augustine* was in truth deserving of the praises bestowed by her uncle. She was very pretty, and with that frank and lively naiveté of manner which so peculiarly distinguishes her

sues his way towards the south, till at Naples he finds the roofs of cottage and palace quite flat; even at Lyons the circumstance is very perceptible.

\* Let it not be supposed that this description is exaggerated. Every traveller must have remarked how very common, and often how beautifully executed these arabesque ornaments are. This is still more remarkable in Italy; in both countries, indeed, it but too plainly shews the little value of time and labour. The French peasant takes a peculiar pleasure in a splendid bed, and in the furniture of this all their superfluous wealth is displayed.



countrywomen, was united an expression of intelligence and feeling highly interesting. Our rural repast being soon finished, she gave, with much propriety, a recital which furnished the subject of the following narrative.

The Baron de Monthillier, the last remaining representative of an ancient and illustrious house, after serving with honour in the armies of his Sovereign, had retired, to spend, on his paternal domains, the evening of his days, and to superintend the education of his only daughter, the lovely Adelaide. She had been deprived, while yet an infant, of that greatest of all blessings to a youthful female—the care of a tender and accomplished mother. This circumstance had thrown a shade of melancholy over the character and pursuits of the Baron, and only in his daughter did he seem to acknowledge the tie which bound him to life. In her he beheld the only solace of his grief, and in watching her improvement he found the most pleasing occupation. Nor was she unworthy of his care. Talents such as fall to the lot of few, a disposition the most engaging, and a form the most lovely, marked the rising years of Adelaide.

The Baron, his daughter, and her gouvernante, an elderly lady of elegant manners and accomplishments, the widow of an officer who had served under her present protector, had for many years composed the only inmates of the castle. At length, in the twelfth year of Adelaide's age, a new event introduced an addition to their domestic circle.

The only sister of the Baron had early in life formed an imprudent match,—for such the world presumes to call those connections which are hallowed by affection, though not recommended by the meaner advantages of wealth or rank. Her husband was by birth a Swiss, in which country he possessed a small property, where his family lived happily, though not splendidly.

His sister had never ceased to be an object of warm affection to the Baron; but the hereditary pride of birth, and dislike of every thing like plebeian connection, were among his

strongest prejudices. His sister and her husband were equally, but more rationally proud, in disdaining to solicit what they deemed unworthily denied. No intercourse, therefore, had ever been maintained between the separated relatives. In the happiness of domestic duties, in the conversation of the man she loved, and in the education of her only son, this sister, however, never once found cause to regret the sacrifice of useless pomp for real, though humble happiness. But, in this life, there is no permanent felicity. Before their son, the little Theodore, had attained his seventh year, this kind husband and affectionate parent died.

To his widowed mother, Theodore now remained the only comfort, and to his education she directed all her care. For such a duty, both from ability and affection, no one could be better qualified; and her son was thus enabled to acquire accomplishments which would have graced any rank. But misfortune seemed to pursue the youthful sufferer. Scarcely had he attained his fourteenth year, when his mother, who had long been in a declining state, breathed her last. Thus, at an age when it is most important to bend the incipient passions to their proper objects, and to accustom them early to control,—at an age where so much may be done towards forming the future character, was he deprived of both his guardians. These were the only reflections which seriously disturbed the death-bed hours of his mother. She would not leave him, indeed, in want; but who was to watch over his growing years,—to conduct him, with honour and propriety, to manhood? "My brother," she would say, "was ever generous and noble,—he once loved me; and though he in some measure disowned our little circle, because I preferred happiness to splendour, he never used me unkindly: surely he will not refuse the dying request of an only, and once-dear sister. He will not, he cannot, deny protection to her orphan child, whom, as the last act of her mortal existence, she recommends to his care." Accordingly she traced, with trembling hand, a few lines to the Baron. "Theodore,

my child," said she to her son, a few hours before her death, "when you have laid me by the side of your honoured father, bear this letter to France,—to your uncle the Baron de Monthillier; and, as you have ever been obedient to me, be equally submissive to what your uncle may determine. He is noble and generous; endeavour to merit his approbation, as you would have laboured to deserve my esteem."

The Baron de Monthillier was one evening seated in the apartment where he usually spent that portion of the day with Adelaide and her aged governess, when he was informed that a youthful stranger wished to be introduced. Theodore—for it was he, dressed in the deepest mourning, tall and slender, yet elegant in person, his dark locks curling in profusion round a countenance sweet, indeed, in its expression, but still retaining the strong impress of recent sorrow—then advanced, and presented his mother's letter. A struggle between pride and feeling seemed for a moment to agitate the mind of the Baron; but the kindlier affections soon obtained the mastery, and he folded his nephew to his bosom.

Theodore had not long been established an inmate in the family of his new protector, when he became a general favourite. In the handsome youth, the Baron beheld the image of a long-lost and beloved sister; and in admiring his noble and generous disposition, he almost forgot the imaginary stigma derived from his father's plebeian birth. To the aged friend of his fair cousin, Theodore rendered himself no less agreeable, by the respectful manner in which he was ever solicitous to pay those attentions to which her years and sex entitled her,—attentions not less acceptable that circumstances no longer enabled her to command them. Respect is ever valued in proportion as it is voluntarily shewn, and doubly grateful, in adverse fortune, to those whose undoubted right it once was.

Between the youthful cousins an intimacy still more delightful, an union still more close, was soon established, and cemented by the equality of age,—by the agreement of taste,—

and, in some measure, by the similarity of their pursuit. While Theodore followed his severer studies, with ardent application, under a learned monk of a neighbouring monastery, he was not neglectful of more elegant accomplishments, the principles of which he had acquired from the instruction of his excellent mother. These were now prosecuted in company with Adelaide. Thus excited, he found himself capable of exertions hitherto unknown, or deemed unattainable. The books which they perused,—the languages which they studied,—the poets which they read together, possessed charms not to be discovered in their solitary and divided pursuits. Never did music breathe sounds so meltingly sweet. Scarcely, indeed, was there harmony to them, when they played not in accompaniment to each other. But above all, their walks, amid the beautiful and romantic scenery surrounding the chateau, constituted the most delicious moments of existence. Theodore being fully two years older than his cousin, and the age of the Baron, as also of Adelaide's instructress, being such as leads to prefer repose, the youth was taught to consider himself as the protector of the young and lovely being who, on these occasions, clung to him for support. It was, in truth, a sight capable of awakening the deepest interest in their future fate, to behold two beings so young, so beautiful, so amiable, so pure, regarding each other with looks of unutterable affection; each beholding in the other all that was necessary to the happiness of both, yet unconscious whence these feelings sprung, save from the connection of mere relationship.

Years thus flew rapidly away, unmarked in their flight, and both the cousins were approaching to that maturer age, when conscious Nature takes the alarm, yet leaves the bosom ignorant of the cause of fear, and dubious of its own feelings. A warmer blush suffused the cheek of Adelaide when pressed by the lips of Theodore, in commendation of some sentiment which she had uttered, or observation she had made; and she dared not, as hitherto, yet knew not why, return his caresses. Again, when the hand of his fair cousin



pressed affectionately, or by accident, that of the youth, a thrilling sensation, "half extacy, half pain," pervaded his whole frame; so sweet, yet so powerful, he hardly knew whether to court or to fear its indulgence. In short, both felt, without knowing it, that most delightful of all passions, a first, an early love,—a state of felicity in which the human breast can be placed but once, and which is perhaps the purest, the most unalloyed enjoyment which it is in this life destined to feel.

But such happiness must be transitory. Theodore was the first to discover the state of his mind, and to perceive his danger. External circumstances, indeed, forced this knowledge upon him, as the flush amidst the darkness of night may disclose to the mariner the ripple on those breakers of which he slumbered in forgetfulness. War had some time before been declared by France against Switzerland, and had continued to be carried on with that violence and cruelty which ever mark a contest between the oppressor and the oppressed, when the latter has once been roused to arms. Theodore loved dearly his country. He therefore began to consider it as dishonourable thus to forsake her in the hour of danger. What detained him in France? Alas! must he confess, even to his own heart, that Adelaide was the cause of his delay? He started at this discovery, as if an abyss had opened at his feet; and the reflections which naturally arose on the occasion filled his mind with anxiety and regret. He wished to be gone, yet knew not how to mention the subject to the Baron, who intended that his nephew should carry arms in the service of France, although reluctance to a separation had hitherto procrastinated that event. To have now entered into these views, or even to remain inactive, Theodore considered in the highest degree culpable; while his uncle's prejudices, in favour of this service, were, he knew, very great, and that the execution of the designs which he now meditated would for ever forfeit his friendship. But were not these views correct, and would not his sainted mother, whose dying words had inculcated obedience to his uncle, have approved them? In

the meantime, he could only temporise, without resolving on any thing but to conceal his intentions both from Adelaide and from her father.

Circumstances, however, produced a crisis sooner than was anticipated. The melancholy and restraint now visible in the deportment of Theodore could not escape the observation of his cousin, whose penetration was rendered acute by the state of her own heart. One evening, while seated in a small summer-house, which, standing on a romantic steep near the extremity of the grounds surrounding the chateau, usually terminated their walks, the cousins were insensibly betrayed into a conversation, which disclosed to each other their mutual love. Theodore alone concealed his intention of joining the patriot bands of his countrymen. "But, my dear Adelaide," continued he, "I must leave Monthillier; both prudence and duty dictate my departure. Your father will never consent to our union, and I cannot think for a moment of betraying the confidence of my benefactor, or your peace of mind. I am not worthy of you; I should then be less so. When you no longer daily see me, your bosom will recover its wonted serenity." "Theodore, cruel Theodore!" replied Adelaide; "do you indeed wish to break my heart? Alas! how can I, even were it my desire, forget you? Have I not, for many happy years, been taught to love you as a brother? Wretched greatness! why should I not forsake all?—let me go with you to Switzerland,—your parents were happy there,—happy in each other,—can we not be so likewise? Ah! what have I said?—wretch that I am, do I forget the duty which a father, a generous and indulgent father, claims?" Here she burst into tears, and, covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; then resuming, in a calm and subdued tone of voice, "Theodore, you are right; duty and prudence demand our separation; obtain your uncle's approbation of your future plans, and the sooner you leave Monthillier the better for us both." A long silence was only interrupted by the opening of the door of a small *oratoire* attached to the summer-house, from



which the Baron entered. Induced by the beauty of the evening, he had, contrary to his usual custom, extended his walk so far; and while engaged in his devotions, the youthful cousins entered the summer-house, to whose conversation he had thus been made an unwilling listener. The trembling lovers now concluded themselves lost, and falling on their knees before the Baron, each wished only to implore that his resentment would spare the other. What, then, was their surprise, when, looking with the kindest expression on both, the Baron addressed them: "Rise, my children, and in each other receive the reward of your virtue, and of your filial piety. Cherish those sentiments which have hitherto directed your conduct. Theodore, in this trembling hand which I now place in thine, accept the only precious gift which I have to bestow. Rank, birth, and wealth, are to be valued, when, by our station in life, we have to maintain the dignity and the importance of a name which has descended unsullied to us from illustrious ancestors. Wealth I dispense with. Birth you can claim, at least on one side; rank you may obtain by merit. You are as yet an unknown youth; go and prove to the world that my choice is warranted by nobility of soul; in the ranks of honour acquire renown. You are both young; after a few years service you may with propriety return to Monthillier, and to Adelaide." Surprise and astonishment kept Theodore silent; he could only kiss the hand which he still held, and press that of his benefactor to his heart. But short was this gleam of happiness, like the ray, which, for a moment, bursts through the stormy clouds. "I had written," continued the Baron, "without informing you, to the Duke de —, one of the princes of the blood, my former companion in arms, whose son has been appointed to lead the armies of France against these rebellious mountaineers of the Alps, and you are appointed one of his *aides-de-camp*."

Theodore, summoning all his courage, replied, "I cannot, my Lord, accept of this office. I am not insensible of your kindness, nor am I

ungrateful; but I cannot, I dare not, even to gain your approbation, and to deserve Adelaide, fight against my own countrymen." "How, romantic boy!" exclaimed the Baron; "dost thou then maintain the part of traitors and rebels, because, forsooth, thou deemest barren mountains and rude glens a bond of union? Thou oughtest to reflect that I am interested in thy fortunes, only as the son of my sister, not as the offspring of a Swiss *propriétaire*; but I give you till to-morrow to fix your determination. Come, Adelaide;" and before the youth had time to answer, his uncle had departed with the weeping Adelaide.

Theodore, great as was the temptation, required not time to consider whether he ought to accept the conditions on which fortune, and, still more, happiness, were offered. After writing to his uncle, and putting himself in possession of the details respecting his little property, the same night beheld him on his way to his oppressed country.

Months rolled on without soothing the sorrows of Adelaide.

"Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate

First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,

In the wide world, without the only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—

Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken

Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!"

Nor was this sorrow lessened by the addresses of another suitor, in the son of the Count de —, whose domains lay contiguous to the lands of Monthillier. Her father, without pressing the match, gave her to understand, that a union in every respect so suitable would be agreeable to him. Externally, this young nobleman appeared to possess all the qualities which could render a woman happy; but this appearance of virtue was merely superficial: he was selfish and avaricious, though addicted to pleasure. He beheld, indeed, with admiration, the beauty of Adelaide; but her fortune was to him the greatest charm. Adelaide

in part penetrated his character, but to the Baron he appeared unexceptionable, and his daughter only beheld, in delay, a dubious and temporary relief.

In the mean time, the power of the invaders proved irresistible in Switzerland ; and Theodore, after exertions which had greatly signalized him, saw his unhappy country totally subdued. A wanderer and an exile, he was indebted for his personal safety, as well as present liberty, to the gratitude of the French commander—the very nobleman under whom he had been appointed to serve, whose life he had saved at the eminent risk of his own. The French General, attended only by a few officers, and a small escort, had advanced to some distance from his camp, for the purpose of observing the enemy's position. This being observed by Theodore, who held a conspicuous station among the patriot leaders, he quickly assembled an active and intrepid party, with which, taking a circuitous route, he succeeded, after a sharp conflict, in carrying off the General, and several of his officers, prisoners. A short time previous to this event, some Swiss officers either were, or were reported to have been, murdered in cold blood by their invaders, and it was now determined to retaliate this barbarity. Theodore stood bravely forward in defence of his unfortunate captives, and declared, that only with life would he cease to defend those who had submitted on his pledge of security. A bad action frequently requires only one vigorous opponent to be defeated. So it was on the present occasion, and the prisoners were allowed to be ransomed.

Abandoning his enslaved country, where he now possessed nothing, and actuated by that restless anxiety, which, in misery, urges us to revisit the scenes of former happiness, Theodore, almost without intending it, found himself in Lyons. So near, ought he not to trace once more the walks and shades of Monthillier,—might he not be allowed to gaze for the last time on Adelaide, while he himself remained unseen ? Such were his reflections ; and the rays of the evening-sun were falling brightly

on the little summer-house, the scene of his last delusive interview, as he gazed upon it from the opposite bank of the stream. To this, except by going close to the castle, there was only one passage, over a narrow bridge of wood, which here spanned the gulf at a great height above the torrent. By the shade of impending rocks and surrounding woods, this place was gloomy even at noon-day ; but when the shadows of evening had closed around, the rustic bridge was involved in almost total darkness. By this path, which long habit rendered at all hours familiar to him, Theodore now entered those precincts so often trodden with pleasure, and soon found himself at the door of the elegant little building, which still continued to be the favourite retreat of Adelaide.

No one was there, but a book lay open on the table. This Theodore recognised as an Italian classic which he had frequently read with Adelaide. He pressed the unconscious volume to his lips, and to his bosom, and ere he was aware, Adelaide herself entered. In mute astonishment, she suffered him to take her hand, and lead him to a seat. She could not speak—tears at length came to her relief. Of many things did the lovers discourse, without coming to any resolution, save to meet again.

The interview had not passed without observation. The new lover of Adelaide had gained over to his purposes a confidential domestic in the family of the Baron. This person, agreeably to his instructions, watching every movement of Adelaide, had discovered the meeting of the cousins, and had also traced Theodore to a neighbouring cottage, where he intended to remain concealed for a few days, as he hoped soon to receive letters which might facilitate a reconciliation with his uncle.

Informed of Theodore's return, and of the meeting with Adelaide, the young Count set no bounds to his desire of vengeance, and resolved, at all hazards, to remove his rival. Yet he was at a loss how to proceed. Should he inform the Baron, the young lady would doubtless be confined ; but this would rather increase her dislike to the author of such an



outrage. Again, should he challenge his opponent,—for the Count was deficient, neither in skill, nor in that vilest of all qualities which has obtained, through prejudice, the name of virtue—mere courage; still the consequences, as regarded the aversion of Adelaide, would be the same, while the issue might prove fatal to the contriver. No other method then remained, but to take off Theodore by some secret means.

In order to mature his purposes, he determined himself to be a witness of the lovers' second interview. The sun was just sinking beneath the western horizon, when he beheld Theodore hasten along the narrow and half-overgrown pathway across the deep ravine, and enter the summer-house. A few minutes after, Adelaide appeared in an opposite direction, proceeding from the castle. Still lurking amid the underwood, the Count continued to expect the termination of their conference. At length the youthful pair were seen advancing from the pavilion. They approached so close to the spot where the Count lay concealed, for he had come nearer, on purpose to overhear their discourse, that he caught the softness of Adelaide's voice, in a subdued manner, urging her lover to suffer in patience, adding, in such accents, as a ministering angel would employ to sooth the troubled soul, "My father is not inexorable, and the interest of those friends whom you mention I know to be great: at all events, the happiness of another interview awaits us—we meet again to-morrow." The sounds were now indistinct, but the Count had obtained the desired information. He continued to watch their motions. Theodore accompanied Adelaide till nearly within view of the castle; then bidding a hasty adieu, he struck into a more secluded path, which conducted to the bridge across the ravine, and thence to the cottage where he had fixed his temporary abode.

The Count now exulted in the certain prospect of accomplishing his designs. The lovers were to meet on the succeeding eve. Theodore had but one way to pass; total darkness would then involve the bed of the

torrent, and the bridge, by which alone it could be crossed. Nothing could be more easy, than, before the youth's return, to remove a few of the transverse planks composing the platform, and the hapless passenger would drop unseen, unheard, into the gulf beneath—the planks being restored, the secret of his fate would remain concealed from all.

The evening sun shone brightly, with "farewell sweet," as the Count, too faithful to his purpose, repaired to his lurking-place. Not long after, Theodore was seen advancing with ardent and impatient steps—possibly unconscious of every thing but the delight of meeting Adelaide: nor were his anticipations disappointed. Scarcely had he attained the walk leading to the pavilion, when she appeared, and both entered. The Count eyed the place with a look of savage joy, as the couching tiger glares upon the prey now within its spring. As darkness advanced, he proceeded to remove the boards, which he had previously loosened, from the fatal bridge, leaving a yawning chasm in the narrow footway over the deepest part of the abyss.

In the mean time, the lovers were delighting themselves with prospects of future happiness, which now, indeed, seemed no longer delusive. Theodore had that day received letters from the Prince de ———, the French commander, whose life he saved in Switzerland. This generous friend had not forgotten the obligation, and had so represented the matter to his Sovereign, that Theodore's little estate was not only restored, but the King had invested him with the honour of knighthood, and farther offered him an honourable rank in his army. Theodore could now have no objection to accept of these favours, and the only remaining difficulty was to obtain the consent and forgiveness of his uncle. Of this Adelaide did not despair, as she believed her father had also received letters to the same import, for he had that day, for the first time since his departure, mentioned the name of Theodore; saying, "he was happy to hear, for his own sake, that the youth had not acted so dishonourably as he had been



led to believe." It was therefore determined that Theodore should immediately request an interview with the Baron, and that Adelaide should expect the result in the pavilion.

The interview between the relatives was cordial; many things, however, were to be explained, and considerable space elapsed in the conference between Theodore and his uncle.

Adelaide, in the interval, could not feel composed, while her happiness was thus at stake, and her future life trembling on the point of decision. Tired of repose, she began to pace the small apartment included within the circuit of the pavilion. Motion of body, she thought, gave her mind ease, and she continued her walk in the open air. In this state of anxiety, every place was alike indifferent, and every spot equally well known. Without surprise, then, for it was at no great distance from the summer-house, she found her steps had been unconsciously directed to the rustic bridge. "The fresh air will cool my feverish brow," thought she, and advanced. Her light foot was heard for a moment on the platform—it ceased—a faint and convulsive shriek—a heavy plunge sounding for an instant, above the roar of the torrent, told the fate of the young and lovely victim.

The Baron and Theodore were now reconciled. Every thing had been explained to the old man's satisfaction. "But where is Adelaide?" said he, with impatient satisfaction in his accents; "why does not she participate in the happiness of this moment?" "I go to call her," said Theodore; "my cousin waits in the pavilion." They were, at this time in a recess formed by a corner tur-

ret, built on the very verge of the rock on which the castle stood, and where two windows overlooked the stream\*. At this moment something white, floating on its surface, caught the eye of Theodore. A sad presentiment seized his mind,—he rushed from the apartment, descended the rocks with fearful rapidity, and clasped the body of the lifeless Adelaide.

What words can describe the frantic grief of the hapless lover, or the speechless sorrow of the aged parent! Happily the sufferings of the latter were of short duration. He died before the morning rays dawned on his wretchedness.

Three days did Theodore watch the beloved remains, in silent and solitary woe. On the fourth, the funeral obsequies were solemnized. When the last of the hallowed mould had been placed upon their graves, and when the crowd of mourners was now lessening, "Hast thou at last broken?" exclaimed the youth, speaking for the first time, and laying his hand on his heart, as he sunk upon the ground. Then, in scarcely audible accents, "Lay me," said he, "by Adelaide," and expired.

The wretch who had occasioned all those calamities had alone been privy to his own machinations. But the confession of the Baron's domestic, whom he had seduced to act as a spy, was sufficient to implicate him in suspicion. The Count was therefore arrested, and, agonized by remorse, at last voluntarily confessed his guilt. Between his sentence and execution, however, Reason deserted her throne; a raving maniac, he survived many years, a fearful example of the effects of crime, and enduring a punishment more terrible than death itself.

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\* This recess was pointed out to the writer—commands a full view of the stream, and is at no great height above it.

# Beatrice Cenci.

*Whose picture hangs in the Barberini Palace at Rome.*

———Il tristo quadro  
Di supplizio, di rossor.  
D'innocenza, di terror. *Gianni.*

THEY shew you there a sweet Italian face,  
And Sadness sits enshrin'd in gentle eyes,  
Whose piteous look no time shall e'er ef-  
face ;

Dark is their shade, but there no lustre  
lies ;

It once had been, when heart to heart  
replies ;

The care-worn cheek is now most deathly  
pale ;

As tender lilies o'er the rose prevail,  
Withering the soonest ;—down upon her  
brow

And shoulders hang neglected wreaths of  
hair

Of glossy black, which grief doth not al-  
low

To curl or braid, (for these she hath no  
care ;)

They fall upon a robe of dismal white,—  
A turban of the same doth bind her head,

And seems like day-light rising o'er the  
night.

A fated victim to the altar led,  
Deck'd out she seems,—a hapless bridal-  
day

Perchance ; in spite of all those marks of  
woe,

'Tis yet a lovely face in sad array,  
From which I lack'd the pow'r to turn  
away,

But gaz'd for long ; and when I thought  
to go,

I came again, and stood as I before  
Had done, and knew not why I thus did  
so,—

Such was the secret spell this picture  
bore ;

So then I question'd him who stood be-  
side,

In careless mood, the keeper of the hall,  
What that fair face could in that dress  
betide ?

And why so pale, and hair-dishevell'd all ?  
He said, " That portrait was not meant  
for gaze

Of lover's eyes, or flatter Beauty's pride ;  
It asks but pity, and expects no praise ;

She hath no haughty look, nor could it  
be ;

She was the meekest child of misery.  
Within no palace gay, or crimson'd room,

But in the echoing dungeon's dripping  
gloom,

A famous painter sketch'd that lady there,  
(Guido his name, you've heard of him,  
perhaps,)

At midnight hour by torches' smoky  
glare ;

Upon the morn, before few hours would  
lapse,

For awful doom that maiden did prepare ;  
And when that moment came—the hour  
of death,

Before the thousands of assembled Rome,  
Who wept for one so young, and held  
their breath,

She met with smiles her drear, imperious  
doom,—

For her there was no refuge but the  
tomb !

A dreadful deed was by her breast con-  
ceiv'd,—

A father's blood was by that daughter  
shed,—

(Oh ! look again, for some have scarce  
believ'd.)

The timid deer will turn, which trem-  
bling fled

Before the panting hounds, and, despe-  
rate, try

A furious vengeance on the huntsman's  
life,

Although a moment next, and it must  
die

Beneath another's quick avenging knife.—  
And such was she whom you do now be-  
hold ;—

Goaded to frenzy by a wretched sire,  
She could not flee—his crime must not  
be told ;

And let no mortal ever dare inquire ;  
Enough for us to know, that wrong more  
deep,

No thought of man could on another  
heap !"

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A DEFENCE OF THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS OF SCOTLAND FROM THE TERM "ILLEGITIMATE," APPLIED TO THEM, IN THE REVIEW OF THE "CAMBRIDGE TART," INSERTED IN THE "BRITISH CRITIC" FOR JUNE 1823.

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"*Damnante quod non intelligunt.*"—*Cicero.*

THIS being what a certain celebrated periodicalist would call "a review-atory age," it can scarcely be expected that critics, whether *British* or foreign, should escape being criticised; nor, in fact, is it expedient or right that they should. These self-constituted and arbitrary dispensers of praise or censure do not always find it convenient to favour their readers with the *grounds* upon which they applaud or condemn, and are often inclined to rely more upon strength of assertion than force of argument, and to supply the want of solid information by a sly sneer or a paltry sarcasm. This is an evil under the sun, but it carries with it its own remedy. The same engine which is often made subservient to the dissemination of prejudice, illiberality, and error, is equally potent to diffuse justice, liberality, and truth. The question, therefore,—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—is answered in the only way in which the true friend of his country can ever approve.

Not doubting that the Editor of the "*British Critic*" will readily allow to others the liberty he has long practised himself, I beg leave to remind him of the 3d Article in the number of that publication for June 1823, bearing to be a review of a work lately published, called the "*Cambridge Tart*," and containing the following sentence: "As it is, we shrewdly conjecture, that some enemy from the *illegitimate* ACADEMIES north of Tweed, or, perhaps, from one of the many royal, metropolitan, or literary institutions, which are hourly endeavouring to push our venerable mothers from their stools, has amassed this spurious assemblage of dullness, and palmed it, with an evil intent, upon the world, solely to detract from the fair reputation of our misused parent." Now, it is merely with the words "*illegitimate Academies north of Tweed*" I have to find fault, leaving the "*Cambridge Tart*" to those whose appetites it may suit.

That there are numerous Academies in the northern part of Great Britain is notorious; but, that all or any of them are *illegitimate*, I am yet to learn. The term Academy, in its modern acceptation, is a very indefinite expression; being sometimes applied to the incorporations of learned men; at others, to the hop-skip-and-a-jump of a village dancing-master; nay, we have them of all grades and distinctions, as may be easily known, by looking at the advertisements in any newspaper in the months of January and July. There are preparatory Academies, finishing Academies, equestrian Academies, dancing Academies, drawing Academies, medical Academies, *carving* Academies, with many others. Having used such a latitude of expression as "*illegitimate Academies*," I may perhaps be pardoned should I not fix it upon the species meant to be designated. But if the reviewer mean the Universities of Scotland, (the word Academies is printed in *italics*,) he has gone most gratuitously out of his way, to cast a sneer upon the institutions of a country where learning is cheaper and more generally diffused than in any other part of Europe. But this attack need not to be wondered at in a Review long notorious for all that is illiberal, exclusionary, and bigotted. Are all the students and loungers at Cambridge so highly gifted, and deeply learned, as to be utterly incapable of having given to the world this sour tart, which has not only set the critic's teeth on edge, but considerably ruffled his temper? or has Scotland hitherto proved so barren of genius, that it should immediately and naturally present itself as the foster-parent, at least, of the person who is the compiler of "this spurious assemblage of dullness?" What right has he to assume that enmity exists in the "*Academies north of Tweed*" to Cambridge or Oxford? perhaps he knows that provocation has been offered sufficient to make enemies of them; of this, at



least, he may be assured, that the Universities of Scotland steadily pursue their course, without regarding his praise or censure. Conscious, as they must be, of the immense benefit they have been of to mankind, they are not likely, either to relax in their exertions, or be deterred from pursuing the path they have marked out for themselves, by the flippant and groundless assertions of any author, whether anonymous or avowed. Now, the epithet "illegitimate," as applied to "Academy," must mean unlawful. By what process of reasoning does the writer of this article arrive at the conclusion, that the Academies, as he terms them, north of Tweed, are illegitimate or unlawful? Can he prove them to be illegal incorporations, or combinations of men for an illegal purpose? No—for they have all been repeatedly recognised, not only as lawful associations for a most useful and meritorious end, but as Universities; and that not only by the Sovereigns and Parliament of Scotland, before the Union of the two kingdoms, but since, by many Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain. Had there been any thing spurious or illegitimate in their constitution, would his present Majesty, during his late visit to the northern part of the island, have received their addresses in the same manner he does those of Oxford and Cambridge, on the throne? So much for the illegitimacy of these learned bodies! It must be allowed, there is a wide difference between the ancient and modern acceptation of the term Academy. The *Ακαδημία*, or *Ακαδμία*, of the Greeks, from which the Latins took their *Academia*, the French their *Académie*, and we our word *Academy*, was, as every one knows, a villa or garden near Athens, where Plato and his disciples held their philosophical disputations; but the moderns have applied the term generally, to signify a society of learned men, instituted for the improvement of any art or science. The first modern Academy is supposed to have been established by Charlemagne, on the recommendation of Alcuin\*, and was composed of the chief wits of the court, and of the Emperor himself. Almost all the nations of Europe have Academies: there are several in Italy and France, and we have "the Royal Societies" of London and Edinburgh, and the "Royal Irish Academy," besides the Academies of painting and music. The principal Academies have been arranged according to the subjects for the promotion of which they were instituted†: As, 1st, Medical Academies, the Colleges of Physicians; the Society of the *Naturæ Curios* of Germany, that at Palermo, another at Venice, and one at Geneva; the *Société d'Emulation* at Paris, and many others on the Continent: 2d, Chirurgical Academies, as the Colleges of Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the Chirurgical Academy of Paris: 3d, Ecclesiastical Academies, as the one at Bologna instituted for instruction in divinity and ecclesiastical history: 4th, Cosmographical Academies, as the "Argonauts" at Venice: 5th, Academies of Sciences: 6th, Academies of Law: 7th, Academies of History: 8th, Academies of Antiquities: 9th, Academies of Belles Lettres: 10th, Academies of Languages: 11th, Academies of Dancing: 12th, Academies of Painting: 13th, Academies of Architecture: 14th, Academies of Politics‡: 15th, Naval and Military Academies, as those at Woolwich and Sandhurst. (Riding-schools are also frequently called Academies.) Now, in Scotland there are Academies, or, in other words, incorporations or societies for the cultivation of literature and the sciences,—and those, too, highly celebrated throughout the civilized world; as the "Royal Society" of Edinburgh, the "Antiquarian Society," the "Royal Medical Society," and the "Royal Physical Society" of Edinburgh, the "Wernerian Society," the "Natural History Society," the "Speculative Society," &c. §; and at Perth there is an institution for the

\* According to Vossius, our celebrated countryman Alcuin caused also the Universities of Tours and Soissons to be founded.

† An institution, called "The Edinburgh Academy," is at present being erected in the New Town of Edinburgh, as a seminary preparatory for the University; but, as a Royal Charter has been applied for, and now, in all probability obtained, this establishment will not hereafter be ranked, even by the most thorough-paced courtier, among the "illegitimates."

‡ *Vide Encyclopædia Britannica.*

§ *Vide Encyclopædia Britannica.*

instruction of boys in the classics, &c., called the "Academy." There is also in progress of erection an Academy in the parish of Dollar, in the county of Clackmannan, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, endowed by a Scotch gentleman, lately deceased, who, having been the sole architect of his own fortune, and dying without any surviving relatives, bequeathed his whole property, amounting to nearly £80,000 Sterling, for this meritorious purpose. These institutions the critic cannot mean, as they are perfectly lawful Academies.

The "Parochial Schools" of Scotland can scarcely be meant to be designated by the calumnious term, as they may safely defy the ingenuity of all the lawyers of all the Inns of Court to prove them "illegitimate." The only remaining literary institutions are the four Universities; and it may probably be seen in the following pages, how very ignorant of his subject the author of the review was in applying such an opprobrious designation to them. To shew the critic how very much he has misapplied the term "illegitimate," I will give him as correct information as I am able, respecting those institutions which have so unmeritedly roused his indignation. The most ancient of the Scotch Universities is St. Andrew's, in the county of Fife. This city is said to owe its origin to St. Regulus, a Greek of Achaia, who was warned to leave his native country, to visit Albion, and take with him several relics of St. Andrew. After experiencing a stormy passage, he was shipwrecked on the coast of "Otholania," in the territories of Hergistus King of the Picts, in the year 370. The King being apprised of the arrival of the strangers, and of the gifts of which they were the bearers, received them most courteously, presenting the Saint with his own palace, and erecting in its immediate neighbourhood the church which still bears the name of St. Regulus, and which was supreme in the kingdom of the Picts. St. Andrew's was erected into what in Scotland is denominated a "Royal Burgh," by King David the First, in 1140; it also possesses a charter, granted by Malcolm the Second. The Cathedral of this city was founded in 1160 by Bishop Arnold, and, though not entirely finished until 1318, was almost completely destroyed in one day, by the orders of that undaunted reformer the celebrated John Knox. Here was also a Priory for monks of the order of St. Augustine; the Dominicans, Observantines, and Carmelites, had also each a religious establishment.

The University of this city was founded by Bishop Wardlaw, in 1411; and in the following year the bull of confirmation was granted by Pope Benedict the Third. It formerly consisted of three colleges, St. Salvador's, or Salvador's, St. Leonard's, and St. Mary's. The two former have for many years been united; the latter is a Divinity College; on its site is said formerly to have stood a renowned school, long before the establishment of this University, and which was celebrated for the cultivation of the sciences, (such as they then were,) and the languages. The University officers are, the Chancellor, who is generally a Scotch nobleman, (Viscount Melville has filled this office for several years;) the Rector, who is entrusted with the privileges, statutes, and discipline of the University; and the Principals of the united colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, and of the Divinity College of St. Mary. The college of St. Salvador and St. Leonard has a Principal, and Professors of Greek, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Humanity, Civil History, Mathematics, Medicine. St. Mary's, or New College, has a Principal, and Professors of Divinity, Ecclesiastical History, and Hebrew. After this account of the University of St. Andrew's, and the reviewer cannot contradict it, will he call it an "illegitimate Academy?"

The next in point of antiquity is Glasgow, which was founded in the year 1450, by William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow, under the authority of a bull granted by Pope Nicholas the Fifth; the Bishop also endowed it with a considerable revenue, and successfully solicited several privileges to be bestowed upon it by the Sovereign, James the Second of Scotland. The original foundation consisted of a Chancellor, Rector, Dean of Faculty, a Principal, who was also Divinity-professor, and three Professors of Philosophy.



The University was nearly ruined at the Reformation, as the Professors and the students (who were chiefly being educated for the church,) took flight, to avoid the hostility of the reformers, and it was not until the following reign that it revived. James the Sixth granted the University a new charter, and bestowed upon it the tiends or tithes of the parish of Govan. Since that time, it has been endowed with considerable sums, by the subsequent Sovereigns, and also by several private persons, and the number of Professors has been greatly increased. The present society consists of a Chancellor, (the Duke of Montrose) Rector, (Sir James Mackintosh,) Dean of Faculty, Principal and Professors of Divinity, Greek, Humanity, Civil Law, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Logic, Oriental Languages, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Medicine, Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, Astronomy, Church History, Midwifery, Surgery, librarians, bursars, and students. The Archbishop of Glasgow was formerly *ex officio* Chancellor; but since Presbyterianism became the established religion of Scotland, it has been generally filled by some nobleman or other layman of consequence in the country. The Chancellor is elected by the Rector, Dean of Faculty, Principal, and Professors, as heads of the University. The Chancellor presides at all councils, and in his name are all degrees conferred. The Lord Rector is chosen annually in the *Comitia*, in which all the members (students as well as Professors, Dean of Faculty, &c.) of the University have a vote. He exercises a jurisdiction in all disputes occurring between the students themselves, as also between them and the towns-people; he presides at all meetings of the University convened for the purpose of addressing the King, of electing a representative to the "General Assembly of the Church of Scotland," which is the supreme ecclesiastical court of that part of the British Empire. The Dean of Faculty is the next officer in rank; he regulates the course of studies pursued by the students, and judges, along with the Rector, Principal, and Professors, of the qualifications of those who are candidates for any academical degree\*.

This University possesses the highly valuable and splendid Museum of the late celebrated Dr William Hunter, who bequeathed it, along with eight thousand pounds Sterling, for the purpose of erecting a building for its reception, and the purchase of the necessary ground. It consists chiefly of a most valuable, extensive, and curious library of books and manuscripts; his own large and valuable collection of anatomical preparations; a most extensive assemblage of natural curiosities, containing the large collection of insects, corals, shells, and fossils of the late Dr Fothergill; and a cabinet of coins and medals, ancient and modern, generally allowed to be the most complete and best connected series of any in Europe, and which are said to have cost Dr Hunter twenty-five thousand pounds Sterling†. The University also possesses an Observatory, founded by a Gentleman resident in Jamaica, Alexander MacFarlane, Esq. and which the "*Senatus Academicus*," on laying the foundation stone, denominated the "*Macfarlane Observatory*."

That the "*Hunterian Museum*" is of no little value and consequence, perhaps even the reviewer of the "*Cambridge Tart*" may be inclined to admit, when he is informed that the Trustees are, *ex officio*, the Lord Chancellor, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Secretary at War, the President of the Royal Society, the President and Censors of the College of Physicians, the Professor of Physic and Reader in Anatomy at Oxford, the Regius Professor of Physic, and Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge; besides several Noblemen and Gentlemen who are Trustees by election. The University also possesses a Botanical Garden,

\* *Vide* Denholm's History of Glasgow.

† The superb cabinet of medals comprised in this Museum, which is allowed by Medalists to be the most extensive and valuable in Europe, not even excepting that celebrated one belonging to the kings of France before the Revolution, contains, amongst an immense number of other rare coins, a most capital one of Otho, in large brass, struck at Antioch.



and there is a large, commodious, and elegant Infirmary, frequented by the students of medicine. Can the worthy reviewer point out any modern Academy possessing such a splendid appendage as this Museum \*?

\* As a literary morceau connected with the University of Glasgow, (in accordance with the philosophy of the period,) the following "Theses Philosophiæ †," issued by that University in 1659, may not be unacceptable, especially as they will shew the caution exercised by the "Senatus Academicus" of Glasgow, in conferring the degree of "Master of Arts," at the distance of more than a century and a half.

#### THESES PHILOSOPHIÆ.

Quas A, P, N, Postridie Nonas Quintileis, Adolescentes Magisterii candidati, Academicæ Glasguanæ Alumni, (Præside Roberto Areskino,) in Æde Sacrà Franciscanorum propugnabunt.

I. Ens, etiam ab actuali et possibili præcisum, non adeo transcendens est, quin realia multa, ab eo qui interea nec distinctè et ex parte actus; nec confusè, et ex parte objecti de ente cogitat, verè cognosci possint: Neque cum non-ente adeo immediata est ipsius oppositio, quin sine errore et fictione omni, ab eo qui interim neque ens neque non ens ullo modo attingat, multa cognoscantur.

II. Datur necessitas omnis contingentiae expers; sed nulla est contingentia sine summâ necessitate. Agens et movens quâ tale est ens, et necessarium; patiens et mobile non ens, contingens. Potentia quaelibet activa aut passiva, quantumvis contingens et indifferens sine ullius novi inceptione, et pristini desitione determinari, et in actum reduci poterit. Connotata igitur, modi, negationes vel privationes, et si quæ alia sint ejusmodi, agentis et termino in actione, extremis in unione, loco et rei quæ est in loco, temporis et rei quæ est in tempore, in ubicatione, et duratione superaddita, prorsus superflua sunt: Nihilque aliud est actio, modale vel absolutum et reale, positivum vel privativum, intrinsecè et constitutivè, vel extrinsecè et connotativè; præter id quod agens est, et id quod producitur: Motus nihil præter id quod movetur, terminum a quo, medium si ullum sit, et terminum ad quem: Unio præter nuda extrema, divisio præter extrema et interjectum nihil. Omne accidens est à suo subjecto realiter distinctum; et tamen omne accidens adæquatè est verum subjectum Physicum, et substantia.

III. Unum, verum, bonum quâ tale, est ens; multa, falsum, malum non ens. Etsi simul esse et non esse repugnet; id quod unum simplicissimum, verum realissimum, bonum perfectissimum est; simul secundum idem sui in eadem ratione esse multa. numerosissimum, complexissimum,—falsum, et omnium minimè reale,—malum, imperfectissimum, nihil vetat. Infinitum est unum, verum, bonum; finitum multa, falsum, malum. Infinitum finitis constare nequit; at finitum infinitis. Infinitum quolibet ejus generis finito simplicius est, et quolibet complexius quolibet minus, quolibet majus. Datur, saltem dari potest, numerus actu infinitus, multitudo maxima ac simpliciter innumera. Est et numerus, quem multiplicando, aliquandò eundem et æqualem, sæpe minorem, nunquàm majorem producturus es; cui addendo, semper minorem; et subducendo, semper majorem.

IV. Materia prima ex se non est quanta. Quæ in subscoelestibus non tantum specie, sed et numero una ac eadem adæquatè in coelestibus esse potest. Datâ materiae quantitate nullâ formarum materialium multitudine opus est: alioqui opus est. Materia omni formâ nudata, et quocunque formis non subordinatis simul vestita extare potest. Formæ materiales non adeo caducae, quin à materiâ separatae subsistant nonnunquam.

V. Corporis locus est superficies ambientis proxima et immobilis: Spiritus nullus, nisi id quod intuitivè cognoscitur. Quo simplicius fuerit quidvis sive materiale, sive immateriale, eo plus loci occupare aptum natum est; quo complexius eo minus. Quocunque immaterialia eundem locum, quem et totum occupet materiale aliquod, singula simul adæquatè occupare possunt: nulla autem duo materialia, ne materia

† This University was founded upon the model of the celebrated one of Bologna, (the ancient Bononia, called *Colonia Bononiensis*, by Tacitus,) which is one of the oldest, and was certainly, at the time that of Glasgow was established, by far the most celebrated in Europe. Bologna enjoys the honour of having produced two of the most eminent philosophers of the present day, Galvani and Volta. The celebrated astronomer Cassini was also, I believe, of this University; and it was in the church of St. Petronius, in this city, that he drew his meridian line.

In addition to the foregoing statement it is only necessary to remark, that Glasgow holds a high rank amongst the European seats of learning, having produced, in all the departments of literature and science, men who have not only done honour to their Alma Mater and their native country, but have raised for themselves a fame as durable as the universe.

quidem et forma. Maximum corpus finitum sine ullâ sui coarctatione minimo loco simul capi potest, idque facilius multò quàm majori; minimum corpus locum maximum totum simul occupare, et exactissimè replere potest. Nec datur, nec dari potest vacuum.

VI. Omnis corporis mathematici constitutivum adaequatum est punctum, etiam mathematicè, impartibile: unicumne solum? an multiplex? nescio: scio nullum corpus adeo magnū, adeo divisibile quod punctum unicum solitarium adaequatè constituere nequeat; nullum adeo parvum, modo partibile, quod non isto eodem, et simul aliis quoque pluribus constare possit. Rectam lineam quamvis aut angulum quemvis rectilineum bifariam dividi posse, nequaquàm demonstravit *Eucl.* Lineam rectam aut circularem longitudinis actu immensae, superficiem planam vel sphaericam latitudinis immensae, sphaeram secundum omnem dimensionem actu immensam dari posse est probabile: uti et in hisce omnibus dari maximum finitum.

VII. Quies localis est unicus locus; motus locorum multitudo. Quod est immensum illud quietis capax est; sed non motus localis. Dari potest motus rapidissimus; dari etiam potest tardissimus. Id quod non celerrimè movetur, simul quiescere est impossibile; quod autem celerrimè, id toto tempore motus in summâ quiete esse est necesse. Quod tardè, et non nimis tardè incedit, illud simul velociter moveri impossibile est; quod autem tardissimè, illud simul rapidissimè ferri est summè necessarium.

VIII. Æternitas est quies; tempus motus. Temporis adaequatum constitutivum est instans. Tempus necessario utrinque finitum est. Quicquid est mobile, quicquid est patiens, est ex alterâ saltem parte finitae durationis. Tempus elapsum revocari, factum infectum fieri potest. Non omne quod desinit esse praesens, erit, essève potest praeteritum.

IX. Omnis generatio substantialis est partium mera unio localis; corruptio separatio mera.

X. In rarefactione, et condensatione explicandis, nec corpusculis nec vacuitatibus opus est.

XI. Duo sunt Elementa, eaque compositionis ex materia et forma substantiali expertia: alterum mathematicè etiam indivisibile est, et quantitatis expers; alterum divisibile et quantum.

XII. Calor est merus motus localis quo disgregantur, heterogenea, et homogenea congregantur. Frigus est quies, vel motus quo tam heterogenea, quàm homogenea congregantur. Infinitè calidum, necnon infinitè frigidum dari potest. Calor et frigus in gradibus paulò remissioribus, non adeò benè se in eodem subjecto compatiuntur: verum summum frigus in nullo subjecto esse potest, in quo secundum idem simul non sit calor intentissimus; et contra.

XIII. Lux est ignis. Color est lux in perspicui et opaci confinio; sed praeterea nihil. Sonus est motus localis. Odores et sapes sunt corpuscula ex sapido et odorifero efflua.

XIV. Brutorum animae materiales sunt, et caducae: hominum immateriales, immortales. Actūs, habitūs, potentiae vitales, non nisi Organorum objectorum et mediorum ratione, à se invicem, et ab animâ distinguuntur.

XV. Cognitio est cognoscentis cum cognoscibili, inadaequato saltem, unio. Nihil est naturaliter cognoscibile, quod non sit in ipso cognoscente formaliter vel eminenter: non quidem per speciem aliquam expressam aut impressam, (superfluae enim sunt hae omnes,) sed ad modum substantiae, et essentialis cognoscentis. Datur intellectus qui tantum est agens; datur et intellectus qui tantum est patiens; sunt alii et agentes et patientes. Intellectus patiens nisi illuminatus ab agente nunquam intelligit. Omne verum in cognitione, et oratione est verum metaphysicè, et idem quod reale; consistitque semper in habitu. Omne falsum est falsum metaphysicè, et idem quod fictitum, apparens tantum; et in privatione consistit.

XVI. Appetitus est motus vel quies appetentis ipsius, vel objecti. Omnis motus localis, et aliūs cujuscunque primum principium activum est appetitus aliquis. Datur appetitus movens, ipse immotus manens; datur qui movetur, ipse nullum movens; estque appetitus qui movet, et movetur. Nullus appetitus mobilis physicè vel mora-

The next in order of foundation is the University of Aberdeen, consisting of King's College and Marischal College, which are quite distinct foundations, each enjoying its own privileges, powers, and immunities, independently of the other. The former was founded in 1494, by William Elphinston, Bishop of this See, who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of James the Third, and Lord Privy Seal in that of James the Fourth; but the latter monarch claimed the patronage of it, and it has since been denominated "King's College." The celebrated Hector Boethius was the first Principal. The present establishment consists of a Chancellor, (the Duke of Gordon,) Lord Rector, (the Earl of Aberdeen,) Dean of Faculty, Principal, Sub-Principal, Professors of Divinity, Civil Law, Medicine, Humanity, Greek, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, and Oriental Languages.

The "Marischal College," in the new town of Aberdeen, was founded by George Keith, Earl of Marischal, in 1593, but has been since greatly enlarged. The present Society consists of a Chancellor, (the Marquis of Huntley,) Rector, (Earl of Fife,) Dean of Faculty, Principal, Professors of Divinity, Medicine, Greek, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Oriental Languages, Mathematics, and Lecturers on *Materia Medica*, Anatomy, Surgery, and Midwifery. The distinction

liter movet; nisi ipse praemotus efficaciter a movente, quem etiam in toto motu immediatissimè commovere simpliciter necessarium est. Omnis appetitus qui ab alio movetur, ad actus tum elicitos tum imperatos cogi potest; et in iis violentiam pati. Non semper tamen cogitur, qui, ab extrinseco physicè indeclinabiliter praedeterminante, ad actum necessitatur.

XVII. Jucundum est simile, perfectum, et nihil aliud quàm metaphysicè bonum; injucundum dissimile, imperfectum, et malum metaphysicè. Honestum omne est formaliter jucundum; inhonestum formaliter injucundum. Quicquid est capax bonitatis vel malitiae moralis est bonum vel malum moraliter; nihil indifferens. Omnis bonitas moralis in habitu, eoque indivisibili, consistit: omnis malitia, etiam excessus, in privatione; sed divisibili. His non obstantibus, unus et idem actus simul bonus, et malus est.

XVIII. Antecedenter ad praeceptum nihil est bonum; nihil malum moraliter. Non est quòd praeceptum, in actu quem praecipit, convenientiam aliquam cum naturà rationali, et in eo quem vetat, disconvenientiam praesupponat: praeceptum enim non tantum divinum; sed humanum obligat nonnunquam ad id, quod omnibus qui obligantur valdè perniciosum sit. Imo et tam humanum quàm divinum, ad id quod est simpliciter impossibile obligat: eundem hominem ad contradictoria et contraria simul; ad hoc agendum, et simul non agendum; ad hoc agendum, et huic contrarium simul agendum.

XIX. Duo non subordinati, per tempus quantumvis diuturnum, simul in idem jus in solidum habere possunt. Innocentem punire injustum; sed innocenti damnum gravissimum inferre, eumque miserrimum reddere, sine ullà injustitià non modò Deus, sed etiam homo potest. Bellum utrinque offensivum, saepè utrinque justum est. Foelicitas creaturarum rationalium formalis est amor, et cognitio Dei. Qui solo Deo fruitur multo beator est eo qui Deo et creaturis fruitur.

XX. Deus est unus simplicissimus, et tamen trinus, omnibus aliis simul sumptis infinitè perfectior: aggregato ex Deo et creaturis extensive intensive omni modo perfectior tanto, quantum habent creaturae perfectionis: aeternus sine ullà sui mutatione; immensus sine extensione, et divisibilitate. Praeterita, praesentia, futura; possibilia, necessaria, contingentia; absoluta, conditionata certissime absolutissimè sciens. Omnia absolutè, inevitabiliter, immutabiliter decernens. In omnium ex nihilo creatione agens solitariè; in omnibus reliquis actionibus necessariis, liberis, bonis, malis, immediatissimè immediatione suppositi, physicè efficaciter praedeterminans, et coagens†.

† Glasguae, Excudebat Andreas Andersonus, Urbis et Academiae Typographus, Anno Dom. 1659.—To this University, as well as to those of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, the Protector Cromwell was a great benefactor: to Edinburgh he was one of the greatest it ever had; but the indiscriminate repeal of all that had been done, good, bad, and indifferent, during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, rendered completely nugatory the liberality of the Protector.



between Professors and Lecturers, in the Universities of Scotland, I believe, is this—the former are Members of the Senate, the latter not. Formerly, these two Colleges were considered one University, sending only between them one Member to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; at present they send two, and the election is separate\*.

The following account of the mode of conferring the degree of Master of Arts, in this University, will tend to show how very unlike it is to any Academy of ancient or modern date; it was originally given in the Appendix to that now scarce work, Spottiswood's "History of the Church of Scotland;" but I have extracted it from the first volume of Bower's "History of the University of Edinburgh." "The time of the commencement of Masters of Arts, in King's College, Aberdeen, is in July. The manner thus: Before the day appointed, those who are to receive their degree do publish their Theses, inviting all learned men to come and dispute. At the day appointed, great preparation is made; the candidates are apparelled in black, with black gowns; and at ten of the clock all go into the public school, where the Professor of Philosophy, or Regent, who is to confer the degree, makes a long speech (beginning with a prayer) to the auditors; which being ended, the disputes begin, and continue till four or five of the clock. Then they take a little refreshment, and so return to the graduation or laureation." The Regent doth tender to the candidate the following oath:

"Ego A, B, coram omniscio et omnipotenti Deo, religionem et fidem, unicum et solam orthodoxam, in Ecclesia Scoticana, palam propositam, professurum me †, et ab omnibus pontificiorum et aliorum quorumcunque hæresibus longe abhorrentem, spondeo, voveo, juro. Insuper, Universitati huic, almae parenti, cui hanc ingenii culturam debeo, liberaliter relaturum me, nutritiam quam potero eadem fide solenniter promitto. Quod si sciens et volens fefellerò, arcanorum cordis recessuum scrutatorem Deum, ultorem et vindicem non recuso. Ita me adjuvet Deus."

After the oath, one of the candidati ascends the desk, and the Regent taking into his hand a hat or cap, with these following words doth give him his degree:

"Ego eadem auctoritate, quam summi ac potentissimi principes almae huic Universitati amplissimam indulsère, te A, B, in artibus liberalibus, et disciplinis philosophicis, magistrum creò, proclamo, constituo, renuncio; tibi quæ potestatem do legendi, scribendi, omniaque id genus alia committendi, quæ hic, aut ubivis gentium, artium magistris concedi solet; et in signum manumissionis tuæ, caput tuum hoc pileo (putting the cap on the scholar's head) adorno; quod ut tibi felix, faustumque sit, Deum optimum maximum precor. Insuper, librum hunc tibi apertum trado, ut ingenii tui aliquod specimen coram celebri hoc caetu edas, rogo."

"Then the graduate hath a short speech to the auditors, and so the ceremony is ended with clapping of hands, sounding of trumpets, shouting, &c. Thus are all the candidates graduated, one after another. The same way, almost, is used in all the Universities of Scotland." I would here remark, though the candidate, in the commencement of the oath, states himself to be in communion with the Established Church of Scotland; yet neither has admission into any Scotch University, nor graduation, been refused (for a series of years) to persons of any religious denomination whatever, however different the rule may have been formerly, provided they have been found properly qualified.

The University of Edinburgh, or, as it is styled in its public documents, the University of James the Sixth, King of the Scots, was founded by Robert

\* *Vide* Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh, Vol. I. Chap. VI.

† It is proper to mention here, that the admission (contained in this oath) stating in substance that the candidate is a member of the Church of Scotland, cannot now be required, as men of all religious communions graduate as well at Aberdeen as at all the other Scotch Universities. Would they do so if any thing like "illegitimacy" had been detected in their constitution?

Reid, Bishop of Orkney\*, who, in 1558, bequeathed to the Town of Edinburgh a sum of money for that purpose, but which was retained in the hands of the Abbot of Kinloss, for several years: however, in 1582, the Town Council obtained it; but previously, expecting in the end to possess the bequest of the Bishop, they purchased, in 1553, the land upon which the College was afterwards built. Three years afterwards, Mary Queen of Scots endowed the infant institution with some revenues, and granted it a Charter, which has since been incorporated in that of her son, and is now considered the foundation Charter of the University†.

The establishment consists of a Principal, who is always a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland, a Dean of each of the four Faculties‡, a Professor of Divinity, who is Sub-Principal, and presides as such, in the absence of the Principal, as his deputy at all meetings of the *Senatus Academicus*; a Professor of Hebrew, Regius Church History, Logic, Greek, Humanity, Mathematics, Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, Universal History, Scotch Law, Civil Law, Public Law, or the Law of Nature and Nations, Rhetoric, Anatomy, Regius Botany, Chemistry, *Materia Medica*, Practice of Physic, Theory of Physic, Midwifery, Regius Medical Jurisprudence, Regius Military Surgery, Regius Astronomy, Natural History, Agriculture, Clinical Medicine, Clinical Surgery, a Keeper of the Museum, Secretary, and Librarian, and a Botanic Gardener. Connected with the University are a large Infirmary, of Royal foundation, a Midwifery-Hospital, a Botanic Garden, and an Observatory. The Magistrates of Edinburgh hold the office of Chancellor, and are its patrons; the third Bailie of the City, or, as he would be called in England, Alderman, is always chosen College Bailie, or Vice-Chancellor; they have the charge of the College, order any repairs that may be required, provide accommodations for both Professors and students in the lecture-rooms and library, and preside generally over the interests of the University. They appoint seventeen Professors, besides the Principal, Librarian, Janitor, and University Printers; the Crown appoints to nine Professorships§. Formerly, there was an officer styled Rector, who was the deputy of the Magistrates, in their capacities of Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, but, for many years, no one has been elected to that office. Sometimes the Principal was elected Rector, but latterly no one has been so styled, the duties of that office being performed by him without taking the additional distinction||. When it was necessary to have a separate functionary with the title of Rector, sometimes the Professor of Divinity was chosen, and various other persons have held the office\*\*. The Principal is also *Primarius Professor* of Divinity, and may give lectures on Theology whenever he pleases; but I believe the Very Reverend Dr Baird, who at present enjoys, with the greatest credit and dignity, that high literary situation, has never availed himself of that privilege, though his predecessor, the learned historian of Charles the V., did so shortly after his election, but soon discontinued the practice. The Magistrates are the sole proprietors of the College, the Library, Museum, Philosophical Apparatus, Anatomical Preparations, &c.†† At this University the Academical year commences about

\* Buchanan, in his "*Rerum Scotticarum Historia*," mentions the Founder in most honourable terms. *Vide* the 14th and 16th Books of that work.

† The Charter granted to the University by James the VI. of Scotland, and comprising the one before granted by his interesting, but unfortunate mother, may be seen in the Appendix to Bower's History, and which was copied from the original, in the possession of the Town Council, but it is too long for insertion here.

‡ The business of instruction in this University is divided into four Faculties; viz. the Literary Faculty, the Faculty of Medicine, the Faculty of Law, and the Faculty of Divinity.

§ *Vide* Bower's History of the University.

|| *Vide* Bower's History.

\*\* *Vide* Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh.

†† "The office-bearers in the University, exclusive of the Professors, are, 1st, The Patrons, who are the Right Honourable the Lord Provost, and the Honourable the Town Council of Edinburgh. 2d, Chancellor, the Right Honourable the Lord Pro-



the end of October, and includes two sessions; the long one then begins, and terminates with the following month of April, though some of the Professors finish their courses sooner. The shorter session commences with May, and is finished by the end of July. The only fixed graduation-day is, at present, the first of August, or the second of the month, when the first falls upon a Sunday: this is solely for conferring the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Here, and I believe at the sister Universities in Scotland, only four degrees are ever conferred, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, Doctor of Medicine, and Master of Arts. I am not aware that any definite period of residence is required before a candidate can, at Edinburgh, receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, or Doctor of Laws; they are only conferred on men who have eminently distinguished themselves. Candidates for the degree of Master of Arts must reside four full sessions, during which they must study Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic, Rhetoric, Natural and Moral Philosophy. The residence exacted by the Statutes, from candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, is three Academic years, during which period they must have studied, either here, or in some other University, *being a school of Medicine*, Anatomy, Chemistry, Botany, the Theory of Physic, Materia Medica, and Pharmacy, Practice of Physic, Medical Jurisprudence, the Clinical and General Practice of the Infirmary, and must have attended different courses of the lectures of the Clinical Professor, upon select cases under his care. After this period of study, the Students are allowed to become candidates for the degree of Doctor; they then must pass several strict examinations in private, in the Latin language; must write four Latin dissertations on medical subjects, selected by the Faculty of Medicine; must publish, in Latin, a thesis on some medical or philosophical subject; must publicly defend that thesis; then, and not before, the Principal, in the presence of the Faculty of Medicine, in the common Hall of the University, confers the degree, after having administered the usual oath: and such is the liberality of the University, that from members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, a "solemn affirmation" only is required; and to such an affirmation may be seen, at this day, in the Album, the name of the great and good Doctor John Fothergill\*. The following is the oath:

"Ego A. B. Doctoratus in arte medica titulo jam donandus, sancto co-

vost. 3d, The College Bailie, who is the third Bailie in seniority for the year, has the charge of all matters relating to the College, such as repairs, accommodations for the Professors, &c., and may be styled Vice-Chancellor. He inducts a new Professor, by introducing him to the Senatus Academicus, taking with him the presentation by the Town Council. When a Regius Professor is inducted, the College Bailie is present, and tenders a protest to the Senatus. 4th, The Old Treasurer of the Town Council is College Treasurer, and grants discharges as such, when necessary. 5th, Rector. The first Principal was appointed Rector, and there is one instance of a Professor of Divinity holding the same office. 6th, The Principal. 7th, The Secretary. 8th, The Librarian. 9th, Upper Janitor. 10th, Under Janitor. 11th, University Printers."—*Vide Bower's "Edinburgh Students' Guide."*

\* As every thing relating to so great a character as the late Dr John Fothergill cannot fail to prove interesting to the public, I shall here insert the following extracts, taken from the "London Packet" about the time of Dr Fothergill's decease: "The valuable Museum of the late Dr Fothergill (no less eminent as a Naturalist than as a Physician) devolves to Dr Hunter, Physician to the Queen, he having purchased the reversion of it some time since of Dr Fothergill. Included in the above Museum is a capital collection of shells formed by Mr Denne, an eminent silk-throwster in Spital-fields, which Dr F. purchased some years ago of his executors, for seven hundred pounds. Dr Fothergill's collection of marine subjects (particularly of the testaceous kind) was supposed to be one of the first in Europe, and of the collections in London inferior only to that of her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Portland."—*London Packet*, Jan. 5, 1781.

"The remains of Dr Fothergill were yesterday morning carried to the Quaker's Burial-ground at Winchmore Hill. There were more than 70 coaches and post-chaises; many of the Friends came above 100 miles to pay the last tribute of respect to a character so highly esteemed. The executors intended the burial to be private,



ram Deo, cordium scrutatore spondeo, me in omni grati animi officiis erga Academiam Edinburgenam ad extremum vitæ habitum perseveraturum : Tum porro artem medicam, cautè, castè et probè exercitaturum, et, quoad potero, omnia ad ægrotorum corporum salutem conducentia, cum fide procuraturum, quæ denique inter medendum visu vel auditu sileri conveniat, non sine gravi causa vulgaturum. Ita præsens spondenti adsit Numen \*."

So highly eminent has this University become, in all the departments of Literature and Science, that the number of students, in *actual attendance*, has lately amounted to the large number of *two thousand* and upwards. In Medicine, its fame is almost extensive with the civilization of the human species : here may be found, when the Empire is not engaged in war, men from all the European nations, from both North and South America, and from the Indies, in both hemispheres. In the Universities of Scotland there are no fellowships ; but in all of them there are bursaries, or scholarships, of small amount, to which, I believe, the Students of Divinity are chiefly eligible. At St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, some of the Students wear an academic costume ; but at Edinburgh they have no peculiar dress, except whilst taking a degree, and then the regulations require the candidates to be habited in a black gown ; and when the degree of Doctor is conferred, the cap of the doctorate is also used. The students in general do not live in college, except at Aberdeen, where some of them have apartments within the walls of King's College. At Glasgow, the University may be styled an *imperium in imperio*, as the Rector and his Assessors possess a jurisdiction over the students, even in capital offences, independently of the magistracy of the city † ; whether this is the case at St. Andrew's and Aberdeen, I do not pretend to know ; at Edinburgh, the Principal and Senate possess no such power, the students being amenable, like the other inhabitants, to the civil power ‡.

The fact is, the Universities of Scotland are very much upon the plan of the majority of those upon the Continent. Let no one, therefore, imagine, that because they do not resemble Oxford and Cambridge they are not Universities ; the English seats of learning partake of the character of monastic establishments, and therefore may be considered, in some degree, as exceptions to the rule generally followed in the foundation of such institutions.

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but the desire of Quakers to attend the funeral rendered it impossible."—*London Packet*, Jan. 5 to 8, 1781.

That Dr John Fothergill was one of the most eminent physicians and naturalists of the times in which he flourished, is universally admitted ; but it deserves to be recorded, to his immortal honour, and for the advantage of posterity, that he was also one of the greatest philanthropists that this or any other nation ever produced, as the following memorandum, made at the time, will abundantly testify : " The following very singular fact has come out, in the examination into the affairs of the late Dr Fothergill, which ought to be recorded for the honour of human nature, viz. That specific sums, to the immense amount of no less than *two hundred thousand pounds*, appear to have been distributed by him, in different modes of charity, in the course of his well-spent life. *I decus ! I nostrum !* Such a character adds real lustre to the name of Englishmen."

\* In such estimation is the Edinburgh degree of Doctor of Medicine held in France, that Physicians who have graduated here are allowed to practise in Paris without undergoing any previous examination, though that city contains the most ancient University in Europe, and one of the best Schools of Medicine on the Continent.

† *Vide* Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh.

‡ Dr Reynolds, in his " Historical Essay on the Government of the Church of England," page 79, says, " The *Optio Fori*, or liberty of students to have their controversies determined in any court, where they hoped for the readiest dispatch, and the shortest avocation from their studies, was the first privilege granted to the Universities of Germany, by Frederic Barbarossa, upon their incorporation, about the year 1158 ; and there is the clearest evidence that our Universities were favoured with jurisdiction over their own members, in civil and ecclesiastical matters, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, lest their application to arts and sciences should be impeded by their attention on foreign judicatures."

That of Edinburgh differs, in some respects, from the other Universities, which is to be accounted for from its establishment being posterior to the Reformation. Each of the Universities sends representatives to the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court of Scotland, denominated the "General Assembly," over which presides a Scotch nobleman, bearing the King's commission for that purpose. This court meets annually in Edinburgh in the month of May, and possesses a jurisdiction over all the Universities; by virtue of which, it has often appointed Commissioners, from its own body, to visit them, and report their respective states as to learning and morality; but with their revenues it does not interfere. This University possesses a very extensive and valuable library, to which is sent a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. The students of divinity have also a library appropriated solely to themselves, consisting chiefly of theological works. The library contains many curious manuscripts, and interesting historical documents, among which are the original marriage contract between Mary Queen of Scots and the Dauphin of France; a Bohemian protest against the Council of Constance for burning John Huss, in the year 1417, with numerous seals of the Bohemian and Hungarian nobility annexed: there are also some Oriental manuscripts, and a beautiful copy, on vellum, of Fordoun's *Scotochronicon*. There are likewise several portraits; the chief are, of Robert Rollock the first Principal, Mary Queen of Scots, her son James the Sixth, Napier of Merchiston the inventor of logarithms, John Knox, the poet Thomson, Principal Carstairs, Provost Elder, and three taken at different periods of life, of the greatest benefactor the University ever had, the late General John Reid\*, Colonel of the 88th Regiment, who left upwards of £.58,000 in the funds, and other personal property, to the Principal and Professors, after the death of his daughter, who possesses a life-interest in it. The following is a copy of the General's bequest; after having devised the interest of his property to his only daughter, Susanna, wife of John Stark Robertson, Esq., for her life, and the principal to her children, if she should leave any, to attain the age of twenty-one years, or that should marry and have issue; and further, in default of such issue, to such of the children of William Alexander, late Earl of Stirling, and of his three sisters, who shall be living at the death of his daughter, Susanna Robertson, equally; he goes on to say, "It being my wish and desire, that the said John Stark Robertson shall not inherit or possess any part or share of my property; and as to, for, and concerning all and every my said personal estate in the kingdom of Great Britain, (save and except the said £.1400, three per cent. consolidated bank annuities,) my will and meaning is, that my said trustees shall stand possessed thereof, upon trust, in the first place, for establishing and endowing a Professorship of Music in the College and University of Edinburgh, where I had my education, and spent the pleasantest part of my youth; and, in the next place, for the purpose also, after completing such endowments as hereinafter are mentioned, in making additions to the library of the said University, or otherwise in promoting the general interest and advantage of the University, in such way and manner as the Principal and Professors thereof for the time being shall, in their discretion, think most fit and proper. And in order to carry my will and intention in this respect into full effect, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors and administrators of such survivor, to sell, lay out, transfer, assign, and otherwise dispose of my said last-mentioned personal estate, at the sight, and with the privity and approbation of the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being, as may be for that purpose deemed necessary, and in such way and manner as will most effectually establish, and perpetually secure, a fund for the endowment of a Professorship of Music as aforesaid, and the maintainance, in all time hereafter, in the said University, of a Professor of the Theory of Music, an art and science in which the Scots stand unrivalled

\* Was General Reid descended from the family of Reid, Bishop of Orkney, founder of the University?



by all the neighbouring nations in pastoral melody, and sweet combination of sounds: And my will and meaning is, that, in the event of the establishment of such professorship as aforesaid, the Principal and Professors of the said University do, and shall, within six months next after such an event shall have taken place, by a public ordinance of the University, make a declaration of what, in their estimation, the annual and perpetual salary to be allowed to such Professor of Music ought to amount to; the sum not being less than £.300 of good and lawful money of Great Britain; and that upon such declaration being so made as aforesaid, and notice thereof in writing given to my said trustees, or to the survivors or survivor of them as aforesaid, and due provision made for securing the payment of such yearly salary after the amount thereof has been ascertained in the manner aforesaid; they, my said trustees, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the executors or administrators of such survivors, shall, and do by such instrument or instruments as may, by the law of Scotland, be in such case requisite, make over the residue of my said last-mentioned personal estate to the Principal and Professors of the said University, for the purposes aforesaid; and by the instrument declare, that the power and right of presentation or nomination of such professorship, and the superintendence, care, and management of the said fund, shall, on their decease, be vested in, and be perpetually enjoyed in all time thereafter, by the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being; and that in case of misbehaviour, or neglect properly to discharge his or their duty on the part of any Professor or Professors of the Theory of Music, from time to time to be appointed as aforesaid, the Principal and Professors of the said University for the time being, or the major part of them, shall have power in their discretion, to dismise such Professor or Professors, and to elect another or others in his or their place, and generally to establish, from time to time, such rules and regulations as may, in their opinion, contribute to give stability, respectability, and consequence, to the establishment, and thereby carry my intentions into effect: And as I am the last representative of an old family in Perthshire, which on my death will be extinct in the male line, I therefore leave two portraits of me; one when a Lieutenant in the Earl of Loudoun's regiment, raised in the year 1745, and the other when a Major-General in the army, to the Principal and Professors of the said University of Edinburgh, to be disposed of in such manner as the Principal shall direct; and to that University I wish prosperity to the end of time."

The General, in a codicil to his will, afterwards bequeathed a third portrait of himself to the University, taken after he had attained the high rank of General in the army. Whether the University has yet come into possession of this noble benefaction I have not learned, but was given to understand, about four years ago, that Mrs Robertson was then alive.

The University possesses a very valuable and rapidly increasing Museum of Natural History, which is under the superintendence of that eminent Philosopher and Naturalist, Professor Jameson. It has also one of the largest and most valuable collections of Anatomical preparations in Europe; for which it is indebted to the great skill and indefatigable industry of the present and late Professors of Anatomy, the three Doctors Monro. Connected with the University are several Literary and Philosophical Societies, as the Royal Medical and Royal Physical Societies, established by royal Charter: the members of these institutions are chiefly the students of medicine, who meet weekly during the winter and spring, to discuss Medical and Philosophical subjects; each has a handsome building for its use, containing a hall for the meetings, a well-furnished library, and some philosophical apparatus. The Speculative Society is chiefly composed of gentlemen studying the law; and the Wernerian Natural History Society, established for the promotion of that science; the two last meet in the College.

Let it always be remembered, to the honour of Edinburgh, that it was the first University in Europe in which the Philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton was publicly taught. Sir Isaac was indeed Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge; but the doctrines of his everlasting work, "monumentum,



aere perennius," were not at first there duly appreciated \*, Dr David Gregory, who was admitted Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh, October 17th 1683, taught the Newtonian system there very shortly after its publication in 1687. Gregory, in 1691, became Savillian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford; and one of his Edinburgh pupils, John Keill, a native of that city, followed him thither in 1694, and is said to have been the first person who, in England, illustrated the Newtonian Philosophy by experiments exhibited to his pupils †.

The word University cannot be classically rendered into Latin by Universitas, for in that sense no Roman ever used it. The only equivalent for University is undoubtedly Academia, which, however, from modern usage, may be translated either University, as of Oxford, Edinburgh, or Paris, or merely Academy, as of Arts or Music; both the French word Académie, and the English Academy, having a very extensive, but certainly inferior signification.

Undoubtedly, the Academy of Athens bore no resemblance to a modern University or Academy of Music, Dancing, or any other art; yet, from the name given to Plato's grove, have the moderns borrowed this comprehensive term, and applied it to the most dissimilar institutions.

In fact, the ancients had no establishments bearing any resemblance to our Universities, for, until the reign of Charlemagne, there had not been any foundation of the sort in Europe. The University of Paris was founded by that Emperor, on the remonstrance or recommendation of Alcuinus. Had the writer in the review not used the term Academy as opposed to University, and as meaning an inferior establishment, why was the word printed in Italics? Give the Scotch seats of learning an appellation common to Paris and to Oxford, and they will be content; they affect no superiority, but they know their consequence, and proudly claim an equality. Would there have been any sneers cast upon them had they been upon the same establishment as Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin? But they are Presbyterian establishments, under the direct superintendence of the "General Assembly of the Church of Scotland;" and, what is equally as galling, *they are free*; that is the solution. English Dissenters are not allowed the privilege of education at Oxford or Cambridge. Is it too much that the liberality of Scotland has opened her Universities to them?

The University of Edinburgh is a striking example of what may be accomplished by the judicious application of only moderate funds, for the advancement and diffusion of learning, when combined with zeal and discretion. This orphan seminary being nearly deserted by her royal godfather ‡, was committed almost pennyless to the protection of the Lord Provost and Town Council of the city, whose fostering care during her infancy, and constant protection since she has arrived at her present state of vigorous maturity, she now so liberally repays, by reflecting upon her "Patrons" the lustre of her name. At the time Robertson presided, Black, Blair, Playfair, Stewart, Cullen, Monro, Duncan, Gregory, Robison, and other illustrious men, were Professors. In fine, here has shone such a galaxy of talent, both in literature and in science, that it has not only excited the envy, but commanded the applause of Europe.

I have thus endeavoured to shew that there are no "illegitimate Academies" in Scotland. Whether the term has been applied through stupidity or malignity, I shall leave to the writer of the review to determine; if from the former, he is to be pitied, if from the latter, despised.

LAWSON WHALLEY, M.D. F.R.S.E.

\* Vide Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh.

† Vide Bower's History.

‡ James the First of England *promised* this University, to which he had given his own name, "a guid God's bairn's gift;" but, unfortunately, princes have bad memories, and promises are more easily forgotten than fulfilled.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. III.

BEFORE the meeting of the Third General Assembly, Queen Mary had returned to sway the sceptre of her fathers. She arrived at Leith on the 19th or 20th of August 1561. The fog, under favour of which she had escaped from the ships which Elizabeth had sent to intercept her, was regarded by the Reformers (*Calderwood's Large MS.*, Vol. I., p. 721,) as a presage of the calamities which she would bring upon her country; but notwithstanding their doubts and fears, all ranks united in giving a welcome reception to their Princess. The national gravity burst its restraints, and for several successive nights she was serenaded by the citizens. Their expressions of joy and welcome, however, were soon interrupted.

The Sunday after the arrival of the Queen happened to be the festival of St. Bartholomew, and preparations were made for celebrating mass in the Chapel of Holyroodhouse. These preparations were regarded with indignation and alarm by the Reformers, who assembled in crowds, and openly declared that they would not suffer the land to be again polluted by the idolatrous service of the mass. The attendants of the officiating priest were terrified by the violent language of the people; and it appeared as if Bartholomew's day would have been disgraced, before its time, by some tumult or bloodshed. But the Lord James, who stood high in the estimation of the Reformers, placed himself at the door of the Chapel, and under the specious pretext of allowing no Scotsmen to be defiled by attending mass, prevented them from any violent interruption of the service. When the service was ended, the priest was conducted from the Chapel to his apartments by Lord John, the Prior of Coldingham, and Lord Robert, the Abbot of Holyroodhouse, who were both zealous Reformers, and who, as Knox and Calderwood are careful to remark, had both communicated at the table of the Lord, according to the Protestant form. When the

people saw the priest, and a service which they regarded as idolatrous, thus defended by the men who had hitherto been their leaders in the cause of Reformation, they retired in silence and grief. But their feelings were too strong to be suppressed, and they returned in the afternoon to repeat their murmurings and threats against the toleration of the mass. The attendants of the Queen, who regarded this service as essential to their comfort and peace of mind, declared, that if it were not allowed, they must instantly return to France. The matter was, next day, submitted to the consideration of the council, and persons of the greatest authority and prudence were instructed to persuade the people that mass might be tolerated so long as the Queen's popish friends remained in Scotland. In this way the most violent of the Reformers were pacified, and an Act was passed, which, while it protected the form of religion which Her Majesty found standing in the realm at her arrival, prohibited any molestation from being given to her servants or retinue. To this Act, Bishop Lesly ascribes the final overthrow of the Popish cause, since it gave, what was yet wanting, the royal sanction to the Protestant religion. It did not, however, completely satisfy the Reformers at the time, for when it was proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh, the Earl of Arran entered a formal protest against the liberty which it allowed to the Queen and her domestics; and Knox, on the Sunday following, took occasion to declare his opinion against tolerating the celebration of the mass.

The feelings of the Reformers upon this subject were still farther excited, when the Queen, in a progress which she made through some parts of the realm, caused mass to be celebrated in many of the principal towns. On her return to Holyroodhouse, it was continued; and having been performed with great solemnity and pomp on All-Saint's-Day, the Reformers urged the necessity of suppressing it. A conference between



some of the leading ministers and the principal nobility was held in the house of the Clerk Register. A doubt was started, how far it was competent for subjects to interfere with the religion of their Sovereign, and it was agreed that the opinion of the Church of Geneva should be requested. Knox expressed his readiness to correspond with some of the leading members of that church; but the matter was entrusted to Maitland of Lethington, who was more anxious to have it delayed than decided.

Things were in this unpleasant state when the meeting of the Third General Assembly approached. The place is not specified; but it must have been about the 20th of December 1561, as the supplication to the Queen and Council was presented on the 22d of that month. At first, the nobles who favoured the interest of the Queen refused to meet, as they had formerly done, with the Assembly, but remained by themselves in the apartments of the Abbot of Holyroodhouse. A deputation was sent from the Assembly, requesting their presence and aid. Mutual recriminations between the ministers and the nobles ensued. The nobles complained that the ministers drew aside the country gentlemen, and formed plans without their concurrence or counsel. The ministers replied, that, of themselves, they had done nothing but what the common good and order of the Church required. The nobles questioned the right of the General Assembly to meet without the Royal authority or permission. The ministers maintained the usefulness and necessity of free Assemblies of the Church; and their reasoning upon this point being admitted, the conference seems to have closed, and the deputation, with some of the nobles, to have repaired to the Assembly.

It was then proposed that the Book of Discipline, which already had been subscribed by many of the nobility, should be presented to the Queen for her royal sanction. But the measure was ridiculed and defeated by Lethington, between whom and Knox some unseemly altercation ensued.

The Book of Discipline contained a plan for the appropriation and dis-

tribution of the patrimony of the Church; but as the ratification of it was still delayed, it was necessary that, in the mean time, some provision should be made for the maintenance of the ministers. Accordingly a supplication, in which this was the leading article, was presented; and the propriety of the measure was readily admitted by the Queen and Council. But, although the matter was in itself obvious and reasonable, many difficulties attended the accomplishment of it. After long consultation, the following plan was agreed and acted on: An account was taken of the value of all ecclesiastical benefices. The incumbents, whether Popish or Protestant, were to retain two-thirds of the revenue. The remaining third was placed at the disposal of the crown, burdened with the maintenance of the Protestant Church. To this arrangement the Popish party gave a reluctant consent, and the steps necessary to its completion were but slowly complied with. The Reformers, on the other hand, were dissatisfied with the legal alienation of so large a proportion of the property of the Church, and feared that the spirit which could prompt this arrangement was capable of curtailing or embezzling the pittance which was allotted for the maintenance of their ministers. Nor were their fears without foundation. When the rentals of the different benefices were obtained, the third part was by no means so productive as might be anticipated. Many of the incumbents seem to have exhibited fraudulent rentals, and in this way to have lessened the sums which were due from them. The Queen, on the other hand, granted remission of their thirds to such as she wished to attach to her interest. Many very curious particulars relative to this measure have been preserved by Keith, in the Appendix to his History. The sum total of the thirds for the year in which this arrangement was completed, amounted to upwards of seventy thousand pounds Scots. But, of this, not much more than twenty-four thousand pounds was given to the Protestant Church. Nor were complaints wanting concerning the distribution of this small proportion. By an Act of Council dated at Lin-



lithgow, which is overlooked by Keith, but inserted by Knox, a list of all the ministers in the land was required. The Lord James, the Earls of Argyll and Morton, with Lethington, the Justice Clerk, and the Lord Register, were appointed to modify or assign, and Wisheart of Pittarrow to pay the sums which each of the functionaries of the Church should receive. The modifiers seem to have determined that the luxury in which the Popish Clergy had indulged should not be within the reach of their successors. Three hundred merks, a sum amounting to sixteen pounds ten shillings Sterling, was the highest allowance to ordinary ministers, and to many not more than one hundred merks was assigned. Even these pitiful pittance were but ill paid; and Wisheart incurred considerable censure for the harshness with which he exacted, and the slowness with which he disbursed. It must have been very grievous to the Reformers to find themselves treated in this way by the men who had been with them in their first struggles against popery. The popular feeling may be discovered in the following saying, which is preserved by Knox, (*Hist. of Ref.*, fol., Edin. 1732, p. 301,) "The guile Laird of Petarro was an earnest Professour of Christ, but the mekill devill receive the Comtroller, for he and his Collectours ar become greedie factours."

During the sitting of this Assembly, Edinburgh was the scene of a riot, so serious as to call forth the interference of the Church. The Earl of Bothwell, the Marquis d'Elbeuf, uncle to the Queen, and her natural brother the Lord John, Prior of Coldingham, had gone one night to the house of a merchant, who had a fair daughter-in-law, with whom it was alleged the Earl of Arran maintained a criminal intercourse. On repeating their visit, they were refused admittance, and proceeded to the use of violence. The Ministers, and many of the Protestant nobility, were of opinion that such a flagrant outrage upon the peace and morals of the city should not be allowed to pass without reprehension and punishment. A supplication, which was probably penned by Knox, and which is

inserted in his history, (p. 303,) was presented to the Queen. It set forth in strong terms the enormity of the offence, the wrath which it might draw down from God, and the sedition which it might stir up among the people, and required of her Majesty to "set all affection aside," and to shew, by the signal punishment of the parties concerned, that the fear of God and the peace of the realm were uppermost in her heart. When this supplication was presented, some of the nobles who were in the interest of the court asked, in a threatening tone, Who would adhere to it? The Master of Lindsay, a zealous young man, who had been very open and active in his opposition to the toleration of the mass, replied, that a thousand gentlemen now in Edinburgh were ready to own the supplication. The more moderate of the court party, therefore, advised the Queen to return, in the meantime, a soft answer, and that the matter might be easily managed when the Assembly was dissolved, and the Protestant nobility returned to the country. In her reply, she urged, that her uncle, as a stranger, might claim some indulgence; that his companions were young and inexperienced, but that she would take care that such riotous proceedings should not be repeated. In a letter written at the time, Randolph mentions, that the parties were sharply reproved by the Queen. Her reproof, however, did not prevent the Earl of Bothwell and Lord John from saying that they would do again what they had done before; and, in attempting to renew their violent proceedings, a serious conflict very nearly ensued between their party and the adherents of Arran. In this second outrage, however, the Marquis d'Elbeuf had no part. It is somewhat singular that this nobleman was appointed to command the expedition which was sent from France to aid the late Queen Regent against the Lords of the Congregation. It sailed from Dieppe in December 1559, but never reached Scotland, being dispersed and driven back by a storm. The Marquis, however, came over in the gallant train of his royal niece, and seems to have brought with him the dissipated manners of the French court. The

part which the Earl of Bothwell and Lord John had in this matter was probably taken out of spite to the Earl of Arran, between whom and Bothwell there was at this time a violent feud. On the other hand, it may, without any great breach of

charity, be supposed, that this disturbance was noticed by the Assembly, not so much from its enormity, as from the opportunity thus afforded to the Reformers of pronouncing a public censure upon the dissolute manners of the court.

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### Tea.

*Tea, dulcis conjux, tea solo in littore secum,  
Tea veniente die, tea decedente canebat.*

*Virg. G. 4, 463.*

MY muse, if in my greatest need  
Thou ever to my prayer gav'st heed,  
Now lend thine aid to tune my reed  
With triple glee,  
And o'er its stops my fingers lead—  
I sing of Tea.

Hail, noble plant! the very name  
Kindles a true poetic flame;  
Well worthy thou of all the fame  
Which I can give,  
And not to sing thee were a shame,  
As lang's I live.

Let other bards, wi' rhyming clink,  
Sing to the praise of gude Scotch drink,  
And let them bowse till candles blink  
Wi' double glare,  
When senseless, menseless, down they sink  
Beside their chair.

'Tis thine a peaceful mirth to gi'e,  
Sweet, sober, joy-inspiring Tea;  
All Thracian broils before thee flee,  
Thou plant of peace,  
And gloomy Care at sight of thee  
Cheers up his face.

My skull when twinging headaches tear,  
Driving me onwards to despair,  
When deav'd wi' love, or deas'd wi' lear,  
Relief I've got,  
By draining all my pain and fear  
In a tea-pot.

When maidens of a certain age  
In converse sweet their tongues engage,  
'Tis Tea alone that can assuage  
Their pitiless bark,  
When some frail sister's on the stage  
Of their remark.

Oh, soother of the single life,  
And cement between man and wife,  
Full many a matrimonial strife  
Is hush'd by thee;  
Ye husbands, when dark frowns are rife,  
Call for the Tea.

I love to see the female face,  
Though oft it robs me of my peace,  
And o'er my heart in every place  
It bears command;  
Yet woman has a triple grace  
Tea-pot in hand.

Oh, if I were first cousin to  
The Emperor Tzin-Tzian-Tchoo,  
The Thea thrice a-day I'd woo  
On bended knee,  
And hate the Atheistic crew  
That drink not Tea.

Drink of the Fair, then fare thee well!  
On all thy worth I cannot dwell;  
And, oh, may every Embro' belle  
Ne'er want a dose!  
The loss of thee we all can tell  
's the chief of woes.

*Θεαφίλος.*

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DANIEL M'MILLAN.

MR EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the interest excited by the publication of the "Tales of my Landlord" has in some degree subsided, and the eyes of the public have been opened to the exaggerations of an author whose unparalleled popularity is not less general than, in most other cases, it is deserved; yet, as it is to be feared that

an undue portion of obloquy is still, by many, attached to the memories of those martyrs and heroes to whose noble resistance to prelatie and tyrannical oppression we owe our civil and religious liberty, and as the attention of the public has now, perhaps, more than at any former period, been directed to consider their cha-

racters, and canvass their merits and faults; it becomes, in some measure, the duty of every man, who values the privileges which they purchased with their blood,—by stating those facts, and publishing those parts of their history which he may have collected, or with which he may be acquainted,—to enable at least the unprejudiced to form a fair, candid, and unbiassed judgment. To redeem their names from undeserved reproach, and to propagate whatever is meritorious and worthy of imitation in their character and conduct, are almost the only tribute we can pay to their memories; and though few may have talents to defend them with the same ability with which they have been ridiculed, yet truth, as it is exhibited in the simple and candid statement of facts, must eventually prevail over misrepresentation, clothed though it may be in all the fascinating beauties of elegant composition, and accompanied by masterly delineation of character, poetical description, and romantic adventure. Such views produced the interesting works of “*Ringan Gilhaize*” and “*Memoirs of Mr Blackadder*,” and similar motives have induced the compiler of the following narrative to lay it before the public, through the medium of this journal. The facts are given with little variation or embellishment, as they have often been related to him by a kinsman, now on the verge of the grave,—and contain an account of a man, who, in more quiet times, would have lived in peace and died in obscurity, but who, in the circumstances in which he was placed, did no discredit to the cause in which he was embarked, either by his life or his death. His resistance and sufferings are still cherished in grateful remembrance by the inhabitants of the district to which he belonged, and his grave is pointed out as the bed of a hero, whose memory ought to live in the hearts of every succeeding generation.

About the beginning of autumn, in the year after the memorable defeat at Pentland, as Nathan Cowan, the ferryman at Cunninghamholm, sat at the door of his hut repairing a net, he was thrown into a state of considerable alarm by the appearance of a

regiment of dragoons. One of them, at the command of his officer, left the ranks, and inquired the way and the distance to Lag Tower. “It’s about three miles,” answered Nathan, “and the road gangs straight by the neck o’ that hill.” At a time when the whole island was under martial law, and troops of military were scouring the country in all directions, this might have created little surprise, even to the inhabitant of a remote and lonely cabin; but Nathan had never before seen so many horsemen together, and from past experience, he conjectured that it boded no cessation of suffering to his persecuted countrymen.

A quarter of an hour’s ride brought the dragoons to the summit of the rising ground which bounds the vale of Nith, and they began to descend one of the declivities which forms the narrow valley called the “Glen of the Lag.” “A barren country,” said Colonel Strachan, the commanding-officer, casting his eyes on each side of the bleak hills, tenanted only by a few sheep, to Lieutenant Livingston, as they traced the narrow windings of the glen. “A wild country,” replied Livingston, “and but thinly peopled, I should suppose. Sir Robert is likely to give us little to do in the neighbourhood of his own house at least.” “A man of Sir Robert Grierson’s activity and zeal,” said Colonel Strachan, “will neither remain long idle himself, nor suffer those under his directions to go without employment.” As they approached the house, or, as it was more commonly called, the Tower, the valley widened, and the land had a more cultivated aspect; while several waving fields of corn proved, that, amid all the troubles and confusion of the times, husbandry had not been entirely neglected. The Tower itself was a square building of great strength, but without architectural beauty, situated on a small mount near the middle of the glen. It had been surrounded by a moat; but, as it was now dry, there was access to it on all sides. The principal entrance, however, was by a bridge, which had once been defended by two small towers.

Sir Robert Grierson of Lag had despatched the soldiers as they came up



the glen, and, on their nearer approach, recognised their leader: he therefore came out to meet them, just as the foremost had reached the bridge, and the officers had given orders to halt. He was a stout man, somewhat above the middle size, and about sixty years of age. His countenance was rather handsome than otherwise, but had that particular expression, which, though not absolutely forbidding, would have prevented you from chusing its possessor either as a companion or a friend. It was not devoid of meaning: his brows always knit, and his lips compressed, bespoke a mind firm to execute whatever purpose it undertook; but they also shewed that he was a stranger to all the tender sensibilities of human nature. His eye never gleamed with the workings of anger, or the fullness of joy. If he never stormed or raged with wrathful fury, his features as seldom relaxed into a smile, or beamed with delight. In the bloody work of persecution, in which he was so actively and extensively engaged, his countenance never exhibited a mind melted to pity at the agonies of suffering, or visited by fear in situations of danger. Reproaches he commonly answered by a hollow, diabolical laugh, and curses he heard with the most supreme indifference. In chusing his part in the tragical drama, he had been instigated, partly by a bigotted attachment to prelatial faith, partly by inordinate cupidity. The party which he favoured were in power, and were exerting themselves to establish the religion which he professed; and when he found that, by seconding their exertions, he could serve the interests of both, and best preserve his wealth and property from exaction and dilapidation, he embraced the cause with a willingness, and supported it with a constancy that nothing could shake. It has also been alleged, that his zeal was from time to time kept alive by valuable presents, and by being allowed to appropriate pretty large sums from those fines which were exacted from the non-conformists. The eagerness with which he pursued sensual gratification, in private life, proves that his mind was the seat of other passions equally fierce

with those arising from bigotry and avarice.

"You are welcome to Lag Tower," said he, as he shook Colonel Strachan by the hand. The colonel thanked him with the frankness of a soldier, and instantly explained the cause of his present intrusion with so numerous a retinue. "Our worthy Councillors and Commissioners," said he, "instigated by that most reverend and tender-hearted father in God, the Archbishop, are incensed that these obstinate wretches should reject the lenity of the Act of Indulgence, and have dispatched me with these fellows to assist you, and all the friends of the good cause, to teach them obedience, by a little wholesome coercion, or convey them to Edinburgh, to be placed before their Lordships' most impartial tribunal. But," continued he, delivering a small packet to Sir Robert, "on all these matters you will, I presume, find ample instructions in these papers. In the meantime, you can probably direct these men to good quarters." All the accommodation to be spared in the Tower had already been occupied by a party of Dundee's troopers, and, at any rate, would have been quite inadequate; but Sir Robert ordered his own servants, and those of the troopers who knew the country, to conduct the men to such places as he knew could accommodate them. He then led the way to Colonel Strachan and the other superior officers into his own house, and having ordered them to be served with refreshments, begged leave to be permitted to retire, in order to peruse his despatches.

Among these was a letter from no less a personage than the Primate himself, which that hypocritical apostate had written with all the fervency and zeal of a man who knew that his all depended on upholding the system of proceedings which he had been so instrumental in bringing about and fomenting. He began by lamenting, that, notwithstanding all the measures, both lenient and coercive, which had hitherto been employed, Episcopacy, the only true religion, might be considered as being still far from established; that the people displayed an obstinacy in resisting the truth, which nothing but

the most violent remedies could cure; and these were rendered tenfold more necessary, on account of the resistance which had lately been made to the civil and military power. "The southern and western shires," he said, "had, by their whole, and especially by their late conduct, shewn themselves to be particularly contumacious; it was therefore necessary to proceed against them with the utmost rigour. No partialities or motives of private interest ought to divert the friends of prelacy and loyalty from the speedy suppression of obdurate resistance and rebellion. The Presbyterians, by their rejection of the Indulgence, had plainly proved that they were alike incapable of appreciating the clemency of their rulers, or of consulting their own spiritual and temporal interests; their convictions must therefore be awakened, and their contumacy subdued, by increasing severity. Sir Robert Grierson," he continued, "had hitherto exerted himself with the most commendable zeal, and would doubtless continue to do so with unswerving constancy. His Majesty's Council for Scotland," added he in conclusion, "entertain a grateful sense of your exertions and assiduity, and, most assuredly, will not suffer them to go unrewarded."

From the tenor of this epistle, Sir Robert saw that the conduct expected of him was to proceed with redoubled vigour in the path which he had already chosen. This squared so exactly with his own views and inclinations, that his resolutions were instantly formed; he therefore returned to his guests, to do them the honours of his house.

Next morning the troops were dispersed throughout the country, wherever it was thought they could be most effective. A considerable number of them, with their colonel, remained in Nithsdale, to assist Sir Robert in subordinating the inhabitants of that district. With a party of these, he proceeded first to the house of Daniel M'Millan, one of the most respectable of his own tenants. This man, though he had been engaged in none of the late tumultuary proceedings, was nevertheless exceedingly obnoxious to the Prelatists, on account of his firm at-

tachment to the religion of his fathers. He had been severely fined, but that had only served to confirm him the more in his Presbyterian principles. During the early part of his life, he had been for many years a servant at the Tower, under Sir Robert's father, and, in some measure, a companion of the boyhood, and an attendant on the juvenile sports of Sir Robert himself. He therefore often used a freedom of speech toward his landlord which none of his other tenants or dependants dared to venture. He had never presumed to reproach him with his conduct toward his innocent countrymen, but when, about the time that the fine was exacted, Sir Robert had warned him of the consequences, perhaps fatal, which, what he called, his obstinacy might draw on his head, Daniel boldly replied, that he would never subscribe to a system of religious faith which needed the cruel arguments of arbitrary power and penal laws to enforce its observance. He might, he said, like many others, be hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and be compelled to hide his body in the dens and caverns of the earth; but his conscience was the peculiar property of his Heavenly Master, and could not be subjected to the dictates of human authority.

Little as Sir Robert was accustomed to listen to the dictates of affection, or to be overawed by firmness, he found himself incapable of proceeding at once to extremities against a man whom he had always regarded with feelings of more than ordinary respect. These liberties were therefore, at that time, passed over unnoticed and unresented; but now, when superior authority seemed to encourage his cruelties, they returned to his recollection with a bitterness which determined him to proceed to the full extent of his commission. The regard which he was, as it were, compelled to entertain towards M'Millan, he had also considered as a weakness, which he was anxious to overcome; it was therefore with something like emotions of joy that, having disengaged himself from its thralldom, he entered the cottage, whose inmates had been thrown into a state of no small consternation, on beholding the approach



of so many armed men. Only three of the family were present—M'Millan and his wife, who were standing in expectation of the entrance of the visitors, and James, their eldest son, an invalid, who lay stretched on a settle beside the fire. "Good morning, Daniel," said Sir Robert, speaking hastily, and without any other preface introducing the object of his visit. "Do you still continue obstinate in refusing to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and to renounce the Covenant? Do you approve of the Act of Indulgence?" Daniel waited for a few moments, in an attitude of attention, as if expecting to hear something more; but at last inquired what were to be the consequences, and whither he was to go, in case he continued firm in his profession? "To prison," said Sir Robert. "Then, soldiers, do your duty," cried M'Millan, giving the orders for his own arrest. At the mention of the word prison, the anguish endured by M'Millan's wife deprived her even of the power of shedding tears. She had surveyed the whole scene with the painful interest of one who waits to hear something more awful than she dares almost to believe possible. At the approach of the soldiers to seize her husband, she fell on her knees to Sir Robert; but all power of entreaty was denied her, and with an agony, which arrested the attention and softened the hearts of the brutal soldiers themselves, she could only exclaim, "Oh, Sir!" and sunk senseless on the floor. The arrest of his father, and the distress of his mother, brought a hectic glow over the pallid countenance of James M'Millan, and exerting an energy, of which disease had deprived him for many a day, he raised her from the ground, and placed her on the settle. "Behold some of the consequences of your stubbornness," said Sir Robert to M'Millan, pointing to his almost lifeless wife and emaciated son. "I was prepared for the worst," replied he, with a voice in which sorrow and anger seemed to strive for the mastery. In a moment, however, he regained his firmness, and, as soon as his wife began to recover, signified that he was ready to accompany them. "But where is William?" inquired Sir Robert, after they were

mounted; "my orders are, to spare neither old nor young; and although I will take upon me to suffer James to remain unmolested for the present, yet William must share the fate of his father, if he inherits any of his obstinacy." "Wherever he is," replied M'Millan, "I hope he will be enabled to keep out of the reach of the enemy, or, if he too does become a prey, that he will receive grace to endure tribulation like a Christian."

When they arrived at the Tower, M'Millan was conducted to a small dark apartment, which was to serve as a temporary place of confinement till he could be conveyed to Edinburgh. When left alone, the first act which he performed was to throw himself on his knees, and commend himself to his Heavenly Father. It was with something like a look of triumph that he surveyed the grated windows and uncomfortable appearance of his new abode, after he arose from these pious exercises. He felt that he had now to act another and a different part from that which he had hitherto performed, and that all his fortitude would be necessary, to enable him to conduct himself with becoming constancy. From the beginning, he had been no unconcerned spectator of the sufferings of his countrymen; and although, through the forbearance of his master, he had been less hardly dealt with than many others, yet he knew too well the character of that master, and the disposition of the Government, not to foresee that he might one day be called upon to suffer in the cause of truth. He had therefore all along considered proceedings like the present as extremely likely to take place; and, on this account, he displayed more firmness than in other circumstances he might have been able to command. What might now be his fate he was unable to conjecture; but the experience of others taught him to forebode the worst. Imaginary and real suffering, he began to feel, were totally different: still the goodness of the cause, a strong sense of duty, and perhaps other motives more nearly allied to human frailty, gilded his present woes and his future prospects with the vivid colouring of enthusiasm. In the train of reflections which fol-



lowed, he could not help comparing the simple form and efficacious spirit of that religion for which the present miseries were endured, with the vain pomp and haughty intolerance of that of his persecutors; and if he ascribed the spirit of persecution to the use, instead of the abuse of that particular form, he could scarcely be blamed. The hated Council and their creatures were Prelatists; Sir Robert Grierson was a bigot to the same faith; and feeling the influence of religious belief on his own conduct, and knowing its effects on the manners of others, it was not surprising that a plain man, unaccustomed to philosophical reasoning, should consider that as the cause, which, in almost every case, was perhaps nothing more than a pretence to cover other purposes.

Enthusiasm, however, like every other effort of the imagination, is like the "morning cloud and the early dew;" and, in following the supposed cause to its effects, M'Millan could not prevent the transition of his thoughts to the painful realities of his present condition. He was a sincere Christian and a staunch Presbyterian; but he was also the child of human nature, and alive to all the pains and privations of suffering. Gloomy thoughts began to intrude themselves: and, when oppressed with cold, hunger, and total darkness, he could not resist their melancholy influences. A less noble, at least more painful train of thought took possession of his mind, and the full tide of his woes began to flow fast upon him. His wife in misery, and his eldest son emaciated with disease and sorrow, presented themselves before the eyes of his mind. A cloud of uncertainty also hung over the fate of his second son, the principal stay and hope of his declining years. This young man had gone that very morning to a considerable distance, in order to accompany one of the ejected clergymen to a house in the neighbourhood, where a private meeting was to be held in the evening. This was an errand attended with considerable risk, as they were exposed to the danger of falling in with companies of military in every direction. But how or when could he, notwithstanding all his anxiety and uncertainty, alle-

viate the suffering of the one, or satisfy the yearnings of his soul concerning the other? He himself was a prisoner, and in the power of men who would neither pity nor assist him. In a day or two he might be dispatched to Edinburgh, and in a few days more consigned to the hands of the executioner. He mechanically turned towards the window; but all his attempts were vain, and he resigned himself to despair. His imagination brooded over the horrors of captivity with a pertinacity which checked every attempt to turn his thoughts into a more hopeful channel; and the bitterness of anguish had driven him almost into a state of distraction, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise at the door of his apartment. Presently he imagined that it opened, and that he heard some person groping round the room. The noise he made, as he instinctively retreated when the unknown individual approached, directed the stranger, who soon succeeded in laying hold of, and pulling him gently, as if intimating that he was to follow. In the present mood of his mind, he was little inclined to resist any such intimation, whatever might be its issue; and obeying the directions of his guide, he soon found himself in the open air. Whether it was any of Sir Robert's servants, or some friend, who had found means to release him from his captivity, he could not ascertain, as his deliverer retreated as soon as he was without the walls of the Tower. Again at liberty, his spirits began to revive, and having fairly cleared the premises of the Tower, he directed his steps towards his own home. As he could visit Barndennoch, where the private conventicle was to be held, with but little deviation from the direct road, he determined to go by that place, and endeavour to learn what had become of his son William, and his friends. Here his appearance caused no small surprise and joy to a considerable number who had assembled, grieved at the tidings of his unfortunate capture. When he entered, they were deliberating whether or not to attend a field-meeting which was to be held next day, not far from Drumlanrig. The increase of military force, which

had lately arrived, rendered such a meeting exceedingly dangerous; but when it was considered that their absence could not now prevent it, and might be construed into diffidence in the goodness of their cause, or criminal lukewarmness, they resolved to give their attendance. By representing to M'Millan, that, as soon as his escape was known, the pursuit would be directed to his own house, and that he might thus bring destruction on his wife and son, as well as on himself, and by dispatching a messenger to inform them of his liberty and safety, he was persuaded to accompany them, without returning home; and they accordingly set out long before day-break.

The morning was already advanced when they reached the heights which nearly surround the ducal residence of Drumlanrig. From these is a beautiful prospect of the fertile and picturesque country, watered by the Nith, which can be traced in all its windings for many miles, till it seems to lose itself among the distant holms. The country possesses that richness of appearance which cultivation alone can bestow, and is variegated and adorned, in almost every direction, by large plantations. The view is bounded on the north by the Lowther hills, which are green to their summits; and on the east, by that bleaker range above which Queensberry rises in lofty pre-eminence. Toward the south there is a distant view of the Solway Frith, and the horizon is bounded by the wild and irregular forms of the mountains of Cumberland. The beauty of such a prospect, heightened, as in the present instance, by the appearance of the castle with its towers, as it were gilded with gold by the beams of the rising sun, and the surrounding woods glittering in all the freshness of the morning, was calculated to raise the feelings to the highest pitch of enthusiastic admiration; and many of the company could not refrain from singing aloud that most pious and poetical description of the works of creation, composed by the Hebrew Bard;

“ Bless God, my soul, O Lord my God,  
Thou art exceeding great;  
With honour and with majesty  
Thou clothed art in state.

With light, as with a robe, thyself  
Thou coverest about;  
And, like unto a curtain, thou  
The heavens stretchest out, &c. &c.

Even at this early hour, numerous parties were seen emerging from the woods and glens, and by the time that they reached the place of rendezvous, a great multitude had already assembled. The place pitched upon for the exercises of the day was an open space, on the side of a hill, nearly surrounded with wood. All those who were armed were placed on the outposts, to guard against sudden attack, and scouts were posted on all the neighbouring heights, to give the alarm, in case of the approach of danger. Experience proved that these precautions were not taken in vain; for the work was scarcely begun when it was reported that two parties of dragoons were advancing to attack them. As soon as the certainty of this report was known, the people dispersed in different directions, with the exception of about three hundred, who, occupying a position inaccessible to cavalry, determined to wait their approach, that the rest might the more easily escape beyond the reach of danger.

When the soldiers saw that they could neither dislodge these men by their manœuvres, nor compel them to retreat by menaces, nor provoke them to an engagement by insolence and reproaches, they directed their pursuit after such of the stragglers as were still within reach. Among many others who were overtaken and made prisoners were the clergyman who had intended to officiate, and six men, who attended him. After having been grievously maltreated, they were fastened to the horses, and dragged along at the same speed with which the horsemen rode.

The capture of their minister was no sooner known to the men who had stationed themselves on the hill-side, than, dividing themselves into companies, they set out in different directions to seize all the passes through which it was likely the soldiers would pass with their prisoners, in order, if possible, to retake them. M'Millan, with a party of thirty-seven, proceeded to Enterkin, a very steep hill on the way to Edinburgh. Along the side of this hill



the road winds for nearly two miles, and is in many places so narrow, that not more than two horsemen can ride abreast. It also passes along the edge of several frightful precipices, down which the smallest effort might precipitate the heaviest body. In a little hollow immediately opposite the most dangerous of these, M'Millan, with his companions, lay concealed till next morning, when a party of cavalry, with the prisoners, were seen ascending the mountain. As soon as they had arrived at a place where resistance could only have caused inevitable destruction, M'Millan ascended a height; and commanded them, as they valued their lives, to halt, and deliver up their prisoners. As the morning was misty, it was some time before the commanding officer could discover whence the voice proceeded; but, at last, looking up, and perceiving a man standing almost above him, he ordered his men to halt, and cried out, "What do you want, and who are you?" M'Millan, having called up twelve of his companions, and given them the word, "Make ready," again demanded, "Will you deliver our minister?" "No," answered the officer, accompanying his refusal with a dreadful oath. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he was shot through the head by a musket ball, and falling from his horse, was dashed to pieces against the sides of the precipice. The whole company then levelled their pieces, and the soldiers must have been inevitably destroyed, had not the officer who was next in command desired a truce. The wisdom of this proposal was rendered more conspicuous by the appearance of another body of countrymen at the top of the hill. "What do you want?" inquired the next in command. "Our minister," replied M'Millan, "and the rest of the prisoners." "You shall have them," said the officer, "but it is only on condition that you order your men to ground their arms." "We desire no man's life," said M'Millan, and he ordered his companions to fall back. "I expect," said the officer to the clergyman, when he and the other prisoners were set free, "that you will use your influence with these men to prevent farther blood-

shed." "I will do so," replied the clergyman. "Then go," said the officer; "you owe your life to this damned mountain." "Rather say, to the God who made the mountain," replied the clergyman. When M'Millan and his friends were preparing to retire, the officer again cried out, "I hope you will fulfil your promise, and cause these fellows, who occupy the top of the hill, make way." "These fellows, as you call them," replied M'Millan, "belong not to us. I presume they are peaceable travellers, waiting till you pass." "Had I known so sooner," said the officer, "you should neither have got your men so cheap, nor come off so free." "You may judge from the fate of your superior officer," replied M'Millan, "which party has the most cause to be thankful that the affair has ended so peaceably."

The activity and vigilance used by the "Persecutors" rendering it impossible for the "Covenanters" in this district to assemble in such numbers as to make any effectual resistance; and unsafe to remain in situations where they were liable to be apprehended, M'Millan, with many others, retired to Crichup Linn, a cavernous glen about three miles distant from the village of Thornhill. The only entrance to this Linn is through a little valley, formed on each side by gently sloping hills, covered with wood, which, as you advance, gradually contract till there is scarcely room for a footpath on the edge of a small river. After a number of windings, in which the path becomes more rugged and difficult, the rocks rise, on both sides, to the height of fifty or sixty feet, approaching so near at the top that a man may, without much difficulty, leap from the one side to the other. Into the recess formed by these rocks there is no passage except by the bed of the stream, which is here very deep, and a dangerous path of not above a foot in breadth. There is a sort of cave of freestone, supported by natural pillars; different parts of which are still known by the names of the *Whigs' Lang-settle*, and the *Sutor's Seat*, on account of the refuge which it afforded to the persecuted Presbyterians, and the oppor-



tunity which a mechanic of their number embraced of following his employment. Above this cave the Linn is little else than a succession of the most awful precipices, where the foot of man has never trod, and the light of the sun never shone.

In this almost inaccessible retreat, M' Millan, with his companions in trouble, remained for a considerable time, sending out parties every night to bring provisions, and gain intelligence of what was going on without. During that period, however, great numbers—some from impatience of confinement, others from necessity, on account of indisposition occasioned by damps, fatigue, and other causes—had left them, preferring health and freedom, with the danger of being taken, to security in so unwholesome an abode; so that, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, their numbers were reduced to six men. Each of these, by turns, went out about nightfall to forage for the rest, and usually returned about day-break. One morning, however, the sun having already risen, and there being no appearance of the person who had gone out on the preceding evening, M' Millan sent his son to endeavour to gain intelligence concerning him. They were not without suspicions of treachery; but as William was told to proceed with extreme caution, they apprehended little danger. He had not been gone many minutes, however, when the report of a gun confirmed their suspicions, and made them forebode the worst concerning the fate of William M' Millan and their own safety. They seized the arms which they had in their possession, and hastened to defend the entrance to the Linn. The first who advanced fell at the feet of

his companions, who, seeing the advance of a considerable body of soldiers, plunged into the river, and, with great difficulty, reached a place of safety from the shot of the enemy. But as it was impossible to remain long standing up to the middle in water, they resolved to endeavour to reach a wood at a short distance from the head of the Linn, where they hoped to conceal themselves till an opportunity offered of making their escape. The first who made the attempt was instantly shot, and the rest shared the same fate, from the deliberate cruelty of the soldiers.

During the time that M' Millan was necessitated to make Crichup Linn the principal place of his retreat, he had ventured, more than once, to visit his wife and son. Whether Sir Robert Grierson had been informed of these visits, and considered that, by his connivance, James M' Millan had forfeited all claims to his forbearance, or whether he thought that his duty was but imperfectly performed, so long as a single Presbyterian remained, in one of his rounds he called at the house, dragged him from his bed, to which he was still confined by sickness, and exposing him to the fire of his soldiers, added his name also to the long list of martyrs. A large stone, which the piety of the present proprietor of the land has induced him to surround with a few trees and a fence, marks the place where this cruel deed was perpetrated. Mrs M' Millan died soon after of a broken heart, and, together with her son, was interred in the parish church-yard. A hawthorn bush, and a small stone, still point out the grave where they "rest in peace, to rise in glory."

D.

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### To an Infant.

YOUNG babe of beauty! thou art pure,  
as yet,

And bright the lustre of thy cherub eye—  
As radiance which the angels' wings  
emit,

Caught from the splendours of Divinity,  
As they flit past the throne of the Most  
High.

And, sweet babe! placid is thy brow of  
snow,

Round which the yellow tendrils curl  
and glow,

Like sunset billows playing on the  
shore;

Oh, never may the branding seal of woe  
Impress its felon-mark on hue so fair!

Sweet dimpling smiles thy face are  
straying o'er,

And all is bliss and heaven that beam-  
eth there.

Such once was I. Yes, babe! as pure  
as thou;

But, ah! sweet peace of mind, where art  
thou now? A.

## Walks in Edinburgh.

BY DICK PEPPERMINT.

### Walk II.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.

'Twas two o'clock, the labourers left their  
toll  
With hungry bellies, and with hasten-  
ing feet,  
And I, with highly-throbbing heart, the  
while  
Walk'd briskly onward towards Prince's  
Street;  
Not to behold the orb of heaven decline,  
But woman—earth's bright sun—come  
forth to shine.

Hail, Prince's Street! but hold—ere I begin  
This fine apostrophe, it will be meet,  
Like many periodic scribes, that win  
Their bread by putting forth a weekly  
sheet,  
To give a history of myself—a tale  
Belonging to a lone and lovely vale:

A lone and lovely vale it is—there lies,  
Within its bosom of deep solitude,  
A placid lake as clear as summer skies,  
O'er which the wild-duck rows her num-  
erous brood,  
When spring comes smiling up the moor-  
land dell  
To deck its borders with the heather-bell.

Green are the hills that rise on every side,  
And green the meadows, where the  
bleating flock  
Finds food and shelter—yet diversified,  
By Nature's hand, with many a hoary  
rock,  
Where hoots the midnight owl, and  
shaggy thorn,  
From which the wood-lark hails the open-  
ing morn.

One human home is there; upon the shore  
Of the calm lake it beautifully stands  
Within the shadow of an oak-tree hoar,  
Whose giant branches, like protecting  
hands  
Of parent or of friend, a shelter form,  
To mitigate the sunshine and the storm.

Sweet, solitary cottage! there mine eye  
First open'd on the cheerful light of  
day;  
There my fond mother's soothing lullaby,  
Warm from the bosom where I often  
lay,  
To slumber calm'd my infant sorrows—  
there  
My pious father form'd my lips to prayer.

The flocks that brows'd upon each smooth  
green hill,  
And each green meadow, were my fa-  
ther's flocks;  
The kine that low'd beside the willow'd  
rill,  
The snow-white goats that scrambled  
up the rocks,  
The bees that wander'd through the  
mountain flowers,  
And brought their treasures to the hive—  
were ours.

But every scene where my sweet child-  
hood stor'd  
Its dreams of happiness—hill, mead,  
and cot—  
Were all the property of one great lord,  
Who seem'd unconscious of his mortal  
lot;  
For though a brother of the creeping  
worm,  
He was like Satan in a human form.

"He fix'd his iron talons on the poor,  
And gripp'd them like a lordly beast of  
prey"—  
According to the language, not obscure—  
Of Blair, sweet bard! who sung a mo-  
ral lay  
In which huge Dr Johnson could not see  
One gleam of merit—what a goose was  
he!

He had a factor too—a cunning scribe,  
Fit agent for the Devil or "my Lord;"  
A man, perhaps, that would have ta'en a  
bribe  
To cut his father's throat—for he a-  
dor'd  
That golden ore which, melted by a fire  
Of brimstone, yet may quench such vile  
desire.

He was a little man, of little mind,  
But little things have often wondrous  
power;  
I've seen a wasp-sting make a fellow  
blind,  
I've seen a small worm wither a large  
flower,  
I've seen—nay, I have felt, that, in a bed,  
A flea is very troublesome indeed.

"If you delight in woe, unhappy elves,  
Go lift those hands that have brought  
grief and care

To many a heart, against your useless  
selves,

And go to h—, and you shall see it  
there !”

This oft I mutter'd when my passion raged,  
And pray'd for pardon when my wrath  
assuaged.

And they are gone—but mark me, reader,  
mark,

I say not where—because I do not  
know ;

Yet as a cruel and voracious shark,

Following a vessel, may receive a blow  
It dreams not of—so, gaping for their prey,  
Death pack'd them off, to cram their  
mouths with clay.

He pack'd them off—but not till they had  
stript

My father of his fair possessions all ;  
Not till my tender-hearted mother wept  
To leave the cottage by the oak-tree  
tall ;

Not till, like leaves by autumn-tempests  
driven,

Her babes were toss'd to every wind of  
heaven.

Alas, my friends ! now some are in the  
tomb,

And some are weeping on a foreign  
shore ;

And I, upon a path of grief and gloom,  
Even 'mid the city's rioting and roar,  
Over the harp my tremulous fingers cast,  
To wean my heart from brooding o'er the  
past.

Hail, Prince's Street ! for now my mourn-  
ful story

Is clos'd at length—all hail, delightful  
place !

Where lovely girls come forth in all their  
glory,

Like May-morn roses, each with smil-  
ing face

Of fascination, each in bright attire,  
To fire the Sparks that set themselves on  
fire.

The Sparks ! a word most strikingly ap-  
plied

To all that class of animals call'd Beaux ;  
During a season though they brightly glide,  
In airy vapours soon their sparklings  
close ;

Or, like a butterfly, when they are caught,  
They and their brilliant hues are turn'd  
to nought.

Nay, I am wrong ; for they have mouths  
and noses,

And heads, and hair, and brows, and  
eyes, and cheeks ;

So has a barber's block, but ne'er dis-  
closes

Its inward barrenness,—it never  
speaks ;

But they must prattle like an eastern  
parrot,

And prove their minds are like a lumber  
garret,

Or like a giblet-pie,—fine simile,—

For there is found, if with discernment  
sought,

(At least it generally the case will be,)

Legs of ideas, plumeless wings of  
thought ;

For they, no doubt, have been a while at  
college,

And pluck'd the apples from the tree of  
knowledge.

And so did Eve, and prov'd herself a  
fool ;

And so do they, and prove themselves  
no better ;

For though they struggle through the  
grammar-school,

And learn the name of every single letter,  
Of every word, it cannot be expected  
That e'er by them the sense can be de-  
tected.

'Tis said by somebody\*, that handsome  
hands

Are always given to peeresses and  
peers ;

'Tis said by others, and undoubted stands,  
That well an ass is known by its long  
ears ;

And Beaux, to prove their family, shoe  
each foot

Like that most stupid and most ugly  
brute.

So much for Beaux,—and now a touch at  
Belles,—

Another very emblematic word :

A tongue of thunder that for ever knells,  
An empty head to make that tongue  
well heard :

Is this not like a steeple-bell, that tolls  
Husbands and lovers to the land of souls ?

A Belle—I rather should have said Co-  
quette—

Is of all creatures the most vain and  
selfish ;

And yet, the deuce ! when opportunely  
met,

Her fascination is completely elfish ;  
Her eye-beam, like a fiery sun-ray shed†  
From Indian skies, turns a poor fellow's  
head.

And what cares she ? for if he be not rich  
Or titled, he may rage, and rave, and  
rant,



In bedlam chains, till frenzy's high-  
wrought pitch  
Droops to despondency,—till, gone and  
gaunt,  
He sinks unpitied to a timeless grave,—  
She will not give the hand that but could  
save ;

Because she is incapable of love  
To any creature, but herself, on earth ;  
She is no innocent and beauteous dove,  
Timid and mild, that seldom ventures  
forth  
To public gaze,—but like a cat on watch,  
To catch the prey that she would fainly  
catch.

Good Heav'n ! and is this woman ?—  
woman, whom  
Thou gavest unto solitary man,  
When eastern Eden spread her flow'rs of  
bloom  
Along the banks where Gihon's waters  
ran ;  
When hearts of innocence were taught to  
prove  
The holy luxury of confiding love ?

And is this woman ? No, it is not woman  
In all the beauty of her pristine charms,  
In innocent simplicity, that no man  
Can gaze on, think on, but his bosom  
warms  
With feelings kindred to devotion given  
To pious saints when they petition  
Heav'n.

No, 'tis not woman !—she is sadly  
changed—  
For what her Maker made her she un-  
makes ;  
The currents of her feeling are estranged  
From their own proper channels,—she  
partakes  
No sympathy,—for vanity and pride  
Have froze her heart-springs like a winter  
tide.

Self-worshippers ! I hate you,—man and  
woman,  
Who in your own hearts every thought  
have centred ;  
But think, oh think ! that it is very com-  
mon  
“Pride goes before a fall,”—ay, think  
how ventur'd  
Your prototype to gain the throne of  
heav'n,  
And was to everlasting darkness driv'n.

While thus I mus'd, oh, Prince's Street !  
along  
Thy pleasant pavement, lo, a lovely  
maid,  
Even like a lily-flow'r the thorns among,  
Came gently towards me,—my heart  
betray'd

Its adoration in a moment,—and  
She pass'd me like a form from fairy-  
land.

One moment's gaze was quite enough,—  
it left  
Her image deeply grav'd upon my  
brain,  
Enshrin'd within my bosom,—it bereft  
My heart-pulse of its calmness,—and  
each vein  
Felt from the fountain the impetuous  
stream  
Of blood, that made existence like a  
dream.

Her form was tall and sylph-like,—such  
as rises  
Upon our visions of untroubled sleep,  
When heav'n-born Fancy on her throne  
despises  
All worldly cares, all grovelling  
thoughts, that keep  
The spirit bound to this degrading earth,  
All woes inherited by human birth.

Her raven hair was braided o'er her brow  
Of lily whiteness, and her deep dark  
eyes,—  
Like stars of morning, which their radi-  
ance throw  
Along the valley, from enkindling  
skies,—  
Brighten'd the spring-bloom on her  
cheek—the lip  
Red as the rose that wild-bees love to sip.

Her bosom heaving 'neath the tighten'd  
press  
Of silken garment of cerulean dye,  
Prov'd to my fancy all its tenderness,  
Its innocence, and all its flowers that  
lie  
In embryo state—love-blossoms to im-  
part  
Their sweetness yet to some adoring  
heart.

“There is, kind Heaven !”—unto my-  
self I said—

“A beauteous creature born of human  
birth,  
A woman that is worthy to be made  
The idol of my worship here on earth—  
All worthy to enjoy the bliss that reigns,  
Like cloudless sunshine, on celestial  
plains.

“But I must follow her (this with a sigh)  
Though it should be for ever and for  
ever ;

Though like a comet through the bound-  
less sky,  
She give to me a resting moment never :  
Yes, I must follow her, or bid farewell  
To hope and joy, to,—more than I can  
tell.”

So saying, I turn'd round upon my heel,  
And saw her still—for she was easily  
seen ;

And I ran forward, like a carriage-wheel  
When ardent lovers drive to Gretna-  
Green ;

When heads are peeping out, amid their  
fear,

To see if no pursuing friend be near.

Onward she went, and onward I pursued,  
Through streets, and lanes, and squares,  
perhaps a score,

Until, at last, she for a moment stood  
Beside the railing of a splendid door ;  
Then stept she lightly up, then rung the  
bell,

And went into the house of Master Gell.

“ By Jove I have her ! ”—in my heart I  
cried—

So I rejoiced as many a poacher hath,  
When through the snowy mountains  
waste and wide,

He tracks the timorous hare's deceitful  
path,

And finds her couch'd, she that, as soon  
as shot,

Shall lose her skin, and fill the poor man's  
pot.

O shocking simile !—it will not do—

So I rejoiced, even like a frenzied bard  
When some fair image to his mental view  
Stands half reveal'd—when he has  
run it hard

Through all the windings of the brain—  
until

He gives it name and being with his quill.

“ Pray,” said I to a ragged porter, “ pray,  
Has Mr Gell a pretty wife, Sir ? ”  
“ No.”

“ A sister, then, as lovely as the day  
Of flower-crown'd June, as spotless as  
the snow

New dropp'd from heaven ? or a daugh-  
ter either,

Of such incomparable beauties ? ” “ Nei-  
ther.”

Ha ! forth she come again—away, away  
She glides before me like a radiant  
dream.

Unearthly beautiful, or like the ray  
Of Will-o-wisp, that to some fatal  
stream

Lures the bewilder'd wretch, who, like a  
sail,

Founders without a friend to hear his  
wail.

I may not think so—loveliness like her's  
Can only lead me on to happiness—

To hope, that with divine emotion stirs  
The fountain of the heart, like winds  
that kiss

The mountain-spring—to pleasures that  
arise

Within the breast like flowers of Paradise.

But, ah ! while thus my quarry I pursue,  
A country fellow grasps me by the  
hand :—

“ O, Master Peppermint ! pray, how  
d'y'e do ? ”

“ O, Master Clodpoll ! I've no time to  
stand.”

“ Why, Master Peppermint, you're most  
uncivil.”

“ Why, Master Clodpoll, you go to the  
devil.”

He quits me instantly—but ere he quits,  
The lovely vision from my sight hath  
fled,

And with it too, I am afraid, the wits  
That can be ill spared from my swim-  
ming head,

Which burns, as *Ætna's* furious entrails  
burn,

At thought of hopes—that never may re-  
turn.

Gone like a flower that's scatter'd by  
the gale,

Gone like a shot-star from the mid-  
night sky,

Gone like a dew-drop that the suns ex-  
hale,

Gone like a wild-bee booming swiftly by,  
Was she, my fair one—and my great  
vexations

I vent in song, for future generations :—

“ O fair unknown ! whose radiant eye  
Came like a sun-beam to my heart,  
And made the feelings there that lie  
To life and admiration start ;

O could I know but who thou art,  
The name thou among mortals bearest,  
The home to which thou wilt impart  
The light of pleasure which thou  
sharest !

“ O fair unknown ! could I behold  
Again the form that I adore,  
Thou never, till my heart was cold,  
Should'st vanish from my presence  
more :

I'd follow thee from shore to shore,  
Even like thy shadow still beside thee ;  
And watch thy guiltless pleasures o'er,  
And soothe the woes that might betide  
thee.

“ O fair unknown ! could I but hear  
The music of thy melting tongue ;  
Could I but press the lips so dear,  
On which no scandal ever hung ;  
Could I but claim the hand that flung  
The light and lovely 'kerchief o'er thee ;  
And bless thee with the voice that sung  
This song of him that must adore thee.

## SCOTTISH MILITARY EDUCATION.

*Cedant Armis Togæ.*

If we consider that (to use the words of a right honourable Baronet,) "the Scots have been always a martial people, high in spirit, and fond of warlike achievement,"—that their success in the cultivation of science has been commensurate with their renown in arms,—and that one of the proud distinctions of their country consists in the general diffusion and cheapness of elementary instruction,—it must appear not a little surprising, that, amidst the number and variety of our institutions and seminaries of education, we should have been unable, till within little more than a twelvemonth past, to reckon a Military School,—and that it should have been reserved for an enterprising individual to supply so obvious a defect in our system of public instruction. Most states organize their general scheme of instruction with reference to the predominating national characteristics. In Scotland, however, where the people, few in number, and inferior to the inhabitants of many countries in one of the great elements of political power, (wealth,) have, nevertheless, made themselves always respected, often formidable, by a courage at once daring and obstinate, no attempts have been made to form and guide into the proper channel this invaluable quality; and the military reputation of the country, even in an age when war has become a science, and many of its operations problems in transcendental geometry, has been committed, in a great measure, to chance, and the irrepressible but untutored bravery of her children.

It would be of little service to inquire to what combination of prejudice and folly this strange neglect is to be ascribed; the object which we have at present in view, is rather to point out a few of the advantages resulting from a military education, even in time of peace, and the expediency of introducing part of that peculiar system of instruction into all our great public schools.

It is a fact known to every military

man, that not only at the commencement, but during a very considerable portion of the late long war with France, the great body of our officers were immeasurably inferior in science and skill to those of the enemy. Skill is, no doubt, acquired by experience in the field, and in this respect the superiority of our rivals, in the first instance, was the result of circumstances which no previous education could counterbalance; but science can only be learned in the schools,—and, in the present state of the art of war, mere experience without science is as unavailing as mere science without experience. We had no schools where military science could be acquired. Young men were transformed into officers by the co-operation of the army-clothier and the drill-serjeant, without the slightest previous acquaintance with the principles of a profession which, to be pursued with advantage to the individual or the public, demands an extent and variety of acquirement, equal to, or perhaps greater than, those requisite for any other. To qualify them for civil employments, our youth were compelled to undergo a course of previous study and preparation; for the military profession, on which the very existence of the country might come to depend, none was judged necessary. The army was filled with half-educated, idle, and dissipated young men, incapable of steady and continued application,—destitute of every military accomplishment, except the courage which they shared in common with the meanest soldier in the ranks,—and proud of their scarlet and gold uniforms more for the grace and favour they procured them with silly, light-headed girls, than as the badge of an honourable profession, distinction in which was only to be attained by a happy combination of physical and intellectual qualities. The consequences inseparable from such a state of things were soon felt deeply. In how many instances was the unequalled courage of our troops ren-



dered unavailing, by the ignorance or incapacity of their officers! and how frequently were the blunders of officers accompanied by an unprofitable waste of human life—by the sacrifice of those gallant fellows, who, when properly commanded and led on, were capable of achieving any thing short of absolute impossibility! It would be invidious to condescend upon specific examples;—the recollection of every reader who is conversant with the military history of the last thirty years will supply them in abundance.

But it may be said, that England has several Academies expressly appropriated to the purpose of military education. True; but must Scotsmen repair to England for instruction in a profession which they have so often and so freely shed their blood to adorn? There is no other branch of knowledge which a Scotsman may not acquire in his own country, in as much perfection, and to as great an extent, as in any other country; and there can surely be no good reason why, if his inclination lead him to the army, instead of the law, the church, or physic, he should not have the benefit of instruction at home. Every nation and state on the continent has its military schools, where the youth, ambitious to signalize themselves in arms, are regularly and fully instructed in all the branches useful for their profession, and where they acquire the rudiments of the science, which is afterwards to be perfected in the field, and to fit them for the command of armies. What we desire is, that the youth of Scotland may have the same advantage; that, in short, whatever profession they may chuse to select, their own country shall afford them the means of adequate instruction. But even supposing it perfectly expedient and proper, in a general way, for our martial youth to repair to England, it is well known that, from the constitution of the military schools of that country, and particularly the interest required in order to obtain admission, the benefits to be derived from these establishments must necessarily be of very limited extent. It is not, therefore, among the monopolizing aristocrats of England that our youth are to be sent a-begging

for instruction; we require a military school of our own, which, like all our other establishments for education, shall be open to the whole world, and dispense freely to every one who can afford to enter it, the benefit of scientific education in the profession and practice of arms.

There cannot be a doubt, we think, that such an establishment is eminently requisite and necessary in this country; and the circumstances of our being at peace with all the world (the Birmans excepted) is only another argument in its favour. It is in peace that nations strengthen themselves, and provide for the exigencies of war; it is in peace that whatever has been found defective in our military system can be corrected and amended; it is in peace that the greatest improvements are brought forward, examined, and applied; it is in peace that every legitimate means ought to be employed in sustaining the military spirit of the people, and, above all, in encouraging the upper classes to devote their attention to a profession which is, in general, congenial to their habits and feelings, and in which they ought always to be ambitious to excel. The cant of pseudo-philanthropists and fanatical divines, who labour to proscribe the profession of arms, will not surely be listened to by those who, having looked into human affairs, are convinced that war is frequently as inevitable as the plague; and that, while neighbouring states maintain large standing armies, and neglect no means of fostering the military spirit of their people, the principle of self-preservation imposes a similar duty upon us. These arguments will not, we presume, be weakened by reference to the actual state of Europe at the present moment,—exhibiting a conflict between the revolutionary and the despotic principle; in which, though the latter be for the present successful, it is impossible to foresee how soon the apple of discord may be thrown down, the oppressed armed against their oppressors, and the nations of the world once more convulsed with the struggle.

We would only further remark here, that, were greater care and attention directed to the education of young men previous to their enter-

ing the army, the general respectability of the military profession would be greatly enhanced. Why do the individuals belonging to the corps of Royal Engineers assume a higher place in society than the officers of marching regiments? The reason is obvious—because they are, in general, incomparably better educated and more accomplished men, and many of them distinguished for their acquirements in the exact sciences. Now, ought it not to be an object of the first importance with Government, that every officer should, if possible, be equally accomplished? It will not be denied that the efficiency of the humblest subaltern is prodigiously increased, if, in addition to the knowledge of those duties which are more strictly professional, he possesses an acquaintance with the principles of gunnery and fortification—can use with facility his pencil in sketching—and has rendered himself familiar with the foreign languages, particularly French, Italian, and German. Every officer is considered a gentleman, and ought to possess the education of a gentleman: but, above all, he ought to be entirely *au fait* in the science and details of his own profession. The lawyer, the divine, and the physician, are regularly bred to their respective callings; and it is more than high time that the formation of officers should be taken out of the hands of the tailor, the jeweller, and the man-milliner.

We have been led to make these observations by witnessing the honourable efforts of a gallant and accomplished officer to supply the great defect in our general system of public instruction, to which we have alluded. More than a year ago, Mr George Scott, who had served for eleven years as Adjutant to the 91st, or Argyleshire Regiment, and had been distinguished by his acquisitions as a linguist, as well as by his qualifications as an officer, organized an Institution in this city, which he appropriately denominated "THE SCOTTISH MILITARY ACADEMY." The object of the projected establishment was twofold: "1st, To afford to young gentlemen intended for the profession of arms, the means of preparatory scientific instruction, upon the principle of the celebrated

schools established in England by the Government and the East India Company, and according to the system lately adopted in the army by his Majesty's command: And, 2d, To introduce a rational and useful system of bodily exercise, which may be practised with safety, not only by boys from the time they commence their education, but also by grown-up persons, whatever may be their views, and while they are pursuing their other studies or employments—as agreeable and healthy recreations, beneficial in relieving and invigorating the mind, and tending most powerfully to 'improve the carriage, develop and strengthen the physical powers, and, by strenuous exertion, furnish the means of self-preservation, in the various occurrences incidental to human life.'

In furtherance of this general plan, Mr Scott announced, that the following branches would be taught in the Institution: 1st, Military Mathematics, Fortification, Drawing, Geography, Military History, French, Italian, German, Spanish, &c. &c.; and, 2d, The Broad Sword, both for Cavalry and Infantry, the Small Sword, Firelock, Tactics, Gymnastic Exercises, &c.,—the Mathematics, Fortification and Plan-Drawing, according to the methods adopted in the Government, and India Company's Military Schools in England,—and the Military Exercises in conformity to the system lately introduced into the army. This was unquestionably a most judicious plan; and it is gratifying to observe the zeal and success with which it has been carried into effect. On the 2d of this month, the first annual examination of the Institution commenced, and continued during part of that and the three following days, in the presence of a numerous and highly-respectable body of spectators. The general proficiency of the pupils, in Mathematics, Fortification, Languages, and the Sword and Firelock Exercises in all their branches, reflect the highest credit on the zeal and ability of Mr Scott, and give promise that this infant Institution will at no great distance of time rival the old and lavishly-patronized Military Academies of the south. We particularly remarked the readiness and ac-



curacy with which the young gentlemen answered the different questions proposed in Fortification, as well as the beauty and accuracy of the drawings they had executed of some of the *chefs-d'oeuvres* of Vauban and Coehorn. Nor were we less gratified with their readings in French and Italian, in the principles of which they seemed to be thoroughly grounded: they translated with an accuracy and precision which can only be acquired by an intimate acquaintance with the grammatical structure of a language; while the greatest attention appears to have been paid to the pronunciation, particularly of French, which, from its extreme nicety and delicacy in many respects, is seldom to be heard in this country. Mr Scott, we are aware, has had many advantages in this particular, which he has not failed to turn to account; and it may be mentioned, that his superiority to most British officers, in the intimate knowledge and correct enunciation of the French language, was so well known to his superior officers, that, when serving with the Army of Observation in France, he was frequently employed as interpreter in Courts-Martial, when it was necessary to call Frenchmen as evidence. The expertness of the young men in the sword-exercise, and in loose play with cudgels, attracted general notice, and elicited repeated plaudits from a very numerous and genteel company.

Though this Institution is but in its infancy, it ought to be mentioned, at once as a proof that such a seminary is wanted, and of the liberality of our countrymen in patronizing so highly honourable an attempt to remedy a defect which was generally acknowledged, that, since last summer, nearly 200 pupils have received instruction in the *Scottish Military Academy*. We have not a doubt that the number will rapidly increase, and that the Superintendent will thereby be enabled to enlarge the basis of the Institution, so that the young men may be carried forward into the higher departments of the Mathematics, and initiated in the principles and application of the differential calculus.

We learn, with pleasure, that Mr Scott has it in contemplation to introduce a system of Gymnastic Exercises, combining the best parts of the

different systems practised on the continent, or recommended in the most approved treatises on the subject. This, in our opinion, (and on this subject we speak from personal experience,) will be a prodigious improvement. "The education of youth," says an intelligent officer who has written well on this subject, "is naturally divided into two parts—mental and physical. In England, the attention of those who have the superintendence of education has been entirely confined to the former; the latter has been left to chance, and the natural necessity for exertion which characterizes the human body in the early stages of life. The importance of exercise is universally allowed, but no attempts have hitherto been made to reduce it to any system, or subject it to the guidance of experience and judgment. The modes of exercise have been left to the invention of children, whose supreme command over their own sports has never been denied or molested. The consequence is, that the hours of exercise are turned to very small account, as regards their original destination. The only advantage obtained by time spent in recreation at present, is the relaxation of the mind. The body is left to take care of itself." The object proposed by Mr Scott, is to introduce a system of bodily exercise, which, while it affords considerable amusement, and total relaxation of the mental faculties, brings into a full and healthy action all the muscles of the body. "Health, vigour, elasticity, robustness and beauty of frame, are the rewards which this system holds out to those who will persevere in the practice of its precepts."

It is astonishing that, with the example of the ancients before us, the benefits of physical education should have been so entirely overlooked or neglected in this country. It is matter of daily observation, where Gymnastics are regularly taught and practised, that the most feeble constitutions are strengthened,—the most awkward and ill-formed persons improved, both in figure and in graceful motion,—and the most vigorous and robust health secured against the accidents to which it is incessantly



liable. By training himself to almost daily exercise of some kind or other, the wondrous Childe, now unhappily no more, fortified a constitution singularly delicate, and invigorated limbs, the original formation of which seemed intended for any purpose but that of motion or exertion. By a similar process, health, strength, and symmetry, are within the reach of every one. If, therefore, a small portion of the time daily devoted to the dancing-master, or to those games and sports which injure, instead of improving the physical frame, were devoted to the Fencing-Master, and to Gymnastic Exercises, young men would improve their health, elasticity, vigour, and even the forms of their bodies, and would be free from many of those diseases which grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. "How many parents," says Mr Clia, "would have preserved their children, if they had had the precaution to give them a more masculine education!"

This applies to young men for whatever profession they may be destined; to the intended soldier, such exercises are of the first necessity. "A great number of those brave soldiers (we again quote from Mr Clia's book) who have irrecoverably lost their health, or who perished miserably in the late wars, would have been at present the consolation of their parents, and the protectors

of their families, if, by giving them a more vigorous education in their youth, care had been taken to accustom their bodies to fatigue, and to enable them to find, in their physical qualities, the efficacious means of seconding their courage in the moment of extreme necessity."

We hope these considerations will have their due weight with the Patrons and Directors of the *Edinburgh Academy*, the introduction into which of Fencing and Gymnastics we should hail as a very great improvement. We trust they are superior to the paltry prejudices which have hitherto stood in the way of any effectual system of physical education in this country; and if they are, we venture to stake our credit, that Greek and Latin will suffer nothing by teaching the boys the use of those natural powers with which Nature has endowed them. The dancing-master is by no means to be dispensed with; but, in addition to all that he can give, we would have boys well planted on their legs, their chests thrown forward, and their muscular powers called into almost constant exercise, by fencing, running, wrestling, climbing, and other tasks recommended by approved writers, and reduced to practice in the best schools on the continent. Four-fifths of our young men are educated as if they were never to pass beyond the precincts of the library or the drawing-room.

SIX MONTHS' RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS IN MEXICO. BY W. BULLOCK, F.L.S.

THIS is really a very sensible and amusing work. Mr Bullock has, with great judgment, steered clear of the course of former travellers, and his information, besides being new, is interesting. The extensive country of Mexico, it is well known, was long closed against foreigners, by the narrow policy of Spain, and we knew almost as little of it as of China. We knew, indeed, that it contained the precious metals, but further, our knowledge did not extend. Matters are altogether changed, under the new government that has now succeeded to the old despotism of the mother country. The doors of this

extensive country are now thrown wide open to foreigners, and, by the liberal maxims of the Mexican rulers, their visits are encouraged. Under certain limitations, indeed, a freer intercourse was admitted in the last years of the original government; and it was then that the country was visited by Humboldt, who has poured forth, in his interesting works, those stores of original information, by which he has not only extended the science of geography, but has also enriched many other branches of science connected with it. Now that the opportunities are enlarged, other travellers have, as might have

been expected, followed in the same track, and the demand for South American knowledge is now in a fair way of being supplied.

Mr Bullock is well known to the public for the various scientific exhibitions which he has got up, in which he has contrived to combine amusement with solid instruction; and in this his vocation, he visited Mexico in the beginning of the year 1823, where he resided six months. He travelled from Vera Cruz to Mexico, where he made it his business to examine all the curiosities and antiquities of this far-famed capital, and in which occupation he succeeded far beyond his wishes, owing to the facilities afforded him by the revolutionary government, whose liberality he commends in the highest terms. All ancient relics of the Mexican empire were not only shewn him, but many of them were dug up from the place where they lay half-buried, and he was permitted, not merely to inspect, but to take drawings, or make casts of them: several antique memorials and MSS. were given altogether into his possession; and others he was allowed to take to London, to have them copied, and sent back again. In short, the liberality of the new government, and the desire to show him attention, was unbounded. Every trace of the narrow jealousy with which foreigners were wont to be regarded, is now entirely done away, and instead of discouraging them, there is an anxiety to court their visits. Favoured by those opportunities, Mr Bullock made excursions, with the utmost freedom, through the country, exploring its antiquities and its curiosities, and instead of being impeded, was favoured in his researches by all classes. He even procured from the government letters of naturalization, and became proprietor of a mine which had been abandoned in consequence of its being overflowed with water, which, Mr Bullock thought, by the application of the proper machinery, that he could extract.

Mr Bullock sailed from Portsmouth on the 11th of December 1822, and landed at Vera Cruz, on a handsome pier of solid masonry, paved with pigs of bar iron of English manufacture. He remained as

short time as possible in Vera Cruz, which is well known to be the seat of misery and disease. He gives a shocking picture of the place, in which he could find no decent accommodation, being obliged to sleep all night at the inn, in his clothes, in an apartment which opened into a billiard-room, where he was tormented with heat, noise, and mosquitoes. He went at day-break to the market-place, where he saw no great show of either fruits or any other provision, except fish, of which, however, there was a most splendid collection. "Hundreds," he observes, "of various species, glowing in all the colours of the prism, surpassing the lustre of precious gems, and all the most brilliant tints of the humming birds, covered the stones of the market-place of Vera Cruz." The place, it is well known, is most unhealthy, and the stranger is in danger every hour he remains within its walls, surrounded by arid sands, extensive swamps and savannahs, the exhalations from which scatter every where the seeds of contagion and death. Mr Bullock was assured of protection and passports for his subsequent journey to Xalappa (which is half-way up the Table Mountain) from the republican general, whom he met there, and by whom he was treated in the most friendly manner.

Mr Bullock set out on the 8th of March, in a hired carriage, drawn by eight mules, in company with Mr Vanderies, an intelligent French gentleman, and his son, on the road to Xalappa. In order, however, to explain the nature of this journey, it will be necessary to state something as to the nature of the country through which he was now to travel. It is well known, that the country of Mexico begins to rise at a short distance from the sea-coast; and that after it reaches the height of from 6 to 8000 feet above the sea, it spreads out into vast plains, and is called Table Land, from its resemblance to a table. Xalappa, to which Mr Bullock was now travelling, is situated more than half way up this elevation. It need hardly be stated, that the climate is sensibly improved as the traveller, receding from the sea-coast, climbs the Table Land, the great tropical heats being mitigated by the height of the ground,



and the country becoming pleasant and healthy. The sea-coast is the abode of heat and fever; but Xalappa, where the European oak first begins to appear, is the beginning of that happier region which is the seat of health and of perpetual spring.

The first day's journey of our travelling-party terminated at San Rafael, where they repaired to the Posada, or inn, which is a large shed thatched with leaves or reeds, partly inclosed like a bird-cage, and freely admitting the air. It is so little barricadoed, as to allow whatever passes within to be seen from without, and the roof projects very considerably over the sides. Into this common resort of all travellers Mr Bullock and his party were conducted, and told, that, unless they had beds of their own, they must repose on the floor, nothing being furnished but shelter from the rain, and Indian corn for the cattle. Here having disposed their mattresses, they proposed to go to rest, hoping that fatigue would operate as a soporific; and we have the following account of the comfortable manner in which they passed the night, which may be taken, Mr Bullock informs us, as a general specimen of the state of all the inns on the road.

Several persons of both sexes, with some children, were in the same room with us, in a sort of gallery that projected over the enclosure. Our mules, and those of other travellers, were fastened on the outside, while numerous dogs belonging to the house, as well as those attached to the different conveyances of the travellers, were mingled with their masters, and kept up such a barking as to render sleep impossible. We had horses close to our heads, eating Indian corn,—the mules kicking and fighting,—the muleteers cursing,—intolerable and suffocating heat,—braying of asses,—singing and stinging of mosquitoes, and the biting of myriads of fleas, completed the comforts of what has been called an inn. How did I pray for a glass of water to moisten my parched and feverish lips!—how did I long for an English barn or hay-loft! either had been a paradise to such an infernal spot. To leave it, however, would have been to have run the risk of being devoured by the surrounding dogs. Day-light at length brought us relief, and, clearing our persons from the deposits of the poultry that had roosted

over our heads, we reloaded our carriage, and proceeded on a better road than heretofore, having in some parts been carried, at considerable labour and expence, over morasses which would otherwise have been impassable.

Passing through various towns of less importance, they arrived at the city of Puebla de los Angeles, which contains, according to Mr Bullock, 90,000 inhabitants, many of them wealthy, and living in good style.

Puebla is a splendid city; the streets are straight and broad, and cross each other at right angles, dividing the whole into squares of considerable size. Its manufactures have fallen off, and it is likely will fall off still more, when the intercourse with Europe, and especially with Britain—that great seat of capital and industry—becomes more frequent. Coarse woollen cloths were formerly made; but this branch of industry cannot possibly stand before the competition of this country. Mr Bullock also visited the glass-manufactory, where the machinery for grinding the flint appeared very rude and simple.

Passing through the city of Cholula, and several other minor towns and villages, Mr Bullock at length reached the far-famed city of Mexico; and great was his disappointment, as he travelled through the dreary and desolate country by which it is approached, and where there is nothing that can give the least idea that a great city is near. "All (he observes) is dreary silence and miserable solitude." On arriving at the barriers, they passed through a part of the shabby-looking troops that surrounded the city, and entered the suburbs, which were mean and dirty, the people inhabiting them being covered with rags, or only wrapped in a blanket. The following account of what our travellers now felt is exceedingly natural:

So great was my disappointment, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that I was in the capital of New Spain, the great mart of the precious metals, whence they flow to all parts of the habitable world:—a few minutes more, however, brought us into the city; and whatever I had seen of regularity and largeness of streets, size and grandeur of churches and houses, was here surpassed,



and I felt repaid for all the dangers and troubles I had undergone. Many of the streets are nearly two miles in length, perfectly level and straight, and with the ends terminating in the view of the mountains that surround the valley. Most of the houses are of the same height, generally three stories, highly decorated, and ornamented with two rows of balconies of wrought iron, painted or gilt, and some of bronze. The stories are very lofty, the apartments being from fifteen to twenty feet high. The first or ground-floor is entered by a pair of large folding gates, ornamented with bronze, often thirty feet in height. These lead into the court-yard, surrounded by the house, filled with trees and flowers, producing a very pretty effect, and having a gallery to each floor, offering so many separate promenades under shelter from the sun and rain. The lower apartments are generally occupied by the porter and other servants; the floor above is often let off; but the highest, which is the principal, is occupied by the family themselves, having a separate stone staircase of great magnificence leading to it. Nothing can be better calculated than these residences for the delightful climate, in a country where change of temperature is scarcely known, where perennial spring reigns, where fire-places are never seen, and where it is scarcely necessary to have glass windows to exclude the night air from the bed-rooms. All that is requisite is a strong roof, against the heavy rains that occur at certain seasons, and lofty rooms to afford a free circulation of the air; and nothing can be better adapted for this purpose than the style of architecture introduced by the Spaniards into Mexico.

Numbers of the houses are entirely covered with glazed porcelain, in a variety of designs and patterns, which gives them an extremely light and brilliant appearance. The walls of the great staircases are also ornamented in the same manner, mixed with a profusion of gilding, which has a splendid effect. The roofs of the houses are nearly flat, and brick-ed. Many of them are covered with flowers, affording a pleasant place of resort in a fine evening, as the prospect is delightful, and the air refreshing, and uncontaminated with smoke. Owing to this species of ornament, the city, seen from an elevation, presents a far more beautiful appearance than those of Europe, where the red-tiled and deformed roofs, and

shapeless stacks of chimnies, are the principal features in the prospect.

The late convulsions and disorders, the invariable consequence of political changes, which have befallen this country, have not been favourable to its improvement. Ultimate good will no doubt spring out of present evil; but the immediate consequences of the Revolution have been unfavourable, and have wrought a visible and melancholy change in the state of the capital. One effect of the civil contests of which the country has been the scene, has been the closing up of the rich mines, which gave employment to a numerous class of labourers, and diffused wealth and comfort through the country. It is not that we suppose the digging for gold or silver to be more profitable than any other branch of industry; but this was the great staple produce of the country; and commerce and industry must of necessity receive a shock by the stagnation of the trade. During sixteen years of revolutionary warfare, also, almost all the old rich Spanish families have been expelled the country; great changes have taken place in the fortunes of others, who have been compelled to remain; and the community is just smarting under all those immediate evils. This is the price which must be paid for freedom. There is no getting quit of the old yoke without a struggle, and partial distress is the consequence of this struggle. Arriving at the very time when all these evils are in full operation,—when society is reeling, as it were, under the revolutionary shock,—when the nauseous draught has been just swallowed,—when its evil only, and not its good, is seen, it is extremely natural to draw inferences rather unfavourable to the Revolution; and this impression seems to have been strongly made on the mind of our travellers by the aspect of existing distress. There appeared, according to Mr Bullock, a visible decay in the capital of Mexico, from that splendour which it exhibited to Humboldt immediately previous to the Revolution. “The superb tables,” he observes, “chandeliers, and other articles of furniture, of solid silver—the magnificent mirrors and pictures, framed in the same precious metal,

have now passed through the mint, and, in the shape of dollars, are circulating over Europe and Asia; and families, whose incomes exceeded half a million per annum, can now scarcely procure the means of a scanty subsistence." These are, no doubt, grievous evils; but the question just comes to be, whether the Mexicans, in dread of the consequences of a revolution, were bound to submit to the intolerable evils which oppressed them,—were bound to submit to every interdict which the caprice or tyranny of the mother country should lay on their industry? Were they bound—the whole population of this extensive country—to be mere pack-horses, to bear whatever burdens the insolent inhabitants of the mother country should fasten on their backs? Were they bound to be quiescent under such miseries, from a fear of those temporary convulsions attendant on political changes? We think not. They had a stormy strait before them, over which they must pass to the land of light and liberty; and they chose rather to brave its dangers, than to remain on the opposite and dismal shore of darkness and misery. These dangers are now surmounted; the evils of revolution have been endured, and the benefits of freedom are now come; and we cannot doubt, that, as they have sown the seed, they will now reap the harvest. There is no doubt that industry, being set free from its shackles, the produce of the country will be increased, and there will be a more equal diffusion of wealth. There will not be, as heretofore, such distant extremes of overflowing wealth and extreme wretchedness. Labour will be open to all classes, in whatever line they may think most profitable. There will be a similar encouragement to the free employment of capital; wealth will circulate freely through all its natural channels; and the aggregate riches of the community, without, perhaps, such overgrown fortunes, the consequence of the monopoly of property by the rich and the great, will, upon the whole, be greater, and will be more equally divided. So that though there may not be the shewy and dazzling spectacle which immense wealth never fails to present,

there will be more solid comfort and happiness; and as capital slowly accumulates from successful industry, splendid fortunes will again arise; the price, not of political monopoly, but of commercial enterprise, and a standing encouragement, therefore, to industry and good conduct.

The evils of the revolution were every where visible, not merely in the ruin of individuals, but in the decay of public institutions, established for the improvement of literature and the arts. Mr Bullock visited the theatre in Mexico, where the exhibitions were wretched in the extreme; the orchestra indifferent; the scenery, dresses, and machinery, inferior to the performances of Bartholomew Fair. The performers were in a style entirely corresponding. The aspect of the audience was greatly affected by the woeful change which has taken place among the inhabitants of this once gay city. Not a tenth part of the house was occupied, and there were but few females, and these but indifferently dressed. Two or three Canton crape shawls were the only coloured articles of dress to be seen. A gentleman mentioned to Mr Bullock, that he had visited this place of amusement forty years before, during the viceroyalty of Galvez, and he was strongly impressed with the miserably altered appearance of this once splendid place of amusement, which he had before seen crowded to excess by brilliant audiences. The Botanic Garden is one of the finest that can be seen. It is full of the most elegant plants and flowers unknown to the eye of a European, and all flourishing in the highest degree. Such, however, were the exigences of the state, that the pension to the Italian Professor, who had the care of this beautiful and useful establishment, was about to be taken away.

Mr Bullock gives a lively and amusing account of the general aspect of Mexico; of the inhabitants, and their manners and customs. Their markets form an interesting spectacle, particularly the markets for vegetables and birds, which are constantly arriving of a morning, in hundreds of Indian canoes, by the lake of Chalco. Mr Bullock mentions, that he was never tired of ex-



aming the fruits and vegetables, they were so splendid, and in such variety, many of them scarcely known in Europe. For these details we must refer to the work itself, as they rather run to too great a length to be extracted. The Indians also bring to market a considerable quantity of a small delicate fish, not more than two or three inches long, which they take in nets, in the canals and ditches near the lakes.

There is no doubt, when we consider the state of this extensive country, as to industry and capital, that it will afford a great market for British manufactures. The muslins and calicoes of Great Britain, both printed and plain, are in great request; but the German linens sell better than the Irish. The blue and white earthen ware, manufactured in Britain, is also much sought after, and will, in a great measure, injure the domestic manufacture of those articles. The low-priced French woollen cloths seem to be preferred to the British fine ones, the glory of a Mexican dandy being to appear in a new coat as glossy as possible. Cotton stockings are in great demand; and Mr Bullock thinks, that if a few of our well-dressed countrywomen were going over, as specimens of our manufactures, that it would greatly accelerate the change which is going on, and that Glasgow and Manchester might double their exportations in a few months. There are no optical instruments; and cast-iron, so generally useful and necessary in this country, is almost unknown here. Of its powers, as connected with steam, they have received such exaggerated accounts, that they generally disbelieve the whole as an idle tale. English beer and porter are in great demand, and sold sometimes for four or five dollars per bottle. Breweries are about to be established, for which they have a very fine barley. Medical and surgical knowledge is at a low ebb. Several young physicians from the United States had arrived, and were getting into practice.

From this account of the state of things in Mexico, it is clear that it presents a noble opening for the commerce of Great Britain. In this country we have an overflowing ca-

pital, with a host of artizans admirably trained in every species of refined industry. We have capital and industry at command, in short; and such improved machinery, also, that we have increased, to an amazing degree, the powers of labour; and can, after paying the heavy expences of a tedious transport by sea, undersell the domestic manufacturer, of almost any country, in his own market, with all the advantage which he has of cheaper wages. The half-informed countries of the new world are just precisely in that state in which we can pour with advantage into their markets a supply of our commodities. They are, in many parts, extremely productive; they have abundance of rude produce; but they are deficient in a supply of the finished manufacture. They want capital, and, still more, industry, of which we have a superabundant supply; and the two countries are, therefore, in respect to each other, in the most favourable situation imaginable for an extensive commercial intercourse. We consider the independence of these countries of vast importance to Great Britain; and that it is our policy immediately to recognise their independence, which is now notorious to all the world, by which we might possibly obtain some relaxation of the heavy duties which press on foreign commerce at the port of Vera Cruz, one of the chief inlets into the interior of this great continent, and at which, as we conceive, by a very injudicious policy, a heavy toll is levied on the passage of all foreign produce.

The improvements which are at present going on in Mexico, the free intercourse with this country, and the great probability that British ingenuity and capital will be transferred in great abundance to this (in a manner) new country, suggest various anticipations, not only as to the effects of this change on Mexico, but also on the world at large. The great staple, it ought to be considered, of these countries, has hitherto been the precious metals, of which the Mexican mines have yielded large supplies. But the machinery by which they have been wrought is very imperfect, and in consequence



of the want of proper means for extracting the water, many of them have been overflowed. We understand from Mr Bullock, that the great mine of Valenciana, which yielded one year a neat profit to its proprietors of £.250,000, is among the number. A great defalcation has thus taken place in the supply of silver formerly derived from these mines. But when new and improved methods are again carried into effect, for the recovery of these mines, the supply will again increase; and when we consider that a company has been formed in this country for the prosecution of the trade, and that neither capital nor industry will be spared to carry it on with the utmost vigour, we may naturally expect that a new and increased supply will be poured into the European market. One certain consequence of this will be a fall in the value of the precious metals throughout the world, which leads, as is well known, to a general rise of all prices. All commodities will be thus increased in their nominal rate. Money rents will fall in value, and all annuitants will suffer proportionably: the price of land will rise; but this will only be the money value; the real value will remain as it is; and in general, no benefit, but rather inconvenience and loss, will accrue to the community, from the change that will thus take place in the standard of value. It is of great importance that money, which measures the value of all other things, should remain invariable in its own value. Money is the basis of a great variety of important contracts. It is thus indirectly implicated with the existing state of property; and when its value is changed, from whatever cause, it shakes the superstructure which is founded on it. It subverts all pecuniary contracts, and is the source of great disorder, and often of extensive injustice. This effect, therefore, which will necessarily be produced in the transactions of the world at large, by the improvement of South America, is rather to be lamented, as it tends to unsettle the fixed order of business, and cannot possibly be attended with any good effect whatever. We

may hope, however, that the great benefit derived from the opening of such an extensive market for manufactures will more than counteract any evil that may arise from this source. At any rate, what naturally springs out of the common course of human improvement cannot be helped; the tide of the world will roll on in spite of all opposition; and the great object ought to be, not to offer to it any ineffectual and petty opposition, but to improve opportunities as they occur, and to extract, out of passing changes, all the good possible, with the least admixture of evil.

Mr Bullock left Mexico on the 19th of July for Vera Cruz, where he arrived about the end of August, and embarked for Europe, after passing through a singularly grand and romantic country, marked in various places with the dreadful traces of raging volcanoes. He gives the following account of the change that had occurred in Xalappa during his absence, which may shew to our readers to what extent the spirit of improvement is operating in this country.

On my return to Xalappa, I was immediately struck with the alteration that had taken place in the appearance of many of the ladies during the short time of my absence. Instead of their universally appearing in black, as formerly, many were now to be seen in the last fashions of England, in white muslins, printed calicoes, and other manufactures of Manchester and Glasgow; and the public promenade on the evening of a Sunday or holiday presented an appearance of gaiety hitherto unknown. On inquiring the cause of this change, I was informed that it principally arose from the volumes of Ackermann's fashions, which I brought with me from England, and the arrival of an English lady, whose newly-imported wardrobe had made a hasty tour through most of the respectable houses in the city, and from which the belles had taken their new costumes. I believe a few of our dashing milliners, with a tolerable stock in trade, would soon realize a property; and, by introducing British manufactures where they are at present little known, add considerably to their consumption: the revolution in dress and fashion will probably be as great as that in politics, and I hope will change more frequently.

## THE FAMILY OF GLENHOWAN.

THE literary taste of the public has of late been almost exclusively directed to the tracing out and painting the antiquated characters and customs of our Scottish ancestors; in consequence of which, many national traits and eccentric peculiarities which were on the eve of being for ever forgotten, have been caught while hurrying into oblivion, and fixed as permanent mirrors, wherein the present generation may behold shadowed forth a faithful picture of their less refined and more simple progenitors. This taste, by which all seem to be influenced, though perhaps carried a little too far, is by no means, with respect to national feeling, either a partial or fictitious one. There is something in the delineation of ancient character, which, while it amply gratifies our most eager curiosity, speaks also powerfully to the heart, and awakens within us so many kindred sympathies, that, to remain uninterested, would only argue our want of sensibility; and to decry them as untrue to Nature, our utter ignorance of what constitutes such a standard.

I would also add my humble mite to the general sum, by attempting the portraiture of a family at present in existence, who embody within themselves almost every thing now deemed eccentric in ancient Scottish character, and who are perhaps less tainted with the prevailing manners of the present day than any other family throughout the whole of Scotland. Born in the same parish in which they and their forefathers have for centuries rusticated, (a parish lying in the western district of Dumfriesshire, and which Hogg, in his "Queen's Wake," denominates "green ———," &c.), I have known them almost from childhood, and can aver, that however much the following account of them may, in some respects, appear like caricature, it is strictly correct in every leading particular, and mixed with as little exaggeration as possible. Indeed it is to this circumstance alone that I trust for success; for though, in abler hands, they might furnish materials for volumes, in mine, the narrative

will be more indebted to sterling veracity, for what merit it may possess, than to the display of any graphic powers I am master of. For obvious reasons, I have drawn over them the veil of a fictitious name, which, however, takes nothing from the interest of the picture, for, whatever is natural, comes, with regard to interest, within the scope of the poet's line,

"The rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet."

The members of this singular and truly original family, who, notwithstanding the many oddities attached to their character, are scarcely known beyond the limits of their native parish, consist of one man considerably above the middle age, who is laird of the farm they occupy, with three or four sisters, two of whom are older than himself, and wrinkled enough, as may be supposed, this being generally the case with old forlorn maidens, whose tempers have become soured by want and disappointment. These are what may be called the old stock; then the laird has two sons, the fruit of his marriage several years ago, with a woman of a respectable and somewhat genteel family, who was ultimately obliged to separate from him, being unable to transport herself from the point of civilization to which society had then attained, backwards for at least a century, to "his own times," as Bishop Burnet hath it; or to *keep her own side of the house* with his Amazonian sisters, who, to use an old phrase, "could have eaten all they liked of her." One or two of these sisters have also added, though not so economically as the laird, considerable additions to the family, some of whom, in their turn, have again enlarged it; so that the ancient house of Glenhowan contains under its roof no fewer than three generations.

In mentally sketching the picture of those who yet retain, without any mixture of modern refinement, the unsophisticated manners of our ancestors, we never fail to make an innocent and artless simplicity one of the most prominent features in their character; but such an Arcadian



trait forms no part of the moral physiognomy of any of the family I am describing. That sensitive modesty, which blushes with embarrassment when drawn into a sphere of higher attainments and great urbanity, or when surprised, in its own, by the unexpected intrusion of those more conversant with the customs and etiquette of the world—that war between consciousness of worth, and diffidence in presuming upon it—that warm and unvitiated sensibility of soul, which, like a well-tuned instrument, is ever in harmony with Nature, are ingredients at best but sparingly mixed with mortal composition, and which here, in particular, have been entirely withheld. Philosophers inform us, that the first step man takes in the progress of civilization is from savage to pastoral life; but the family of which I am speaking have convinced me that mankind do not rush at once from one extreme to the other, but that there are some intermediate stages, at which they halt for a little occasionally, to habituate themselves, as it were, to the new sphere they have attained, and establish their footing *there* before they reach forward to another. The transition is not immediate, as we are apt to suppose, while theorising upon the state of early society; the sun does not spring from the midst of darkness in the east, and shoot to its culminate position in a moment; it scales, by slow degrees, the steep of heaven; and in this respect furnishes a very apposite picture of the progress of the human intellect. Were Kaimes himself to revisit the world he has enlightened by his labours, and be placed among the inmates of Glenhowan, I am certain he would find it no easy task, with all his discrimination and logical inductions, to determine in what particular stage to place them. He would find so much of savage and pastoral manners huddled and blended together, as to baffle all his efforts at drawing a line of distinction between them; and he would at last be obliged to set his mind at rest, by coming to such a conclusion as many of our naturalists sagely do, when a different colour of the skin, a joint or two more in the vertebrae, or any other slight anomaly among some members of a species of animals be-

tween which the great and general outlines of Nature are the same—namely, that they are an intermediate class, and fill up the gap between the two to which they bear the nearest resemblance.

But let us now close with our subject; and, in order to proceed methodically, let us take a peep at the scenery amid which Glenhowan is situated.

The reader may fancy to himself two collateral ridges of lofty hills, running in a westerly direction for several miles, till terminated by other masses more stupendous, that distract the eye with their wild irregularity, while striving in vain, at a distance, to explore an egress towards the setting sun, and a little stream leaping from among them, as if descended from the sky, that seems there to have dropt the edge of its curtain, and realized the fable of Atlas. The valley between these two ridges is so narrow, that in most places the stream may be said to wash the bases of both, as it winds round their vast angles, to fall into the C—, a short way beneath the village of M—; and upon its banks, which, for a considerable way towards its source, are beautifully shaded with the birch, the alder, the oak, and the hazel, may be seen gradually peering at intervals, as if reposing beneath the shadows of the incumbent mountains, the *onsteadings* of the laird and the farmer, or the smoke curling in spiral wreaths from the chimnies of their workmen's cottages, and emulating the altitude of the hills, whose summits, to the eye of the spectator, seem almost to lose themselves amid the deep cerulean of heaven. Farther on, the houses become more unfrequent; the woods at last terminate, and a landscape opens upon you, composed of, here and there, a small piece of meadow, and hills of the most vivid green, where naked Nature sits enthroned amid rocks, and cataracts, and storms, and casts her eye over the aspect of a country unchanged, in all its leading features, since the birth of creation. Almost at the extremity of the glen, (for here may be assigned its partial termination,) and nearly the last farmer's residence within it, stands the house of Glenhowan, in the midst of a small clump of



straggling trees; and, from the ravages of time, and the neglect of its owner, almost an utter ruin. A huge mountain here runs almost across the glen, and intercepts the prospect to the westward, and nearly a mile to the eastward; the acute angle of the above-mentioned ridges bound almost the view in that direction, so that you are inclosed within a spacious amphitheatre; where, unlike the narrowing effect produced by the mimicry of man, the soul expands itself to embrace the vastness of Nature, and becomes elevated, and imbued with a portion of her sublimity. The area, to continue the metaphor, is here considerably extended. Several large flats of meadow, very fruitful in hay, run along the margin of the rivulet; and in many places are drier and more genial spots, adapted to the purposes of tillage, that bear good crops of oats and barley; but hay is their principal crop, and exercises their industry a considerable part of the summer; for, though the spots capable of cultivation are by no means neglected, yet agriculture and its produce, in the moorlands, form but a secondary concern. The cutting and *winning* of their hay,—the stacking of it, which is always the most important work, and, except *smearing*, the most merry in the year,—the looking of the hill, a delightful task in summer,—and the tending of their sheep and other cattle, are the chief avocations of the moorland farmer.

The reader will perceive, from the description I have given of the site of Glenhowan, how little intercourse its family can have with society, and, consequently, how little of the world's present knowledge or habits they can be possessed of. They seem like a rock in the middle of a stream;—the fashions, the language, and the manners of mankind, are for ever changing and gliding past them, while they remain unalterably the same, and still, to the imagination, appear coloured with the same romantic tinge of antiquity. The customs and peculiarities of their forefathers appear to have been no less an heritable property than their land. They have descended unadulterated, through many generations, and bid fair to make the tour of many still. Even

their dress is still imitated, with scrupulous exactness; and the house, the furniture, and the few implements of husbandry that are seen on the farm, all wear the aspect of the beginning of last century.

I have often had the *drum* of my ears almost beat in pieces by the noisy garrulity of grandfathers and grandmothers, while enlarging upon the superior merits of the age in which *they* were full of sap, and unfurrowed with a wrinkle, and have been obliged to bow with humble deference, for the sake of quiet, to the dogmatic asseveration, that our flippant period could bear no comparison with their's; and the family of Glenhowan have not escaped this passion for reminiscence, and pride in the *antique*, which seems to be the rust of old age, and the common lot of humanity. They fail not to expatiate upon the excellence of the times that are past, and the degeneracy of the present; and, to the pride of belonging to a nobler era, they add the genealogy of a long line of *dignified* ancestors, in recounting the names and history of whom they might teach a Jew correctness and particularity. A great number of lairds are reckoned on the paternal side; and, on the maternal, they have no less pompous a list, tracing their descent, if I remember aright, even so high as knighthood. That they value themselves upon these “full-blown” family honours is a very obvious inference. To strangers who visit them, they affect a politeness and consequential dignity of deportment, which form one of the most eccentric and laughable of all their peculiarities; for either of these sit upon them with just as good a grace as the large black coat of the great lexicographer Dr Johnson would have done on the little dwarf kept by the king of Prussia, that could have danced in one of its pockets. This heterogeneous mixture of pride and politeness leads them to be extremely punctual in rendering “honour to whom honour is due.” On going among them, you are instantly beset by the whole troop of *fair ladies*, ducking, and curtsying, and Sir-ing, and how-do-you-do-ing you, at such a rate, and with so much oddity of gesture, that it would require all the

ill-nature of the learned Doctor I mentioned above to maintain your gravity, for to be grave in the midst of such a scene "exceeds all power of face." Then the laird coming forward, with his narrow and weather-beaten visage, reminding you of the sharp features of a squirrel,—a tall, meagre form,—his bones kept together merely by sinews, and almost rattling like a castanet within his skin,—making his obeisance so low that you see into the hole of his neck, and elevating his back-bone to such a height as exactly to represent the figure of a camel! he is there, with the whole troop of *fair ladies* at his heels, with their "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," as when I at first beheld them; and were I on the point of death, I could not refrain from laughter.

The younger members of the household stand at a distance, in the back-ground of the picture, and gaze upon you with a mixed expression of inquisitive curiosity and stupid astonishment, among whom I must not pass over in silence the elder of the laird's two sons, a lad of about sixteen years of age, and "heir apparent" to the estate of Glenhowan. He is already as tall, and wants only the age, the withered visage, and the ungraceful projection of the hams, to be the perfect transcript of his father; for in every other particular, his *auddwardness*, as the neighbours significantly call it, fully comes up to the family standard. This is the inevitable consequence of the way in which he has been brought up from his infancy, amid the same wild and sequestered scenery, and enjoying no opportunities of associating with any beyond the limits of his own domestic circle, or of imbibing ideas, or of acquiring habits, different from those which were thought ancient in the days of his great-grandfather.

The village of M—— is scarcely five miles distant, yet he has been there only twice in his lifetime. His first visit happened to be on the evening of an illumination, during the rejoicings after the battle of Waterloo; and however poor such an attempt at splendour might in reality be, it may safely be affirmed, that never had his fancy, even in her sublimest flights, imaged to herself a

fairyland so replete with novel and wonderful objects, as the entirely new world that now burst upon his bewildered senses. The number of houses crowded together, with a regularity of which he had never entertained the most distant conception,—the brilliancy of the windows, with a candle in every pane,—the vast assemblage of people parading the streets to the sound of the fife and drum, and almost rending the welkin with their shouts and merriment,—the rattling volleys of shot, discharged at intervals, and the flashes that preceded their report, striking fiercely against the canopy of impenetrable darkness that hung over the shining village, which seemed like a star gleaming through the midst of a pitchy cloud,—were subjects of amazement and wonder on which Lee Boo himself could not have gazed with a greater intensity of surprise and admiration. He had heard the thunder booming along the summits of the mountains that tower above his isolated dwelling, and listened to it with the soul-subduing impression of its being the voice of the Almighty,—he had witnessed the sublime warrings of the angry elements, in a scene whose every feature accorded with their savage wildness, and had raised his eyes by moonlight to the lofty horizon that walled him, as it were, from the world, and seen the stars apparently resting on its edge like diadems; but all these phenomena had been familiar to him from his childhood,—their frequency of recurrence had ceased to create surprise,—and his mind, like the sun of Ossian, sleeping in its clouds, had yet to awaken in the world of novelty, and experience here the first innovation on the sameness of its former existence.

We can scarcely conceive a more interesting subject for the speculations of a philosophic than the thoughts which must have occupied his mind concerning the multitude of objects that from every quarter solicited his attention in this singular situation. It was like a blind man opening his eyes for the first time upon the face of Nature; every thing he beheld was yet free from those associations which become connected with whatever we have once contem-



plated; and the idea, formed by the first striking of so many separate objects at once upon his senses, must have had something in them truly unique and original. His soul fastened in succession upon all he saw, with an intensity which rendered him insensible to every thing else; and while he stammered up and down the streets like a moving statue, the strange appearance he exhibited did not fail in attracting a noisy crowd of the young village imps around him, who soon fancied that in him they had found an object more worthy their attention than any thing connected with the rejoicings. He wore a bonnet, fitted to his head as closely as a wig, with an old-fashioned coat of a very peculiar cut, and a plaid thrown over the right shoulder, and knotted beneath his left arm. A vest, with huge pockets, reached to his loins; and his long, small legs, which, contrasted with the shortness of his body, gave him the appearance of a person mounted upon stilts, were sheathed to the knees in a pair of gun-mouthed breeches, and from thence downwards in stockings with the feet cut from them, called by the country people *hoshins*. A cur dog, which seemed to feel as much from home as its master, attended respectfully at his heels; and a hazel staff, cut from his native *cleugh*, filled his right hand, and completed the accoutrements of the young heir of Glenhowan.

It is not surprising that so strange a phenomenon should soon become the centre of all the mischievous pests of the village. If he walked, they ran shouting before and behind him; and if he stopt to contemplate any new subject of wonder, they instantly clustered round his stalwart person, some to pluck his tails, and others to annoy him by a profusion of epithets, such as their invention had ready for the occasion. Yet so much was he absorbed in other speculations, that for a long time he appeared totally unconscious of their presence, their noise, and even of their bodily appliances, till at last, finding all their efforts unavailing to make him recognise them, some of the more forward sort attempted to throw him off his balance by tripping him. This, though it had the de-

sired effect of breaking the spell that seemed to have bound his faculties, might have proved fatal to the urchins who devised it, for, had he fairly lost his centre of gravity, their utmost speed could not have carried them beyond the reach of the form they had undermined, which, in whatever direction it had fallen, was sure to have overtaken and crushed one or two of them. In the very act of falling, however, and while the dwarfish rabble were precipitately widening their ring on all sides, like a circle in the middle of a pool, his long-lost consciousness flashed upon him at once, and his hazel staff, as if by instinct, was in a moment thrust forward to support him, and break the force of the centripetal attraction that was so rapidly shaking him from his perpendicular. Whether the unceremonious manner in which his ribs came in contact with the end of his staff, or a keen sense of the insults thus offered him had tended to blow the coals of his indignation, is not known; but certain it is, that, on recovering his equilibrium, he immediately cocked his cudgel, and, glaring around him like a lion at bay, threatened to take fearful vengeance on those who had "wrought his fall." It was in vain that the innermost circle, whose misfortune it was to be nearest him, strove to avoid the desolating sweep of his ponderous weapon, by fixing their heels in the pavement before them, and leaning backwards with all their might against those in the background. The rascals who were out of the reach of danger themselves felt too much interested in this new movement and threatening attitude of their stalwart automaton, to regard the danger of those in its more immediate vicinity, and still continued pressing forward to obtain a nearer view of so singular a spectacle. Just at this portentous moment, when the heir of Glenhowan stood collected in his strength, and about to lay prostrate the whole Lilliputian throng that swarmed like emmets beneath him, his father, from whom he had strayed during his trance, and who had been searching for him up and down the village a considerable time, rushed forward, like Sin between Death and Satan, and



stopt the execution of his "big revenge." The joy of his enemies may well be imagined, when they saw themselves thus rescued from impending destruction; and yet, so short-lived a sentiment is gratitude, that no sooner were they sure of being out of danger, than their former impertinence returned; and both their deliverer and his second-self were escorted by them to the precincts of the village, deafened with huzzas and laughter, and their *persons*, together with the garments in which they were scabbarded, made the butt of the most insufferable ridicule.

This specimen of polished manners and knowledge of the world, which I have given in the person of the young laird, may be taken as a general index to the character of the whole family, except, indeed, the oldest generation of the *ladies*, who, to the improvement resulting from a very few more visits to the village of M——, add the experience of several scores of years, with all the prying inquisitiveness, cunning, and waspish irritability to which almost every old maid, at their time of life, is liable. But the old laird forms the greatest exception of all, having been several times at Dumfries, about twenty miles distant; and sometimes, too, upon urgent occasions, such as that of his courtship, he has been seen a number of miles from home in other directions.

At these times he appears mounted on a large draught-horse, the tail and mane of which have never been trimmed except by the hand of Nature, and whose long, heavy, and sluggish pace (for it is in no case whatever put to greater speed than a walk) give it an appearance no less singular than its rider. The dress he thus comes abroad in consists of a coat, vest, and breeches, all of black, and made in the very oldest fashion,—a three-and-sixpence hat,—and a huge pair of old boots, reaching to his *knee-lids*, so hard, dried, and wrinkled, as to be entirely destitute of even the slightest elasticity, and so wide, that he might jump out of them with the greatest ease. No spur graces his heel to goad the sides of his favourite animal, which seems to be quite familiar with its master,

and to trudge along under him more from choice than from compulsion. At times, however, he carries a staff, but apparently more for ornament than use—at least one would imagine the horse thought so, as it uniformly, when he gives a tug with the bridle, a flap with his legs, and a back-stroke with the staff, all at the same moment, continues at its usual pace, without in the least mending it, or shewing the slightest consciousness of having received such an admonition.

I have sometimes had the pleasure of thus meeting him in his journeyings; and having been informed how much he was gratified by a little homage, I did not fail to uncover my head to him on passing, and to make a very low bow, in my most approved fashion, for which I was always amply repaid by his ludicrous manner of returning it. The expression of self-importance, blended with the deepest and most fawning gratitude for the honour paid him, which his countenance assumed,—the low bow, till his nose almost came in contact with the pommel of the saddle, and the air with which he raised his hand to his hat, and again lowered it till it fell upon his horse's side,—were subjects of merriment for which I would even willingly have bowed the knee to him, and made every sacrifice of self-consequence which perverted pride ever taught one man to claim from another.

In this way does the Laird of Glenhowan hold on his course, attracting the notice of almost every one he meets, but never failing to attribute the eagerness with which he is gazed at to other causes than the appearance he exhibits. The representative of a long line of (according to him) illustrious ancestors, with the light of their memory concentrated in himself as its common focus, and being still arrayed in their *venerable* costume, and adhering to their maxims and habits,—in fact, the mirror of his whole genealogy,—he fancies (perhaps with as much reason as all who urge the same plea) that public notice is the unavoidable result of that deference his presence must naturally inspire.

In all these excursions, he takes

particular care to avoid toll-bars, and has been often known to take a circuitous route of many miles, regardless of every obstacle, the least of which would have stopt the progress of any but himself—and all to save a single three-halfpence. Taxes, too, and the share of the Ministers' stipend, which, being a laird, he is obliged to pay, give him no small uneasiness, and frequently call forth his bitterest invectives. He cannot, by any sort of reasoning, perceive the justice of making him pay a priest whom he never went to hear, nor ever did, excepting a day or two at the time he got his two sons baptized; and he regards this contribution as infinitely more unjust and oppressive than that required by the king. In return for what is paid to the latter, he has his property protected, and his rights, both personal and relative, confirmed and defended; but from the former he has—what? Why, a profession of being his *spiritual defender*! from which experience has taught him he can reap nothing but disadvantage, as the invisible attacks of his spiritual foes never yet tended to lighten his purse, which the keeping of a mortal champion to repel them has most materially done. These unseen wars of the worthy priest in his behalf, of which he has heard so much, but felt so little, are, according to his view of things, entirely destitute of merit, since undertaken so pragmatically, and merely for the sake of emolument; and what still more confirms his antipathy to a standing army of theological warriors, is the belief that the charity they inculcate is a home-drawn argument, levelled at his own pocket along with those of his other demon-beset lay brethren, and altogether uninfluential with regard to themselves. Were his views upon this subject adopted, the reverend champions would be necessitated either to disband or starve; or, embracing a more heroic fate, turn the point of their spiritual weapons against a more material substance, viz. themselves, and fall with the courage of an ancient Roman, for not a single *zecchin* would he give for their maintenance or the support of the system. The bitterness of his animosity against them is uniform

and unceasing; and it is a common remark with him, when speaking of his farm, "that were it not for ministers, and devils, and crows," he would find no difficulty in making himself easy and comfortable from its produce.

The most of readers are perfectly aware in what manner the rapacity of ministers and crows may affect the farmer's worldly property; but how devils are to have any detrimental influence over it, is a question they will no doubt look upon as less easy of solution; as, beyond our *moral property*, the influence of such agents is very seldom dreamt of. The demons here alluded to, however, are not of what may be called the old legitimate stock, but belong to that subordinate class conceived and brought forth by a superstitious imagination, during the darkness of the middle ages, and known by the now-scouted names of elves, fairies, &c. The family of Glenhowan would present a strange discrepancy of character, were this superstitious notion the only relic of antiquity they had cast behind them; and, happily for their uniformity, they still cling to it with inveterate prejudice. No accident befalls them that is not attributed to some supernatural agency; their moral world is crowded with *genii*, on whom devolve the consequences of every action of their lives; and as, in many instances, the apropos occurrence of some fortuitous event hath lent an air of probability to, and seemed in some measure to justify the harbouring of, such opinions, so, in like manner, the family of Glenhowan have not failed to experience some synchronisms of omens, and their fulfillments also, to demonstrate the truth and reasonableness of their credulity. One or two instances of this I can give, which may be relied on as authentic: They have, during the year, a number of *unlucky* days, as they term them, when certain observances must be kept, with the view of propitiating the invisible beings who are deemed hostile to their interests; and, consequently, to avert the danger from themselves and their effects, with which they believe these gloomy periods of their existence to be pregnant. Upon one of these days, a cow which belonged to them hap-



pened to stumble into a ditch that formed the boundary of her pasture, and was unfortunately drowned before any of the family perceived her,—a circumstance which, while it deepened the gloom of their superstition, almost overthrew their sanity, and for a long time rendered them inconsolable for the loss they had sustained.

Among the multitude of their evil genii, cornerakes have the misfortune to be one, its cry being looked upon as a certain indication of death to some one of the family, from its having once been heard a little before the demise of the present laird's father. His widow fell badly some time after; and, during her illness, a cornerake was one morning heard to tune its pipes in an adjoining cornfield, at a very short distance from the house; and had Death, even in all the terror of Milton's *protopopæia*, entered her dwelling, and, before their eyes, struck his dart into the bosom of their mother, the weeping inmates could not have been thrilled with deeper horror than that which curdled their blood at this unwelcome sound. Convinced of its being the death-call of their mother, they immediately gave way to lamentation; and, actuated by the absurd belief that, to drive from their ground the ominous harbinger might perhaps avert her fate, the daughters rushed out, armed with long sticks, like so many female maniacs at an ancient Bacchanalia, and spread themselves through the field from whence the sound proceeded, thrashing the corn in all directions, which was then knee-height, and dripping with dew, in order, if possible, to dislodge their enemy.

Some shepherds, who, from the neighbouring hills, happened to perceive this strange, and, to them, unaccountable scene, speak of it as one in which were combined many circumstances, both of a sublime and truly ridiculous nature. The sun, though a while risen, was only beginning to peer over the summit of a

mountain to the eastward, and lighten with its slanting ray the brawling burn and dewy meadows of the deep vale of Glenhowan, where every blade of grass, bending under the weight of a little globule of humid nourishment, darted back a tinging ray towards the broad-orbed luminary from whence it derived its splendour, and, blended with myriads of others, diffused over the valley a brightness which seemed to those above it an ocean of silver radiance. The lark had forsaken its lowly dozing place, and sprung aloft, to welcome the return of morning, where it was sometimes seen to carol in middle air, or lose itself amid the clouds that were then rolling themselves up the sides of the mountains, and beginning to ascend into heaven; but, beneath, what a contrast!

The daughters of Glenhowan, regardless of all these beauties, with their long loose hair sometimes hanging over their faces in matted ringlets, like the tatters of a coachman's mop, or, at the least puff of wind, thrown backwards in wild disorder, and streaming over their shoulders, so as to impart to them the exact resemblance of Discord preceding the chariot of Mars! They were running with the most frantic gestures through the long corn, that drenched them with wet, and at times almost overthrew them in their progress; laying about them with their sticks, and frequently uttering the word "Whish!" with great vehemence, the shrill and searching sound of which ascended to the shepherds above them, who stalked off with a smile, imagining that all this bustle had been occasioned merely by the trifling circumstance of some of their hens going astray. Their exertions had at least the effect of silencing for a while the cornerake's noise; but not, alas! of averting the fate of their mother, who died in a short time after, and thus fairly established the cornerake's reputation for malignity towards them, and insight into futurity.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Sermons and Charges by T. F. Middleton, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta, with Memoirs of his Life; by H. K. Bonney, D.D. Archdeacon of Bedford, are in the press.

Dr Johnson is preparing a second edition, with illustrative cases, of Dr Coindet's Observations on the remarkable Effects of Iodine in Bronchocle and Scrofula.

Mr J. W. Brayley is preparing a copious work of Londiniana, or Anecdotes of the Streets, Buildings, and remarkable Scites, in and near London, Historical, Antiquarian, and Biographical. It will extend to five elegant small volumes, and be illustrated by an immense number of engravings.

Dr Busby, whose connexion with the musical world has been of fifty years standing, will speedily publish three volumes of original, or scarce and curious Anecdotes of Music and Musicians, English and Foreign, and of all ages as well as his own. It will be embellished with portraits and other engravings, and of course be a great acquisition to our present scanty musical library.

A comprehensive collection of witty and humorous compositions, in prose and verse, will soon appear, more extensive than any in the language, under the title of *The Laughing Philosopher*.

Journal of the Sieges of the Madras Army in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819, with observations on the System, according to which such operations have usually been conducted in India, and a statement of the improvements that appear necessary; by E. Lake, Ensign of the Hon. East India Company's Madras Engineers, with an Atlas of explanatory plates, are nearly ready for publication.

Mr J. P. Wood has nearly ready for publication, a Life of Law of Lauriston, Projector of the Mississippi Scheme; containing a detailed account of the nature, rise, and progress, of this extraordinary Joint Stock Company, with many curious anecdotes of the rage for speculating in its funds, and the disastrous consequences of its failure.

Mr J. Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of poems, entitled the *Buccaneer*, and other Poems.

Mr Mills, author of "the History of the Crusades," is engaged on a History of Chivalry, for next season.

Captain D. Thomson, inventor of the

Longitude Scale, has in the press a new work, on the Methods of finding the Longitude at Sea by Lunar Observations and Chronometers.

The Rev. D. Evans of Islington has on the eve of publication a small volume, entitled *Richmond and its Vicinity*, with a Glance at Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, and Hampton Court.

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In a few weeks will be published, *Mathematical Tables*, containing improved tables of logarithms, of numbers, logarithmic sines, tangents, and secants, together with a number of others, useful in practical mathematics, astronomy, navigation, engineering, and business; by W. Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

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Shortly will be published, the *Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey*, by J. Galt, Esq.; third edition, greatly improved.

Dr Dawson, of Sunderland, is about to publish a new System of the Practice of Physic, together with an original Nology, which embraces Physiology and Morbid Anatomy.

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M. Monte, the Italian poet, is preparing a new edition of *Dante*, with notes and illustrations.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The Session of the Chambers was closed by royal proclamation on the 4th instant, and the following changes in the French Cabinet were next day officially announced:

“Lieutenant-General Baron Damas, now Secretary of War, to be Minister for Foreign Affairs.—The Marquis Clermont Tonnerre, now Minister of the Marine, to be Minister of War.—Count Chabrot to be Minister of Marine.—The Marquis de Lauriston, now Minister of the Household, to be Grand Veneur of France.—The Duke de Dondeauville, now Postmaster-General, to be Master of the King's Household.—The Marquis de Lauriston to be Minister Secretary of State.”

From the complexion of the Cabinet, it is evident that the triumph of De Vil-

lele and his party is as complete as the humiliation of his rival, Chateaubriand. Essentially, the ministry is the same as it was; for although there is some changing of places, there is none of persons. We may look, therefore, for a continuance of that conciliatory policy, which it has always been understood that Villele has been desirous of pursuing.

SPAIN.—There has been a change of ministry at Madrid. Count Ofalia has been dismissed, and will, it is said, be soon followed by the rest of his colleagues. The cause of their disgrace seems to be a suspicion of liberalism. Count Ofalia is to be replaced by M. Zea Bermudez, minister from Spain at London. King Ferdinand is now governed by M. de Calomarde, a devotee of the apostolic junta. The Confessor Saez has, of course,

shared the fruits of the success of his party. He has been attached by the Pope as "prelate of the household" to king Ferdinand, and is soon to be made a Cardinal. Fresh arrests have taken place. At the same time, some partisans of servilism, who had been imprisoned for attacking and plundering the constitutionalists, and even of proclaiming the Infant-Carlos king in place of Ferdinand, have been liberated—"in order," says the minister of the apostolic junta, "to efface all discord among his majesty's subjects."

It is impossible to say whether the rumours of disturbances in Spain, which reach us through the French papers, are correct or not in the particulars, but there can be little doubt that the state of the country is such as to warrant the worst that can be said of it. A quarrel between the French and Spanish soldiers took place at Madrid on the 25th July, when thirteen or fourteen were wounded, some of them dangerously. Detachments of French troops had been, it is said, sent to Oviedo on the 23d, in consequence of serious conflicts which had occurred between men of both parties, and a certain number of Constitutionalists, who were the aggressors, had made their escape into Portugal. It would certainly appear from this statement, that the banner of the constitution had been temporarily raised in that quarter, and that the movement had not been entirely put down, for otherwise the "aggressors" would not have been able to effect their escape, and to retire where they may collect greater strength, and make all the preparations necessary for their return.

**PORTUGAL.**—Lisbon, and the country generally, continue, in appearance at least, perfectly tranquil. The Royal decree for declaring Lisbon a free port is postponed to an indefinite period. A similar reluctance is manifested in the convocation of the Cortes—a measure which has been described as necessary to the salvation of Portugal. It is now deferred till the latter end of the year, and the reason assigned for this postponement is, that the party of the Queen and Don Miguel is so powerful, that apprehensions were entertained lest they should be able to return a majority of members.

The determination of the British cabinet on the demand made by the King of Portugal for military aid, has not yet been formed, or at least has not yet transpired.

A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Lisbon on the 19th of June, chiefly remarkable on account of the excessive heat by which it was preceded and followed. A great many persons working in the fields were mortally struck with

the malignant influence of this excessive heat. Many animals shared the same fate; the leaves of the trees and other plants were completely dried up and reduced to dust. What is called in the accounts of this phenomenon a "burning wind" blew from the north east. It was so hot that the thermometer exposed to it, at midnight, stood at 91, and in the day-time at 105. The vines in elevated situations exposed to the N.E. are said to have entirely lost the abundant fruit with which they were loaded.

**GERMANY.**—The German papers of the 16th July contain two ordinances issued by the Austrian Government, proscribing certain individuals, and prohibiting them entering the Austrian territories. These individuals are Lady Oxford, Mrs Hutchinson, the widow of Count Bourke, the Danish Ambassador, Lord Holland, and Lady Morgan. Lord Holland, we are told, entertains "notoriously very bad sentiments," is "an enthusiastic adherent of radicalism," and even in the English Parliament openly utters the most insolent abuse against the Allied Monarchs; Lady Morgan, again, has expressed her free opinions in her works. Nothing can be conceived more pitiful than this policy, now resorted to by the Holy Alliance, of directing their vengeance against individuals. What is it they can dread from those persons whom they have now prohibited from their territories? Their subjects must surely be in a very bad state if they cannot bear the contact of foreigners—if the least exposure to contagion would corrupt the purity of their principles.

**SWEDEN.**—The revenue of Sweden does not amount to more than a million and a half, but with these receipts Charles John is doing the utmost to promote internal improvements. The Canal of Gothland, now in progress in Sweden, is one of the largest works of the kind. It is about 240 miles in length, including part of two great lakes it passes through, and it extends quite across the most fertile part of the kingdom, from Gottenburg to Norrköping. The depth is ten feet. In order to save expense, a great proportion of the work is executed by the army. In 1823 there were 2432 soldiers, and 361 labourers employed, who excavated 14,086 feet in length (nearly three miles) of the canal. It is expected that the canal will be open from sea to sea in 1828. Another canal, to connect the lake Hieltan with the Baltic, is also in an advanced state, and two others of smaller extent are forming. The Government has disbursed various other sums for improving harbours, draining marshes, planting colo-



nists in the forests of Dalecarlia, and it has formed three new roads across the mountains which divide Sweden from Norway.

**TURKEY.**—The Ottoman Porte has announced, by the Reis Effendi, that it has given orders for the evacuation of Wallachia; but that it cannot consent to the evacuation of Moldavia, because this principality, being a frontier of Russia, became the refuge of the discontented who disturbed the State. The note to this effect, which was communicated to the Ministers of France, England, and Austria, has been sent by Lord Strangford to M. Nesselrode, at St. Petersburg. Private advices state, that the Porte also requires that Russia shall evacuate the places which she holds in Asia.

**GREECE.**—A letter has been published by Colonel Stanhope, which supplies a variety of desiderata on the affairs of Greece. Hitherto the public have had little intelligence that could be accounted authentic, while the mass of loose and conflicting rumours, supplied by the continental press, made any fixed inference almost impossible. The details furnished by Colonel Stanhope are of a mixed character. He thinks well of the resources of the Greeks, but is far from conceiving that they are properly drawn out. The peasantry possess the best character. The inhabitants of the towns are blamed for avarice and deceit. The Captains, to whom chiefly belongs the honour of expelling the Turks, are said to have plunder for a leading object. Although the Greeks are brave and skilful seamen, their ships, as a fleet, are not considered strong enough to oppose that of Turkey. Colonel Stanhope therefore approves of their continuing to act as corsairs and privateers. "A good naval officer, who could submit with a serene mind to all sorts of crosses," would, it is said, be very useful. But the necessity of such submission is not a promising circumstance. The troops are computed at upwards of 30,000. They are greatly improved in discipline, but are less daring than at the beginning of the contest. "The Greek soldiers," says Colonel Stanhope, "are extremely hardy—can make long marches, carry heavy weights on their backs, live constantly in the open air, proceed without magazines, suffer great privations, endure dirt and vermin, and still preserve their high spirits. They are swift as horses, and scarcely tangible; and if a love of liberty can ensure perseverance, almost unconquerable in their wild fortresses. Every soldier's mind is bent on success; no Greek ever admits the possibility of being again subjected to the Turks. If

you talk of millions that are about to pour down into their country, still they never appear dismayed. They tell you calmly, that as more come, more will be furnished, or mowed down by the Hellenists. This gallant feeling is universal. My opinion is, is that the struggle, however protracted, must succeed, and must lead to an improvement in the condition, not only of Greece, but of Asia."

#### ASIA.

**EAST INDIES.**—A new war has broken out in the eastern frontiers of Bengal. It appears that the King of Ava, who reigns over the extensive and populous Birman Empire, had set up some groundless pretensions to the Island of Shapuree, and had attacked some of the native tribes, who were under the protection of the British Government. As his dominions stretch along the eastern coast of Bengal, occupying, in one direction, the interval between the Chinese Empire and Bengal, on the south-west frontier of the former, and on the east and north-east of the latter, his local officers had given repeated causes of complaint to our Government, throughout the whole line of the separating frontier. To all remonstrances and expostulations the Court of Ava lent a deaf ear, even expressing its determination to proceed to hostile extremities, unless its demands were acceded to. Farther forbearance seemed to be inconsistent with our dignity and security; and the Governor-General has accordingly issued a declaration of war. The postscript to the *Calcutta Gazette* states, that a sharp action had taken place with the Birmanese on the Syphat frontier, when four or five hundred of them were killed and wounded, and the remainder secured themselves by a precipitate retreat. The Bengal Government had ordered all the shipping in the river Hoogly to be taken up for the conveyance of an armament of 30,000 men, which was fitting out to be landed on the coast of Aracan. The Moria and five other ships had also been taken up at Madras for the same purpose, and every exertion was making to send off the expedition with the utmost dispatch. The Birmanese are a bold and warlike people, and during the last seventy years they have been continually engaged in a course of desperate struggles, by which they have obtained a well-disciplined body of veteran soldiery.

It appears that the Birmanese have succeeded in repulsing two attempts to storm a stockade, made by Colonel Bowen. That officer was forced to retire with a loss of 150 killed and wounded, among

which number are the following officers : —10th regiment, (native infantry,) Lieut. Armstrong, killed; Colonel Bowen severely wounded; Ensign Barberic, ditto, lost a leg. 23d regiment, Captain Johnston, severely wounded.

Some idea may be formed of the importance attached to this war, from the preparations stated to be making to prosecute it. The India Gazette, of the 11th of March, says, that a force of not less than twenty thousand will concentrate in Cachar. The Hurkaru, of the 10th of March, mentions, that two thousand men are to be sent to Arracan, and, if we add to these the Madras contingent, consisting of five thousand, and the naval force, both of King's and Company's, now collecting, it must be owned that the dominions of his golden-footed Majesty are in no small danger.

#### AFRICA.

**CAPE COAST.**—It appears by the accounts from this settlement, that the Ashantees are following up their late victory. An engagement took place on the 21st of May, in the vicinity of Cape Coast Castle, between the forces under Major Chisholm and the Ashantees.—The engagement was long and sanguinary; it lasted upwards of five hours, when the enemy retreated precipitately, after experiencing very considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The retreat continued for two days, but it was ascertained that the King of the Ashantees had subsequently joined his army with considerable reinforcements, which, it was estimated, would make the whole of his force amount to 16,000 men. The Fantees, and the rest of the co-operating native powers, conducted themselves, during the battle, in a manner extremely unsatisfactory to Major Chisholm, who, consequently, was not only prevented from pursuing the enemy, but obliged to retire to his former position. It was ascertained from the prisoners, that the enemy had resolved to make an attack upon the Castle, which the presence of their king, it was supposed, would expedite. Of the regulars and militia, in this engagement, there were four killed, and seventy-five wounded: of the unorganized native force eighty-four were killed, and 603 wounded: besides this, there were eighty-eight of regulars and militia missing. Two officers were wounded—Captain William Hutchison, of the militia, dangerously, and Lieutenant King, of the royal navy, slightly. The force that is now to be depended upon to oppose the Ashantees may be estimated nearly as follows: of

regulars, about 500; militia and artificers, 800; Cape Coast people, 500; Annamaboe people, 800; Accra people, 2500.—Of Fantees who have remained staunch: Affoe's people, 200; Aduko's people, 400; Aumissas' people, 200; Appia's people, 1200;—the total being only 7100 men—a force by far too small to cope with the King of Ashantee in person, at the head of 16,000, or, according to other statements, 18,000 armed men.

#### AMERICA.

**MEXICO.**—Up to the 4th of June, when the last accounts from Mexico came away, Iturbide had not reached that country, and no general movement had taken place in his favour, though individuals suspected of intriguing on his behalf continued to be arrested. It is also stated, that a strong feeling in his favour existed among the priesthood and the military, and that he was likely to find numerous adherents among both those classes, provided no suspicion existed of a secret design on his part to deliver the country over to Ferdinand.—The least suspicion on that head, it is added, would infallibly prove fatal to him. The executive at Mexico issued, on the 29th of May, a proclamation, the object of which appears to be, though his name is not mentioned, to put the people on their guard against the intrigues of the partisans of the ex-Emperor, and in which some apprehension is betrayed of his ultimate success. Another proclamation declares him, and all those who may, by writings or other means, seek either to favour his return to the Mexican Republic, or to forward the views of any other foreign invader, to be traitors to the state.

**PERU.**—An account has reached this country, by way of the United States, contained in a letter from Guayaquil, dated the 27th of May, stating, that on the 6th of that month, Bolivar had attacked and utterly destroyed the Royalist army under Canterac. Intelligence from Bogota, however, of the 6th June, makes no mention of this engagement, which throws considerable suspicion on the story; as it is scarcely possible such a long period should have elapsed without an account of such a victory reaching Bogota.

**BUENOS AYRES.**—An important document, the message of the Executive of Buenos Ayres, to the representatives of that state, has been received in this country. It gives a most favourable view of the state of agriculture, commerce, education, &c. but we shall con-



fine our attention to the two principal topics embraced in it—the present state of Monte Video and the war in Upper Peru.

The Portuguese have, at all times, justly considered, that the Banda Oriental would be an immense acquisition to their Brazilian territory. As early as 1812, a Portuguese army marched into it; however, upon an armistice being concluded, they again withdrew. In the years 1817 and 1818, the Portuguese a second time poured large forces into the Banda Oriental, alleging that the anarchy which reigned there endangered their own frontier. Although it was repeatedly pretended that this military occupation was only temporary, and that, when order was restored, the troops would withdraw, the Brazilians have gone on encroaching, step by step, and the decided course of incorporating it with the Brazilian Empire has at last been taken. The generality of the people of the Banda Oriental are desirous of getting rid of the Portuguese: a similar feeling prevails at Buenos Ayres, and negotiations were resorted to, in the hope of accomplishing the desired end. These negotiations have failed, and it will be for the General Congress to decide whether the free provinces are to authorize the Government to make the attempt to wrest, by force, from the Brazilians, the

country over which they have usurped an arbitrary and unjust dominion.

With respect to the war in Upper Peru, it has long been a question warmly debated, during M. Rivadavia's administration, whether Buenos Ayres ought or ought not to recommence active hostilities against the Royalists in that quarter. The Minister decided in the negative, on the strong plea of the utter inability of Buenos Ayres to enter on such an undertaking, till it had recruited its means, and improved the state of its own domestic affairs. Nothing, therefore, was attempted for nearly three years; but towards the close of last year, M. Rivadavia began to turn his attention to the state of the contest between the Patriots and Royalists in Peru, with the view of assisting the former. This assistance, it appears, is now about to be given. Money has been supplied, and it is in contemplation to send 4000 men to the Upper Provinces, to act against the common enemy. Should the news of the successful operations of Bolivar prove true, there will be no need of this assistance.

The ministers Rivadavia and Garcia, notwithstanding the wishes of the Government and public, declined remaining in office, but it was thought that Garcia, at least, would yield to the solicitations.

## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April 1.**—The House went into a Committee upon the Game Laws Amendment Act, when the clause, empowering landlords to enter upon demised lands, without the consent of their tenants; and the clause, empowering the holders of 50 acres of ground to license other persons to sport thereon, were severally rejected by the Committee; and the clause, imposing upon wilful trespassers a penalty of £.5, and that permitting the summary arrest of persons obstinately persisting in acts of trespass, were adopted, with some others of less importance.

2.—Mr Peel moved the second reading of the Alien Act. Mr Hume moved a violent amendment, which though short, contained a blunder, as is usual with the Hon. Member's writing. The amendment was summarily rejected by a majority of 120 to 67. Sir Robert Wilson said a few words in opposition to the motion. Mr Canning made a speech of considerable length in its support. In the course of his observations on the policy of renewing the Act in the present instance,

the Right Honourable Secretary expressed a hope that this was the last time it would be necessary to apply to Parliament to sanction the measure, and that on the expiry of the two years during which its provisions are to continue in force, Ministers would be able to propose some permanent and less objectionable system for the treatment of Aliens resident in this country. Mr Tierney spoke against the motion, and Mr Peel replied. On a division, the second reading was carried by a majority of 172 to 92. Mr Peel also pledged himself that ministers would never again apply to have the law renewed in its present shape.

5.—The Alien Bill was committed, without any considerable discussion.

The House went into a Committee of Supply, when the proposed grant for Windsor Castle gave rise to a very long debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the grant, in a speech which had much of the petty detail, without any of the certainty or precision of a builder's estimate. Sir Joseph York did not directly oppose the grant, but inti-



mated an opinion that it might be dispensed with. Mr Hume moved as an amendment, that the consideration of the grant should be postponed to the 15th of May. Most of the Members who usually address the House spoke, some on one side, some on the other. The prevailing objection to the grant was the want of an estimate, and the consequent danger that the sum demanded might not prove sufficient. The grant was carried by a majority of 123 to 54. A conversation arose subsequently upon the proposed appropriation of £500,000 to the erection of Churches, but the subject was postponed to Friday.

6.—Mr G. Lamb brought forward his motion for allowing persons prosecuted for felony to defend themselves by counsel, as in cases of misdemeanor. Dr Lushington, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr Denman, and Mr Martin of Galway, supported the motion; Mr North, and the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals opposed it; and it was finally lost on a division of 50 to 30.

8.—The House went into a Committee on the Usury Laws Repeal Bill. A debate of great length followed, in which many Members spoke. Several amendments were proposed and debated in the Committee, but all rejected in favour of Mr Sergeant Onslow's plan. The Committee then reported to the House, and asked leave to sit again, when Mr Littleton proposed, as an amendment, that it should sit again on that day six months. The amendment was carried by a majority of 63 to 59, by which the Bill is defeated.

9.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his motion for the grant of £500,000, for the erection of new churches. He justified his proposition by a reference to the good that had been produced by a former grant of £1,000,000, from which, he said, had arisen 95 capacious churches, and accommodation for 153,000 persons. He then entered into a calculation, to show that much remained to be done, there being 179 places, containing a population of 3,548,000, in which there is no church accommodation for more than 500,000 persons, or about one out of seven. Mr Hobhouse opposed the motion, and moved an amendment, stating, that it appeared to be inexpedient to make any farther grant for the erection of new churches. The original motion was supported by Mr Secretary Peel and Dr Lushington, and carried by a majority of 148 to 59.—Some discussions arose upon the reduction of the Duty on Rum. Of 11s. 7d. per gallon the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to remit 1s. 1½d.—In

the course of the evening, the Right Hon. Gentleman stated, that it was his intention, shortly, to propose the repeal of the duty on French kid gloves.

12.—The Alien Bill was read a third time, and passed. Mr Denman, in support of an amendment that the Bill be read a third time that day six months, passed a high eulogium on the liberality and talents of Mr Secretary Canning, and in particular expressed his gratitude for the well-timed generosity of feeling which the Right Hon. Gentleman had manifested towards Sir Robert Wilson, after the treatment that Gentleman had experienced from the Continental Governments.

On the motion, that the Report of the Committee, recommending £500,000 for building new churches, be brought up, Mr Hume moved, as an amendment, that the Report should be received that day six months. Mr Wm. Smith, Sir Ronald Ferguson, and Mr Birch, also opposed the grant. Mr Warre declared that, upon this occasion, he must oppose those friends with whom he usually acted, because he felt that the grant was imperatively called for. Sir I. Coffin, Mr T. Wilson, and Mr Butterworth, also supported the grant. The last warmly defended the Home Missionary Society against the attack made upon it by Dr Lushington on a former evening. On a division, Mr Hume's Amendment was rejected by a majority of 144 to 30, and the report was brought up.

The House then went into a Committee on the Game Laws. Several clauses were agreed to. The clause authorising the appointment of subordinate gamekeepers was given up, upon a suggestion by Mr Peel.

13.—Sir J. Mackintosh presented a petition from the London Missionary Society, relative to the case of Mr Smith of Demerara. The petitioners proceed on two grounds: they desire, that, as Mr Smith died in confinement at Demerara, without having had means to appeal from the sentence passed on him by the Court Martial, they may be permitted to vindicate his character, by proof of his entire moral and legal innocence. Their second ground is still more important. They demand inquiry into the transactions at Demerara, in order to insure protection and safety to other Christian Missionaries there and elsewhere.

The Bill for allowing the erection of a bridge over the Thames at Hammersmith was read a second time, after a lively debate.

Dr Phillimore then obtained leave to bring in a Bill to place Roman Catholics in England upon the same footing as

Quakers, and Jews, and Roman Catholics in Ireland, with respect to marriages.

The House afterwards went into a Committee on the Warehousing Act, when Mr Huskisson explained the outlines of his plan for allowing bonded corn to be turned into flour for exportation. Any person who possesses foreign wheat in bond is to be at liberty, upon giving proper security, to take out any quantity of wheat and convert it into flour. The American barrel, containing 196 pounds of flour, is obtained from five bushels of good wheat. But as this corn is now deteriorated by long keeping, and as the holders have suffered great loss by having their capital so locked up, they are not to be compelled to produce more than one barrel of flour for every six bushels of wheat taken out. Leave to bring in a bill was ultimately given.

14.—Mr Lushington obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the repeal of certain Acts of George III. relating to Hides and Skins. By one of these acts, a butcher is made liable to a fine, varying from 2s. 6d. to 5s., for every hole made in the hide in the course of flaying. As such perforations tend, in a very direct and obvious manner, to lessen the value of the hide to the flayer, it might have been supposed that the loss inevitably attending mismanagement in this operation would be a sufficient protection against its frequent occurrence, and a sufficient punishment to the possessor when it did occur. In addition to this, however, it appears that the butcher is liable in the fine already mentioned to the inspectors of hides, before he is allowed to expose the unfortunate skin to sale; and there seems to be no chance of escaping the impost, for, ac-

cording to Mr Curteis, even the scanty hide of a young pig is submitted to the solemn consideration and review of a *board of skins*, consisting of 28 senators, before it be admitted to the privilege of the market.

15.—Mr Rice presented a petition from certain Roman Catholics of the town of Drogheda, complaining, that though, by the act of 1793 (Irish), they were eligible to all corporate offices and franchises, they are still excluded by the prejudice of the Protestants, who monopolize the Corporation. Sir John Newport and Mr Hume supported the prayer of the petition, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr Butterworth presented a petition from several fishmongers of the metropolis, praying that the sale of mackarel on Sundays (which led to the sale of all other fish) might be prohibited. Mr Hume ridiculed the petition; if the petitioners, he said, had any conscientious scruples upon the subject of selling fish, they might abstain from selling it, without being compelled by law to do so. Sir M. Ridley followed on the same side. Sir Thomas Baring supported the prayer of the petition.

The petition was ordered to be printed.

Mr Secretary Canning, in moving an adjournment of the House to the 3d of May, took occasion to congratulate the members upon the advanced state of the public business, which permitted the proposition of so long a recess.

In answer to a question by Mr Bright, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that the remission of thirteen-pence halfpenny by the gallon of the rum duty is to take effect from the passing of the act.

## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

### JULY.

*British Revenue.*—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 5th July 1823, and 5th July 1824, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 5th July		Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 5th July		Increase.	Decrease.
	1823.	1824.			1823.	1824.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs.....	9,552,954	10,586,228	833,274		2,095,420	1,997,070		98,350
Excise.....	24,897,122	24,040,953		856,169	5,618,938	5,963,358	544,400	
Stamps.....	6,319,355	6,526,139	206,784		1,020,011	1,691,588	71,577	
Post Office.....	1,347,000	1,427,000	80,000		555,000	347,000	14,000	
Taxes.....	6,848,546	5,147,752		1,700,794	2,651,415	1,918,672		712,743
Miscellaneous.....	409,534	384,520		24,814	90,766	71,812		18,964
Repayt. by Austria		2,500,000	2,500,000					
Total.....	49,374,311	50,412,592	3,620,058	2,581,777	12,389,560	11,989,480	429,977	830,057
Deduct Decrease.....			2,581,777		Deduct Increase.....			429,977
Increase on the Year			1,038,281		Decrease on the Quar.			400,080

**New National Scotch Church.**—On the 1st instant the foundation stone of the New National Scotch Church, to be erected in Regent Square, north of the Foundling Hospital, London, was laid with the usual solemn ceremony. Amongst the distinguished persons present we noticed the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane and daughter, Earl Gower, Earl of Rosebery, and Lady Chetwynd, with a number of the Scotch Nobility and Gentry. There was a numerous procession on the occasion. The prayer was read by the Rev. Dr Manuel; after which the Rev. Mr Irving delivered a suitable address. The stone was then laid in the usual form by the Earl of Breadalbane. A psalm was afterwards sung, in which the children joined. The Rev. Dr Blyth, Moderator of the Presbytery of London, then offered a short thanksgiving, and the Rev. Edward Irving concluded with benediction. At the conclusion, three cheers were given, and the band struck up "God save the King."

**3.—Spurious Tea.**—On Wednesday came on before the Exchequer Court, Edinburgh, a case that excited considerable interest. A tea-dealer in Edinburgh was found to have in his possession about nine pounds and a half of imitation tea; and though there was no evidence of his ever selling any of it, he was subjected in the statutory penalty of ten pounds Sterling for each pound of the spurious tea found on his premises.

**5.—High Court of Admiralty.**—This day the Court met in the room belonging to the Second Division of the Court of Session, and proceeded to try William Blackwood, the master, and Alexander Macalpine, the pilot of the Hercules tug steam-boat, plying in the Clyde, for culpably and negligently running down the Robert Burns steam-boat, on the morning of the 18th February last, by which Alexander Thomson was crushed to death, or drowned, and the said steam-boat Robert Burns was sunk. The prisoners pleaded Not Guilty. It appeared from the evidence, that it is a rule for vessels coming down the Clyde to keep the mid-channel, and for those coming up to keep the south side, and that the Burns, thinking the Hercules meant to pass her to the south, steered to the north, by which means the accident was occasioned. The body of Thomson was not found till two months afterwards. All the other persons that were passengers in the Burns got on board the Hercules before their own vessel sunk. The Judge Admiral, in charging the Jury, said he was inclined to think the identity of the individual who lost his life satisfactorily proved, but

that the charge of culpability on the part of the prisoners was not made out. The Jury returned an unanimous verdict of Not Guilty, and the prisoners were dismissed from the bar.

**6.—Literary Property.**—A question respecting the right of publishing the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal was this day brought before the Court of Session. Most of our readers know that Professor Jameson and Dr Brewster had been, till recently, joint conductors of the work. A difference having arisen, the particulars of which are not before the public, Dr Brewster wished to continue, as sole editor, a new series of the Journal: but Messrs Constable and Co. having resolved, as proprietors of the work, to carry it on under the superintendence of Professor Jameson, they applied for an interdict against Dr Brewster's publishing any continuation of the Philosophical Journal. The Lord Ordinary, in respect that the copyright of the Philosophical Journal was in Messrs Constable and Co., passed the bill, and continued the interdict. Dr Brewster petitioned, stating at the bar that his wish had been, after the Edinburgh Encyclopedia was finished, to publish all he should compose in the way of science, during his life, in the Philosophical Journal; that it was a favourite project of his; that the contributions of Dr B.'s friends constituted the Philosophical Journal, and that a half of the copy-right at least was in him; and contending that neither party ought to be interdicted; that Messrs Constable and Co. might continue to publish the work, Professor Jameson being editor, while Dr Brewster might also continue the work, Dr Brewster being editor; and that in this way only could justice be done to both parties. The Court withdrew the ratio assigned by the Lord Ordinary, as settling the point as to copy-right; but they adhered to the interlocutor in so far as it passed the bill, and continued the interdict against Dr Brewster.

**8.—His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to Mr John Forrest, Surgeon, who was outlawed at the Circuit Court of Justiciary, holden at Stirling in spring 1823, for not appearing to answer to an indictment charging him with aiding in the abstraction of a dead body from a church-yard.**

**10.—Edinburgh.**—The access to the New Town from Stockbridge is undergoing great improvement. Upon the bridge across the Water of Leith, which is so inconveniently narrow, a number of masons are at present employed; and it is intended to give it an additional width



of several feet. Nowhere is the spirit of improvement more conspicuous than in this quarter. The stream above the bridge has been confined within banks of solid masonry, and its margin carpeted with verdant turf. The new bridge near to St. Bernard's Well is considerably advanced; and in all directions buildings are proceeding with great rapidity.

12.—*Increase of Shipping at Liverpool.*

—The dock duties of this port, in 1724, amounted to only £810; in 1824 they amounted to £130,911. Starting, however, from a more recent date, the progressive increase may be more justly estimated. In 1800, the number of ships was 4724, the dock duties £23,379. In 1814, only ten years ago, the number of ships was 5706, the tonnage was 548,957, and duties £59,741. In 1824, the number of ships was 10,001, comprising 1,180,914 tons, and the dock duties £130,911, being more than double the former amount. So rapid an advance is unexampled in the history of the world.

14.—*Death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.*—Some time ago the King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha, along with one of his wives, Kamehamalu, arrived in this country, with a view of obtaining an audience with King George IV., which ceremony, for various reasons, was from time to time delayed; and some weeks since their Majesties were attacked with the measles, from which they never thoroughly recovered. The Queen died in London, on the 8th instant, of inflammation, and his Majesty followed his royal consort this morning. They were attended in this country by the Governor Poki, of the Sandwich Islands, and his wife, and several other natives, who are all inconsolable for their loss. Yesterday morning his Majesty was considered somewhat better, and had passed a tranquil night, but in the afternoon he became worse, and at night it was found necessary to send for Dr Ley, from his house in Mount-Street. On the arrival of that gentleman, he found that his Majesty was in a very low state, and death appeared to be approaching fast. The King on seeing Dr Ley caught him by the hand, and said in his own language, "I am dying, I know I am dying." He continued very sensible, and knew all around him. Madame Poki, the Governor's lady, was particularly attentive to his Majesty; she supported his head from one o'clock till the time the vital spark had fled; Poki, the Governor, and the rest of the suite, were supporting their Royal master's legs at the foot of the bed. At two o'clock he became alarmingly worse, and he seemed

then not to know any person; the Admiral was brought into the room, and was affected to tears. The King took no notice of him, nor any other person about him. From that time till four o'clock he kept continually saying, "I shall lose my tongue, I shall lose my tongue," and just before he breathed his last, his Majesty faintly said, "Farewell to you all, I am dead, I am happy." After uttering these words, he expired in the arms of Madam Poki.—The bodies of the King and Queen are to be sent to New Zealand, according to their particular request.

15.—*Bloody Froy.*—Stobb's Fair was held at Dundee on Tuesday the 13th instant; towards evening, the usual scenes of turbulence began; and by six, fights were to be seen on every part of the common. About nine o'clock, nine young men, masons, who had been working at Duntrune, came from that place towards the muir, to meet their employer, Mr Scott, mason, Hawkhill, who was there to pay them wages. This done, two of the party escorted their master off the ground, while the others went towards Stobsmuir toll, for the double purpose of getting some refreshment, and waiting the arrival of their companions. Having been refused admittance, they had only gone aside for a few paces, when a party of fellows, armed with different lethal weapons, (one, it is said, with a hatchet,) issued from the house, and began their murderous work. One young man, named John Allan, received repeated blows, which felled him to the ground; and he never afterwards opened his lips or uttered a sound. His brother rushed forward, knelt, and seized the lifeless corpse in his arms; and while in this agonizing position, he was first knocked down; twice he raised himself, and as often was he again laid prostrate and severely wounded by the relentless assassins. All the other companions of the unfortunate man were less or more wounded—one of them very seriously. The assailing party, in number twelve or fourteen, aided by a younger crew, then attacked a ploughman, and with bludgeons so injured his head and body, that it is feared his life may also be laid to their account. A servant belonging to a bleachfield is in much the same state, for, when attacked, he in vain fled for safety to a field of corn; as he was found lying with his skull fractured, and his body fearfully bruised. The Sheriff-Substitute came to town on Wednesday, for the purpose of inquiring into this lamentable affair; and a judicial investigation is at present in progress. Warrants have been issued for the apprehension of the

suspected murderers; but they have as yet eluded the vigilance of the officers of justice.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

17.—*Convention of Royal Burghs.*—The Convention sat as usual at Edinburgh, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th instant. No public business of importance, however, came before them, except on the last day, when Mr J. W. Mackenzie moved that the report of the Committee of last Convention, relative to the salaries and duties of its officers, should be read, which having been done, Mr Mackenzie called the attention of the meeting to certain resolutions, of which he had given notice, and which were similar in substance to what he had proposed last year, with a view to lessen the expenditure of the Convention, which amounted to nearly £.600 a-year, or £.200 a-day, for every day it was convened,—an expense which was quite inconsistent with the present state of its funds. Mr Mackenzie proceeded to propose resolutions for the abolition, as unnecessary, of the offices of depute-clerk, assessor, recorder, depute-agent, burghs'-officer, &c., on the death or demission of the present incumbents, and that the allowance of £.20 a-year to the clerks of the Receiver-General should immediately cease, as they had ceased to perform the duties for which it was granted, and because such allowance did not, in fact, go into the pockets of the Receiver-General's clerks, but of some other person, who performed no duties to the Convention. Mr Inglis submitted, that all the savings which the Hon. Member proposed were mere cheese-parings and candle-ends; for all his economy went only to effect an immediate saving of £.20 a-year. For this reason, he would meet the resolutions by moving the previous question. After considerable discussion, the vote was put on Mr Inglis's motion, it being understood, that if it was not carried, it remained for Mr Mackenzie to put his resolutions *seriatim*, when the previous question was negatived by a majority of 16 to 13.

Mr Mackenzie then moved his first and second resolutions, relative to the offices of Depute-clerk, and Depute-agent, which were lost by a majority. The third resolution, relative to the recorder, and the fourth, relative to the salary paid to the Receiver-General, were carried. The fifth resolution, for withdrawing the allowance to the Lord Advocate, and the sixth, for abolishing the office of burgh-officer, were withdrawn till next year.

24.—*Blasphemous publications.*—At the New Court, Old Bailey, on the 19th

instant, William Riley Perry, another of Carlile's shopmen, was found guilty of publishing Palmer's *Principles of Nature*. The prisoner, with much effrontery, defended his conduct, and said, whenever he was let out of prison, if his opinions remained unchanged, as in all probability they would, he would immediately recommence selling these works. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to give security in £.100 for his good behaviour during life. The Recorder said, that sum would be enforced against him in case of his perseverance in offending the law, and a second offence will also make him liable to the punishment of transportation.

*Right of the Convention to alter the set of Royal Burghs.*—On Monday the 19th instant, the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Brechin, were served with a summons of reduction and declarator, at the instance of his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, the Right Honourable Robert Lord Viscount Melville, Lord Privy Seal, the Right Honourable William Dundas, Lord Clerk Register, the Right Hon. Sir William Rae of St Catherine's, Baronet, Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, Officers of State for Scotland. The object of this action is, to have certain elections of the Magistrates and Councilors of Brechin reduced and annulled, which is craved on the following grounds: *Primo*, The minute, order, act, or warrant of the Convention of Royal Boroughs, authorising the election of Magistrates in Brechin, dated 22d July 1820, is vitiated and erased in *substantialibus*, is not duly signed, sealed, stamped, or tested, and is defective in the forms and solemnities required by law: *Secundo*, the set or constitution of the Borough of Brechin was fixed and settled, under the sanction of his Majesty's predecessors, according to certain terms, points, and articles, as is instructed by a return made to the Convention of Boroughs on 2d July 1709, and uniformly observed and acted upon, until the date of the fore-said pretended minute, order, act, or warrant of the said Convention. That the said Convention has no right, title, or authority, to alter, vary, change, innovate, or modify the set or constitution of any Royal Borough; and the said minute professing to alter, vary, or change the said set of the Borough of Brechin, is illegal and unconstitutional, and absolutely and intrinsically void and null. The action concludes, first, for reduction of the said minute, order, act, or warrant of the

Convention, with all that has followed or may follow thereupon: second, to have it declared, that the Convention of Boroughs has no power to alter, innovate, change, or modify the constitution of any Royal Borough: third, to have it found, that all the warrants, civil and criminal,

granted by the Magistrates of Brechin, posterior to the election in 1820, made in terms of the Convention of Boroughs, are illegal and ineffectual: and, lastly, for payment of the sum of five hundred pounds Sterling, less or more, as the expences of process and dues of extract.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

July 8.—Lord Napier elected one of the Representative Peers of Scotland.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

June 24. Mr John Kirk ordained Minister of the Parish of Barrie.

30.—The Rev. William Logie presented by the King to the Church and Parish of Kirkwall and St Olav.

— The United Associate Congregation of Anstruther gave an unanimous call to Mr Alexander Shaw, to be their Pastor.

July 15.—The Rev. Robert Allan inducted as Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Andrew Gibson, Minister at Muckart.

22.—The Associate Congregation of St Andrew's-Street, Leith, gave an unanimous call to Mr John Smart to be their Minister.

29.—Mr Wm. Crow presented by Mr Erskine of Ballhall, to the Church and Parish of Menmuir.

— The Rev. Alex. Niven presented by the Earl of Kinnoull to the Church and Parish of Balfroun.

### III. MILITARY.

2 Life Gds. Lieut. Douglas, Capt. by purch. vice Lord Belhaven and Stenton, ret.

30 June 1824.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Cuthbert, Lieut.

do.

Cornet Hon. G. W. Edwards, from 17

Dr. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. do.

2 Dr. Gds. Capt. Chamberlain, Major by purch.

vice Lieut.-Col. Gordon, ret. 1 July

Lieut. Knox, Capt. do.

Cornet Smith, Lieut. do.

— Curtis, from h. p. 7 Dr. do.

J. Osborn, Cornet by purch. vice Payne

ret. 24 June

1 Dr. T. G. Skipwith, Cornet by purch. vice

Beaumont, ret. 8 July

6 Cornet H. T. Lord Pelham, from 15

Dr. Cornet vice Sparrow, h. p. 17 Dr.

rec. diff. 24 June

7 Ensign Warde, from 4 F. Cornet by

troop. vice Pringle, prom. do.

10 Troop Serj. Maj. Kinkie, Quart. Mast.

vice Rogers, dead 1 July

15 Cornet Sheddien, from h. p. 17 Dr.

Cornet (paying diff.) vice Lord Pel-

ham, 6 Dr. 24 June

17 R. F. M. Greville, Cornet by purch.

vice Edwardes, 2 Life Gds. 30 do.

Gren. Gds. Lieut. Vernon, Lieut. and Capt.

by purch. vice Bruce, ret. 8 July

G. V. Wigram, Ens. and Lieut. by

purch. do.

1 F. Lieut. McCombie, from h. p. African

Corps, Lieut. vice Graham, 17 F.

24 June

A. H. Ormaby, Ens. vice Glover, 2

W. I. R. 29 do.

T. Bryne, do. 30 do.

4 A. W. Alloway, do. by purch. vice

Warde, 7 Dr. 24 do.

7 Ensign Lord F. Lennox, from 62 F.

Lieut. vice Bourke, dead do.

8 Capt. Ball, Major by purch. vice Lieut.

Col. De Courcy, ret. do.

Lieut. Baynes, Capt. do.

Ensign Calder, Lieut. do.

— Clark, from 76 F. Ens. 8 July

10 J. J. Fenton, Ens. vice Berwick, Afri-

can Colonial Corps 26 June

16 Ensign Carr, Lieut. vice Orr, dead

29 Dec. 1823.

— Smith, Lieut. vice Clancy, dead

31 do.

16 F. Ensign Mackenzie, late of 70 F. Ens.

25 June 1824.

G. M. Archer, Ens. 26 do.

Lieut. Graham, from 1 F. Lieut. vice

Harrison, h. p. African Corps 24 do.

19 — Vignoles, from h. p. Royal Art.

Lieut. vice Sullivan, h. p. rec. diff. do.

C. C. Hay, Ens. vice Soden, 2 W. I. R.

27 do.

24 Bt. Major Hughes, Major vice Craig,

2 W. I. R. 23 do.

Lieut. Ewing, Capt. do.

Ensign Dirom, Lieut. do.

C. Sturgeon, Ens. do.

27 Capt. Landon, from h. p. 70 F. Capt.

vice Franklyn, cancelled 24 do.

29 — Chambers, from 99 F. Capt. vice

Jolliffe, h. p. Bourbon Reg. do.

31 Ensign Minchin, from h. p. 100 F. Ens.

vice Boileau, 2 Vet. Bn. do.

W. N. Thomas, do. vice Burrows, Afri-

can Colonial Corps 28 do.

38 Gent. Cadet E. Thowild, from R. Mil.

Coll. do. vice Bagot, 62 F. 24 do.

46 — W. Zuhcke, from R. Mil.

Coll. do. vice Woodburn, dead do.

47 W. D. Hewson, do. vice Smith, dead

25 do.

48 Lieut. Vander Meulen, Capt. by purch.

vice Mackay, ret. 24 do.

Ensign O'Brien, Lieut. do.

A. Erskine, Ens. do.

Gent. Cadet J. J. Louth, from R. Mil.

Coll. Ens. vice Mackenzie, R. African

Colonial Corps 3 July

50 Ensign Gill, Lieut. vice Ross, 2 W. I. R.

23 June

H. M. Otway, Ens. do.

61 S. Hood, do. vice Conran, 2 W. I. R.

28 do.

62 Ensign Bagot, from 38 F. do. vice Lord

F. Lennox, 7 F. 24 do.

67 Bt. Lieut. Col. Gubbins, from 75 F.

Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Mackay,

ret. 8 July

73 J. J. H. Boys, Ens. vice Patterson, Afri-

can Colonial Corps 27 June

Bt. Maj. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice

Gubbins, 67 F. 8 July

Lieut. Orr, Capt. do.

Ensign Vernon, Lieut. do.

G. Davison, Ens. do.

76 Gent. Cadet, C. Clark, from R. Mil.

Coll. Ens. vice Langmead, 44 F.

24 June

Hon. C. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice

Clark, 8 F. 8 July

77 R. Harper, Ens. vice Congreve, dead

25 June

78 Ensign M'Alpin, Lieut. vice Fraser,

African Colonial Corps do.

N. Cameron, Ens. do.

81 Gent. Cadet, G. Reeves, from R. Mil.

Coll. Ens. vice Spaine, African Col.

Corps 1 July

R. Kelly, Ens. vice Liale, dead 25 June

Hosp. Assist. Brown, Assist. Surg. vice

Whitney, 90 F. 8 July

87 Serjeant Carr, Quart. Mast. vice Paul,

dead 24 June

88 Hon. C. Monckton, Ens. by purch. vice

Hartopp, ret. 1 July

95 Lieut. Rafter, from h. p. 84 F. Pay-

master 24 June

96 T. A. Souter, Ens. vice Oxley, African

Colonial Corps 30 do.

97 Ensign Leslie, Lieut. by purch. vice

Scott, ret. 1 July



97 F. W. T. Stannus, Ens. 1 July 1821.  
F. C. Barlow, Ens. vice Burton, African Corps 2 do.  
98 Surg. Vassall, from h. p. 24 F. Surg. 1 do.  
99 Capt. Hill, from h. p. Bourbon Reg. Capt. vice Chambers, 29 F. 24 June  
Rifle Brig. G. Mackinnon, from 24 F. Lieut. vice Robertson, African Colonial Corps 29 do.  
1 W. I. R. Lieut. Myers, Capt. by purch. vice Hall, ret. 24 do.  
Ensign Johnston, Lieut. do.  
J. Pentland, Ens. do.  
2 Maj. Craig, from 24 F. Lieut. Col. 25 do.  
— Hill, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Maj. vice Joly, cancelled 24 do.  
Lieut. Ross, from 50 F. Capt. 25 do.  
Ensign M'Vicar, Lieut. do.  
— Henry, Lieut. do.  
Lieut. Griffiths, from h. p. Art. Driver, Lieut. 26 do.  
— Henry, from h. p. 32 F. Lieut. do.  
— M'Ghee, from h. p. 36 F. Lieut. do.  
Lieut. and Quart. Mast. Hughes, Lieut. 27 do.  
Ensign Soden, from 19 F. Lieut. 27 do.  
— Conran, from 61 F. Lieut. 28 do.  
— Glover, from 1 F. Lieut. 29 do.  
J. M'Donnel, Ens. vice Wetherell, dead 25 March  
R. Grey, Ens. 25 June  
J. Brennan, Ens. 26 do.  
W. Lardner, do. 27 do.  
A Tomkins, do. 28 do.  
Assist. Surg. Ritchie, Surg. vice Teddie, dead 1 July  
Ceylon R. Hosp. Assist. M'Dermot, Assist. Surg. vice Hoatson, dead 25 Dec. 1823.  
Royal Af. } Maj. Gen. C. Turner, Col. vice Sir C.  
Col. Corps. } M'Carthy, dead 1 July 1824.  
Lieut. Fraser, from 78 F. Capt. vice Sparks, dead, 25 June  
— M'Combie, from 1 F. Capt. vice L'Estrange, dead 1 July  
Ensign Erskine, Lieut. 25 June  
— Greetham, Lieut. do.  
— Berwick, from 10 F. Lieut. 26 do.  
— Patterson, from 75 F. Lieut. 27 do.  
— Burrows, from 51 F. Lieut. 28 do.  
2d Lieut. Robertson, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. 29 do.  
Ensign Oxley, from 96 F. Lieut. 30 do.  
— Spaine, from 81 F. Lieut. 1 July  
— Burton, from 97 F. Lieut. 2 do.  
— Mackenzie, from 48 F. Lieut. 3 do.  
J. M. Calder, Ens. 25 June  
J. Stapleton do. 26 do.  
Hosp. Assist. Geddes, Assist. Surg. vice Pictou, dead 8 July  
2 Vet. Bn. Ensign Boileau, from 51 F. Ens. vice Ella, ret. list. 24 June 1824.

#### Unattached.

Major D'Este, from 4 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Major Gen. Macquarie, ret. 1 July 1824.  
— Somerset, from Cape Corps Cav. do. by purch. vice Major Gen. Sir C. Holloway, ret. 17 do.

#### Ordinance Department.

2d Capt. Butts, Capt. 18 June 1824.  
— Maunsell, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.  
1st Lieut. Woolcombe, do. do.  
2d Lieut. Trebeck, 1st Lieut. do.  
Gent. Cadet Boger, 2d Lieut. do.  
1st Lieut. Ramsden, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Monro, h. p. 23 do.  
— Symons, from h. p. do. 24 do.  
Bl. Major and 2d Capt. Ord. Adj. vice Stewart, res. Adj. only 1 July.

#### Chaplains' Department.

The Very Rev. R. Hodgson, D.D., Dean of Carlisle, Chaplain General to the Forces, vice Archdeacon Owen, dead 12 July 1824.

#### Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Fenton, from h. p. 15 F. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Fergusson, African Colonial Corps 25 June 1824.  
Acting Hosp. Assist. Bell, Hosp. Assist. vice Wilson, 2 W. I. R. 1 July  
P. Campbell, do. vice Geddes, Af. Col. Corps 8 do.

#### Exchanges.

Capt. Christie, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 37 F.  
— Bond, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Johnston, h. p. 19 Dr.  
— M'Lean, from 44 F. with Capt. Jacob, 65 F.  
Lieut. Warren, from 54 F. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 24 F.  
— Lacy, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Salmon, h. p. 10 F.  
— Sparks, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Wigmore, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.  
— Lewis, from Ceylon Reg. with Lieut. Emslie, h. p. 83 F.  
Paymaster Wood, from 15 F. with Capt. Walker, h. p. 44 F.  
Assist. Surg. Cutler, from 2 Life Gds. with Assist. Surg. Gilder, h. p. Gren. Gds.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Macquarie, from 75 F.  
— Sir C. Holloway, from R. Engineers.  
Lieut. Col. Gordon, 2 Dr. Gds.  
— De Courcy, 8 F.  
— Mackay, 67 F.  
Capt. Lord Belhaven and Stenton, 2 Life Gds.  
— Bruce, Gren. Gds.  
— Mackay, 48 F.  
— Hall, 1 W. I. R.  
Lieut. Leslie, 97 F.  
Cornet Payne, 7 Dr. Gds.  
— Beaumont, 1 Dr.  
Ensign Hartopp, 88 F.

#### Appointments Cancelled.

Major Joly, 2 W. I. R.  
Capt. Franklin, 27 F.

#### Deaths.

Major Gen. Macquarie, late of 75 F. 1 July 1824.  
Major Maxwell, Royal Art. at Pau 18 June  
— Kuper, h. p. 3 Hussars Ger. Leg. Verdun 3 July  
Capt. M'Combie, African Col. Corps 6 July 1824.  
— Robinson, h. p. 55 F. 7 June  
Lieut. M'Kenzie, 5 F. Dominica 28 Dec. 1823.  
— Orr, 16 F. Badula, Ceylon 30 do.  
— Clancy, 16 F. Kandy, Ceylon 30 do.  
— Church, 20 F. Portsmouth 25 June 1824  
— Campbell, h. p. 1 F. Glasgow 9 May  
— Lock, h. p. 10 F. 15 Feb.  
— Summers, h. p. 62 F. Ramsay, Isle of Man 16 June  
— Gordon, h. p. 71 F. 29 May  
— Crane, h. p. Royal Art. Portsea May  
— Allan, h. p. Queen's American Rang. New Brunswick 14 Oct.  
— M'Kenzie, h. p. 1 Light Dr. Ger. Leg. drowned in Hanover 9 June  
— Muller, h. p. Bruns. Inf. 24 Sept. 1822.  
Cornet Spier, h. p. Waggon Train, Calais 14 May 1824.  
2d Lieut. Wilson, late Inv. Art. Woolwich 12 July  
— O'Brien, h. p. 21 F. Sligo 8 June  
Ensign Smith, 47 F.  
— Congreve, 77 F.  
— O'Meara, African Colonial Corps 9 July  
— Archer, h. p. 12 F. Lymington 28 April  
— Whiteford, h. p. Campbell's Rec. Corps 9 June  
— Cogan, 68 F. killed by lightning at Quebec 5 July  
— Gunn, late 3 Royal Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 18 June.  
Quart. Mast. Rogers, 10 Dr. Dublin 25 do.  
— Mitchell, 29 F. Tralee 25 do.

#### Medical Department.

Surg. Todd, 4 Dr. Kaira, Bombay 20 Feb. 1824.  
— Ritchie, 2 W. I. R. St. Jago, Africa 26 March  
— Braid, h. p. 81 F. 18 June.  
Staff Assist. Surg. Kent, London 31 May.

## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

1824.		Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Mea				
		Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.			
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.			s. d.	s. d.				
July	21	608	22 6	35 0	29 10	25 0	27 0	18 0	24 0	10	1 0	July	20	469	1 6	99	1 2
	28	618	20 0	32 0	28 2	25 0	21 0	18 0	21 0	9	1 0		27	421	1 6	85	1 2
Aug.	4	606	18 6	31 6	27 2	20 0	25 0	18 0	21 0	9	1 0	Aug.	3	308	1 6	70	1 2
	11	553	19 6	31 0	28 4	21 0	28 0	20 0	25 0	18 0	22 6		10	352	1 6	72	1 2

## Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.						Oats, 264 lbs.				Barley, 320 lbs.				Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal	Flour,	
	Dantzic.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.		Stirl. Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.
July 22	—	—	—	—	30	33	18	21	25	27	30	32	27	30	22	25	18	53
28	—	—	—	—	26	32	16	20	23	25	30	32	27	28	20	23	17	50
Aug. 5	—	—	—	—	25	30	15	18	22	22	20	31	26	27	18	22	17	50
12	—	—	—	—	25	32	15	17	22	22	20	31	26	27	18	22	17	—

## Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.				Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.	s. d.
July 23	415	21 0	35 0	28 9	21 0	51 6	19 0	25 6	18 22 0	18 0	22 0
30	482	24 0	31 0	27 11	25 0	29 0	20 0	25 0	20 21 0	18 0	22 0
Aug. 6	525	21 0	31 0	27 2	25 0	28 0	20 0	21 0	18 22 0	18 0	22 0
15	552	21 0	31 0	27 6	21 0	27 0	20 0	25 0	18 22 0	18 0	22 0

## Dalketh.

## London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	— d
July 19	40 76	34 40	51 39	20 24	24 32	58 45	31 42	41 44	35 37	55 60	46 55	— 9
26	40 76	34 40	30 37	19 27	23 32	37 44	31 41	40 42	33 35	55 60	46 55	— 9
Aug. 2	40 60	32 38	30 36	19 27	23 32	36 42	50 40	40 42	53 35	55 60	46 55	— 9
9	40 60	30 36	30 34	19 27	23 32	36 40	50 35	40 42	53 35	55 60	46 55	— 9

## Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat, 70 lb.		Oats, 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.						Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
July 13	4 6	10 0	3 6	4 0	4 3	5 3	38 44	41 45	50 45	49 51	46 49	18 23
20	5 0	10 0	3 6	5 9	4 4	5 5	38 42	38 43	30 44	45 48	44 45	18 23
27	4 6	9 3	2 11	3 6	4 4	5 2	34 38	34 40	28 45	47 49	42 47	18 23
Aug. 3	4 6	9 5	2 11	5 6	4 4	5 2	34 38	34 40	28 45	46 49	47 —	18 23
10	4 6	9 3	2 11	3 8	4 4	5 2	34 38	34 40	27 45	47 51	44 47	18 23

## England &amp; Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
July 10	61 5	40 5	33 9	27 6	39 9	39 6	—
17	60 7	39 11	34 4	27 4	38 4	38 5	—
24	59 9	41 1	34 4	26 7	37 2	37 9	—
31	59 8	47 2	34 4	26 9	37 2	38 0	—

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	
July 1	A. 45	29.289	A. 60	W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.	July 17	A. 48	29.956	A. 64	W.	Dull, h. sh. rain aftern.	
	M.55	.255 M.59	M.59				M.50	.999 M.64	M.64			
	A. 14	.275 A. 61	A. 61	W.	Fair, with sunsh. warm.		A. 46	.993 A. 65	A. 65	NW.	Clear & dull alternately.	
	M.57	.168 M.60	M.60				M.57	30.210 M.66	M.66			
	A. 45	.168 A. 60	A. 60	Cble.	Aftern. thun. & light. rain.		A. 44	.195 A. 64	A. 64	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	
	M.55	.236 M.60	M.60				M.59	.102 M.66	M.66			
	A. 46	.398 A. 62	A. 62	NW.	Fore. h. shrs. aftern. sunsh.		A. 51	.102 A. 67	A. 67	W.	Dull, morn. aftern. sunsh.	
	M.56	.584 M.64	M.64				M.62	.101 M.67	M.67			
	A. 43	.675 A. 59	A. 59	Cble.	Dull, but fair.		A. 49	29.999 A. 66	A. 66	W.	Clear sunsh. very warm.	
	M.54	.675 M.60	M.60				M.65	.999 M.68	M.68			
	A. 45	.672 A. 65	A. 65	Cble.	Fore. sunsh. aftern. rain.		A. 51	.976 A. 67	A. 67	W.	Dull morn. day sunsh.	
	M.59	.615 M.62	M.62				M.65	.822 M.68	M.68			
	A. 48	.495 A. 60	A. 60	Cble.	Foren. dull. h. rain aftern.		A. 58	.765 A. 68	A. 68	W.	Shrs. morn. day sunsh.	
	M.58	.401 M.61	M.61				M.62	.676 M.66	M.66			
	A. 54	.505 A. 64	A. 64	W.	Foren. fair, after. shry.		A. 47	.580 A. 64	A. 64	Cble.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.	
	M.62	.620 M.65	M.65				M.58	.582 M.64	M.64			
A. 52	.598 A. 67	A. 67	W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A. 46	.188 A. 64	A. 64	Cble.	Day dull. h. shrs. even.		
M.63	.528 M.67	M.67				M.59	.615 M.64	M.64				
A. 50	.525 A. 64	A. 64	W.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.		A. 46	.791 A. 65	A. 65	NE.	Foren. fair, aftern. dull.		
M.57	.622 M.62	M.62				M.56	.816 M.64	M.64				
A. 50	.550 A. 60	A. 60	NW.	Dull, slight rain, morn.		A. 48	.841 A. 65	A. 65	Cble.	Day sunsh.		
M.57	.550 M.63	M.63				M.59	.858 M.64	M.64				
A. 52	.511 A. 63	A. 63	W.	Foren. dull, h. rain aftern.		A. 45	.954 A. 65	A. 65	W.	Day sunsh. shrs. even.		
M.61	.389 M.62	M.62				M.58	.955 M.61	M.61				
A. 50	.751 A. 62	A. 62	Cble.	Ditto.		A. 55	.818 A. 65	A. 65	W.	Dull, but fair.		
M.58	.675 M.59	M.59				M.60	.728 M.61	M.61				
A. 55	.656 A. 67	A. 67	W.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.		A. 45	.570 A. 60	A. 60	E.	Rain foren. fair aftern.		
M.66	.570 M.74	M.74				M.59	.556 M.59	M.59				
A. 54	.553 A. 71	A. 71	W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A. 44	.560 A. 65	A. 65	E.	Fair, sunsh. and warm.		
M.67	.606 M.66	M.66				M.54	.575 M.64	M.64				
A. 50	.852 A. 66	A. 66	W.	Ditto.								
M.60	.759 M.64	M.64										

Average of rain 1.980 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather has continued dry since the date of our last; the depth of rain does not amount to one inch. The mean temperature, from the middle till the end of July, was something above 60°. The mean for what is past of the present month is about 58°. Under this genial temperature, with so little moisture at the root, the ripening process has come forward with rapidity. In early districts, shearing has already partially commenced, and will be general within a week from this date. In the higher districts, little will be cut before September. Notwithstanding the very scanty supply of moisture throughout the summer, the crop has for the most part a fair appearance. Wheat, on retentive soils, and in early situations, promises an abundant return; the ear, though short, in many instances is plump and well filled, and, if well got in, will yield an excellent sample. Barley, with few exceptions, is a full crop, and begins to colour. Oats, for the most part, are rather short in the straw, but carry a fine panicle. Early varieties are nearly ready for the sickle, on low grounds, and some has already been cut. Beans and pease are well podded, and, upon the whole, no part of the corn crop appears at present to be deficient of an ordinary return. Potatoes, it is feared, will not swell freely without a full supply of moisture. Turnips are much in want of rain on light or dry lands; and the after-cutting of clover comes forward slowly. Pastures would also improve by moderate warm showers. A more propitious season for cleaning fallow grounds could not be wished, and this operation has been conducted to the farmers' satisfaction. The dung is plowed in, and the ground is ready for the wheat-seed furrow. Hoeing of turnips is about over, and farmers are ready for the labours of the harvest.

Wheat has fallen in price, and ordinary samples are almost unsaleable. Best wheat in the Northern markets only brings about 26s., and much has been sold lately at 22s. to 25s. The fine appearance of the crop, together with the stock on hand, renders purchasers shy. Barley sells at from 24s. to 26s., but in this article there is little doing. Oats begin to look down in price, and it is not yet certain whether the ports will open on the 15th for foreign oats, but that will be decided before this can go to press.—*Perthshire, 13th August.*



*Course of Exchange, London, August 10.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 4. Ditto at sight, 12 : 1. Rotterdam, 12 : 5. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 37 : 4. Altona, 37 : 5. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 20. Bourdeaux, 25 : 50. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 154. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ & cent.

*Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.*—Portugal Gold in coin, £.0 0 0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3 17 6.—New Doubloons, £.0 0 0.—New Dollars, £.0 4 10½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0 5 0½.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 0s. 0d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 0 gs. a 0 gs.

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from July 21, to August 11, 1824.*

	July 21.	July 28.	Aug. 4.	Aug. 11.
Bank Stock.....	—	236½	236½	237½
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	92½	93	93½	94½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	91½	92½	92½	93½
3½ & cent. do.....	100½	101½	101½	101½
4 ½ cent. do.....	101½	101½	—	101½
Ditto New do.....	105	105	105½	106
India Stock.....	—	—	—	—
— Bonds.....	86	86	80	82
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	39	42	37	39
Consols for account.....	91½	92½	92½	94
French 5 ½ cents.....	98 fr. 75 c.	99 fr. 50 c.	99 fr. 50 c.	101 f. 75 c.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of June and the 20th of July 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.**

Air, R. Lower East Smithfield, wine-merchant.  
 Alldrit, T. Bilston, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer.  
 Allen, W. Greenwich, coal-merchant.  
 Archer, J. Lynn, draper.  
 Atkinson, W. Clement's-lane, merchant.  
 Austin, E. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, baker.  
 Barber, J. Pump-row, St. Luke's, chinaman.  
 Bardwell, G. Bungay, linen-draper.  
 Barnard, J. G. Skinner-street, printer.  
 Birks, E. Sheffield, grocer.  
 Blake, J. Constitution-row, St. Pancras, boot-maker.  
 Blakey, T. Mould-green, Yorkshire, fancy-manufacturer.  
 Blundell, R. Liverpool, distiller.  
 Bower, J. jun. Wilmslow, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Boutville, W. H. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith.  
 Burn, A. W. Three-tuns court, Miles'-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant.  
 Brown, J. Waterloo-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant.  
 Capling, J. Holloway, innkeeper.  
 Cluet, R. Liverpool, soap-boiler.  
 Collingwood, W. Sunderland, baker.  
 Crawford, W. jun. Cheapside.  
 Critchley, J. Manchester, spirit-merchant.  
 Croke, C. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Driver, J. Knowl-green, Dutton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Duff, J. Gloucester, draper.  
 Eaton, S. and T. Sheffield, cutlers.  
 Field, S. L. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, silk-manufacturer.  
 Fielding, J. Mottram in Longendale, Cheshire, corn-dealer.  
 Fry, W. Type-street, letter-founder.  
 Gibbins, T. Holywell-street, Westminster, scavenger.  
 Gibson, J. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Gilbert, E. Liverpool, spirit-merchant.  
 Gompertz, H. Clapham-road, merchant.  
 Green, T. Vassal-row, Kennington, builder.  
 Green, W. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, carpenter.

Green, J. Ross, innholder.  
 Halse, T. Bristol, chemist.  
 Harnett, E. and J. J. Kelly, Lower Shadwell, coal-merchants.  
 Harrison, J. Padham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Hendrick, J. Liverpool, watch-maker.  
 Hicks, H. W. Connaught-news, horse-dealer.  
 Holagh, G. Size-lane, tea-dealer.  
 Holdsworth, R. Calcutta, Yorkshire, flax-spinner.  
 Holl, F. Piccadilly, tavern-keeper.  
 Holl, G. Lothbury, hat-manufacturer.  
 Hooker, J. Sheerness, woollen-draper.  
 Izod, J. London-road, auctioneer.  
 Japha, D. M. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens.  
 Johnson, J. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, grocer.  
 Jones, J. Liverpool, brewer.  
 Laing, B. Fenchurch-street, ship-owner.  
 Lees, J. N. Wigan, linen-draper.  
 Lowireston, D. Manor-row, Rotherhithe, master-mariner.  
 M'Rae, J. Liverpool, grocer.  
 Marchant, T. Brighton, miller.  
 Meek, E. Knaresborough, linen-draper.  
 Moody, W. Holywell-row, Shoreditch, carman.  
 Nathan, N. and W. Mansel-street, Goodman's-fields, quill-merchants.  
 Neise, M. G. Parliament-street, accoutrement-maker.  
 Newal, J. Beaconsfield, Bucks, draper.  
 Newbold, W. Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, tailor.  
 Nicholson, R. Plymouth, wine-merchant.  
 Parker, T. Charles-street, City-road, grocer.  
 Pearce, W. Oreston, Devonshire, flour-merchant.  
 Penn, W. B. Datchet, Bucks, bookseller.  
 Ritchie, R. P. London, merchant.  
 Robinson, W. Liverpool, upholsterer.  
 Rooke, R. Halifax, merchant.  
 Sheffield, T. Durham, ironmonger.  
 Shortis, T. Bristol, soap-manufacturer.  
 Smith, J. Bristol, tallow-merchant.  
 Speakman, J. Hardshaw-within-Windle, Lancashire, shop-keeper.  
 Stenning, H. Reigate, coal-dealer.

Swindells, J. Brinnington, Cheshire, house-builder.  
 Sykes, J. Wool-street, woollen-warehouseman.  
 Tierney, C. de, late of Cambridge, patentee of patent bits.  
 Travis, W. Ardenshaw, Lancashire, hatter.  
 Wasse, L. Warwick-place, Great Surrey-street, merchant.  
 Watson, J. Broomsgrove, draper.

Wintle, J. North-street, City-road, silversmith.  
 Williams, M. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper.  
 Wise, C. Sandling, near Maidstone, paper-maker.  
 Wise, R. and G. Wood-street, merchants.  
 Witham, R. Halifax, banker.  
 Wood, J. Leeds, woollapier.  
 Wright, R. Low Ireby, Cumberland, grocer.  
 Wright, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced July 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

#### SEQUESTRATIONS.

Brown, William, senior, grocer in Ayr.  
 M'Culloch, John, & Co. merchants in Glasgow.  
 Moon, Duncan, late china-merchant and tavern-keeper in Edinburgh.  
 Phillips, Lawrence, manufacturer and merchant in Glasgow.  
 Thomson, Robert Scott, druggist and apothecary in Edinburgh.

#### DIVIDENDS.

Adam, James, late merchant and ship-owner in Arbroath; by Thomas Scott, writer there.

Carswell, Walter & George, and Robert Carswell, & Co. manufacturers in Paisley; by John M'Gavin, accountant in Glasgow.  
 Davidson, David, merchant in Glasgow; by James Aitken, merchant there.  
 Jamieson, Peter, & Co. clothiers in Glasgow; by Allan Cuthbertson, accountant there.  
 M'Phedran, Dugald & Son, late fish-curers in Greenock; by N. M'Leod, merchant there.  
 Saunders, John, junior, merchant in Leith; by P. Borthwick, merchant there.  
 Sloan, Anthony, cloth-merchant in Wigton; by Stewart Gulline, merchant there.

### Obituary.

#### DEATH OF THE REV. DR. JOHNSTON.

It would be unjust to the memory of peculiar worth and benevolence, were we not particularly to advert to the character of this venerable Clergyman, who died on the 5th of July last. He was the second son of the Rev. Mr. Johnston of Arngask, Fifeshire, and the maternal grandson of the Rev. Mr. Williamson, St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh: his youth was sedulously devoted, under the influence of early piety, to the studies connected with the same high and important office which these, his near relatives, so honourably filled. After being ordained Minister of Langton, in Berwickshire, where he remained about six years, he was chosen to the Church and Parish of North Leith; and, during the long period of his life and ministry there, never did any of his people regret his appointment to so important a charge. On the contrary, the warmth of his attachments, the conscientiousness of his integrity, the ardour of his benevolence, and the consistency and the estimableness of his whole conduct as a minister, a Christian, a citizen, and a friend, ever secured for him their affection and esteem.

The simplicity and earnestness of his public ministrations, in preaching the doctrines, and enforcing the duties of the Gospel, and the diligence and fidelity with which he equally discharged, so long as she was able, the private functions of the ministry, in catechising his people, visiting them from house to house, and attending their beds of sickness and death, commended him to all who knew him as one who had his divine Master's work, and the spiritual welfare of the people, most sincerely at heart. Their interests, temporal as well as spiritual, besides, he felt as if they had been his own; and long will it be remembered, that, in this respect, to many a widow he was as a husband, to many an orphan as a father, to many of the destitute and helpless, a steward of Heaven's bounty, their protector, and patron, and support.

The activity and extent of his public benevolence are so well known to all in this vicinity, that it is scarcely necessary to particularise them. This, indeed, we should have no small difficulty in attempting, for there were few, if any, charitable institutions, not in Leith only, but in Edinburgh, whether they had for their object the relief of the temporal wants and calamities, or the ameliorating the spiritual condition of his fellow men, to which he did not promptly and liberally contribute, not of his substance only, but so long as he was able, of his time and influence, and other talents. When he heard of any case of distress, in short, he could not rest till he had done something, if possible, to remove or alleviate it;

and numberless, as well as indefatigable, were his personal exhortations and solicitations to others in behalf both of individuals and of institutions, whose resources were straitened, or required more abundant supplies. In the establishment and success of the Asylum in Edinburgh for the Industrious Blind, of which he will ever be regarded as the revered and beneficent founder, the funds of which he may justly be said to have created by his own unremitted zeal, and to the personal superintendence of which he, for many years, dedicated a portion of every day, though he had to come to it from his own house in Leith, he has left a monument behind him far more precious and durable than any column, even of marble, could present—a monument of gratitude in the hearts of many, who, though deprived of the light of day, have been trained to useful industry and virtue, and had their minds enlightened with the beams of divine and saving truth—a monument of great and extensive beneficence, which will perpetuate his memory, and, we trust, continue to increase in its power of doing good to many, for generations to come.

For several years before his death, though not till after he had reached an age considerably beyond the ordinary days of the life of man, and thus had survived almost all his early contemporaries, it was evident to his friends that his mind became gradually enfeebled, even when his bodily vigour was scarcely impaired. It was his memory, however, chiefly, that had lost its strength; his affections were not less warm, nor his concern for the good of others less ardent. In the kind attentions, and stated public services of his Assistant, and now his Successor, Dr Ireland, he found every thing he could have wished to relieve him from anxiety, as to parochial duties, and in those of his attached private friends he experienced every comfort that he could enjoy. Of a large family, but one daughter survives him; and while he was to her every thing that a father, she was to him all that a daughter, could be.

The last public service which he performed was addressing the communicants in his own church, at the second table, in the month of April last, when he was within a few days of completing his ninetieth year; and even, at last, his death was by no means anticipated; but it found him in an attitude the most desirable and enviable—that of prayer to that God whom he had served so industriously in the Gospel of his Son, for a period of nearly sixty-six years, and by whom he was, without almost a bodily pang or struggle, called to enter into the rest that remains in Heaven.

On Thursday, the 8th, his remains were follow-



ed to the grave by nearly five-hundred persons, among whom were many, not of his congregation only, but of the most distinguished citizens of Edinburgh as well as Leith; while the interesting objects of his peculiar care, the inmates and pensioners of the Asylum for the Blind, lined the ac-

cess to it, in the church-yard, and an unusual crowd of spectators were assembled to witness the solemn scene. "The memory of the righteous is blessed; yea, the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

#### DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS FLEMING, D.D.

The Reverend Thomas Fleming, D. D., one of the ministers of this city, died on the evening of Monday the 19th of July, at his house in George's Square, Edinburgh, after a severe and protracted illness, which he bore with much Christian patience. We cannot, however, allow this event to pass with a bare notification of its occurrence.

Dr Fleming was gifted with no ordinary intellectual powers, and these were improved by the most assiduous cultivation, and the most enlarged intercourse with mankind. His understanding was vigorous and comprehensive—patiently surveying the subject before it in all its bearings and relations. His judgment was sound, unwavering, discriminating; separating, with the most perfect exactness, every thing extraneous from the object of contemplation, and surveying it, isolated and alone, with a keen and discerning eye. He indeed particularly excelled in the reasoning faculty—his mind seemed to possess an instinctive facility in disentangling the mazes of an intricate subject, and placing the point of difficulty in so clear a light, that every eye might behold it.

His intercourse with mankind was most varied and extensive; and the object of this intercourse was, that, by a knowledge of our common nature, his discriminating mind might with the greater efficiency administer to the cure of its evils. His knowledge of human nature was accordingly very great. This feature in his character was, perhaps to a common eye, the most remarkable of any. We indeed have often been astonished at the discrimination he evinced in the estimation of character—he seemed to perceive, as if by intuition, the very characteristic point in an individual, without the aid of those manifestations so indispensable to common minds.

With such qualifications, it need not seem wonderful that his co-operation was solicited, where a discriminating judgment and an enlarged experience could be of avail. And this co-operation was ever most readily given. He possessed other qualities, however, without which those we already have mentioned, high as they were, would fail in commanding our full esteem. The qualities of the heart were possessed by Dr Fleming in as high perfection as those of the understanding. His character beamed with the sentiments of benevolence and honour. Above all the other qualities, perhaps, by which he was distinguished, his conscientiousness predominated. This was, in fact, the very pivot on which his mind turned. He not only adhered to what was right—he revolted even at an approximation to impropriety. Nor was the operation of this associated with austerity. It was melted by the kindness of his heart. His friendship accordingly was constant, affectionate, and sincere. His counsel was ever most readily and freely given; and many are those who, in the combined exercise of his kindness and his wisdom, have found a solution of all their difficulties. This was no where more remarkable than in the management of the public charities of Edinburgh. In most of these he took an active share. His advice was deemed of the highest moment; and even his opponents yielded it the tribute of their unqualified respect, because they were satisfied that it was the result of clear discernment, combined with the strictest integrity, that shrunk with abhorrence from an association with dishonour. Talent and merit he ever encouraged; it was the joy of his heart to see their possessors meet with their appropriate rewards.

But there was an ulterior object to which all his endowments, both natural and acquired, were made subservient. He was a minister of Christ, and his aim through life was, that he might be honoured as an instrument for the diffusion of the Gospel. Keenly alive to the best interests of man, and convinced that Christianity is the most effectual means of promoting them, he cordially engaged in the measures concerted for extending

religious blessings to other nations, and laboured with unwearied assiduity that they might have their full effect on his own. His professional knowledge was at once extensive and accurate, the result of patient research and mature reflection. He studied the Scriptures, as the source at once from which he was to draw materials for the instruction of his people, and by which his own mind might be nerved for duty and for suffering. He was a man of God—habitually living under a sense of his inspection, and of the accountability he was under for the trust he had received. Nor did this cast a gloom over his character; on the contrary, it shed a beautiful lustre over all. It shed its influence on every point in his character, so that the beholder might see it had received an impress from on high. It was a privilege to be admitted to his private intercourse. In the free unembarrassed ease of conversation, his mind poured forth her copious treasures, and ever and anon you were reminded what a raciness and zest it adds to the discourse when the great truths of the Gospel shed their influence over it; and when it is not held irrelevant to talk of the Almighty, while surveying those wonders which his hand has wrought.

He was called to preside over four successive congregations, and was most affectionately and sincerely regretted by them all—and it is not to be wondered at. He was anxious for their welfare. He had, indeed, a higher Master, and if approved by him, it was "a small thing to be judged of man's judgment;" but he yet acted on the maxim, that a minister to be useful, must be acceptable; and his whole pastoral life, of 44 years, was a living testimony to the efficacy of its application. His pulpit instructions bore the visible impress of his characteristic qualities. He ever maintained, that man is by nature a child of corruption and sin, and that his maladies are incurable, unless the Great Physician shall apply his healing balm. His knowledge of human nature, aided by that spiritual perception which higher endowments enabled him to gain, qualified him to detect the secret workings of the heart, and to show how appropriate the remedy is for the removal of its distresses. His views of a subject were comprehensive and clear—his illustrations rich, varied, apposite—and the application of all, to the character and conscience of his hearers, powerful, affectionate, discriminating. His devotional exercises were remarkable for the variety and felicity both of their sentiment and expression; and for combining, in an appropriate mode of supplication, thoughts and emotions that pass through the minds of all, but that few are able to embody in words.

The last scene of his life was in the highest degree interesting. For many months, indeed, before, he was convinced that his days were drawing to a close; and he surveyed the event with that calmness and magnanimity which faith in a Redeemer alone can inspire. He experienced much bodily suffering, but never uttered a murmur. His mental faculties continued unimpaired to the last; and the full and confident hope of felicity shed its mellow and sanctifying influence over them. He blessed his family—he prayed for them—he prayed for his friends—he prayed for his people, that the Lord would grant them a pastor according to his own heart, who should be to them for a blessing and a joy. And at the very verge of time, testified how unchangeable had been the faithfulness and how unwearied the affection of his Redeemer. It was a blessed thing to see this faithful servant of the Lord at the very end of his journey, as he retraced those steps by which Providence had led him, ascribing all his blessings to the operation of free grace; and trusting most confidently, that the same loving kindness, of which he had ever been the object, never would abandon him till it placed him in glory.



## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

1824. May 14. At Spanish Town, Jamaica, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel McNeill, of the 91st, or Argyleshire regiment, a son.

June 20. At North Berwick, Mrs Hawthorn, a son.

24. At his house at the Admiralty, London, the Lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M. P. a son.

25. At Findrassie House, Mrs Leslie, of Findrassie, a son.

— At Falkland, Mrs Deas, a daughter.

— At Netherhouse, the Lady of Major Peat, a daughter.

— At Dundee, Mrs Mylne of Mylnefield, a daughter.

27. At Portobello, the Lady of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq. a son.

28. At Logie, the Lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, of Clova, a son.

30. At Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of George Brodie, Esq. advocate, a son.

— Mrs Lang of Broomhill, a son.

— At Gatchouse, Mrs Dr Watson, a daughter.

July 1. At Dutton Park, the seat of Lord Montagu, Lady Isabella Cust, a daughter.

3. Mrs Abercromby, 19, York Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Colinton Bank, Mrs Logan, a daughter.

— At Briary Bank, Mrs Hutchins, a daughter.

4. At 20, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Stirling, Esq. a daughter.

5. At Mungall Cottage, Mrs Stainton of Biggar-shiels, a son.

7. At her father's, the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, the Lady of Montague B. Bere, of Morebath, in the county of Devon, Esq. a son and heir.

8. At Rosemount, Mrs Christie, a daughter.

9. In Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, a daughter.

13. Mrs W. C. Learmonth, of Craigend, a son.

16. At Aklington Park, the wife of Charles Charteris, Esq. of Culivait, Dumfriesshire, a daughter.

— At Benfield Lodge, Newton Stewart, the Lady of James Smith Adams, Esq. a son.

— At No. 79, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Kinnear, a son.

20. At Heddington, in Surrey, the Hon. Lady Helen Wedderburn, a son.

— At Balcarras, the Lady of Captain Head, a daughter.

— At Balgavies, in Angus-shire, the Lady of A. Mackenzie, Esq. surgeon, 69th regiment, of twin sons.

21. At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of A. Scott Broomfield, a daughter.

— At Blebo, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Bethune, a son.

22. At Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, London, the Lady of the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Caledonian Chapel, a son.

23. At Pwlltycrochan, North Wales, the Lady of Sir David Erskine of Cambo, Bart. a son and heir.

27. At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Mrs William Wyld, a daughter.

Aug. 11. The Lady of James Browne, Alnwick Hill, a daughter.

Lately. At 9, Circus Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Maitland, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

1824. March 29. At the Cape of Good Hope, Major Thomas Webster of Balgarvie, in the service of the Hon. the East India Company, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. Meadow-Place, Edinburgh.

June 15. At St Mary's, Woolwich, William Hunter, Esq. of Cessnock Hall, Lanarkshire, to Mary, only daughter of James Reid, Esq. royal horse-artillery.

— At St Philip's Church, Liverpool, William Blair McKean, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Marianne, daughter of John McCulloch, Esq. M.D. Liverpool.

March 22. The Hon. Hugh Francis Manners Tollemache, the fourth son of Lord Huntingtower, to Matilda, the fifth daughter of Joseph Hume, Esq. of Notting hill, Kensington.

21. At Dairsie, Dr James Spence, physician, Cupar, to Hobina, only daughter of the late Rev. Robert Coutts, one of the ministers of Brechin.

28. At Bowerswell, near Perth, Sir Michael Malcolm of Balbodie and Grange, Bart., to Miss Mary Forbes, youngest daughter of Mr John Forbes, Bowerswell.

— At Dumfries, the Rev. James Dalrymple, to Helen, fifth daughter of the late Thomas Yorston, Esq. Nithbank.

— At London, Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. to Julia, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Henry Brand.

29. At Maybole Castle, James Dow, Esq. of Montrose, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Douglas, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Hartpur, Gloucestershire, Mr Robert Hill, merchant, Edinburgh, to Rose Bellingham Martin, daughter of Mr Thomas Martin, Hartpur.

30. At London, Abner William Brown, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Dangerfield of Burton Crescent.

July 1. At Masham, Yorkshire, the Rev. John Stewart, minister of Sorn, to Mary, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Gammel.

— At Eldersly House, Robert C. Bontine, Esq. of Ardoch, eldest son of William C. C. Graham, Esq. of Gartmore, to Frances Laura, daughter of Archibald Spiers, Esq. of Eldersly, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Dundas.

2. At Phantassie, James Aitchison, Esq. second son of William Aitchison, Esq. of Drummore, to Janet, second daughter of George Ronnie, Esq. of Phantassie.

— In St Paul's Chapel, York Place, Edinburgh, Dr John Argyll Robertson, to Anne, second daughter of the late Charles Lockhart, Esq. of Newhall.

5. At Dundee, the Rev. Dr Ireland, Catharine Bank, North Leith, to Catherine, second daughter of the late Dr Henderson, physician, Dundee.

6. At Kingston Place, Glasgow, Capt. Lauchlin Macquarrie, 55d regiment of foot, to Miss Margaret M'Alpin, fourth daughter of the late Daniel M'Alpin, Esq. of Ardnachig.

— At Sackville House, county of Kerry, Ireland, Major David Graham, 59th regiment of foot, to Miss Honoria Stokes, daughter of Oliver Stokes, Esq. of the above county.

— At Drylaw, Captain Charles Hope Watson, R. N. to Miss Mary Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late William Ramsay, Esq. of Barrinton.

— In Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Richard Pantou, Esq. of the island of Jamaica and University of Cambridge, to Sophia Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late David Morrison, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, Bengal establishment.

7. Dr Anderson, 92d regiment, to Georgiana, third daughter of the late Capt. John Graham, of the revenue service.

— At Edinburgh, James Naismith, Esq. writer, Hamilton, to Janet, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Smith.

8. At Kirkaldy, Hugh Lumsden of Pitcaple, Esq. advocate, to Isabella, fourth daughter of Walter Fergus, Esq. of Strathore.

— At Morningside, Mr George G. Thomson, merchant, Leith, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late John Richmond, Esq. wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Colonel Henry Lygon, M. P., to Lady Susan Elliot, second daughter of the Earl and Countess St Germain.

— At Aberdeen, George Keith, Esq. of Usan, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Donald, baker, Aberdeen.

— At London, Lord Garvagh, to Rosabella Charlotte, eldest daughter of Henry Bonham, Esq. M. P. for Sandwich.

12. At Dundee, Edward Baxter, Esq. merchant there, to Euphemia, youngest daughter of the late William Wilson, Esq. of Whitfield.

July 8. At Ayr, W. F. Bow, Esq. M. D. Alnwick, Northumberland, to Jane, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Mackenzie, late of his Majesty's 72d regiment of Highlanders.

— At Edinburgh, David Greig, Esq. W. S. to Catharine, daughter of Mr Josiah Maxton, Albany Street.

— At Edinburgh, John Campbell, Esq. younger of Succoth, to Anne Jane, youngest daughter of the late Francis Sitwell, Esq. of Barmoor Castle, Northumberland.

— At Ayr, William Forrester Bow, Esq. M. D. to Jane, only daughter of Colonel George Mackenzie.

13. At Burntisland, the Rev. Matthew Leishman, minister of the Gospel at Govan, to Miss Jane Elizabeth Boog, daughter of the late Robert Boog, Esq.

— At Biddenden, Kent, the Right Hon. Lord George Henry Spencer Churchill, son of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Narves, Rector of Biddenden, and niece to the Duke of Marlborough.

— The Hon. and Rev. Henry Edward John Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Carlisle, to Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of J. Wright, Esq. of Mapperly, in the county of Nottingham.

— The Right Hon. Lord De Dunstanville, to Miss Lemon, daughter of Sir Wm. Lemon, Bart.

14. At Kneeshworth House, the residence of Francis Pym, jun. Esq. Henry Smith, Esq. third son of Samuel Smith, Esq. of Woodhall Park, to Lady Lucy Leslie Melville, eldest sister of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

— At Croydon, Surrey, Frederick John Bassett, Esq. surgeon, Coleman Street, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late James Dickson, Esq. of Croydon, and niece to the late Mungo Parke, Esq.

15. At Orchardmains, the Rev. Thomas Struthers, Hamilton, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Adam Brydon, Esq. Orchardmains.

— At 77, Rose-Street, Edinburgh, John Renwick, merchant, Leith, to Jean, daughter of the late Wm. Scott, Esq. formerly of Betach, Dumfriesshire.

19. At Ashted, in Surrey, Robert Campbell Scarlett, Esq. eldest son of James Scarlett, Esq. M. P. to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. Chief Justice of the Mauritius.

— At Tuam Cathedral, Edward Barrington, Esq. of the 5th dragoon guards, son of Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of his Majesty's Court of Admiralty in Ireland, to Anna Hamilton, third daughter of Netherfield B'ake, of Berning House, county Galway, Esq. and grand-niece to Viscount Netherfield.

— At Aberdeen, James Ross, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Dyce, M. D. Aberdeen.

20. At Castlemilk, James Hotchkiss, Esq. of Templehall, W. S. to Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas Hart, Esq. of Castlemilk.

— At Ratho, the Rev. J. J. Macfarlane, Shettleston, Glasgow, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr John Anderson.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John M. Turner, Rector of Welmslow, Cheshire, to Miss Louisa Lewis Robertson, third daughter of the late Captain George Robertson, of the R. N.

22. At Yarmouth Church, John Joseph Robinson, Esq. to Cordelia Anne, only daughter of John Danby Palmer, Esq. of Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk.

— At Sidmouth, Charles Butler Stevenson, Esq. late of the Scots Greys, to Harriet Mary-Ann Graham, daughter of the late James Graham, Esq. of Richardby, Cumberland.

23. At Edinburgh, James W. Dickson, Esq. advocate, to Jeanette Helen, daughter of the late James Morrison of Greenfield, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Plenderleith, Bortland, Eddlestone, to Miss Jean White, Peebles.

26. At Edinburgh, Henry Englefield, Esq. son of Sir Henry Charles Englefield, Bart. to Catharine, eldest daughter of Henry Witham of Lartington, in the county of York, Esq. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Dr Cameron, Catholic Bishop, and afterwards by Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart. according to the forms of the Church of Scotland.

July 27. John Hutton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Jane, youngest daughter of Peter Wood, Esq. Rosemount, Leith.

## DEATHS.

1824. Feb. At Calcutta, Colonel John Paton, honorary Aid-de-Camp to the Governor-General, and late Commissary-General, after a period of 41 years service in the Hon. East-India Company's military service.

April 2. At Quebec, in the 29th year of his age, Robert, son of the late Henry Johnston, Esq. of Meadowbank.

20. At Rio Janeiro, Mr John C. M'Dougall, midshipman on board his Majesty's ship Spartiate, and youngest son of the late Duncan M'Dougall, Esq. Ardintrive.

29. At Jamaica, Mr Peter Grace, son of the late Dr Grace of Cupar.

May 2. Mr Thomas Thomson, overseer, Plantation Plaisance, east coast Demerary, son of the late Mr Alexander Thomson, tobaccoist, Edinburgh.

6. At sea, Colin Bruce, Esq. on his passage from Jamaica, aged 29.

9. At Kingston, Jamaica, Dr Colin Campbell, formerly of Greenock.

21. At Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr John Cotton, aged 108 years, a revolutionary pensioner. Mr Cotton served seven years in the old French war, and seven years in the revolutionary war.

June 9. At Quebec, Ensign J. D. Cogan, of the 68th regiment.

12. At the Countess's Bush, county of Kilkenny, Mary Costello, aged 102 years. Her mother, Matilda Pickman, died precisely at the same age. Her grandmother died at the age of 120. Her great grandmother's age is not exactly known, but it exceeded 125 years, and long before her death she had to be rocked in a cradle like an infant. Mary Costello's brother lived beyond a hundred years; at the age of 90 he worked regularly, and could cut down half an acre of heavy grass in one day.

15. At Stirling, Mrs Gleig, wife of the Right Rev. Bishop Gleig.

16. In Dublin, Walter Thom, Esq. of Aberdeen, formerly editor of the Correspondent, and for the last few years joint proprietor and editor of the Dublin Journal.

June 17. At Pau, capital of the Basse Pyrenees, Major Stuart Maxwell, of the Royal Artillery. This Gallant Officer died in the prime of life, his constitution having been early worn out in the service of his country. His remains repose no far distant from one of the brilliant achievements of the British army, at which he had the honour to assist—the battle of Orthes. He served several campaigns in the Peninsular war; commanded a Brigade of Artillery at the Battle of Vittoria; was a Companion of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath; and known to the literary world as the Author of a Poem, "entitled 'The Battle of the Bridge'."

19. At his house, Grange Toll, near Edinburgh, Mr Robert Wight, late farmer, West Byres, Ormiston, in the 78th year of his age.

— At Moffat, very suddenly, Alex. Moffat, Esq. of Loch Urr, aged 64 years.

20. At Devonport, W. Cuming, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and Companion of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath.

— At Bath, the Hon. Alexina Duncan, eldest daughter of Viscount Duncan.

— At Portfield, Mr William Edgar, merchant in Glasgow.

21. At Scotstown, Alex. Moir, of Scotstown, Esq.

22. At Frome, Mary White, aged 105 years.

23. At Warriston House, Miss Mary Brown, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Robert Brown, Leith.

25. At Currie, Mr Thomas Hamilton, senior, late builder in Edinburgh.

26. At Ruchill, Miss Dregghorn, daughter of the late Robert Dregghorn, of Blochairn.

— At Stranraer, Provost Kerr, of Stranraer.

— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, George, eldest son of Capt. W. H. Hardyman, Hon. East-India Company's naval service.

— At Girvan, Mr Andrew Kirk, aged 74. He was 51 years parochial schoolmaster in the parish.



June 27. At Thornton House, Anna, eldest daughter of Colonel Cunningham.

— At Haddington, Mr Wm. Shiells, late brewer there, in the 67th year of his age.

— At Milton Cottage, Capt. George Macpherson, R. N.

28. At Prestonpans, Ann Comb, daughter of the late James Comb, Esq.

— In James's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Hardy, relict of Mr James Gilchrist, navy agent London.

29. At Bandirran, aged seven years, William, only son of J. M. Nairn, Esq. of Dunsinane.

— At Burghhead, the Rev. Lewis Gordon, D. D. one of the ministers of Elgin, in the 76th year of his age, and the 55th of his ministry.

30. At Burnside of Dalbeattie, David Copland, Esq. late of Gregory.

— At Burrowmuirhead, Mrs Janet Spottiswood, spouse of Mr John Robertson of Lawhead.

— At Paddington, William Ellice, Esq. in the 41st year of his age.

July 1. At Kieburn, parish of Laureneekirk, after ten years confinement by rheumatism, which she bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Elizabeth, wife of Lieut. Scott, half-pay 62d regiment.

2. Mrs Grizel Smart, relict of Mr William Cunningham, Haddington.

3. At her house in Berkeley Square, London, the Dowager Countess of Albemarle, in the 82d year of her age.

— At Clifton, at the advanced age of 95 years, William Compton, Esq. LL.D. Chancellor of the diocese of Ely.

4. In Cavendish Square, London, after a sudden relapse of illness, the Countess of Brownlow.

— At Glasgow, Adam Graham, Esq. of Craigallan.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Moodie, of the Auditor's Office, Exchequer.

5. At Abbey St Blathan's, Mr Andrew Wallace, teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh.

— At the manse of Liff, William Scott, second son of the Rev. George Addison.

7. At London, in his 81st year, Sir George Wood, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

8. At her house in Brighton, Amelia Charlotte, second daughter of the late Archibald Grant, of Pittencreeff, Esq.

— At Greenock, Thomas Ramsay, Esq. in the 85th year of his age.

— At Wakefield, Janet, wife of Daniel Maude, Esq. and second daughter of the late Geo. Munro, Esq. of Calderbank.

— From inflammation, after an illness of two days, George Earl of Tyrone, eldest son of the Marquis of Waterford.

9. At Mortimer Cottage, Berkshire, Elizabeth, relict of the late David Murray, Esq. brother of Lord Elibank, and daughter of the late Right Hon. Thomas Harley.

— At Fort William, Mr Thomas Gillespie, tenant at Ardchy, one of the most extensive store-farmers in the north of Scotland.

— At Wellington Place, Leith, Mr James Marr, corn merchant.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Ann Aitken, wife of Mr John Grey, merchant there.

— At sea, on his passage home from Jamaica, Colin Stewart Bruce, Esq. of Seaforth.

— At Balfour manse, the Rev. James Jeffrey, in the 75th year of his age, and 57th of his ministry.

11. At Newck, Mrs James Haig.

— After a long and painful illness, Wm. Henderson, Esq. of Nunholm.

— At Inverary, Major General Dugald Campbell.

July 11. At Glasgow, Mr John Thomson, merchant, aged 71.

— At Calder Hall, near Carlisle, Isabella Anne, eldest daughter of General Sir R. Amelius Irving, Bart. late of Woodhouse.

13. At Ironside House, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh, Ann Somerville, aged 73, relict of the late Sir David Gray, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Freeland, Penelope Leslie, daughter of Major Walker.

— At Leith, William Henderson, Esq. of Bardister, Shetland, in the 69th year of his age.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Macdonald, wife of Captain John Macdonald, barrack-master, Edinburgh, and youngest sister of Sir William Bulkeley Hughes of Plascoch, county of Anglesea, North Wales.

15. At Edinburgh, Gilbert Hutcheson, Esq. Deputy Judge Advocate for Scotland.

— At the Cottage of Rockhall, Mary Anne, third daughter of Alex. Grierson, Esq. younger of Lag.

— At Brunstain, Mrs Brown, wife of Mr John Brown, farmer there.

17. At Meadow Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Catharine Webster, widow of the Rev. John Webster.

— At Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, Mary, daughter of Alexander Fraser, Esq. accountant.

— At Walker-street, Edinburgh, George Sandilands, Esq.

19. Charles Louis Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, of Bridge-Hill House, in Kent, and of the Chateau de Labrede, near Bourdeaux, South of France. He was formerly a distinguished officer in the French service, of an ancient and noble family of Guenne, and descended of the illustrious Montesquieu, one of the greatest ornaments of French literature. The Baron settled in Kent, after the revolution of France.

— At Gogar Lodge, Mrs Dr Stewart.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Thomas Fleming, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, in the 70th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry.

20. At Ruthwell Cottage, Mrs Ann M. Murdo, relict of the Rev. George Duncan, minister of Lochrutton, in the 79th year of her age.

21. At the Priory, Stanmore, Lady Jane Gordon, eldest daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Ann Garioch, widow of the late Dr Walker of Laureneekirk.

22. At Falmouth, in the 58th year of his age, George Munro, Esq. of the colony of Berbice.

25. In Charlott-street, Ayr, Andrew Belch, Esq. writer in Ayr.

24. At Sansonate, Mexico, George Cochran, Esq. of the house of Robert Cochran and Sons, Paisley.

25. At Edinburgh, Major James Ballantyne, of Holylee.

27. Her Grace the Duchess of Gordon, after a most severe illness of above twelve months, which she bore with the greatest fortitude and resignation.

Lately. At Drayten, near Abingdon, Berks, aged 85, William Hayward, Esq. In his lifetime, Mr H. had distributed many thousands among his relatives, nevertheless, he died worth £400,000, the greater part of which he has left among them, many of whom are in indigent circumstances.

— On his passage to Europe, for the recovery of health, Ensign George Huntly Gordon, of the Hon. East-India Company's service, youngest son of Lieutenant-General Gordon Cumming Skene, of Pitlurg and Dyce.

— Off Algiers, suddenly, Mr Wm. Rogers, Master of his Majesty's ship Glasgow.

— At his house in Duke-street, St James's London, Major-General Macquarrie, late Governor of New South Wales.



THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

— — — BEING A NEW SERIES OF

**The Scots Magazine.**

SEPTEMBER 1824.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

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*Man Time.*

October.

10. River Tweed closes.  
11. Old Michaelmas.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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SEPTEMBER 1824.

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A DEFENCE OF THE LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
ON MIRACLES.

“ The scoffers who have laughed at the miracles are unacquainted with this faith of ours ; the unction of the spirit which teaches us does not render them docile, and hence all things must be *natural* to men unacquainted with what is *supernatural*. They will descend with Spinoza to the *vis medicatrix nature*, and search for the attributes of the Divinity in the inertness or volubility of matter,—or, with Hobbes or Hume, they will disarm the Deity of his power, cast down with human liberty the essential land-marks of right and wrong, and, with Rousseau, doubt, or, with the sage of Ferney, laugh at all that is sacred in the Gospel dispensation. They will do this, and, with a profaneness and insolence peculiar to infidelity, affix names of reproach to characters the most blameless, filling their reviews, or pamphlets, with a silly bombast, which a man of letters, or a Christian, can scarcely peruse, but which gratifies the appetite of the unlettered and profane ; as Lactantius has it, ‘ *omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur amantque inversis quac sub verbis latitantia cernunt.* ’ ”

J. K. L.

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*To the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine.*

SIR,

*Audi alteram partem* is a maxim which those who conduct the periodical press will, I trust, always keep in view ; and presuming that your respectable Miscellany is open to those who may consider themselves aggrieved in its columns, I mean to offer some observations, by way of vindication, on the article entitled “ *Irish Miracles*,” inserted in your Numbers for March and April last, professing to be a critique on my hasty literary trifle in the shape of a letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review. Had the reviewer confined his remarks to my proposition, that miraculous powers had never ceased, and would probably always continue in the Christian church, I would have been contented to have passed him over in silence ; but as he has been pleased to make an unfair attack upon Catholics, and their religion, it becomes necessary to endeavour to counteract the baneful effects which his misrepresentations may produce in the minds of such of your readers as may be unfortunately prepossessed against both, by exposing them in their true colours.

The reviewer, no doubt, occasionally displays some sound sense, and a little good feeling, but his imagination seems to be so bewildered at the very idea of miracles happening in any Christian country, that he frequently lays aside both, and thus involves himself in the greatest contradictions. He shews, for instance, his good sense in ridiculing the “ worse than trifling” plan of those Protestants who “ deny the fact of the cures,” who “ grasp at the certificates of the physicians,” and who “ try the said cures by the tests of what they deem true miracles ;” and he indicates his good feeling, when



he says, that "the absurdity of the Protestants consists in attempting to invalidate the fact, (of the cures,) by imputing to the patients, the witnesses, and the DIGNITARIES of the Roman Catholic Church, a duplicity, hypocrisy, and fraud, which charity scorns and liberality rejects." Yet, a little before, he had designated the miracles, as "*barefaced imposture*;" and towards the end of his article, as if forgetting what he had previously written, he gravely talks of the "*manner in which the whole affair was got up and carried on at Ranelagh!*"

In the reviewer's apprehension, the "*ground*" which both Catholics and Protestants have taken up is "*unsatisfactory*;" for the Catholics are said, "*as usual*," to mix "*a little bit of sophistry*" in their argument, by maintaining, what appears to the reviewer a very extraordinary proposition, that an incurable disease cannot be cured by *natural* means; and the Protestants, instead of denying "*this conclusion*," which the reviewer wisely says "*is unwarranted, on the principles of fair reasoning, analogy, and experience*," are guilty of the "*absurdity*" of calling the fact of the cures, and the evidence on which they are founded, in question—of trying the miracles by *tests*,—and of having recourse to the most uncharitable insinuations! He therefore laments that "the Protestants have not *entrenched* themselves within those principles from which they could not be driven by all the learning, subtilty, and force of the enemy;" and, of course, like a skilful general, he proposes to erect an impregnable fortress of principles, out of which neither learning, power, nor stratagem, shall be able to drive him. He disclaims all unfair dealing; and, "*casting away from his mind*," with the candour, magnanimity, and *charity* of a Christian hero, the unworthy insinuations of Protestants, "*which charity scorns and liberality rejects*," and "*admitting the cures as told by the patients themselves, and their witnesses*," he proceeds "*to shew, that these cures, to all their supposed extent, however wonderful, are not supernatural*." But before entering upon his mighty task, the reviewer, as if afraid of the solidity of the structure he is about to raise, has the singular precaution to intimate, that, although the "*cures were sequences of the Prince's prayers, and the sacrifice of the mass, AS MUCH SO AS EFFECTS ARE OF CAUSES*," yet it would not necessarily follow that these have been brought about by the interposition of Heaven, through the instrumentality of the Prince, or his power with God!!

To establish his position, that the cures in question are not supernatural, the reviewer *first* considers the "*infallible tests of true miracles*,"—*secondly*, the objects for which the cures were wrought; and, by the application of certain "*principles deduced from these, to the cures before us*," he concludes, "*that there was nothing supernatural in them whatever*;" a method, he observes, which rids us at once of all the obstacles "*about the efficacy of prayer, the efficacy of the mass, the power of working miracles being continued in the Church of Rome, conspiracy and fraud, and natural causes, and brings the question to a short and satisfactory issue!*" The main object of the reviewer's plan, which he endeavours to support by a strange misapplication of Scripture, seems to be, not so much to controvert my proposition, (which indeed were impossible,) as to shew that miraculous powers cannot now exist in the Catholic Church, on account of certain alleged additions to, and subtractions from Scripture, which the reviewer fancies to exist. Yet he does not pretend that any of the reformed churches either had, have, or will have these powers conferred on them, and therefore the truth of their doctrines is to be ascertained by an absolute negation of miracles, contrary to the opinion of Grotius, Paley, and the other learned advocates of revelation, who consider miracles as the criterion of truth!

In his *borrowed* enumeration of the *tests* of true miracles, the reviewer is undoubtedly correct; for as, under the old law, the workers of false miracles were to be known by their attempt to withdraw God's chosen people from his worship, and to induce them to "*go after other gods*,"—so, under the New Testament dispensation, the false Christs and false prophets, who are to shew great signs and wonders, will be recognised by their open hostility to Christ, and by their denying that he has come in the flesh. But as the tests

given to the Jews did not supersede the exercise of those miraculous powers with which the Saints of the old law were invested, (the whole history of the Jewish people being a series of miracles,)—so neither do the *tests* for distinguishing *false* from *true* miracles, given to Christians, set aside those miraculous powers which our Saviour promised, *without any limitation of time*, to his followers. To argue, therefore, against the possibility of miracles, merely because there have been, or may be, false miracles, is not only to deny the truth of all history, but to call in question revelation itself<sup>1</sup>. “He that believeth in me, the works that I do he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do.” To disbelieve this promise requires, on our part, an apostasy from the faith; to limit its operation, depends not on us, but on God! The disciples of Christ who were sent to preach the gospel to every creature, preparatory to the consummation, have been followed by the signs which he described or foretold. They might take up serpents, or drink poison, without being injured, and the imposition of their hands could cure diseases. Who will disprove the miracles wrought in the Church according to his promise? Who can deny their existence, without rejecting the evidence which human testimony and public records exhibit in every age<sup>2</sup>?”

But not contented with the tests borrowed from Dr Doyle, of whom, on that account at least, he ought to have spoken more respectfully, the reviewer thinks the test “given by St. John in the Revelations<sup>3</sup> is the security of the Church in *every* age,” (as well, of course, *before* as *after* the reformation),—that “it points out, as with a sunbeam, the Church which is of God, which is approved of him, and which is his own.” Most assuredly the Church which should *add* unto, or *take away* from the words of St. John’s prophecy, would not be the Church which is of God; but the reviewer surely knows that the Catholic Church, which *alone* has existed “*in every age*,” never did so. He, however, with a reviewer’s licence, *adds* to, or enlarges the text, by applying it to all Scripture generally, to enable himself the more readily to answer a question he puts, whether the Church of Rome has added to, or taken away from Scripture?—a question which, it may be supposed, he solves very satisfactorily, by saying that “*it has done both*,” and adducing a few instances in support of his assertion. That the same denunciations which St. John records against those who add to or take from the words of *his* prophecy, await those who use the same liberties with other Scripture, is abundantly obvious; but before we can arrive at any fair conclusion on charges of such a serious nature as those made by the reviewer, we must previously ascertain what Scripture is, and under what authority it is defined and explained. Passing over, however, such inquiry *à present*, I shall now proceed to dispose of the reviewer’s charges against the Catholic Church, of having added to, and taken from Scripture, in the instances adduced by him.

1st, We are accused of having “taken away the second commandment, as to images.” This charge is false, and the reviewer in reiterating it, (for he is only a *repeater* of the calumny,) must have known it to be untrue, or believed it credulously, without inquiry. He is, to use his own expression, welcome to either limb of the alternative, but charity warns me to adopt the latter, though at the expense of his understanding. Allow me, Sir, to ask this theologian, in whose custody Protestants found *their* second commandment at the time of their pretended reformation? If he cannot answer this

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark xvi. 17, 18. St. John xiv. 12. 1 Cor. xii. 28.

<sup>2</sup> Defence by J. K. L., p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> It may be useful to the reviewer to be informed, that the book of Revelations was rejected by some of the ancients as spurious, (*vid.* Eusebius L. 3, chap. 28,) and St. Jerom (Epist. ad Dardanum) says, that the greater part of the Greek Churches in his time did not receive it. The early fathers, however, generally attributed the book to St. John the Evangelist, and though not found in the catalogue of the Council of Laodicea, or of St. Cyril, it was afterwards admitted by the Greek and Latin Churches, was reckoned amongst the Canonical books by the third Council of Carthage in 397, and latterly by the Council of Trent. Father Luther, notwithstanding, rejected it, along with the Epistle to the Hebrews, and those of St. James and St. Jude!



easy question, let him mention by what notable discovery this concealed commandment was found out. But is it really possible to conceive that a writer, who boasts of "the blaze of philosophical and religious light which illuminates Britain," and who, of course, considers himself enlightened by its rays, could be so grossly ignorant as not to know that every word of the ten commandments stands in the Catholic Bible as fully and explicitly as in that of Protestants? If he was really so ignorant, it was his duty to have examined the version of the Scriptures used by the Catholic Church and Catholics (for we too have our Bibles in our houses, though we do not make them school-books,) to have ascertained the fact; nay, farther, he should have perused our books of instruction and catechisms, and even in these he would have found his second commandment inserted at full length. Should his liberality and charity prompt him to doubt my veracity, and make him suppose I am committing a *pious fraud*, I am ready to produce, *on demand*, a variety of doctrinal works and catechisms approved of by our Church, to establish my statement. As the standard of these, I may, in the meantime, refer to the Catechism of the Council of Trent, in which the reviewer will find the commandment in question<sup>1</sup>. It is true, Catholics divide the commandment differently from Protestants, by making what Protestants call the first and second, the *first*, and dividing the tenth of Protestants into *two*; into the merits of which division I do not mean to enter. But it may be observed, that, although mention be made in the Bible of the ten words of the law, the mode of dividing the commandments is not pointed out, and our Saviour comprehensively reduced them to two. The Catechism of the Council of Trent, in the plan referred to, observes thus on the *second* commandment of Protestants: "Some thinking this to be another commandment, will have the two last to have the force of one commandment only; but St. Austin, dividing those last, will have these words to belong to the first commandment; which opinion, because it is most celebrated in the Church, we willingly follow." But instead of disputing about the *division* of the commandments, let us emulate one another in their *observance*; and whether the precept, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," be the eighth or ninth commandment, let the reviewer, *in future*, bear it in mind when he comes to speak of his Catholic brethren.

*2dly*, "Though the cup is given to all in the Scriptures, our Lord saying, *Drink ye all of it*, yet the Church of Rome has taken it away, and given them only the bread, or wafer, in the communion." But where is the precept that the *people* must communicate under both kinds? Certainly not in the words of the institution, for the commandment, "*Drink ye all of it*," was addressed only to the *Apostles*, who alone were present at the Last Supper, and who were on that occasion appointed Priests, to perform the same act of sacrifice and communion, in remembrance of HIM who had offered up his body and blood, under the appearance of bread and wine, in fulfilment of that prophecy which denominated him a "priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." As *Priests*, therefore, the *Apostles*, and their successors in the ministry, were to receive under both kinds, which was indispensable in the discharge of their priestly functions; and "hence (says Dr Milner) it is seen that the command of Christ, on which our opponents lay so much stress, *Drink ye all of this*, regards the *Apostles* as *Priests*, and not the Laity as communicants<sup>2</sup>." The institution of the Eucharist regarded the whole Church; as a *sacrifice* and sacrament it regarded the *Apostles* and their successors, and the people, merely as a *sacrament*; but the institution does not determine whether the *people* are to receive it in one or both kinds. We find, however, from St. Luke's Gospel, that our Saviour himself, on the day of his resurrection, administered the sacrament, under the form of bread alone, to Cleophas and the other disciple<sup>3</sup>; and that the *Apostles* did the same, is equally clear, from the second chapter of Acts, in which mention is made of the baptized converts joining in the breaking of *bread*, and from

<sup>1</sup> Part Third, Sect 32.      <sup>2</sup> End of Relig. Controv., Letter 39.

<sup>3</sup> St. Luke xxiv. 30, 31.



the 20th chapter, in which the breaking of bread is mentioned as having taken place at Troas on the first day of the week. But the authority of St Paul is quite decisive that communion in either form is sufficient, for he says, "whoever shall eat this bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord <sup>1</sup>." The *alternative* implied by the disjunctive conjunction *or*, was considered so strong for communion under one kind, that King James's translators actually corrupted the text, by substituting the copulative conjunction *and* in place of *or*, contrary to the original Greek, the Latin vulgate, the version of Beza, and others. We also know <sup>2</sup> that the church at Jerusalem permitted the converted Jews to follow some of their old customs, particularly the Nazarites, who, during the time of their vow, abstained from wine <sup>3</sup>; and it is extremely improbable that during that time they did not partake of the communion.

We do not, therefore, believe that the cup is forbidden in Scripture to the Laity; but the prohibition thereof is considered by the Church an affair of discipline solely, which she may alter according to circumstances, and which, accordingly, has varied at different periods. In the early ages of the Church, a promiscuous practice prevailed, of communicating sometimes under both kinds, and at others under one only. Tertullian <sup>4</sup> in the second, St. Denys <sup>5</sup> of Alexandria, and St. Cyprian <sup>6</sup>, in the third, and St. Ambrose, <sup>7</sup> St. Basil, <sup>8</sup> and St. Chrysostom <sup>9</sup> in the fourth century, all mention this practice, that the Christians kept the sacramental bread in their houses, to have recourse to in case of sickness or martyrdom, and that sea-faring people carried it along with them on their voyage. It farther appears from St. Cyprian, that children received the communion under the species of wine only. In 431, the general Council of Ephesus enjoined the observance of communion in one kind, in opposition to the heretic Nestorius, who oppugned the practice; but a few years thereafter, on occasion of certain Manichean heretics, who came from Africa to Rome, objecting to the sacramental cup altogether from a wicked principle <sup>10</sup>, Pope Leo excluded them from the communion; and Pope Gelasius, about the end of the fifth century, ordered all his flock to receive the communion under both kinds, the more effectually to detect those concealed enemies of the church. These facts demonstrate, if no other proof could be adduced, that the practice of communion under one kind existed early in the church. Indeed Eusebius <sup>11</sup>, Paulinus <sup>12</sup>, and Amphilochius <sup>13</sup>, testify that Serapion, St. Ambrose, and St. Basil, received the communion in one kind on their death-beds.

Were the differences betwixt the Catholic Church and Protestants reduced to this single question, she might probably alter her discipline, and allow the Laity the use of the chalice, at least to those who desired it, as the council of Basil granted to the Calixtins <sup>14</sup> at their own request, and as Pope Pius the 4th did, by desire of the Emperor Ferdinand, by authorizing some of the German Bishops to allow the same indulgence to such of their flocks as desired it <sup>15</sup>. And really I cannot understand why Protestants should seem so anxious upon this point, when they profess to receive nothing but mere bread and wine, or blame our church for withholding the cup, when we believe that, under either species, we receive Christ whole and entire, his flesh and blood, soul and divinity, being inseparable. But some eminent

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 37.<sup>2</sup> Acts xxi. 24, 26.<sup>3</sup> Numbers vi. 3, 4, 5, 18.<sup>4</sup> Ad Uxor. l. 2.

Euseb. l. 6., c. 39.

<sup>5</sup> Euseb. l. 6., c. 44.<sup>6</sup> Serm. de Lapsis.<sup>7</sup> De Obitu Satyr.<sup>8</sup> Epist. ad Cesar.<sup>9</sup> Apud Sozomen, l. 8., c. 5.

<sup>10</sup> "It is known to every learned reader, that Manicheism was an attempt of Manes, a native of Persia, in the third century, to engraft upon the Gospel the Persian system of the two principles, one eternally and sovereignly good, the other eternally and sovereignly evil. The soul, and whatever is derived from it, they considered to proceed from the former; the body, and whatever is derived from the body, to proceed from the latter. To the body, and, therefore, to the evil principle, they ascribed the great inequality of power and property among mankind." Butler's Reminiscences, C. 31., sect. 6.

<sup>11</sup> Lib. 6., c. 36.<sup>12</sup> In vita Ambros.<sup>13</sup> In vita Basil.<sup>14</sup> Sess. II.<sup>15</sup> Mem. Granv. Tom. xvii. Odorhainal.

Protestants have considered communion under one kind sufficient ; for Luther himself says, that " they sin not against Christ who use but one, Christ having left it free to the choice of each <sup>1</sup>," and he reproaches Carlostadius for having " placed Christianity in things of no account, such as *communicating* under both kinds <sup>2</sup>, in which opinion he is followed by Melancthon <sup>3</sup>. Bishop Montague asks, " Where doth the Scriptures command the baptism of the infant, or the *people* to receive the sacrament in both kinds <sup>4</sup>? And the French Calvinists, in their synod held at Poitiers in 1560, expressly decree, that " the *bread* of our Lord's Supper ought to be administered to those *who cannot drink wine*, on their making a protestation that they do not refrain from contempt <sup>5</sup>. Even in England an exception is made by *Act of Parliament*, from communion under both kinds, in case " *necessity did otherwise require* <sup>6</sup>."

I now proceed to the second branch of the reviewer's charges, of having added doctrines to Scripture. These charges we deny, and I shall presently refute them in due order.

1st, The Catholic Church, it is said, has added the doctrine of a middle state, or purgatory, as it is called. Her doctrine upon this point is, that, " as nothing defiled can enter into heaven, those pious persons departing this life, pardoned as to the eternal guilt or pain, yet obnoxious to some temporal penalty, or with the guilt of some venial faults, are purged and purified before their admittance into heaven <sup>7</sup>." That the souls of the saints of the old law were detained in a middle state, till our Saviour's resurrection, cannot reasonably be questioned ; and the extraordinary fact mentioned in the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, " that many bodies of the Saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many," is quite decisive of the point. Indeed, we learn from St. Peter, that, during the time our Saviour's body lay in the sepulchre, " he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which some time were disobedient <sup>8</sup>." Our Saviour himself plainly intimates the existence of a middle state, when he says, " that whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, *neither in the world to come* ;" which evidently implies, that some sins are forgiven in the " world to come," the place for forgiving which must necessarily be some middle state, as maintained by St. Augustine <sup>9</sup> and St. Gregory the Great <sup>10</sup>. And the most learned of the ancient fathers, as Tertullian <sup>11</sup>, St. Cyprian <sup>12</sup>, St. Ambrose <sup>13</sup>, St. Jerom <sup>14</sup>, and Eusebius Emmissenus <sup>15</sup>, all explain the *prison* mentioned by our Saviour, in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, to mean a middle state of suffering in the next world.

There are many other texts of Scripture which support the doctrine in question, but passing over these, I cannot avoid noticing the direct allusion to a middle state in the Apostle's creed, in which we profess to believe that

<sup>1</sup> Captiv. Bab. cap. de Euch.

<sup>2</sup> Epist. ad Gasp. Gustol.

<sup>3</sup> Tom. ii., Germ. folio 100 Witt. Edit., Tom. vii. p. 360.

<sup>4</sup> Origines Sacre, p. 396.

<sup>5</sup> On the Lord's Supper, c. iii., p. 7.

<sup>6</sup> Burnet's Hist. of Reform., P. ii., p. 41. Heylin, p. 58. For proclamation to that effect, see Bishop Sparrow's Collection, p. 17.

<sup>7</sup> Conc. Trent. Sess. 25. Gother's Papist misrepresented and represented.

<sup>8</sup> 1 Peter, iii. 19. 20<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> De Civitat. Dei. l. 21, c. 13 and 14. C. 6, cont.

Julian c. 15.

<sup>10</sup> L. 4, Dial. c. 39.

<sup>11</sup> Lib. de Anima. c. 17.

<sup>12</sup> Lib. 4. Epist. 2.

<sup>13</sup> In ca. 12 Lucæ.

<sup>14</sup> In ca. 5 Math.

<sup>15</sup> Hom. 3. de Epiphan.

\* I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the sentiments of two Hebrew doctors, in unison with those of St. Peter, both of whom lived *prior* to the incarnation of our Lord. Rabbi Haccados, in explaining the Prophecies, introduces the Messiah speaking thus :—" I have decreed to descend into hell, to deliver the souls of the just, which my Father did thrust thither in the rod of his anger, for Adam's sin." L. inscrib. Revelator Arcanorum. And Rabbi Simeon, more ancient than Haccados, after alluding to the passion of the Messiah, says, " Then will his soul descend into hell, where it shall remain for the space of three days, to bring from thence all the souls of the just and ancient fathers." Rabbi Simeon apud Coccium, L. 2 de Christ. Salv. Art. 4.



our Saviour, after being buried, "descended into hell." I know that Protestants generally explain the word "hell" here used to men the grave; but this construction is absurd, as well as inconsistent, and at utter variance with the different significations thereof in holy writ. "Some (says Calvin) are of opinion, that no new thing is said (in these words 'he descended into hell,') but that a repetition only is made of that which was formerly laid down in the article of his burial, because the word "hell" is frequently used in the Scripture for the grave. But two reasons are contrary to this their opinion, by which I am easily led to dissent from them. For what an absurd thing would it be to declare a matter not obscure in itself, first with plain and clear words, and afterwards to signify it, rather than to clear it, by a more intricate enumeration of words: for as often as two sayings are joined together to express one thing, it is requisite that the latter be an exposition of the former. Now, what a strange exposition would it be if one should speak thus: When Christ is said to be buried, it signifieth he descended into hell! Moreover, it is not likely that any such superfluity of words should in any sort creep into this brief compendium of our creed, wherein the chief heads of our faith are summarily stated in the fewest words that can be used <sup>1</sup>." The word "hell," in common acceptation, denotes the abode of the damned, but it is also used, in many places of Scripture, to signify a middle state. Thus the Psalmist, speaking of the resurrection of Christ, says, "my flesh also shall rest in hope, for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell <sup>2</sup>." It would be impious to suppose, as Calvin did <sup>3</sup>, that the place here mentioned, or the prison alluded to by St. Peter, in which our Saviour preached between the period of his death and resurrection, was the hell of the damned.

But had the doctrine of a middle state been less clearly revealed in Scripture than it is, still the *traditionary* belief of its existence among the primitive Christians, down from the apostolic age, is sufficient to secure the assent of all impartial Christians, who, with the eyes of faith, can throw a retrospective glance at antiquity, and associate themselves in sentiment with the brightest ornaments of Christianity. To enumerate instances of this belief, from the writings of the early fathers, would be an easy task, but I shall merely content myself by referring to the writings of Tertullian <sup>4</sup>, St. Cyprian <sup>5</sup>, St. Ambrose <sup>6</sup>, St. Jerom <sup>7</sup>, and St. Augustine <sup>8</sup>. Even some of the Reformers, and especially Luther and Latimer, acknowledged this doctrine; and the former expressly says, "I strongly believe, yea, I dare boldly say, I know there is a purgatory <sup>9</sup>." To those who disbelieve our doctrine, I would recommend to consider one question, which perhaps never occurred to them, viz. in what place the soul of Lazarus was, between the period of his death and that of his restoration to life? But I have dwelt too long upon this point. I cannot, however, withhold the expression of my surprise, that Catholics now-a-days should be insulted and abused for holding such a doctrine, when the doctrine of an universal purgatory has become quite fashionable, has been patronised by the successors of Calvin at Geneva <sup>10</sup>, and by many *liberal* Clergymen of the Church of England.

1 "Sunt qui opinentur non aliquid novum hic dici, sed aliis verbis repeti quod prius de sepultura dictum fuerat; quandoquidem Inferni vocabulum sæpius in Scripturis pro sepulchro ponatur, &c. Sed eorum opinioni rationes duæ repugnant, quibus ego facile ducor ut ab illis dissentiam. Quantæ enim oscitantia fuisset rem minime difficilem verbis expeditis et claris demonstrare, obscuriore deinde verborum complexu indicare magis quam declarare? Nam quoties locutiones duæ rem eandem exprimentes simul connectuntur, posteriorem esse prioris exegesis convenit. At vero qualis erit ista exegesis, si quis ita loquatur, Quod Christus sepultus esse dicitur, significat ad Infernos descendisse? Deinde non est verisimile irrepere potuisse superfluum ejusmodi battologiam in compendium hoc, ubi summam quam fieri potest, paucissimis verbis præcipua fidei capita notantur." Instit., L. 2, c. 16, sect. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Psalms xvi. 9, 10.

<sup>3</sup> Instit., L. 2, c. 16.

<sup>4</sup> L. de Anima, c. 58.

<sup>5</sup> Epist. 52 ad Antonin.

<sup>6</sup> In c. 3. Epist. ad Corin.

<sup>7</sup> In c. 5. Matt.

<sup>8</sup> L. 20. De Civit. Dei c. 24, and L. 21. c. 13. Sermon. 41. De Sanctis.

<sup>9</sup> In Disput. Lipsica.

<sup>10</sup> Encyclop. Art. Geneva.



2dly, Akin to and corroborative of the last-mentioned doctrine, is that of prayers for the dead. This was a very early practice, and always existed among the Jews, the chosen people of God. In particular, we learn from the second book of Machabees, that Judas Machabeus, "thinking well and religiously of the resurrection," ordered sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, "for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead<sup>1</sup>." The same practice is mentioned by Josephus<sup>2</sup>; and the Jews, even up to the present day, make a solemn prayer for the dead, called Haskaba<sup>3</sup>. Now, this practice is no where reprobated in Scripture, but, on the contrary, is approved of by St. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, who, in arguing for the resurrection, asks "What shall they do who are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they, then, baptized for the dead<sup>4</sup>?"—as if he had said, If the dead are not to rise, what benefit can they receive from the prayers, fasts, and alms-deeds of the living? The word "baptize" is here used metaphorically by St. Paul, to signify punishment or affliction, according to the meaning adopted by our Saviour, when he says, "I have a baptism to be baptized withal,"—and when, in reply to the sons of Zebedee, he asks, "Can you drink of the cup (chalice) that I drink of, or be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" And the same definition is given by St. Cyprian<sup>5</sup>, and St. Gregory Nazianzen<sup>6</sup>. That the practice of praying for the dead existed among the primitive Christians, is supported by the testimony of the early fathers: St. Clement<sup>7</sup>, in the second age, says expressly, that "St. Peter taught them, among other works of mercy, to bury the dead, and diligently perform their funeral rites, and also to pray and give alms for them<sup>7</sup>." Tertullian, who lived in the same age, says, "We make yearly oblations for the dead<sup>8</sup>." And Origen<sup>9</sup> in the third, St. Cyril<sup>10</sup> of Jerusalem, and St. Jerom in the fourth<sup>11</sup>, and St. Augustine<sup>12</sup> in the fifth age, all mention this pious practice being in use.

Catholics, however, are not singular in their belief on this point, for many good staunch Protestants, some of them divines, are agreed with us. Dr Johnson's sentiments are well known. "Let not (says Bishop Forbes) the old practice of praying and making oblations for the dead, received throughout the whole Christian world, and the whole Church, almost from the times of the Apostles, be any longer rejected by Protestants, as unlawful or vain<sup>13</sup>." "Nay, (says the celebrated Doctor Jeremy Taylor,) we find by the history of the Machabees, the Jews did pray and make offerings for the dead. Now it is very considerable, that, since our Saviour did reprove all their evil doctrines, practices, and traditions, and did argue concerning the dead and the resurrection against the Sadducees, yet he spoke no word against this public practice, but left it as he found it; which he who came to declare to us all the will of his Father would not have done, if it had not been innocent, pious, and full of charity<sup>14</sup>."

3dly, The next point is the invocation of Saints, which the Council of Trent prescribes to Bishops to explain thus, that the Saints who "reign with Jesus Christ offer up their prayers to God for men; that it is good and useful humbly to invoke them, and recur to their prayers and assistance, in order to obtain benefits from God, through Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who alone is our Redeemer and Saviour<sup>15</sup>." This, like all our other devotional acts, is done "through Jesus Christ," yet it is said to interfere with his mediatorship; but this is a most erroneous idea, and, by a parity of reasoning, St. Paul, in desiring the prayers of the first Christians, might with equal justice be charged with the crime imputed to us. But who has ever

<sup>1</sup> 2 Macc. c. 12, v. 43, 44, 45.

<sup>2</sup> De Bello Judaic, c. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Faucus Fagius, in c. 14.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 29.

<sup>5</sup> De Cæna Dom.

<sup>6</sup> Orat. de Epiphania.

<sup>7</sup> Epist. I. de St. Pet.

<sup>8</sup> De Corona Milit.

<sup>9</sup> Epist. ad Roman. and Hom. 35 in St. Luke.

<sup>10</sup> Catech. Mystag. 5.

<sup>11</sup> Hom. 3 in Epist. ad Philip.

<sup>12</sup> Enchirid. c. 110. and L. De Cur. pro mortuis c. 1.

<sup>13</sup> Discourse on Purgatory.

<sup>14</sup> Liberty of Propheying, No. 11, p. 345.

<sup>15</sup> Conc. Trid. Sess. 25.

been guilty of this absurdity, or of calling in question a practice sanctioned by all Christians? If, then, fellow-sinners ask the prayers of one another on earth, and obtain aid in consequence, *multo magis* may they expect assistance from those happy spirits who, having "shuffled off this mortal coil," are now enjoying the rewards of their labours. To suppose that death destroys the religious ties which knit kindred souls together on this side the grave, or annihilates that "communion of saints" which we profess to believe in, is but cold philosophy, is at variance with our best feelings, and inconsistent with that true charity which never faileth. But why argue speculatively, when we have an assurance from our Saviour himself, that the Angels in Heaven rejoice at the conversion of a sinner<sup>1</sup>; and when we find the doctrine believed and attested by such writers as St. Dionysius<sup>2</sup>, St. Clement<sup>3</sup>, and St. Justin Martyr<sup>4</sup>, in the second age, Origin<sup>5</sup> in the third, St. Chrysostom<sup>6</sup> and St. Ambrose<sup>7</sup> in the fourth, and St. Augustine<sup>8</sup> in the fifth? I cannot omit Luther's testimony, who says, "I agree with the whole Christian Church, and am of opinion that the Saints in Heaven are to be invoked<sup>9</sup>." Nor that of Bishop Montague, "I do not deny that the Saints are mediators, as they are called, of prayer and intercession. They interpose with God by their supplications, and mediate by their prayers<sup>10</sup>."

4thly, We are accused of *worshipping* images. On this point the Council of Trent declares, that "though the images of Christ, the virgin-mother of God, and the other Saints, are to be kept and retained, particularly in churches, and due honour and veneration paid to them, yet that we are not to believe there is any divinity or power in them, for which we respect them, or that any thing is to be asked of them, or that trust is to be placed in them, as the heathens of old trusted in their idols<sup>11</sup>." And in our catechisms we are taught, that we must "by no means *pray* to pictures or images, because they can neither see, nor hear, nor help<sup>12</sup>." In fact, in respecting the images or pictures of Christ and the Saints, we do no more than what Catholics and Protestants do, in respecting the materials of the Bible, because they contain the written word of God, nor as both do, in valuing the picture, bust, or relic, of a dear friend or relative, on account of their originals. "It is upon this (says the great Bossuet) that the honour given to images is founded. It cannot be denied, for instance, that the image of Jesus Christ, crucified, must excite in our minds the most lively recollections of him who hath loved us so much as to deliver himself up to death for our sakes<sup>13</sup>." It is agreed, however, among our learned Doctors and Divines, that these memorials of religion form no essential part of it, and that the Church, without ever altering her doctrine, can extend or confine the practice according to times and circumstances; "not wishing (says Bossuet) that her children should be tied down servilely to visible objects, but desirous to excite them by such means, or remind them, as it were, of raising their hearts to God, to offer him, in spirit and truth, that rational service he expects from his creatures<sup>14</sup>."

That images and pictures were in use among the early Christians, and that during the alleged purest times of the church, is evident from Tertullian<sup>15</sup> and other ancient writers<sup>16</sup>. But laying aside these authorities, I shall adduce Protestant authorities in defence of the practice, the testimony of an adversary being less exceptionable. Luther, for instance, defended the practice against Carlostadius and his followers. "Images, (says Bishop Montague, in answer to the author of the Gagg for the New Gospel,) I know, have three uses assigned by your schools. Stay there. Go no farther, and we charge you not with idolatry<sup>17</sup>." Again, "The pictures of Christ,

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xv. 10.<sup>2</sup> Eccles. Hierar., c. 7, p. 3, sect. 3, *prope finem*.<sup>3</sup> Constitut. Apostol., L. 5, c. 8, Edit. Turrian.<sup>4</sup> Apolog. 2. ad Antonin.<sup>5</sup> In Lamental. Hom. 3. in Cantica.<sup>6</sup> Hom. de Sanctis Juven. et Maxim.<sup>7</sup> Serm. 6, L. de Vid.<sup>8</sup> Serm. de Sanctis Pet. et Paul.<sup>9</sup> In Purgatione Quorund. Art.<sup>10</sup> Antidote, p. 20.<sup>11</sup> Conc. Trid. Sess. 25.<sup>12</sup> Abstract of the Douay Catech. c. iv.<sup>13</sup> Eposition, c. iv.<sup>14</sup> Ibid. <sup>15</sup> Lib. de Pudic.<sup>16</sup> Adrianus i. in Lib. pro Imag. qui habetur post 7. Synod.<sup>17</sup> Gagger gagged, p. 300.



and the blessed Virgin, and of the Saints, may be had in houses, and placed in churches; respect and honour may be given them. *Protestants* give it. You Papists say they must *not* have *Latria*: So say we. You give them *Dulia*: I quarrel not with the term though I could. There is a respect due to the pictures of Christ and his Saints. If you call this *Dulia*, we *Protestants* give it too: let doctrine and practice go together; we agree<sup>1</sup>." Mr Thorndyke observes, that "to the images of the Saints there can be *no idolatry*, so long as men take them for Saints, that is, God's creatures, much less to the images of our Lord; for it is the honour of our *Lord*, and not of his *image*<sup>2</sup>." He again says, "he who takes the Pope for Antichrist, and Papists for idolators, can never weigh by his own weights, nor mete by his own measures. Let them not, then, think to lead the people by the nose, to believe they can prove their supposition when they cannot<sup>3</sup>." "You can (says James the Sixth, addressing himself to the Scotch Bishops) endure lions and dragons to be figured in your churches, but will not allow the like place to Patriarchs and Apostles<sup>4</sup>." His worthy predecessor, Queen Bess, of *pious* memory, retained a crucifix on the altar of her chapel, but Patch, the fool, broke it, "no wiser man (says Heylyn) daring to undertake such a service<sup>5</sup>."

*5thly*, The next subjects of discussion are the doctrines of the real presence and transubstantiation, the great stumbling-blocks of Protestants, as to which greater misapprehension exists on their part, perhaps, than on any other point of controversy between them and Catholics. Both doctrines are so closely connected, the one following as a result of the other, that I have classed them under one head, but shall explain them apart, beginning with that of the real presence, which doctrine the reviewer considers "as necessary a consequence from transubstantiation, were it true, as light is from the sun." In arguing, however, against the Lutherans, who hold the absurdity of *consubstantiation*, or a real presence, *without* transubstantiation, we maintain, that transubstantiation is a necessary consequence of the real presence, deeming it superfluous to discuss the *manner* of Christ's presence in the sacrament till the question whether he be present be settled. In fact, transubstantiation is just the real presence, *properly understood*.

With regard, then, to the real presence, it is clearly established by the words of the institution, as reported by three of the Evangelists. St. Matthew relates, that our Saviour, at his last supper, "took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples, and said, Take ye and eat, *THIS IS MY BODY*. And taking the chalice, (or cup,) he gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of this, for *THIS IS MY BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, WHICH SHALL BE SHED FOR MANY FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS*<sup>6</sup>." St. Mark uses the very same words, "*This is my body*"—" *This is my blood*<sup>7</sup>." And in St. Luke we find the words, "*This is my body*,"—and "*This cup is the New Testament in my blood*<sup>8</sup>." St. John is quite silent as to the institution, in accounting for which circumstance St. Augustine thinks, that the reason probably was, that he had said many things before concerning the body and blood of our Lord<sup>9</sup>. After relating the astonishing miracle of the barley loaves and fishes, and that the multitude, who had been thus miraculously fed, had next day followed our Saviour to Capharnaum, St. John informs us, that, alluding to the perishable nature of the food they had received, and to the manna, our Saviour observed, that his Father gave "the true bread from heaven<sup>10</sup>," that *He* was "the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is *my flesh*, for the life of the world. The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying, *how* can this man give us his flesh to eat?" This, then, was the time for informing them that he spoke only figuratively; but instead of doing so, our Saviour enforced still more strongly, in language even

<sup>1</sup> Montague in Epistom. p. 318.    <sup>2</sup> Just Rights, C. 19.    <sup>3</sup> Pageant of Popes.

<sup>4</sup> Spotswood's History, p. 530.

<sup>5</sup> Hist. of Reform. p. 124.

<sup>6</sup> St. Matth. xxv. 26, 27, 28.

<sup>7</sup> St. Mark, xiv. 23, 24.

<sup>8</sup> St. Luke, xxii. 19, 20.

<sup>9</sup> L. III. De Concord Ev. c. 2.

<sup>10</sup> St. John, ch. vi.



more explicit than he had formerly used, the *real* participation of his body and blood. The Jews were the first who doubted, but after the explicit and repeated declarations he made in answer to their question, "*how can,*" &c. some of the disciples themselves began to murmur, for many of them, "when they had heard this, said, This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" And although he thereupon proposed to them the doctrine of his ascension, to shew his power, and to undeceive those who may have understood him in a *carnal* sense, we are informed, that "many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him!" The exposition given by St. Paul is no less clear and decided; for, after giving the history of the institution, he observes, that the death of the Lord is shewn as often as the Sacrament is administered; from which he draws this conclusion, "*wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord;*" and "*he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord* <sup>1</sup>."

Founding, therefore, upon the texts alluded to, and considering that our Saviour, in bequeathing the legacy of his love, would leave nothing to ambiguity or doubt—that when he said, *This is my body, This is my blood*, he did not mean the contrary; as if he had said, *This is not my body, this is not my blood, or only figures of my body and blood*; the Catholic Church teaches, has always taught, and will perpetually teach, that Christ is really and truly present in the Eucharist or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, under the outward forms of bread and wine, corporally, yet spiritually, because imperceptible to the senses; and that the communicant receives therein verily and indeed the true body and blood of Christ, true God and true man, yet not in a *carnal* manner, the body of Christ being glorious, impassible, and immortal.

Were it at all necessary, I could fill a volume with testimonies from the early fathers in support of this doctrine. Let a few suffice. St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who suffered martyrdom at Rome in the year 107, and who was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, alluding to certain heretics of his age, says, "They allow not of the Eucharist and oblations, because they do not believe the Eucharist to be the flesh of our Saviour, which suffered for our sins <sup>2</sup>." St. Justin, who suffered martyrdom about 167, in his apology to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, thus explains the doctrine of the real presence: "We do not receive this as common and ordinary bread and drink; but even as, by God's word, Christ Jesus, our Saviour, became flesh, and had flesh and blood for our salvation; so are we taught that this food, which, by the prayer of the word of God, is made the Eucharist, and wherewith our blood and flesh by conversion are fed, is the flesh and blood of the self-same Jesus incarnate <sup>3</sup>." And St. Irenæus, who died about 204, in disputing against the Valentinians, who, among other errors, denied Christ to be Son of the Creator of the world, but who admitted the real presence, asks them, "How can they be assured that the bread, in which thanks are given, is the body of their Lord and the cup his blood, if they do not acknowledge him to be the Son of the Maker of the world <sup>4</sup>?" Reference may also be made to the writings of St. Cyprian <sup>5</sup>, Origen <sup>6</sup>, Tertullian <sup>7</sup>, St. Ambrose <sup>8</sup>, Optatus Melevidianus <sup>9</sup>, St. Gregory Nyssen <sup>10</sup>, St. Chrysostom <sup>11</sup>, &c. for similar testimonies. Indeed, so explicit was the faith of the primitive Christians on the doctrine of the real presence, that the heathens from thence took occasion to accuse them of the crime of eating human flesh, which slanderous accusation was repelled by St. Justin <sup>12</sup>, Attalus the martyr <sup>13</sup>, Tertullian <sup>14</sup>, Origen <sup>15</sup>, and others, who explained that the real presence did not import a *carnal* participation.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 27, 29.<sup>2</sup> Epist. ad Smirn.<sup>3</sup> Apolog. 2.<sup>4</sup> L. IV., c. 34.<sup>5</sup> Serm. de Cena Dom.<sup>6</sup> Hom. 7 in Levit.<sup>7</sup> L. IV. Contra Marcion, c. 40.<sup>8</sup> L. IV. de Sacramento. c. 5.<sup>9</sup> 6 Cont. Parmen.<sup>10</sup> Orat. Catechis. c. 37.<sup>11</sup> In Psalm. 33. Conc. 1.<sup>12</sup> In Colloq. Triphon. Apolog. 1.<sup>13</sup> Apud Euseb. Hist. L. V., c. 1.<sup>14</sup> Apologetica, c. 7.<sup>15</sup> L. VI. Cont. Celsum.

The scriptural evidence for the real presence appeared so strong to Luther, that although he wished to call it in question, he durst not venture, for he says, "I clearly saw how much I should thereby injure Popery; but I found myself caught without any hope of escaping, for the text of the Gospel was too plain for this purpose <sup>1</sup>." But in maintaining this doctrine against Carlostadius, Zuinglius, and others, with all his characteristic warmth and ferocity, he invented the absurd and inconsistent system of consubstantiation; and his reforming contemporaries, in the true spirit of Gospel liberty, invented other systems for themselves; and, incredible as it may seem, it is computed that not less than two hundred different explications, upon the doctrine of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, were promulgated within a few years after Luther's revolt. Of all these, that adopted by Calvin, of a bare figure, or real *absence* of Christ's body in the Sacrament, appears to be the most consistent with itself; and almost the whole of the rest have amalgamated therewith, or disappeared. For instance, it is *now* difficult to know the precise doctrine of the Church of England upon this Sacrament; but certain it is, that many of her brightest ornaments believed the doctrine of the real presence. "Christ (says Andrews, Bishop of Winchester) said, This is my body; he says not in this or that way it is my body. We agree with you as to the *object*, the whole difference respects the *modus* or manner of the presence <sup>2</sup>." Again, "We believe a *real* and true presence no less than you do. The king, too, believes Christ not only *really* present, but truly *adorable*, in the Eucharist <sup>3</sup>." Such, also, were the sentiments of Bishop Lawrence <sup>4</sup>, Archbishop Laud <sup>5</sup>, Bishops Montague <sup>6</sup>, Bramhall <sup>7</sup>, Cosin <sup>8</sup>, and the celebrated Hooker <sup>9</sup>.

The *real presence* being thus established, the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, which, as already observed, is neither more nor less than the real presence properly understood, follows as a necessary consequence; for it is evident that Christ's real presence in the Sacrament must exclude the matter or substance of the elements; a conclusion which has been admitted by some of the most learned Protestants, in arguing against the Lutheran system of consubstantiation. When we say that the bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of Christ, (which change is called transubstantiation,) we do not mean that any *creation* takes place, the body of Christ being incapable of increase, diminution, or change; or that the substance of the bread and wine becomes the *matter* of Christ's body by transfusion, or incorporation, or in any other way; but that the bread and wine after consecration *cease entirely*, the *accidents* still remaining <sup>10</sup>.

St. Augustine, in arguing against the Donatists, lays it down as a rule, that when any doctrine is found generally received in the visible church, in any age whatsoever, whereof there is no certain author or beginning to be found, then it is sure that such a doctrine came down from Christ and his Apostles <sup>11</sup>. This rule will hold equally good in the nineteenth, as in the fifth century; and to avoid the force of it, the opponents of transubstantiation have pretended to discover that the doctrine was introduced long after the apostolic era. Many travellers accordingly set out on this Utopian voyage of discovery; but the result of their labours has demonstrated the futility of their attempt, as a proof of which, these voyagers have assigned different degrees of *latitude* (the *longitude* is out of the question) to the object of their research. Some pretended to have ascertained that this doctrine originated in the *thirteenth* century, because the word transubstantiation did not appear to have been used till the time of the fourth Lateran Council; but these were easily disposed of, by reminding them that the dispute was not about the word, but about the *doctrine*. Others assigned the eleventh century, because

<sup>1</sup> Epist. ad Argent. Tom. IV. fol. 502, Ed. Witten.

<sup>2</sup> Answer to Bellarmine's Apology, c. 1. p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. c. 8., p. 194.

<sup>4</sup> Sermons, pp. 17, 18.

<sup>5</sup> Conference with Fisher, p. 286.

<sup>6</sup> Appeal to Cæsar, p. 289.

<sup>7</sup> Answer to Milit. p. 74.

<sup>8</sup> Hist. of Transub.

<sup>9</sup> Eccles. Polit. B. v. 67.

<sup>10</sup> Catechism of the Council of Trent, Part ii. No. 25.

<sup>11</sup> L. IV. de Bapt. c. 6. 24. See also Lib. de Unit. Eccles. c. 19.



Berengarius then called the doctrine in question; but these were again silenced, when they were told that Berengarius, like Luther, "*stood alone*" against the faith of the whole Church, and that their system could only stand by adopting this extravagant hypothesis—that the whole people of Christendom had gone to their beds in the disbelief of transubstantiation, and had all awoke next morning in its belief, entirely forgetful of the faith of the preceding night! It became necessary, therefore, to go still farther back, to find out this notable era; and the consequence has been, that some of the inquirers admit that they have found traces of transubstantiation as high as the fifth century; while others acknowledge generally, that it entered *early* into the Church, but that they are unable to fix the precise period <sup>1</sup>. Perhaps the following passage from St. Cyprian (anno 240) may have attracted their notice: "The bread which our Lord gave to his disciples being changed, not in shape, *but in nature*, by the omnipotency of the Word, is made flesh <sup>2</sup>." Or they may have observed similar expressions in Origen <sup>3</sup>, Tertullian <sup>4</sup>, St. Ambrose <sup>5</sup>, St. Cyril <sup>6</sup>, St. Gregory Nyssen <sup>7</sup>, St. Augustine <sup>8</sup>, and others, all bearing witness to the ancient faith.

The reviewer ridicules transubstantiation with a felicity peculiarly his own, and though his arguments may not obtain the palm of originality, they will not fail to secure applause by their drollery, set off, as they moreover are, with all the archness and humour befitting such a grave subject. But I beg the reviewer's pardon, for he *has* displayed a *little* originality, which, however, I am afraid will not raise him much in the estimation of his party, though he has engaged their attention by three notes of admiration. The passage where this originality is shewn is too exquisite a morsel to escape quotation. "Were such a doctrine true, it would not only be a standing miracle itself in the Church of Rome, but the greatest of all miracles; and what would be the most marvellous thing of all, would be *calling* on us to believe a miracle *on the testimony of our senses*, and reason, and Scripture, *when our senses, and reason, and Scripture, were annihilated by the miracle*, and rendered incapable of judging of the reality of the change!!!" What! not only our senses and reason annihilated, but even Scripture too, and rendered incapable of judging! But to be serious, it is upon Scripture, and Scripture alone, and not upon reason, as opposed to Scripture, or upon the testimony of our senses, that our belief is founded; and sure I am, no Catholic was ever instructed to trust to his senses in this mystery, but, on the contrary, was always led to believe that they have nothing to do therewith <sup>9</sup>. It is not, however, with Scripture that the reviewer combats transubstantiation, but with the common-place appeals to the senses, and with arguments on its supposed impossibility.

"But winnow well this thought, and you shall find  
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind."

The doctrine of transubstantiation, then, according to the reviewer, "*were it true*, would render useless the senses of sight, taste, smell, and feeling, *four of our five senses*." It is true, that, by these, we cannot discern this mystery of our faith; but the *remaining* sense of *hearing*, is here exercised to its fullest extent, for "*faith* (says St. Paul) comes by *hearing*, and hearing from the word of God <sup>10</sup>." Thus, by *hearing* the word of God through the Church, we learn our belief.

But our senses, it seems, would also "*mislead and deceive us*, and their testimony would be of no avail," if transubstantiation were admitted. Be it so, for argument's sake, that *four* of our senses are deceived—What then? Are these above revelation, or are the truths of Christianity to become subservient to our senses? But we have just seen that the sense of *hearing*, at least, is not deceived, and if our faith rest upon our "*hearing from the*

<sup>1</sup> Adamus Francisci Marg. Theol. p. 256. Ant. de Adamo Anat. Miss. p. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Sermon de Cæna Dom. <sup>3</sup> L. VIII. Cont. Cels. <sup>4</sup> L. IV. Cont. Marcion., c. 40.

<sup>5</sup> L. IV. De Sacra. c. 4. <sup>6</sup> Catechism. Mystagog. <sup>7</sup> Orat. Catechism., c. 37.

<sup>8</sup> Tract. 59 in Joan.

<sup>9</sup> Bossuet's Exposition.

<sup>10</sup> Rom. x. 17.



word of God," our other senses must yield implicit obedience. It is a fallacy, however, to say that *any* of our senses are *deceived* in transubstantiation; for, as already explained, it is a part of that doctrine that the *accidents* of the bread and wine, which are merely the affections of the senses, remain *unchanged*, and are perceived by the senses, which cannot discern the *nature* of any substance. It is the *judgment* properly which may be deceived. Thus, when Abraham entertained the Angels, his judgment was undoubtedly deceived at first, in taking them for men; but it cannot be correctly said that any of his senses were deceived in regard of the accidents, of shape, colour, &c., which indicated their *human* appearance; nor can it be properly said that the senses of the people who witnessed the descent of the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, upon our Saviour at his baptism, were deceived, though they may have thought that they really saw a real dove. The "senses of sight, taste, smell, and feeling," were not, however, given us to be used as tests by which we were to try the divine truths of revelation.

"God thus asserted, man is to believe  
Beyond what sense and reason can conceive,  
And for mysterious things of faith rely  
On the proponent, Heav'n's authority.  
If, then, our faith we for our guide admit,  
Vain is the farther search of human wit."

The reviewer deems "it an *essential* property in a body to be in one and the same place at one and the same time,"—and he says, that "the common sense of a Pagan could lead him to see that a body could not be in *two* places at once." Now, I readily admit with the reviewer, and Plautus, whose authority he quotes, what nobody ever disputed, that a *natural* body cannot be in different places at one and the same time, though few, I presume, will deny that the power of God is sufficient to effect it. But to say that "the thing implies a contradiction," is absurd. Contradiction consists in affirming and denying the same proposition concerning the same thing at the same time, as if I should say that the reviewer was in Edinburgh on a particular day, and that he was *not* there that day. *But the true question is not concerning the properties of a NATURAL body, but about the SPIRITUAL and GLORIFIED body of our Lord; and who can define the properties of such a body?*

"Can they, who say the Host should be descried  
By sense, define a body glorified,  
Impassible, and penetrating parts?  
Let them declare by what mysterious arts  
He shot that body through th' opposing might  
Of bolts and bars, impervious to the light,  
And stood before his train confess'd in open sight.  
For, since thus wonderfully he pass'd, 'tis plain  
One single place two bodies did contain.  
And sure the same Omnipotence as well  
Can make one body in more places dwell.  
Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,  
But how can finite grasp infinity?"

While on this subject, I cannot avoid making an extract from a small work<sup>1</sup> which should be in the hands of every well-meaning Protestant, as affording a complete answer to a great deal ofrodomontade, uttered by the reviewer, against the doctrine of transubstantiation. "He (the Catholic) believes Christ's body and blood to be really present in the blessed Sacrament, though, to all outward appearance, there is nothing more than bread and wine: thus, not at all hearkening to his senses, in a matter where God speaks, he unfeignedly confesses, that he who made the world out of nothing by his sole word,—that cured diseases by his word,—that raised the

<sup>1</sup> Papist Misrepresented and Represented, or a Twofold Character of Popery. Twenty-fifth Edition, p. 23. Keating and Brown. Lond.

dead by his word,—that commanded the winds and the seas,—that multiplied bread,—that changed water into wine by his word, and sinners into just men,—cannot want power to change bread and wine into his own body and blood by his sole word; and this, without danger of multiplying his body, of making as many Christs as altars, or leaving the right hand of his Father; but only by giving to his body a supernatural manner of existence, by which, being without extension of parts, rendered independent of place, it may be one and the same in many places at once, and whole in every part of the symbols, and not obnoxious to any corporal contingencies. And this kind of existence is no more than what, in a manner, he bestows upon every glorified body,—than what his own body had, when born without the least violation of his mother's virginal integrity,—when he arose from the dead, out of the sepulchre; without removing the stone,—when he entered among his disciples, the doors being shut. And though he cannot understand how this is done, yet he undoubtedly believes that God is able to do more than he is able to understand."

Away, then, with the unmeaning jargon about "finite and infinite,—wholly in a place and wholly out of it,—a body, yet nobody,—one body, yet a million," and the impossibilities which "our limited understandings cannot fathom;" and let us believe, that with God all things are possible. On this footing I willingly accept the cynical compliment paid by the reviewer to our sagacity, in believing "what the sense and reason of other people reject." I shall close this subject with a single quotation from Luther: "What Scriptures have they to prove that these two propositions be directly contrary—Christ sitteth in Heaven, and Christ is in the Supper? The contradiction is in their carnal imagination, and not in faith, or in the word of God<sup>1</sup>."

6thly, The last doctrine which the reviewer quarrels with is that of the sacrifice of the mass, in which he finds "something truly revolting to our (his) feelings." This *something* is founded on a chimera of the reviewer's brain, that, in the mass, "Christ is sacrificed afresh," in the same manner as he offered himself on the cross, which is *not* the doctrine of the Catholic Church, as I shall presently shew. But a few words previously regarding external sacrifice, which the gentlemen of the Reformation (as Bossuet politely styles them) contend has no place under the Christian dispensation.

We find from sacred history, that the offering of sacrifice is the most ancient of all religious rites. Whether the Pagan descendants of part of Noah's posterity kept up the practice of sacrificing from tradition, or were led by the light of nature alone (after having lost the knowledge of the true God) to offer sacrifice, need not be inquired into; but so general was the practice, that, according to Plato, no nation could be found so barbarous, nor any people so rude and savage, who, with vows, victims, and outward sacrifice, have not acknowledged a God<sup>2</sup>. And Plutarch says, that in his time, a man might sooner discover cities without walls, houses, kings, laws, coins, schools, and theatres, than without temples and sacrifices<sup>3</sup>. But wanting the light of faith, the heathens mistook the true object of adoration. "They became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was hardened. For professing themselves wise, they became fools, and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things."

Under the law of Nature, however, down to the period of the Levitical hierarchy, we find sacrifices of various kinds, which were acceptable to God, as those of Abel, Noah, Abraham, Melchisedech, Job, and the other Patriarchs. When the law of Nature was, in a manner, superseded by the written law under Moses, a particular class of men were set apart for the service of the altar, to offer the sacrifices thereby prescribed, according to the forms appointed; and thus the worship of the true God not only became more frequent, but was established in order. These sacrifices, however, were

<sup>1</sup> Defens. Verb. Cœnæ, Tom. VII. Witt. Ed. 1557, p. 388.

<sup>2</sup> De Leg. Dial

<sup>3</sup> Adversus Colotem.

mere shadows and types of the Great Sacrifice of the new law, or of that clean offering which, according to the prophecy of Malachi, was to be offered by the Gentiles in every place, all of which were to cease on the introduction of that sacrifice which they typified. To select the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, the chief standing rite of the Jewish Church, as an instance—Do we not at once see, in the killing and offering of the lamb, a lively representation of the death of Christ upon the altar of the cross, and in the eating of it by the Priests and people, a no less obvious image of the Sacrament of the Last Supper? Therefore, as the Paschal Lamb was both a sacrifice and a sacrament, being first offered by the Priests, and afterwards eaten; so, in like manner, in commemorating the death of the Lord, his body and blood, under the forms or appearance of bread and wine, are offered up by the Priests of the new law before they are received by them and the people.

When at length the time arrived for the abrogation of the types,—when the substance was to take place of the shadow, by the ushering in of a more excellent sacrifice, and the cessation of the Levitical priesthood,—and when “another priest should rise, according to the order of Melchisedech, and not be called according to the order of Aaron;” what was the time and occasion chosen for this? Just immediately after the celebration of the Passover: no intermission takes place, for no sooner is the Passover ended, than our Lord takes bread and wine, and after giving thanks, gives it to his Apostles, telling them, that *these* were his body and blood, and enjoining them to do the same, “in commemoration,” of him. This “commemoration” then, or, as St. Paul expresses it, the shewing “the death of the Lord till he come,” is precisely what is daily done in the sacrifice of the mass, in which the body and blood of our Lord are mystically offered up in an *unbloody* manner, upon those altars alluded to by the same Apostle, “whereof they have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle.” To persons who are educated in ignorance of our faith, and whose prejudices are too frequently the rule of their judgment, the celebration of the divine mysteries, attended with all that solemn pomp, and those significant ceremonies which appear in our worship, must, I confess, appear singular; but these persons would do well to consider that the *essence* of the sacrifice does not consist in these.

Let us now take a retrospective glance at the faith of the primitive Christians, as to this sacrifice, in those ages in which, according to the opinions of Protestants, the Church kept the faith once delivered to the Saints, pure and unsullied. St. Justin, in the first age, says, “Christ instituted a sacrifice in bread and wine, which Christians offer up in every place<sup>1</sup>,” according to Malachi’s prophecy, which he quotes. St. Irenæus, who lived in the second age, observes, that “Christ, in consecrating bread and wine, has instituted the sacrifice of the new law which the Church received from the Apostles, according to the prophecy of Malachi<sup>2</sup>.” See also Origin<sup>3</sup>, St. Cyprian<sup>4</sup>, Epiphanius<sup>5</sup>, St. Chrysostom<sup>6</sup>, St. Ambrose<sup>7</sup>, St. Augustin<sup>8</sup>, and the other fathers, who all speak with equal clearness respecting the institution of the sacrifice of the new law.

Thus, Sir, you will see the reasonableness of our faith, and how gross the reviewer’s ideas of our doctrine are, by supposing that we believe that “Christ is sacrificed *afresh*,” in the same bloody manner he suffered on the cross; whereas we know and believe, with St. Paul, that “Christ dieth now no more; death shall no more have dominion over him.” I do most readily admit, that the passages quoted by the reviewer from the Epistle to the Hebrews, “destroy every idea of Christ’s suffering, as a sacrifice, in the mass,” *that is, according to the idea of “perpetual suffering, agony, and death,” so absurdly* (I shall not imitate him by saying blasphemously) *fancied by the reviewer.* But to maintain (as the reviewer does) that this sacrifice, instituted only a few hours before the great expiatory atonement of the cross, is not to be reiterated, because St. Paul shews the *Jews* the infinite superiority

<sup>1</sup> Dialog. cum Tryphon.<sup>2</sup> L. IV. 32.<sup>3</sup> Hom. 13 in Exod.<sup>4</sup> Epist. 63.<sup>5</sup> In Disput. cum St. Greg. in 7 Synod.<sup>6</sup> Hom. 24. in 1. Cor.<sup>7</sup> In c. 1. St. Luc.<sup>8</sup> De Civitat. Dei, Tom. v. c. 35. Conf. L. IX. c. 3.



of the sacrifice of the cross over the sacrifices of the old law, is to attempt to set aside our Saviour's dying injunction to commemorate his death. Not merely this, but such an argument would strike at Christ's eternal priesthood; for in what does the resemblance of Melchisedech's sacrifice of bread and wine consist, if it be not in the sacrifice of the mass? "Thou art a Priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech."

But the reviewer fancies that the declaration of St. Peter (whose authority, he ignorantly supposes, "will go further with Catholics" than that of St. Paul, for Catholics do not, like some Protestants, make any distinction of scriptural authorities) "annihilates the very idea of the doctrine of the real presence, and of transubstantiation, as well as of a sacrifice." He afterwards, in reference to our Saviour's ascension into heaven, says, that "being there, *we are told*, his *human* nature (as if both his divine and human natures had not been inseparably conjoined) is to remain, not to descend in the sacrifice of the mass," until, as St. Peter says, "the restitution of all things." Now, without renewing the discussion on the doctrine of the real presence, I would ask the reviewer to peruse carefully the ninth chapter of the Acts, in which the account is given of our Saviour's appearance to Saul on the road to Damascus, and his subsequent appearance to the disciple Ananias, at Damascus, in a vision; then to read the account given by St. Paul himself, in the twenty-second chapter, in which he also relates our Saviour's appearance to him as he was praying in the temple; and, lastly, to peruse the twenty-third chapter, in which St. Paul mentions another appearance at night, in the Castle of Jerusalem, when "the Lord stood by him;" and then say, whether he still believes Christ's real presence in the Sacrament to be incompatible with St. Peter's declaration, any more than the different instances of his *sensible* appearance now mentioned. Indeed, all these are more directly opposed to the reviewer's argument than the real presence; and had the reviewer just reflected a little more soberly, he might have been led to conclude, that the declaration of St. Peter infers merely that Christ is not to descend in the bodily manner he ascended, till the general judgment, or "the restitution of all things."

"But (says the reviewer) the mass contains in it another doctrine as monstrous as any of the preceding, namely, the adoration of the host." Yet, in almost the same breath, he admits, that, if our doctrine be true, the host "demands worship, and the profoundest veneration!" In his wisdom, however, he talks of "the *bit* of bread turned into God," and asks if there be "not blasphemy in the thought?" Yes, Sir, there is blasphemy, even in the thought! But who ever said that a bit of bread was "turned into God," except the reviewer, and those who, either from sheer ignorance, or design, misunderstand or misrepresent our doctrine? It has already been shewn, that, instead of holding that the substance of the bread and wine becomes the *matter* of Christ's body and blood, we believe, that, after consecration, it ceases entirely to exist, and that the substance of Christ's body is introduced into its place, which, being perfect in itself, is incapable of any increase, diminution, or change, whatsoever <sup>1</sup>.

After quoting a passage from St. Augustine, in proof of the real presence, for which he gives a reference to St. Chrysostom, (an excusable error, certainly, in a critic who "boasts not his deep reading in the primitive fathers," and who wishes not to parade it "with an affectation of unparalleled superiority,") the reviewer all at once turns round, and oddly says, "But to adore flesh, is this not worshipping a creature, and expressly forbidden by Him who has said, that he will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images;—which, nevertheless, the Catholics do in the worship of the Virgin Mary, and the invocation of Saints and Angels, and even in relation to this bread?" What, Sir! is the adoration of that "bread which came down from heaven," of which the manna was a type, worshipping a creature? "Idolatry is an act of the mind, whereby we give to something

<sup>1</sup> Catech. of the Council of Trent, P. II. No. 25. Holden Analys. Fid. L. II. c. 4. Bellarmin De Euch. L. III. c. 18. St. Tho. Aquin. III. P. Q. 76. Art. 5.

created the supreme honour due to God alone; and do we give this honour to wine and bread? The child at the breast would cry, we do not—the beams of the roof of the temple would answer, we do not. We give it to the Father and to the Son, who is consubstantial to him, and *who was made man*; to them, and to the Spirit who proceeds from them, we give supreme worship. What seems bread in the Eucharist, we value not. Those accidental qualities of bread and wine, which we distinguish from the substance, but which yet are tangible, and would suffice, like carnal food, to nourish the body, are not the object of our worship; but that impassible and immortal God made MAN, which they conceal—HIM we worship<sup>1</sup>. Oh! how absurd and inconsistent are the ideas of our opponents, when they thus tax us with idolatry! Hear what the learned Dr Jeremy Taylor says: “Idolatry is the forsaking the true God, and giving divine worship to a creature or to an idol; that is, to an imaginary God. Now, it is evident that the object of their (the Catholics’) adoration in the blessed Sacrament, is the only true and eternal God hypostatically joined with his holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present, under the veil of the sacramental signs. And if they thought him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread in this case, that themselves profess it idolatry to do so; which is a *demonstration* that their soul has nothing in it that is idolatrical<sup>2</sup>.” The reviewer is equally mistaken in his ideas of the honour we give to the Virgin Mary, and the invocation of Saints and Angels: but as the subject has been anticipated, I shall leave him to entertain any notions he pleases of the mother of our Lord, of her of whom it was prophesied that *ALL generations should call her blessed*.

Before dismissing the subject of the mass, I must be allowed to mention an extraordinary fact intimately connected with it, which will startle many people, *but no person will dare to deny it*. It is this—THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS WAS ABOLISHED BY LUTHER, AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE DEVIL, WHO CONVINCED HIM (as he says) THAT IT WAS IDOLATROUS. But let us hear the matter from Luther’s own mouth: “I must now (says Luther) tell a little anecdote concerning *myself*, for which I trust you will, my reverend father, forgive me, though it may somewhat disgrace you. Awaking from a sound sleep, a few nights ago, the devil began to dispute with me, according to his custom: ‘Listen to me, Master Doctor,’ said he; ‘do you consider, that for fifteen years you have said mass almost every day? What if all this while you have been guilty of idolatry, and, instead of adoring the body and blood of Christ, have adored only bread and wine?’ I answered him, that I was a priest lawfully ordained by the bishop, and that having, from a principle of obedience, discharged my ministry with a sincere intention of consecrating, I saw no reason to doubt the validity of the consecration. ‘True, (replied Satan,) but in the churches of Turks and Heathens, is not every thing done in an orderly manner, and in the spirit of obedience? Does that authorise their worship as orthodox, and perfectly correct? What if your ordination were null, and your consecration as vain and useless as that of Turkish priests in the exercise of their ministry, or of the false prophets under Jeroboam?’ Here I was seized with a violent sweat, and my heart began to beat in a strange manner. The devil is very artful in adjusting his reasoning, and he also pushes his arguments with great force; *he has a voice strong and rough*, and is so pressing in his objections, one after another, as scarcely to allow you time to breathe. Hence, I can conceive how it has repeatedly happened that persons have in the evening been found dead in their beds. In the first place, he may suffocate them; he may also, by his method of disputing, cause such a trouble in the soul, as to render her unable to make any farther resistance, and thus she may be compelled instantly to leave the body, which has nearly been my own case more than once.” Luther then gives five reasons urged by the devil against the sacrifice of the mass, which he considered quite satisfactory, and he says to those who might

<sup>1</sup> Defence by J. K. L., p. 46. 4th ed.

<sup>2</sup> Liberty of prophesying, Sect. 20. Num. 26.

blame him for following these suggestions, that "if they had heard the devil reasoning in the same forcible manner as he had done, they would take care not to appeal from his arguments, to the practice of the Church, and the usages of antiquity, which would never satisfy them <sup>1</sup>!"

Such, then, as explained, are those doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church which the enlightened and philosophical reviewer denominates, "not only anti-scriptural, but absurd!" It is evident, from the confused and mistaken ideas entertained by him of these, that his theological studies have been sadly misapplied. To advise him to begin a fresh and more comprehensive course of study may be fruitless; but he will, I presume, be now aware, that without this he can never expect to wield his pen either with credit to himself or to the cause which he supports.

I am afraid, Mr Editor, I am making too great an encroachment upon your valuable pages, but justice to my own feelings, and, above all, my regard for my religion, will, I hope, excuse my diffuseness with liberal minds, fond of truth for its own sake, and regardless whether it proceed from the pen of a Protestant or of a Catholic. I shall conclude my remarks on the remaining topics handled by the reviewer in another letter; and, in the mean time, beg to subscribe myself,

Mr Editor,

Your very humble Servant,

1st September 1824.

C. C.

### The Arab to his Horse.

"The whole property of this Arab consisted of a very fine, beautiful mare. This animal the French Consul at Saïd offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to the King, Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented; and having arrived with his magnificent courser, dismounted, but appeared to be greatly agitated by contending emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his mare, he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed, 'To whom is it I am going to surrender thee?—to Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and in a few moments was out of sight."—*Goldsmith*.

HA! seated on thy back once more,  
Skimming like wind the sand-track o'er,  
My heart beats mighty as before,  
My swift-wing'd steed, hurra!

Thy nostrils snorting,—dark, dark eye,—  
Firm hoofs, that make the pebbles fly,  
Ah! this to me is ecstasy,  
My swift-wing'd steed, hurra!

Leaving each tow'r and tree behind,  
And gliding fleetly than the wind,  
With bit and curb to thee resign'd,  
We fly, we fly, hurra!

Now 'mong tangling jungles dashing,  
Now amid the blue stream splashing,  
Dust clouds rolling, flint sparks flashing,  
We fly, we fly, hurra!

Now's no time for foam'd-bits champ-  
ing,  
Pawing, backing, neighing, stamping—  
With gallop fleet and swift pace tramp-  
ing,

On, on, my steed, hurra!

As if bright faulchion met thy eye,  
And tecbir! tecbir\*! war's loud cry,  
Sounded 'mid waving banners nigh,  
On, on, my steed, hurra!

At home, sweet food and rest shall bless  
thee,

Children, eager to caress thee,  
In their little arms will press thee,  
Their favour'd steed, hurra!

C.

<sup>1</sup> De Missa Privata, Tom. VII., p. 469., Witt. Edit. P. 82, Jenæ Edit. Germ. per Thoms. Tom. VI., p. 86, Altenberg Edit. See also the Conference with a preface by Dr Lingard, the celebrated historian, published by Keating and Brown of London.

\* The war-cry of the Arabs.



## TIME'S LIBRARY.

*An Extract from Travels in the Emphyrean by Marcus Ærius, F.R.S. &c.*

WE were now shown into the library of Father Time, and, by good fortune, the old man happened to be there, arranging some volumes which appeared to have lately arrived. I was much surprised on looking round, to see the number of books so small; indeed, for magnitude, the library is surpassed by the sorriest modern collection. The whole room was not of great dimensions; about one half of it was filled with books, and the other was fitted up with shelves, for the reception of works as they came in. We found the venerable Librarian seated at a desk of adamant; he bore the marks of the greatest age of any being I had seen in my travels; his few scattered locks were bleached to a snowy whiteness; his face was indented with deep furrows; but there was a sparkling freshness in his eye, and his whole countenance indicated a great degree of youthful vigour, and uncommon penetration and sagacity. "With your leave, my good father, we have come to survey your library." He turned about, gave a quick stare, but uttered not a word. I advanced nearer. "A pleasant enough recreation this, Sir, for a leisure hour." "Pleasant, indeed! a plague on all such pleasures; 'tis such as these that have not left me the life of a dog. It is not enough that I should toil on from morning to night, and from night to morning, continually harrassed with one job or another—for every lazy lubber throws his burthen on my shoulders; but I must be distressed with this business also, which is every day getting worse upon my hands. Thanks to this pretty invention of printing, I have got more trouble in this department of late, in one month, than I used to do in a thousand years. It is not long since a few minutes in a morning, every twenty or thirty years, were sufficient to bring up my leeway. The host of writers were not so numerous in those days; and, besides, the difficulty of multiplying copies was so great, that all works of minor importance were allowed to sink into oblivion, and only a few of

the best were thought worthy of sending to me, that I might make a selection: but now I will have whole cart-loads of them at my door every year; and were I to admit all the productions of even half-a-dozen years, there would be more than sufficient to fill my whole library, even were I to throw its present contents to the dogs." "But," said I, "printing is now brought to such a degree of perfection, and the facility of the operation so great, that many volumes are produced, on local and passing subjects, which are never meant to go down to posterity; and it would be as absurd to pester you with these, as it would be to send you a hand-bill or a lottery-puff. In my humble opinion, then, you would be much relieved by having some faithful deputy to make a proper selection previous to your own final revision." "That is what I have long had," replied he; "do you suppose that I would have patience to tease through their multifarious heaps of trash!—no; had I to do so, I would lose all patience, and very likely, some day, in a passion kick the whole out of my study door, and leave posterity to do their best without them. But I will tell you how I manage. You see that stream which runs into the cistern behind the study door,—that is the stream called *public opinion*; it is of quicksilver, because the particles of which that metal is composed are individually, when disjoined, very unsteady and volatile, but, when united into one mass, form the steadiest and most equable fluid in existence. Into that stream, then, are all works thrown as they are published. Many sink to the bottom as soon as they are plunged in; but all those which float down are received into this cistern. Sometimes, from the strength of the current, and from one book bearing up another, intruders will come down; but, as all are subjected to an inspection by me, such are not allowed to have a place on my shelves, but are thrown out, or put into a by-corner." I looked out from the window, in order to have a view of this

famed stream. On the banks, I saw a number of people with poles and sticks in their hands, busily engaged in pushing off books from the shore. They tore out leaves from many, and sent them skimming down the current. To some they were tying inflated bladders of air, in order to make them float, while to others they hung large lumps of lead in a sly manner, by which I saw they were immediately sunk. "Are these people employed by you, Sir?" said I. "Employed by me! that they are not, indeed,—they are to me a continual annoyance, and the cause of much vexation and trouble in conducting this branch of my business. They very often sink works which would otherwise float down unmolested, and their bladders often support others a good way down the stream, to the great annoyance of the other floating volumes. But all their malice comes at last to nought; the feeble threads by which they tie on their lead gradually rot away, when the incumbered work rises again to the surface, and pursues its course with greater speed than before, and their inflated bubbles often burst, or silently waste to an empty skin, and down sinks the helpless volume, and sticks fast in the mud, never more to rise." I was proceeding to say, that, although I thought such persons might sometimes do harm, yet, on the whole, they were productive of good; but I observed that, during our conversation, he had been busy in laying up some volumes, and I had missed the opportunity of ascertaining what they were. It was in vain that I begged him to take them down again, to see the titles; what he had once done was irrevocable; and, without a moment's delay, he proceeded to pile up others. The first book which I had an opportunity of looking at was a thin volume of a few pages, closely printed; it was *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, &c. On my expressing my surprise at seeing the fair creature so slenderly dressed, he told me that I was not to suppose he could admit every one in their court-dress; and besides, said he, I could not stow that lady and her associates on my shelves with such a load of antiquated hum-

ber on their backs. The next he took up were two thin volumes,—I read, *Poems* by T. Campbell. "This author," said Time, "ought to be held up as an example to all modern writers, whether of prose or poetry, but especially of the latter; he is indeed an ancient in this respect, and reminds me of the good old times; he never obtrudes any thing on the public without selecting and polishing his pieces with the most respectful care. I willingly allot a place in my shelves for him,—voluminousness is a great drawback to the fame of a poet; 'The best of things beyond their measure cloy,' as my good friend Homer used to say." I took up a parcel of volumes tied together, and marked on the back, "*Waverley*," "*Tales of my Landlord*," &c. "Do you admit these?" said I. "To be sure I do; and I have got them bound in the strongest and most substantial bindings, for many a tease will they get from the striplings of each succeeding generation: look up there, and see in what tatters are those books on that shelf, (these were, *Tom Jones*, *Roderick Random*, &c.); in a similar state will these be by the time they are as old." I expressed my surprise to see many novels of less note preserved here. "You need not be astonished at that," said he, "for a thousand years hence, when Civilization, and the ladies and gentlemen of her suit, getting tired of their old abodes, shall have taken up their residence in *Otaheite* or *Kamschatka*, when it will then be the fashion to walk on the crown of the head, and live at the bottom of coal mines, these works will afford some degree of amusement. People will then be gratified in knowing how their forefathers used to walk on their legs, and live on the surface of the earth,—how their grandmothers and maiden aunts used to sip tea, gossip, and coquette. Would it not have interested you to have heard how the mighty *Cæsar* delighted in sporting his four-in-hand,—in what manner he set about shaving his beard,—how the grave, the thoughtful, stoical, and philosophic *Cato*, got into a passion with his wife for not mending a hole in his cloak,—or in what manner a Roman

nymph would whimper and whine when she supposed herself in love? Here," said he, taking up the celebrated works of a noble poet, "are books which I must put on my shelves. Their poetical merit is undisputed. I say not so much for their morality, but I have a great variety of readers, and I must please all. To be sure, I have books which even angels might condescend to peruse,—at the same time, I have others which afford special merriment to fiends." "Excuse me, Sir, but I think the binding of these is not so strong as will enable them to endure the handling which they will receive if their future fame shall continue to equal what it is at present." "Pooh!" said he; "do you think the rage is to continue for ever? Many circumstances conspire to heighten contemporary fame,—novelty, eccentricity, birth, &c. ; now-a-days, it is as great a miracle to hear of a poetical lord as of a poetical ploughman or sheep-shearer." A few more poetical works, and also some volumes on other subjects, followed, but with such rapidity, that I was barely able to ascertain their names, and had no opportunity of getting his remarks on them. I observed Wordsworth put by carefully;—"This is a poet," said the librarian, "who will by no means be neglected by posterity, although he will perhaps be saved the rather disgusting preference of being bandied about in every clown's mouth, yet he will not want his admirers of a particular cast. Aye, aye, this is our Dutch poet\*! pah! I feel the smell of a fish dung-hill; well, well, he must go in; he has merit, but strangely applied. It is a pity I did not construct a second gallery, for such poets who delight in grovelling among the dung-hills of Parnassus,

and diving amidst the mud of the pools of Helicon."

"I perceive, Sir," said I, "that of the works which you are kindly storing up for futurity, a great proportion is of the poetical kind. Sure the present age has been wonderfully prolific in this department?" "Yes," returned he; "I have now in my possession a pretty mass of this immortal lumber. The labours of Hercules were but children's toying, compared to the toil of wading through my poetical shelves. It was a good turn that those Goths and Vandals did me the other day, in demolishing the greater number of my shelves of Greek and Roman compositions; I had not the heart to do it myself, and I confess I was a little vexed when I heard it was done; but it was a very good thing; it made those works which survived be more esteemed, and their merits better appreciated. I wish something of the same kind would happen to purge my modern shelves, otherwise I shall have to look out for a new house; and yet I am afraid this cannot be; that trick they have got, of printing by multiplying copies indefinitely, will baffle all attempts of this kind."

I began to observe, that, though printing may cause trifling inconveniences, yet these are infinitely counterbalanced by its advantages; but he interrupted me—"It may be so; I have not leisure to consider the matter; all I can say is, I wish the man who first invented it had been at —. But I am trifling here, when my presence is required elsewhere. Good-morning, Sir!" and he darted away in an instant, leaving us in astonishment at so much agility displayed by such an aged and decrepid being. C.

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### Sonnet.

Is this a vision, or by Nature wrought?  
Phantastic—wild—luxuriant, I should deem  
That it was Eden, did these rocks not seem  
Too rugged and stupendous for the thought  
Fye form'd of that fair garden; yet, sure, nought  
Can this excel. Oh! only mark that stream,  
On which these beauties all reflected gleam;

Do not the trees bend downward, as they sought  
To catch one passing glance of this their queen,  
(The desert-queen, for whom this scene was made)  
Amid her court of rocks and woods array'd,  
Through which she trails her robe of silver-sheen,  
While countless mellow throats rich music pour,  
And win gay smiles from every happy flower!

W.



## CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF DR TUCKER.

BOTH the character and writings of Dr Tucker lay strong and decided claims to our esteem and admiration. His talents, his principles, his conduct, his original and acute investigations, all tend to elevate and enlarge our conceptions of the grandeur and dignity of human nature. Animated by feelings and principles of a pure and lofty kind, his soul revolted at the pitiable degeneracy of his fellow-mortals. Resisting the attractions of the highest circles of society, in which his brilliancy of fancy, wit, learning, and superior intelligence, always made him a welcome and distinguished guest, this wonderful individual retired to banquet in the delicious enjoyment of his own thoughts, in a humble situation in an obscure village, and this when he was in the full bloom and maturity of life. His was not the retirement of the decayed rake, who, having outrun every sensual gratification before the meridian of life, and finding himself incapable of tasting the sweets of intellectual enjoyment, retires to drag out the remainder of his days in a morose, misanthropical, and miserable seclusion.

That knowledge which others acquire by many years of experience and painful study, he seemed to be intuitively possessed of; so that he appears to have been formed by Nature to elevate the human character, by his dignified, patriotic, and virtuous conduct, and to illustrate her powers and laws by his talents and investigations. Experiencing himself the advantages of thoughtfulness, self-command, and contentment, he constantly inculcated the necessity of these upon others; and he has been heard to declare, that, although the gates of heaven were opened to him, he would not enter them until he had coolly considered the consequences which would result from his doing so, both to himself and others.

I have been told by my deceased father, who had the honour of being acquainted with Dr T. in early life, that he was then such an enthusiastic lover of fame, as to say, that if

Divine Providence would give him the choice of a life of pleasure, with the certainty of his being forgotten after death,—or a life of complete misery, to be recompensed by a lasting posthumous fame,—he would gladly embrace the latter part of the alternative. But his subsequent conduct evinced a total revolution in opinion upon this subject. His amiable manners and agreeable disposition, it is true, gained him the esteem and approbation of all who knew him; but he rather shunned than courted popularity; and had not his writings been such as to perpetuate his name to the latest posterity—except in the hearts of a very few friends—the small portion of dust which covered the mortal remains of Dr Tucker would have consigned his name to everlasting oblivion.

The following is a fragment of his composition, which was placed as a mark in a book of my father's which the Doctor had been perusing. As the production of that great man, it must, I should presume, be interesting to your readers:

"Science is the surest path to wealth and eminence, the best and noblest source of worldly enjoyment. The cultivation of Science presents a constant, rich, and boundless field of exercise, pleasure, and improvement, to the whole energies of human intellect. All other exercises and enjoyments are apt to cloy upon the mind, and constitute no lasting or substantial gratification; but the more we court and gain the good graces of Science, we are the more strongly induced to cultivate and admire her. All other pleasures and possessions fluctuate in the fleeting train of Fortune. Knowledge, secure in conscious strength, erects alone her giant form, and boldly defies the assaults of every earthly power. It is a solid and imperishable treasure, which enlarges the mind, improves the heart, produces liberality and magnanimity of sentiment, elevates its possessor above the world,—gives him, in some degree,

a foretaste of the enjoyments which may be supposed to charm the soul in a future state, and assimilates him with beings of purer hearts and brighter intelligences than human.

"The man who is unacquainted with Science can form no just or adequate conception of the Deity. To him the works of the Almighty are uninteresting and unconvincing, because unintelligible. Like the beasts around him, he sees and receives the benefit of the different productions of Nature, without ever inquiring how, or for what purpose they are produced. And it is therefore a matter of no surprise to me, that an ignorant and foolish man should call in question the existence of a Supreme Being. But that men of judgment, reflection, and learning, can seriously doubt that this vast and magnificent world is the production of an omniscient, omnipotent, and eternal Being, is, to me, an inexplicable wonder. Who can

contemplate the beauty and harmony of the heavenly bodies,—explore the various chemical combinations of natural substances,—observe the admirable mechanism and ingenuity with which the different parts of the animal body are adapted to perform their numerous wonderful functions, or the constitution and powers of the mind, without being thoroughly convinced that they are the invention and production of matchless intelligence and design!

"The beauty, perfection, and magnificence of this world, however, are only a proof of the power and wisdom of God; and if they manifested nothing more, we might view Him in the light of a cold-hearted and reckless spirit, who amused himself by forming a world to delight his own eyes, and a race of beings whose happiness he disregarded. But His handiworks are likewise pregnant with convincing demonstrations of His infinite benevolence."

J. D.

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HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 37.

Now let the flowing cups be crown'd ;

"Come and trip it as we go ;"

Let feasting, mirth, and joy abound,

And let us on the gods bestow

Their offerings due. There was a time  
When all such mirth was thought a  
crime,

While Egypt's queen, by passion driven,  
Our capital and state had to destruction  
given.

Madness unutterable ! and did she dream

That beardless catamites—the scum

And refuse of mankind, and shame,

To Rome's eternal gates durst come ?

Dreamer, awake !—turn, turn and fly !

Cæsar defends our Italy :

Ruin pursues thee, haste away,

Thy fears are real now, thou victim of  
dismay.

Fly, timorous dove, the hawk is o'er thee,

The lightning of his eye confounds thee ;

Fly, helpless hare, ruin's before thee,

The huntsman's crafty net surrounds  
thee.

Great in her wickedness, and brave,

Dreading no state but that of slave ;

A stranger to effeminate fears,

Fast to her ruin'd realms unshrinkingly  
she steers.

Her throne a ruin now she sees,

Serene, unfaltering, and unmoved ;

And the fell asp she dares embrace

As if't had been a thing beloved.

Stern in her gloomy purpose—death—

Mistrustful of a Roman's faith,

Dreading the curled lips of Scorn,

She never would consent a triumph to  
adorn,

## THE FAMILY OF GLENHOWAN.

(Continued.)

How ingenious are people in tormenting themselves ! and how much of the unhappiness we experience may be attributed to our own folly ! It would seem, from the pains we take to create grievances for ourselves, when, in the wise and merciful order of things, we are exempted from their burden, that we were so constituted as to be incapable of living without them ; or that, like the epicure who must have recourse to the prescriptions of art for partially restoring his lost appetite, we could perceive no charm in any thing calculated to give us pleasure, without our senses being previously sharpened for its enjoyment by the bitterness of pain ! Like a lunatic standing beneath the tottering fragment of some beetling rock, where he every moment starts with apprehension lest it overwhelm him, and yet is unwilling to quit his station, because in the frowns of the giant cliff, and in the contemplation of impending danger, there is something that pleases his wild imagination, and fills it with sublimity ; so we in like manner woo misery for the romance attending it, and, like a weak-minded girl, who, by novel-reading, has refined away the small share of reason which originally fell to her portion, sit down and sigh, and, by the help of a diseased imagination, fancy that we are happy, because we are sentimentally miserable. I do not mean, by this, to insinuate that any thing like sentimental refinement mingles itself with the ideal misery experienced to such a degree by the family of Glenhowan. Talking to them of sentiment would be like talking to an Esquimaux of the luxuries of civilized life, the beauties of a Venus de Medici, or the riches and grandeur of the Temple of Solomon ; yet their unhappiness, though differing in degree, is still of the same species, and derives its origin from the same cause—the unrestrained licence of a luxuriant imagination. But, indeed, their credulity, in this respect, as well as every other peculiarity attached to their character, is

not to be wondered at. Their simple and unchanging mode of life almost entirely precludes the exercise of reason, so that passion and fancy have, in consequence, usurped its dominion ; and it is well known to what a pitch of extravagance these may at last arrive, in the absence of that principle implanted in man to restrain them.

I had been made acquainted with most of the particulars I have already detailed, respecting this singular family, previous to my having seen any of them excepting the laird ; and judging from what I had heard, that a sight of the whole group would more than compensate the trouble of a visit, I went, in the summer of 1823, to witness in person, a spectacle which my imagination had often diverted itself in drawing, and to satisfy my scruples as to whether the reports of fame concerning them were authentic.

It was then the season for cutting their hay ; the morning had been wet and stormy, and they were all busily engaged in dragging it from the lower meadow along the margin of the burn, to prevent its being swept away by the little current, should it happen to swell with the rain. Horses and cars (machines which, from their convenience, are still in use among the Moorlands) were employed in this service, to bear the hay to drier and more elevated spots, where a number of the ladies were engaged in *tedding* it, in order to prepare it for rickimg. The laird himself was driving one of the cars ; his two sons were loading them at the meadow ; one or two of the younger females were raking the ground after them, and the rest were *tedding* along with the older ones—the whole forces being drawn out on this occasion, excepting the oldest dame of all, who was left to keep the garrison and prepare their victuals.

The only plan I had of introducing myself was, to feign a story of my having come to visit a mineral well, situated in the bottom of a



deep and rocky burn that forms the western boundary of their farm, and goes under the title of Glenhowan Linn. To this well, which, from the taste and colour of its water, together with the vast quantity of ferruginous slime it deposits in the fissures of the rock whence it issues, evidently proceeds from, or has its course over, a bed of iron ore, they attribute a great many virtues and healing qualities of which it is entirely destitute. Being told that they looked upon a visit to it by a stranger as an honour paid to themselves, and that on these occasions they displayed all their courtesy and complaisance, in directing the visitor where to find it, and in explaining to him the whole arcana of its medicinal properties, I had no doubt, that, by representing it as the object of my visit, I should meet with a very favourable reception. I had been warned, likewise, to beware of committing myself in point of etiquette, and in rendering them that homage which their pride demands from all who visit them; determined, therefore, not to be wanting in this particular, I went up to the ladies, who, before I came forward, had been standing and staring at me like so many statues; and, putting my hand to my hat, and bowing to them with the most profound respect, I wished them all good speed. Some of the younger ones were bare-headed; the older sort wore *mutches* with long flappets, which hung down the cheek and tied under their chin, exactly in the shape of those hideous flannel head-dresses worn at night by our grandmothers, as a preservative from cold in the head, and consequent toothache and rheumatism. In most other respects, their dresses were uniform,—short jackets, or bed-gowns, as they are called, or else gowns, tucked up to their waist, and fastened in a large knot behind them, like the hunch of a dromedary—short petticoats, that reached little farther than their knees—bare-footed, and *hoshins* upon their legs. I fancied that a slight expression of regret at being caught by a stranger in dishabille, was discernible in their countenances; but to speak of deep scarlet blushes, and that confusion

under which the frame trembles and the tongue refuses to do its office, was out of the question.

In returning my salute, they all curtsied in the most grotesque manner, making the whole bend at the knee, and holding their bodies so erect and motionless as to represent, by their sudden loss of attitude, the idea we conceive of a giant dwindling, with an instantaneous and imperceptible motion, into a pigmy. The under hem of their petticoats dropping suddenly to the ground, was the only circumstance by which you could perceive the duck they were making; and these, as they rapidly swallowed up their legs, demonstrated at the same time the depth of their curtsy, which must have been almost the whole length of the limb from the knee downwards, as their petticoats, which then touched the ground, reached little farther than the knee when standing erect; so that if depth in any way enhances such an honour, my salute was certainly repaid with interest. I then addressed myself more particularly to an old sybil, who stood nearest me, and who appeared the most ancient of them all, to whom, by interlarding my story with a great many episodical *Misses* and *Mems*, I at last made known the pretended object of my visit. My politeness had already won their good graces, and rendered me a favourite; but this honour done them, of visiting their well, was its very highest consummation. They all shewed, by their looks, how much they were gratified; the old Miss, in particular, to whom I had addressed myself, and who, in consequence, had been most highly honoured, curtsied repeatedly, smiled, or rather grinned, with as much polite cheerfulness as the contracted muscles of her face were capable of expressing; and after a great many tedious digressions upon the virtues of the well, and the high rank of those who had from time to time come to taste of its waters, she at last succeeded in satisfying my inquiries, by giving me the necessary directions for finding it.

My expectation before reaching Glenhowan was, that as the day was not very favourable to hay-winning,

I would find them all in the house, and thereby have an opportunity of beholding the interior of their mansion, at the same time that I contemplated themselves; and now, that I had unfortunately found them in the field, I saw that my object would be only half attained, unless some plan could be devised for calling as I passed by to the well. I therefore hinted that I had neglected to bring a dish with me to drink out of, supposing that this would induce an invitation from my old directress to ask for one at the house. But how was I mortified to hear this dilemma, which I thought was unanswerable, save in the way I had calculated upon, immediately obviated by the assurance that no dish was necessary, as some superior being had kindly planted beside the well, for the accommodation of visitors, a certain species of grass peculiar to that place alone, with a long grooved leaf, in the form of a spout, which, when applied to the aperture in the rock whence the water issued, conveyed the current into one's mouth without the smallest difficulty or inconvenience! She assured me, with great seriousness, that the grass had been ordained to grow there for no other purpose; and that I might be certain of knowing it, (as it was impossible I could have seen it any where else,) she pulled a broad leaf from where she was standing, and bending the sides of it over her finger so as to represent the groove, described it to me as minutely as possible, and then, by laying the one end of it upon the palm of her hand in a flat position, she shewed me the way in which I must apply it to the rock. Though by no means pleased with this substitution for one of her own dishes, I was obliged to conceal my disappointment, and agree with her that it might answer as good a purpose; and after thanking her with a most profound bow, which I also vouchsafed to all the others in succession, I took my leave of her, and proceeded forward to the well. As my way to it led me past the door of the house, however, and as I knew that *one* of the Misses must be within, I resolved to call and ask a dish from her. It was very probable that she, like her sister, would suggest the grass also; but I would

then have gained my object, and be careless of either her well, her dish, or her *sacred* grass, having only made a *shew* of these being my motives to excuse my visit, (which would otherwise have appeared impertinent,) and procure an introduction. As I approached the ancient residence of the family of Glenhowan, which, as I said before, lies on the top of a small knoll, or eminence, with a few scattered trees growing round it, I felt considerable difficulty in distinguishing between the dwelling-house and offices, they all wore so uniform an aspect, and were in such a state of dilapidation. They are built in the oldest style, with low dry stone walls, and long rafters, or *kipples*, as they are called, resting upon the ground, and bending inward with a gradual inclination, till they at last united at the top, and formed the roof, over which was scattered a sprinkling of turf and thatch, so decayed in many places as to be entirely fallen away, and in no place whatever impervious to the weather. The huge rafters, peeping through the time-worn loop-holes, like the ribs of some gigantic animal bursting through its decaying carcase, produced a very dreary effect upon the mind of the beholder. There was something, too, in the wild murmurs of the wind, as its current became broken, and as it whirled and eddied among the openings, or swept the long tufts of grass that had risen spontaneously upon the spots where the thatch remained entire, which filled me with a kind of poetical melancholy; and while I cast my eyes around me upon the romantic but uncultivated aspect of the misty hills, beyond which nothing but heaven was visible, or watched the slow bending of the trees that rustled beside me, I thought, on comparing the features of the whole, that I had never before witnessed so finished a picture of solitude and desolation. No chimney appeared, as you approached at a distance, to tell you which of the houses, or rather sheds, were inhabited; and it was not till I was near enough to perceive the smoke oozing through the crannies of the roof and walls, and wreathing itself in volumes from the door and windows, one of which was entirely



divested of glass, and the others nearly so, that I could ascertain the door I would have to call at.

I was told that a number of dogs which they keep were always on the alert to discover strangers, and never failed to give timely notice of their approach; so that such of the inmates as were not in a condition to be seen, had an opportunity of ensconcing themselves, or of putting their clothes in order for an interview; and that when this was the case, visitors, by never finding them in their natural state, were always disappointed. Determined to shun this, and take her ladyship by surprise if possible, I stole softly towards the door, and had the good fortune to reach it, and so far elude the vigilance of her canine guardians as to meet the whole posse just at the threshold. Cerberus himself, with all the echoes in his rear to help him, could not have caused so prodigious an uproar as their mingled bow-wows and snarlings produced when they rushed from the fire-side, and were immediately stopt in their career by the suddenness of my appearance. The sybil, starting at the noise, and fancying, no doubt, that the person who caused it was yet at a distance, came running out behind them with the *dish-clout* in her hand. The emphatical words, "choo, dogs!" which had already half escaped her, suddenly stuck within her throat on perceiving my head poked forward into the door; her hand partially relaxed its grasp, from which a fold or two of the dishclout disengaged itself, and dropped to her knees, while her fixed eyes and motionless attitude reminded me of the picture I had often mentally drawn of Endor's hag, when the shade of Samuel rose up before her, and she discovered her visitor to be the monarch of Israel. Her appearance had in it something so striking and unearthly, that, had I believed in witches, I would certainly have taken her for one. To describe her dress would only be to recapitulate what I have said of the others, with this exception, that it was infinitely more dirty; but that circumstance was not what constituted her chief peculiarity. Her face, which was literally *ploughed* with wrinkles, and so begrimed with

soot as nearly to have lost every trace of its original colour, was scarcely the size of a common time-piece; her mouth, from the loss of teeth, (or perhaps it was naturally so,) was fallen in like the empty wind-bag of a pair of bellows, over which her nose and chin almost embraced each other; and her little hollow eyes, peeping from beneath her drooping eye-brows, like candles on the point of expiring, gave her, upon the whole, the most wizard-like physiognomy I had ever witnessed. I had not much time, however, to contemplate so singular a face with the expression it then wore, for her surprise was not long in subsiding. Though evidently chagrined at having been caught in so unprepared a state, she immediately assumed a smile, dropt a curtesy, and invited me to walk in. I walked in accordingly, with my head uncovered, and was politely desired to sit down upon a chair, (the only one I saw in the house,) which, after a number of bows and *diffident* excuses, which I saw pleased her extremely, I complied with. When I had told her my errand, and the reason of my calling upon her, she assured me I was extremely welcome to a dish, and lowering down a little tankard, usually called a *tin*, from where it hung by a nail on what might be denominated their *dresser*, she immediately began cleaning it with the dishclout, and putting it in its best trim for my reception. During this operation, which suspended for a while our mutual civilities, I had an opportunity of looking round me, and surveying the inside of the mansion.

A bed-stead, which scarcely deserved the name, with folding-leaves upon it, fronted the door, before which an old press stood, in so awkward a position as hardly to leave room for a person to crawl out and in; another bed, upon the left hand on entering, run in a straight line across the house, and formed a partition between the passage and the kitchen, so that you had to pass the end of the one on your left hand, and alongside the other on your right, in advancing to the fire. The fire-place was in the middle of the floor; a large resting-chair run along the front-wall of the house, in which



was a small window, with only two panes of unbroken glass, and the rest all stopt with rags, or old hats, which only served to make "darkness visible" in those parts that depended solely on it for illumination. Another window in the gable, *entirely* destitute of glass, or any kind of stoppage, gave the only light which, excepting that admitted at the door, they might be said to enjoy. Their dresser, their pots, and a few other homely articles, were ranged along the back-wall; and a number of stools (for, as I mentioned before, I saw only one chair) standing here and there around the fire, made up the sum-total of their kitchen furniture. Of course, I did not see into the *parlour*, but on going past that end of the house, and perceiving it to be quite destitute of glass in the gable window, I thought I had seen sufficient to convince me that, without a fire, it must exhibit a more wretched appearance than even the kitchen. And this, thought I, is the house in which the Laird of Glenhowan is contented to live; a man who could afford to erect for himself, if not a splendid, at least a handsome and comfortable mansion!

Mine hostess had now finished her operation upon the tin, which, by the use of her spittle and the dishcloth, she had burnished as bright as when it was new; and coming forward from the dresser, she delivered it to me with a low curtsy, at the same time requesting I would take a piece of oatmeal cake along with me, to eat at the well. From the appearance which both she and the house exhibited, I felt little inclination to concede to this request, and excused myself in the best manner I could—but in vain. She averred, that it was not *sonsy* to drink of the well without something to eat at the same time; and opening her cupboard, she thrust, almost perforce, a large piece of cake into my hand, which, as I could not have refused it without rudeness, I accepted, and put into my pocket. Thus provided, I sallied out from the mansion-house of Glenhowan, and proceeded towards the linn.

It lay at the distance of about half a mile to the westward, and formed a deep ravine between the

end of the southern range of hills that there terminated, and the high mountain, which run almost entirely across the glen. A beaten foot-path, leading through desolate, uncultivated fields, and over-fallen and ruined stone inclosures, soon brought me to the brink of the long rocky chasm, at the bottom of which the well was situated. This was near the foot of the mountain; and the brows of the chasm on either side were, of course, low in proportion, so that I descended without any difficulty. From that place the channel of the burn was almost level for about two hundred paces farther up, so that the brows continued to deepen with the increasing altitude of the hills, and at last became so lofty, as to require a considerable effort of the eye to trace them to their summits. They were thickly studded with trees of various kinds, some of them on places where their roots, by striking deep into the earth, had attained a size which astonished me, in so bleak and barren a part of the country; while others, of smaller dimensions, clung like bats to the crevices in the rocks, where scarcely a sprinkling of earth was visible, to supply them with nourishment, and waved their tiny branches above me with a faint and feeble rustling, as I leaped from stone to stone, along the course of the current beneath them, or sometimes halted to look upward, and admire their fantastic appearance. In many parts the rocky walls of my almost subterranean path were indented with huge gaps, the farthest extremities of which were overhung with the gloom of the superincumbent mountains, and frowned as if dark and unfathomable, like an unknown futurity; while other parts projected forward nearly into the middle of the stream, and a short way in advance seemed to deny the possibility of all farther passage. My ears had for some time been saluted with a sullen plunging noise, as of a cataract; and on turning one of those acute angles, a spectacle burst suddenly upon me, which I had been very far from anticipating in such a place, although, had my mind at the time been less under the influence of that enthusiasm which the scene inspired, I would certainly

have been led to conclude, that the course of the stream, by running in a level so far into the deepening hills, must somewhere have an abrupt and precipitous termination. From the edge of a vast rock, which rose abruptly to the height of about thirty feet, the burn was rushing in a sheet of foam that resembled a pillar of crystal, till, dashed to atoms against the bottom of the pool, it threw up around it a cloud of spray, which, as I stood beside the boiling gulph, soon edged the borders of my hat and neckcloth with that beautiful silvery tinsel in which I have often proudly seen myself, assuming the colour of the clouds, while running like a deer among the morning mists of my native mountains. On every side, the black weather-beaten rocks, dripping with the misty shower that incessantly moistened them, rose to a height that set all human efforts to advance at defiance; there was no egress from this gloomy dungeon but by retracing my steps, and while standing beside the cataract, even that seemed impracticable. The deep passage the struggling burn had worn for itself, during the lapse of so many ages, by suddenly bending to the northward, at a short distance from the point of observation, gave it the appearance of being entirely closed, and impressed me with a kind of dreary feeling, as if Nature, since my entrance, had acted the part of a turnkey, and shut me out from the world a prisoner for ever. The eye followed the burn from where its broken and foaming waters poured themselves forth of the basin in which they had been boiling, in hopes by that clue to trace an opening, but in vain. As it rolled onward, it gradually assumed a darker hue, and a more placid motion, winding like a serpent round every obstacle that opposed its progress; and at last, as if by magic, or a miracle, the reverse of that of Moses at the rock of Meribah, it entirely disappeared beneath the vast and seemingly-united masses that hung over it.

At a short distance I discovered the well, from the quantity of ferruginous slime it had deposited in its escape from beneath the mountain, together with the *sacred grass*, of which I had been told, growing

beside it in abundance. At about the height of three feet from the bottom of the burn, a small cleft appeared in the rock, through which the water oozed slowly, and almost imperceptibly, and dropt into a little basin hollowed out by its own action, immediately beneath where it issued; whence it again trickled over the edge of the rock, and fell into the burn. The grass I found to be by no means peculiar to the place, as had been affirmed by my credulous informants. I had seen it frequently in similar situations, and used it, too, upon similar occasions; and as I therefore knew very well how to apply it, I drew forth mine hostess's tin, which, notwithstanding the cleansing she had given it, I rinsed tightly in the burn; and forming a spout with one of the blades of the grass which was nearest me, I soon gratified myself with a hearty draught of the cooling beverage. It was by no means delicious; and as I apprehended that mine hostess's bread might be equally so, I ventured, maugre its *unpleasantness*, to break her injunction with respect to eating a piece of it; and as no calamity afterwards befel me which could be attributed to this cause, I had no reason to repent of my disobedience.

I had now accomplished the object of my journey, and pocketing my tin, and casting another lingering look over the sublime features of the savage scene, I turned my back upon the foaming of the waterfall, the majestic cliffs over which it was precipitated, the boiling cauldron at its base, the giant and rocky walls of the linn that frowned above and around me, and the little well at which I was standing,—and directed my steps towards the place at which I had entered. As I withdrew from the cataract, its thunders gradually died upon my ear, while the wild and solemn voice of the gusty winds, that careered along the summits of the hills, or shrilly whistled on the brows of the linn, grew louder in proportion; and, while sometimes scrambling up the sides of the rocks to pluck the strawberries that grew in their crevices, I looked down from my elevation upon the burn that rolled beneath, and upwards to the clouds that still retained their dark



and rainy appearance, and spread their tattered skirts upon the wind in a thousand fantastic forms, and heard still more audibly the voice of the rapid current that bore them, I could not help fancying my situation somewhat similar to that of Elijah on the Mount of Horeb, when the Almighty passed by him, and "a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks;" and when "there came a voice unto him, and said, What dost thou here, Elijah?" I quitted the scene with regret! It was one which entirely coincided with my feelings,—one which so completely took possession of my soul, that, at the moment, I would gladly have relinquished society, to dwell amid its rocks, its torrents, and its tempests, mingle my voice with the wild music of its winds, and admire it for ever!

Darkness was deepening in the glen, and twilight had almost taken its flight from the tops of the hills, where its last faint traces yet continued to linger, like the memory of happiness after its enjoyment is past: the moon had not arisen; the stars were entirely veiled from sight by the deep curtain of clouds that was spread out before them; and all was dark, silent, and lonely, by the time I again reached the house of Glenhowan.

The whole family had deserted the hay bog, and assembled within doors around a large fire in the middle of the floor, above which hung a huge pot full of potatoes, intended for their supper. The fire was newly put on; and the smoke, which oozed through the walls, and rolled in deep and almost tangible volumes out at the doors and windows, told me on my approach how difficult it must be to enter and retain breath enough to thank them for the loan of the tin and the directions they had given me. In I ventured, however, and found the ladies, in expectation of my return, decked out in clean mitches and bed-gowns, (the old housekeeper had even gone so far as to wash her face and hands,) and grouped in a line around the fire, which occupied fully one half of the house; while the male sex, in an opposite line, occupied the other half, with the Laird planted in patriarchal dignity near-

est the door upon the only chair in his possession. On my first entering, smoke appeared to be the only tenant of their dreary dwelling; it was so dense and dark, as for some time to baffle my utmost efforts to perceive any thing, (how my lungs must have throbbed under the gross weight of it, I leave the reader to judge;) and it was not till after the lapse of a few seconds that the blaze of the fire began gradually to become apparent, of a colour resembling the bloody redness of the sun when rising or setting amid the thick watery haze that so often, both at morning and evening, envelopes the horizon. So close and incumbent was the smoke, that the flame actually seemed to be living upon it; and I would, in all probability, have quickly retreated, to enjoy the pure breezes of heaven outside the door, fully satisfied of the absence of every member of the family, had I not at the moment heard a voice from the midst of the gloom exclaiming, in a friendly and familiar tone, "Come away, Sir!" My eyes, though pumping forth torrents of bitter brine, became in a short time so far familiarized with the Glenhowan household medium of vision, that the whiteness of the ladies' mitches became at length perceptible,—peering at first like the faint and distant waftures of some sheeted ghost at the depth of midnight, and gradually emerging into greater distinctness, like Satan unfolding himself to the view of his astonished associates, after his first return to Pandemonium, till at last the rigid weather-beaten features of the Laird, and the hag-like visage of old Miss Meg, the housekeeper, who happened to be nearest me, became perfectly visible. On stepping up to the fireside, and catching now and then a glimpse of the whole group, by the help of its lurid gleams, the scene forcibly reminded me of the pictures my fancy had often drawn of a party of the dark-complexioned Aborigines of America, squatted upon the ground in a circle, and gazing upon each other through the smoke of their night fire, blazing in the midst of them.

The Laird was on his shanks long before I could approach him; and setting forward the chair for my ac-



commodation, and at the same time resting his hand still upon the back of it, to counteract the gravitating tendency of the upper storey of his long, gaunt, and recumbent person, he requested me, in as kindly terms as he was master of, to be seated. I did sit down for a minute or two, merely for the purpose of discovering, if it were possible, some new subject of amusement, but the smoke was too much for me. As the Laird, while I occupied his seat, had no other, his being obliged to stand furnished me with an excuse for not sitting longer, and the increasing lateness of the night furnished an equally good excuse for not staying supper with them, as they desired me. I therefore delivered the tin to mine old hostess, accompanied with as many thanks and bows as I had patience to give under the torture I was suffering; and bidding good-

night to the family of Glenhowan, I hastened to the door, not without tears in my eyes, and many a suppressed cough struggling for vent within my bosom.

After the open air had brought me a little round again, the first thing which occupied my mind was a sentiment of surprise at the total indifference of the whole family to a nuisance which, in a few minutes more, would have sent me to sleep with my fathers. It was become like their natural element, however, so that they felt no inconvenience from it; and I turned from the mansion-house of Glenhowan, indebted to the group I had left for the confirmation, if not the first conviction, of this general truth, that evils, of whatever kind, soon become partial, and, in effect almost harmless, to those who are so situated as to be constantly under their influence.

W. B.

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### Glory.

Oh! say not that Glory is nought but a name  
Which Wisdom can smile at, and Virtue despise;  
Oh! say not that Glory, like light'ning's red flame,  
Only shines o'er its victim to tell that he dies.

I ne'er will believe it; the thought would destroy  
The visions of bliss that have floated before me,  
When remembrance of Athens, of Rome, and of Troy,  
Like the bright clouds of evening, stole silently o'er me.

What rapture to dwell on the days that have fled,  
Embalm'd by the fame of the mighty of old—  
Embalm'd by the deeds of the heroes who bled  
For the rights of their country, the free and the bold—

Embalm'd by the poets whose numbers could throw  
The light of eternity over the dying,  
And brighten the eye that had glisten'd in woe,  
Through the mists of the present the future descrying!

What rapture to grasp at the crown of the world,  
Through labour, and perils, and slaughter, and war—  
To see kings from the thrones of their ancestors hurl'd,  
And the flame of thy sceptre bright glancing afar!

Oh! then, rais'd aloft o'er the worms of the earth,  
Thy heart with the pride of dominion is glowing;  
Thou art more than a mortal in rank and in birth,  
The breezes of heaven around thee are blowing!

Then say not that Glory is nought but a name  
Which Wisdom can smile at, and Virtue despise;  
It may glitter around you, like light'ning's red flame,  
But its light is a sunbeam which guides to the skies!

H. G. B.

## EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR.

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“Cedant arma togæ.”

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*Introduction.*

IT must have been observed by the comparatively few persons who have been led to reflect upon the subject, that very dissimilar and indistinct notions are circulated, as well by books as in conversation, with respect to the future temporal fortunes of the human race. Revelation has shed a sufficient, if not, to our impatient desires, a satisfactory light upon the economy of the spiritual world ; but it has been evidently ordained, that we are to derive from Reason our chief knowledge of what more immediately concerns the present life. Reason is too commonly neglected, often perverted, and never at the same time justly and adequately applied : hence in every department of science something will always remain to be performed ; and this consideration may help to account for the actual want of fixed attention upon a point of such general interest. The march of social improvement is on different occasions represented as retrograde, as vacillating, as stationary, and sometimes, but more seldom, as hurrying us towards a state of unattainable perfection. These opinions are, for the most part, only incidentally, although not unimpressively thrown out, without any attempt to examine the data upon which they may have been casually founded ; and thus, after much converse with books and the world, the mind becomes insensibly crowded with a mass of confused notions upon this peculiar subject, which materially impede its acquisitions in the higher branches of moral and political knowledge.

A luminous and well-arranged inquiry into the rational grounds of our expectations of future improvement, the probable extent of that improvement, and its reasonable influence on our judgment regarding the great theological question of the destined term of the material world, would be a becoming employment for a highly-gifted and enlightened mind. We have proposed to ourselves a much humbler and less arduous task. The investigation alluded to would evidently embrace, among its numerous ramifications, the question of the probable eventual disuse of war, upon which the current opinions are equally vague as those relating to the more comprehensive subject. To this simple branch are the observations in the present short tract intended to be principally confined, although we have felt ourselves compelled to renounce the ambition—if, in the ardour of the first conception, it was momentarily entertained—of doing justice even to this limited province : all we really hope to accomplish is, to awaken attention and reflection, and to assist the reader's more extended inquiries by the few useful considerations which, as the natural result of thought sedulously applied to any subject, we may be so fortunate as to produce.

Brief as our work is intended to be, we have not thought it proper to neglect altogether an attention to arrangement ; although its humble character precludes any value being attached to the particular divisions which have almost at a venture been adopted.

On the progress of civilization must rest all our hopes of eventual improvement, as well as of the cessation, either in whole or in part, of the practice of war ; but the word is commonly used in a very indefinite sense, and made, without the adjunct of many distinctive characters, to represent very dissimilar degrees of refinement. This, it is obvious, must be a serious impediment to our inquiry at the outset ; and we shall therefore attempt, in the first book, to describe the most prominent features of civilization, and to consider it as divided into distinct parts or stages, of which those features will be the characteristic marks.

Proceeding upon the principle, that the moral acquisitions of a single community must in the end influence those of the world at large, we shall,

without, in the first instance, particularly adverting to the existing anomalies in the degrees of civilization, consider, in the second book, the causes of wars which are peculiarly applicable to the respective stages portrayed.

The next step will be to investigate the probability of the eventual cessation of those causes. It will accordingly be shewn, in the third book, that so far as certain of the existing societies are concerned, some of the most inveterate of the causes of war have already become considerably weakened, or have altogether expired. Among a race of beings, all the families of which, however locally divided, are derived from a common stock, too much weight cannot be given to the force of example; and on its power we may confidently rely for the similar operation of similar circumstances, when, in the due course of time, they may be applicable to the several nations of the earth. Hence will be deduced the moral certainty of the extinction, at least, of some of the causes of war; and an inquiry will be instituted as to the probable ultimate cessation of the remainder.

We shall, finally, advert to the supposed advantages of, and necessity for the practice of war, and to the objections which may be made upon that ground to some of the views we may have occasion to unfold.

It is not possible to take that side of this question, as, upon the most perfect conviction, we feel ourselves inclined to do, which is favourable to the warmest hopes of humanity, without anticipating very considerable alterations in the several existing political establishments. Our views, however, are purely and unaffectedly general: by whatever terms we may find it convenient to develop them, they must not be considered as having the slightest reference, in a hostile sense, to local or temporary politics. We shall have occasionally to allude to existing abuses; but it will be only in very flagrant instances that we shall permit ourselves to animadvert, even in general terms, on the errors of any particular state. In asserting the probable amelioration or subversion of imperfect or deleterious institutions, we presume not to mark the periods of the expected changes; and, above all, we shall be careful not to propagate the gross fallacy, that any change can be beneficial which is founded on violence and injustice.

Religion must of necessity take a part in this inquiry. Although, even in this supremely important department, we are sanguine enough to look forward to improvement, we believe that our intended observations upon it can reasonably give offence to no sect or party. Firmly assured of the sufficiency as well as the integrity of the sacred volume, we can neither expect nor wish for any improvements in the sound doctrines deduced therefrom by its numerous able expounders; but much, unquestionably, remains to be performed in respect to the general religious practice and discipline. Irrationally attached to no particular formulary of worship, we are not slow to discern the defects of that church to which we are, from principle as well as education, in our own practice subservient; but our subject is too general to require a specification of their nature. We shall content ourselves with indicating our reasons for believing that those defects, as well as others which may adhere to the practice of Christianity, under all its various denominations, will be certainly, but gradually, removed.

All speculations, however humble their pretensions, lay claim to a portion of utility. We conceive that an inquiry of the peculiar description of that into which we are about to enter, comprehending a very considerable field for moral reflection and disquisition, cannot be temperately, although inadequately, conducted without some useful result. We are free, however, to confess, that for the attainment of this end we rely more upon the value of our materials than upon our power of duly applying them; and that after all our efforts to be useful, our chief merit will consist in the attempt to combine, in something like a consistent form, the various bearings of a very popular and interesting subject.



## PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

*Book I.**Preliminary Observations.*

The terms Barbarism and Civilization have been adopted to designate two very opposite conditions in the circumstances of mankind. Each of these conditions, and particularly the latter, may be varied indefinitely in degree, although the poverty of human language prevents our applying appropriate appellations to the respective points of difference. A society is usually considered as partaking of the blessings of civilization, soon after it has ceased to depend altogether for subsistence upon the casual bounty of unassisted nature, and commenced to draw regular supplies from a cultivated soil. The Aborigines of New Holland afford an instance of a people existing in a state of barbarism; the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands had, at the time of the first visit of our countrymen in the last century, already entered within the pale of civilization. The Mexicans, in the age of Hernando Cortes, had erected towns, instituted a standard religion, or rather superstitious creed, and made some advances in the arts: they had, therefore, arrived at a higher degree in the scale of improvement. One still superior is that of the Chinese of the present day, who have established a regular system of jurisprudence, and made some efforts towards the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Ancient Carthage, besides these advantages, possessed a considerable navy, had embarked widely in foreign commerce, and interested herself in the concerns and policy of neighbouring states: long before her final destruction by her great rival, she had attained a higher rank in the order of civilization than the Chinese have yet reached. All these acquirements were subsequently surpassed by the republic of Venice—principally, if not altogether, in consequence of the benign influence of Christianity, which, in spite of the amazing difficulties it had to encounter, and the impurities which had mingled themselves with its holy rites, had already succeeded in ameliorating the general condition of the Roman world. The reformation of some of the abuses of religion, and the natural disposition to advance in the progress of improvement, have since produced still more important effects in society: these effects may be discerned in estimating the moral acquirements of several of the existing European communities; but in Great Britain, and the United States of America, where a nearer approximation to a perfect system of rational freedom has been effected, civilization may be confidently said to have attained a point which the world has never before witnessed.

Whatever doubts may be entertained with respect to the amount of improvement which may still be expected, no one, whose mind is not perverted by false estimates of the past, and gloomy but unfounded anticipations of the future, will dispute the probability of future advances in the grand work of civilization. Experience, and an enlightened theory, equally confirm the assurance, that not only will the people, placed in the lowest of the scales to which we have adverted, pass on successively, although, according to circumstances, more or less rapidly, to the highest, but that those who have already attained that fortunate eminence are labouring successfully in the road to much greater preferment. A candid observer of human nature, and a thorough convert to the sacred truths of Christianity, well knows, that, in the present stage of existence, there must be an impassable limit beyond which perishable man must not hope to soar: he will stop infinitely short of perfection, after the progressive improvement of innumerable ages; but vast and spacious indeed is the room between our highest present attainments and that necessary limit. It is to that vacant chasm, that place of superior enjoyment, which man is invited and destined by his benevolent Creator to occupy, to which we must be understood to direct the attention of our readers, and not to the forbidden ground, which is the peculiar property of a better and immortal world.

Societies in a state of civilization differ from each other by numerous impalpable degrees. Peculiarities of climate and manners help to multiply the various shades of difference ; but there are, common to all nations, some of a broader or more prominent cast, which are therefore capable of general description. A brief sketch of the most striking transitions in the progress of civilization, as they have been exemplified in the history of this globe, or which, upon an application of the past to the future, appear likely hereafter to occur, is required to support the gratifying inferences to be deduced, in the sequel, from the views we have been led to entertain of this highly-interesting subject.

To the earliest ages, the terms *Barbarism* and *Civilization*, in the sense in which we usually accept them, do not apply. When man had but recently proceeded from the hands of his Maker, he enjoyed the benefits of a direct revelation, which equally screened him from the evils of ignorance, and precluded a reliance for moral improvement upon the mere exertion of his natural powers. In the arts and sciences he was no doubt inferior to his cultivated descendants of a distant period ; but his knowledge of the higher accomplishments of life—those spiritual accomplishments, which especially characterise an immortal being—must have been, so far as was compatible with his actual situation, already complete. His ethical principles, infinitely removed from the darkness of subsequent ages, were comparatively perfect, when contrasted with those of communities in a rapid career of civilization previous to the introduction of Christianity. It is to this circumstance that we must attribute the awful visitations of the Divine vengeance on the immediate descendants of Adam at the Deluge, on the cities of Sodom, and the nations of Canaan. The wrath of the Almighty does not waste itself on the wretched victims of helpless ignorance. All these people fell into the lowest depths of depravity in the broad glare of noon-day light ;—their knowledge of the celestial economy, so far as it was connected with their individual interests, was probably superior to that of the most refined nations of modern times ;—their rebellion partook of the nature of a deliberate and diabolical insult to the Most High, and necessarily and justly called down upon their heads those fearful severities which have so frequently produced the superficial animadversions of sceptical writers.

If we reflect on the history of the Jews, down to the period of their final dispersion, we shall find them to have stood, with respect to their political position, in nearly the same predicament. At no time barbarians, they moved not with the ordinary current of civilization. Superior, at the very commencement of their existence, as a nation, in their religious and moral institutions, to the rest of mankind, they were greatly surpassed, even at its close, by Greece, Rome, and some less celebrated countries, in the distinguishing marks of social improvement. A more decisive internal evidence than this cannot be afforded, of their having dwelt under a peculiar dispensation, of which the natural order of progression, as established by the economy of Providence in the common business of life, formed no part of the plan.

The all-wise, but inscrutable designs of Heaven did not require that the same supernatural interposition should illumine the fortunes of the whole human race. The greater part dispersed over the face of the earth, lost the remembrance of the primeval revelation, or retained it only through the obscure and erring channel of distorted tradition. These people soon displayed, as others still exhibit even in the present day, the melancholy spectacle of fallen creatures, involved in the mist of profound ignorance, and unconscious of their natural capacity to effect some amelioration of their deplorable condition. Such is the age of barbarism, in which every nation, not set apart for a peculiar end in furtherance of the plans of Omniscience, has been benighted. A total want of law and order—practices similar to, and probably for the most part founded upon an imitation of those of the brute creation, and miseries rendered tolerable only by the absence of all human sensibility—are, in most instances, the lamentable characteristics of the savage state.

Out of such a state of abasement, barbarians, with more or less difficulty,

according to circumstances, at length emerge. Placed in happy climates and situations, a part have, by their own unassisted efforts, operated their extrication; others have caught a glimpse of light from a more fortunate neighbour, and followed in the race of improvement. The greater numbers, enamoured of a slothful freedom, and tenacious of depravity, have been tamed only by the galling yoke of a conqueror, and in gradually imbibing the manners of their masters, earned by their involuntary sufferings, a less degraded station for their descendants. Not a few, alas! still remain, and afford, it may be, a salutary lesson of the fatal effects of a vitiated nature.

There are but two general points of view in which civilization may naturally be considered—that which is past and present, and the state to which it may reasonably be expected to attain in future times. Under the distinct heads of retrospective and prospective civilization, those general views will comprehend various subdivisions in the two separate parts of the first book.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF GILBERT GREENWOOD:

*In Four Parts.*

Part II.

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—The heat  
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,  
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,  
Rawsness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,  
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain.—*Ford.*

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THE Reverend Moses Gray was parish minister of Balwhinny, situate in the bosom of the Grampians, and surrounded with hills, which, in a manner, shut it out from the rest of the world. Mr Gray had been ordained to this charge, after having lingered on the brink of the pool of patronage for twenty of the best years of his life, and had been somewhat more than fifteen years minister of the parish, when I became an inmate of the manse. The family consisted of the minister, Mrs Gray, a son in his fourteenth year, a daughter about my own age, a maid-servant, and a herd-boy. Mr Gray had all the piety, learning, and simplicity of a patriarch of the primitive times. There were many richer pastors in the church, where worldly wealth is supposed to constitute riches; but it might be questioned whether the order to which he belonged contained a happier member than Moses Gray. His courtship with the woman who was now his wife had commenced about the time he was licensed as a preacher; and perhaps the long years that he was doomed to pass in almost hopeless expectation, seemed to lin-

ger more tardily, because they prevented the consummation of his union with one so dear to his heart, and whom he loved too well to plunge into poverty and its accompanying privations. Her love was not less ardent; and she gave proof of her attachment, by living in virgin constancy, till time had blighted the roses on her cheeks; and, in the fortieth year of her age, she became mistress of the manse of Balwhinny. Her husband had seen more than half a century of years pass over him; but the regularity of their lives, the equanimity of their minds, and the salubrity of the climate, made the worthy couple appear at least ten years younger than they really were.

When I first entered the family, I believed it impossible that I should not die of downright weariness in a few weeks; for there was a quietness, method, and regularity, from morning to night, so unlike all that I had been accustomed to, that it seemed to me as the stillness of the grave; and had it not been the fear of my father's whip, I should certainly have returned to my former companions in a few days after my arrival. For



the first week, I was permitted to be an idler, Charles and Ellen Gray also relaxing in their usual studies, that they might contribute to my amusement. But there was a manly gravity about the one, a modest bashfulness about the other, and the style of speech in both was so different from all that I had heard or seen, that, even in idleness, my hours seemed of interminable length. However, there was such uniform kindness displayed by every member of the family, that although I might be unhappy, it was impossible to be displeased.

When I began my studies, the good minister seemed astonished at my ignorance, but contented himself with calling forth the most brilliant qualifications of his own children in my presence. Charles, although only about two years my senior, read Latin and Greek with ease and fluency; he was now studying hard, preparing for College, and I should have looked upon him as a phenomenon, had not Ellen so far outshone me: she read English with that graceful propriety which indicated that she understood and felt what she read, whether prose or verse; compared with mine, her hand-writing was copperplate, and executed with a facility to which I had no pretensions; in arithmetic, she was equally my superior, being not only much farther advanced, but in what I had learned, she put me to shame, for she understood principles, while I only recollected rules: in fact, she was a sentient, reflecting being, while I was merely an automaton. Her father rightly conjectured that this would arouse my pride, although he did not anticipate the consequences correctly; for I considered them so far in advance, that I despaired of ever overtaking them, and therefore looked on the attempt as hopeless. Mr Gray was not ignorant of the human heart; he saw my mortification, and took the most effectual means to remove it, by praising my efforts, predicting my future success, and more especially in permitting the gentle Ellen to become my teacher, while she pretended to be only my play-fellow; and she possessed the art of making herself agreeable in such a degree, that

her lessons soon made a deeper impression than those of her father. Still there was a monotony in my present life which was irksome, and many privations to which I felt it painful to submit. It was true, I liked the company of Ellen; but I would have liked it much better had she been less worthy of esteem, and borne a greater resemblance to those of her sex with whom I had formerly associated. Although I had seldom participated in the delicacies of the table, with which my brothers were pampered, and although I could endure hunger and thirst in no ordinary degree, yet I had learned to riot in the luxuries supplied by the dairy-maid, and even felt a delight in drinking strong liquors. But here, although our table was abundantly supplied, our food was plain, and it required air and exercise to give it a proper relish; our pleasures and amusements were equally simple; no cards, no fowling-pieces, no dogs, no horses, except the minister's grey poney, as staid and formal as himself. I had attempted to romp with Ellen, but she burst from me, and when I repeated the freedom, she left me, and came not in my sight for the day. We were seldom permitted to enter the kitchen, and on no account to pass our time there, which I considered as not one of the lightest of my privations; for I still recollected the companions with whom I had associated, and longed to enjoy a little of that ease and freedom, both in speaking and acting, to which I had long been accustomed; and although I could have wished that Matty, the servant-maid, had had a companion, to give a greater zest to our frolics, I imagined that even her company would be a relief from the restraint and dull formality which pervaded the mansion, and had at different times contrived to introduce myself into the kitchen. Matty was cheerful, seemed good-natured, and rather pleased with my company, as she was generally alone. I talked freely, and she would sometimes laugh at my drolleries, till one evening, that the minister, his wife and daughter, were out walking, and Charles retired to study, I was left to con over a lesson, but soon stole down to the kitchen, for the sake of

Matty's company; and as she seemed in a pleasant mood, I began to exercise some practical jokes, similar to those which I had frequently practised, to the amusement and apparent satisfaction of my former associates, when Matty slapped me in the face, till the blood sprung from its most prominent part—told me never to enter the kitchen again—and pushing me out, bolted the door behind me.

I had thus been foiled in finding a companion to my liking, after having tried every one except the cow-boy, and I found him equally formal and intractable with the others. Hence, although every one was civil, indeed kind, yet all was so different from what I had ever known, that although there was nothing of which I could complain, all was weariness and insipidity. Mr Gray, I have no doubt, saw this, and his unremitted endeavours so far succeeded in removing my *ennui*. No effort was spared to inspire me with a love of learning; and my progress, if not equal to the good man's wishes, was at least commensurate to his expectations. Had I known how to avail myself of the instructions now daily set before me, both in precept and example, I should, in all human probability, have been a very different man from what I now am. This was, if not the only, at least the best opportunity I ever had for intellectual improvement; but I was ignorant of its value, a giddy, unthinking fool, which I have often since vainly deplored; for although, in the first years of my life, circumstances over which I had no control influenced my fortune, yet, in my after years, I must acknowledge with Cowley, that

'Tis our own wisdom moulds our state,  
Our faults and virtues make our fate.

Mrs Gray displayed a far greater degree of maternal kindness towards me than I had ever before experienced, and I began to regard her with an affection which I had never before felt; it had some resemblance to that which I entertained for the dairy-maid, who flattered, fondled, and pampered me with delicacies, but was mingled with a respect which that girl had never inspired; it was more like the fondness with

which I had once regarded my mother, but was far more equal, and less interrupted by my resentments and angry passions. The pastor continued to avail himself of the proficiency of his own children, to stimulate me in my education; and his duty, as my preceptor, was more than faithfully, it was fondly discharged. Charles, in the prosecution of his studies, had little leisure for being my companion; but this was more than compensated by the gentle Ellen, in whose company I rambled over the valleys, and climbed the brown hills that rose around our dwelling. Nothing but the presence of this amiable girl could in any degree have fixed my attention on the objects to which it was directed by her; she was a philosopher in petticoats, yet so modest and unassuming, that she appeared utterly unconscious of the knowledge she possessed. I then thought her acquirements wonderful, but have since found that they only appeared so to my ignorance, with which she never upbraided me, but was every day endeavouring to remove, by informing me of something hitherto unknown, and which, from her manner of introducing it, had peculiar attractions. A year had passed away, and I was now not only reconciled to my situation, but often imagined it pleasant; yet there was a calmness and want of sensual excitement in every thing which I saw, heard, and felt, which did not altogether accord with the ardour of my disposition; my former habits were weakened, but not eradicated; and although, in my present situation, I might have been compared to the Israelites with their manna, feeding on food from Heaven, had I known how to appreciate it, yet, like them, I did at times long for the flesh pots of Egypt, that is to say, the company of my former associates of both sexes.

This vitiated appetite was gradually weakening, when fate interposed a powerful obstruction to my reformation. The small-pox appeared in the village in which the manse was situate, and as I had never had that disorder, I was instantly sent home till the contagion should pass away. Although doubtful about my reception from my parents, yet I had



many friends, from whom I anticipated a hearty welcome, and reckoned upon passing many delightful hours in their company. I was, however, received with a semblance of kindness beyond my expectations, and complimented by both father and mother, that my manners and behaviour were now such as could be tolerated. Although this was but negative praise, I felt its value, and endeavoured to put the best foot foremost, by exhibiting my various improvements in the most advantageous light. I had seen and talked with my friends below stairs, but found my reception from my parents so novel and agreeable, that I passed most of my time in their company. Unfortunately for me, my brother David, who had been at the academy, came home at the vacation, a few days after my arrival. Although his absence had been much shorter, his welcome was so much warmer than mine, that the filial affection which had just sprung up in my heart was blighted in the bud. When I compared my reception with his, the one was cold civility, and the other extravagant, doting fondness. When he first entered, my mother clasped him in her arms, and kissed him; the embrace shot a pang through my heart, for she had only taken my hand when I appeared before her. This partiality was too evident not to have an effect, and it certainly tended to make my eye evil, because that of my parent's was good; making me to behold my brother with jealousy and dislike, and awakening the unkind feelings of former days, which a more prudent conduct on the part of my parents might have taken the present opportunity to annihilate. I soon felt, with bitterness of heart, my own insignificance in his presence; all the attentions of our parents were directed to him, and an infinite number of nameless trifles shewed that they had not a thought to bestow on me, except when my mother began to make invidious comparisons between us, in which I was always exhibited as the foil, to make him shine with superior lustre. My father, when he walked out, often asked David to accompany him, but left me always at home, as if I had been

a child. I felt this as an insult, forgetting that my brother was older, although I had my doubts if he was wiser; but David seemed to feel this as keenly as I did, and gave himself not a few airs on the preference thus shewn to him, behaving to me, even in his very best moods, with a formal civility, far from like fraternal feeling. In consequence of all this, before I was two weeks at home, I had quarrelled with my brother, been scolded by my mother, and threatened by my father; and as I was too proud to attempt a reconciliation with my brother, or even to make concessions to my parents, we continued to give just cause of offence to each other, till I became disgusted with my situation up stairs, and again sought, with avidity, my friends below, into whose society I now entered with renewed delight. They were overjoyed when I joined them, but quizzed me on my altered style of speech and modest behaviour, which I began to relax daily. My stay at home was nearly two months, of which two-thirds were spent in the company I have just mentioned; and before my departure, the groom had said, there was yet hope I would turn out a lad of *spark*; and my friend, the dairy-maid, affirmed I would be a dear delightful devil in a few years. My brother and I again quarrelled, a pitched battle took place, and we fought, not as a trial of strength, but with irascibility, unbecoming in men, and disgraceful to brothers; both were bleeding when my mother saw us, and throwing herself between us, led David away, leaving me to shift for myself. A court-martial was held, but there was no evidence except ourselves, and we most roundly contradicted each other, so that my father, although leaning to the side of his first-born, did not venture to administer corporal punishment to me. A letter arrived from Mr Gray, announcing that I might return without danger; and my mother raised her hands, devoutly thanking Heaven for the deliverance from my presence.

When I took my departure for Balwhinny, there was no display of either filial or parental affection; and I felt more regret at parting with



the groom and dairy-maid than all my relations put together. Mr Gray had no small trouble, at my first entering under his charge, to clear the soil for the reception of the seed which he wished to sow; he had, however, succeeded so far, and had seen some springing up in fair promise; but when I now returned, he found that his work had almost to be begun *de novo*, for many of his good principles had been withered, or torn up by the roots, and those that remained were in a languishing state, or nearly choked with luxuriant weeds, which shewed they had found a congenial soil. The good man saw what had happened, reproved me with the affection of a father rather than the severity of a tutor, and set himself to the task of my reformation with most unwearied assiduity. The wish which I still felt to please Ellen Gray produced wonderful effects, and I was again improving, when she was sent to Aberdeen for the sake of her education; Charles went to College, and I was left without a companion.

Whatever might be the minister's feelings towards me, the more important duties of his office prevented him from associating with me except at regular and stated periods; and, unless when engaged in my lessons, I was entirely without society, a state most unsuitable to the vivacity of my disposition. In this sequestered situation, I formed an acquaintance with Hugh Todd, the sexton and grave-digger. He was (if I may be permitted to employ the anachronism) the prototype of the sexton in Blair's Grave: so close was the resemblance, that, had the pastor of Athelstoneford really intended to pourtray Hugh Todd's character, it could not have been done in terms more strictly true, or more appropriate language, for he was, in fact, an old hoary debauchee, but with no inconsiderable share of low humour, or rather vulgar drollery, which, however, too often degenerated into buffoonery, profaneness, and obscenity. In my present scarcity of associates, one with fewer attractions would have been welcome; but after a short acquaintance, I found him an acquisition which I would have hailed with delight in my happier days;

for, to disclose the truth at once, I felt the restrictions imposed upon my conduct by the worthy Mr Gray as peculiarly irksome. I have already mentioned that I was an adept in the art of dissimulation; and the good man, although he perceived my errors, was not aware how deeply they were rooted in the heart: I had the address to make him believe they were eradicated, when, in fact, I was nursing them with secret delight. My tutor had been at some pains to furnish my mind with general knowledge, and, if possible, to excite in me a love for reading; and for this purpose, he supplied me with books of voyages and travels, to be perused as a relaxation from study. I had quick perceptions, which, when I was inclined to exercise them, left me many vacant hours. Mr Gray's higher studies prevented him from making the discovery of how my leisure time was employed; and he often relied on my own report of having been walking, of which he approved, as necessary for my health. But I deceived him; for much of that leisure was spent in the company of Hugh Todd, who, to the occupation of making graves, added that of cutting monumental stones for those previously made; and when not in the village ale-house, I was most generally to be found at one or other of these kindred employments. I have stood beside him digging a grave, and not only heard him whistling, but venting vile and indecent jests, either upon those whose bones he threw up, or those who were to occupy the silent chamber which he was preparing. When cutting grave-stones, he would entertain me with vile, profane, and obscene parodies, on the epitaphs he was inscribing; yet, so well did he disguise all this, that Mr Gray was ignorant of his real character, and merely imagined him a cheerful old man.

In the third year of my residence at Balwhinny, I got a companion, a fellow-boarder, Hector Jarvis, a West Indian. He was in his sixteenth year, twelve of which had been passed in Jamaica, but his father having purchased a small estate, about thirty miles from Balwhinny, sent the son to Mr Gray,

to prepare him for the University. Hector was tall, and stout made ; in appearance a man, but, for lack of a better, made me his companion. I soon discovered, that, compared with him, I sunk into insignificance. My address, which some thought approached to impudence, compared with Hector's was mere awkward bashfulness ; my courage seemed cowardice ; my liveliest sallies of wit and freedoms of speech downright modesty. The blood in his veins seemed still to partake of the fervours of a tropical sun, which appeared also to influence every feeling and passion of his mind. In scholastic education, he was nearly on a par with myself ; but in the indulgence of the passions, and what he termed a knowledge of the world, he left me at an immeasurable distance behind him, although with a most eager desire to follow. I had hitherto considered myself as only a boy, but he taught me, what I was very willing to believe, and now imagined myself a man. I need not be more explicit. Through me he soon became intimate with the sexton, and we made such a trio, that had Mr Gray known our conduct, every one of us would have been expelled from his presence for ever. I continued, however, to give application to my studies, and was assured by my teacher, that, by assiduity, I might be ready to enter the College with Hector. My wish had been for a military life ; but I was ignorant of my father's intentions respecting my future destination. However, I could not now think, without regret, of parting from Hector, for he had taught me much which was agreeable to the early habits I had acquired ; he had found me an apt scholar, and having always a command of money, by the aid of Hugh Todd we soon discovered haunts of pleasure, scarcely to be expected, and, I still hope, rarely to be found in a country village.

I had indulged resentful feelings against Matty, ever since she had expelled me from the kitchen *vi et armis*, and my invention had been racked for a scheme of revenge. At last I hit upon a plan. Having discovered that she was very credulous

and superstitious, one day, when Mr and Mrs Gray were from home, I arranged with Hector, in her hearing, to go a-fishing, and we departed accordingly. Matty was in the garden, and saw us set out ; but turning a corner, I entered the house unobserved, secreting myself in a closet adjoining to the kitchen, through which I had observed the bell-wire to pass ; and from a cranny in the door, I could see all that passed in the kitchen. As the day was calm and still, and the garden quite near, I rung the bell violently. Matty entered, apparently in great alarm. Running over the house, and finding no person within, her agitation was increased. While she sat staring wildly around her, I gave the wire a sudden jerk, that made her spring from the chair with a loud scream. Before she had in any degree recovered, I attempted to imitate the tolling of the church-bell at a funeral, till her horror became so excessive, that she ran out of the house ; and I embraced the opportunity of slipping out by a back-door, and soon made my escape in such a way as to avoid the possibility of detection. Returning about two hours after, accompanied by Hector, we found Matty in bed, and attended by a bevy of village matrons, whom she would not permit to leave her till the return of her master and mistress.

No effort of the minister could reason the affrighted girl out of the fixed belief of what she had so distinctly heard ; and as there was no other evidence to corroborate her assertions, the good man persuaded himself that it must have been some illusion of the senses ; but she positively refused to sleep alone, and they were under the necessity of procuring a girl from the village for her nightly companion. This trick was attended with more serious consequences than I had wished or anticipated, for the poor girl's mind had received such a shock, that she became hysterical, to which hapless disease I understand she continued subject for life.

Another of my pranks at the manse produced a more laughable result. Joseph Dickson, a newly-licensed probationer, came to reside for some time at the manse of Balwhinny ; he was an affected puppy,



ostentatious and pedantical in a superlative degree; he had often mortified me and my companion, by exposing our ignorance of what we doubtless ought to have known; I had also reason to believe that he had reported some of my early conduct to the minister which I could have wished concealed. It has already appeared, that there was little placability in the composition of which my mind was formed; I therefore determined to mortify him in turn, and, like Glenalvon, said,

The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

Mr Gray always preached from memory, and his place was one Sunday supplied by Joseph Dickson, who took the easier method of reading his discourse, for which the good folks of Balwhinny would have despised the best sermon that ever the Apostle Paul preached or delivered; of course Joseph was spoken of with general contempt by the congregation. Mr Gray was to be absent, assisting in a neighbouring parish, and his place supplied by Joseph Dickson, whose motions I had watched during the week. After breakfast on Sunday morning, I observed that he glanced over the written copy of his sermon,—deposited it in the parish Bible, for the officer to carry to church,—and then retired to make his toilette. I found an opportunity of removing the sermon for a few minutes, during which I transposed the pages, not only by putting them out of their natural order, but by placing them heads and tails alternately; and as he had not numbered the pages, never was “confusion worse confounded;” I then dexterously stitched the whole up, leaving the first sheet in *statu quo*, placed it in the same part of the Bible, and made my exit without observation. The consequences to the poor probationer may easily be anticipated. He began his sermon in fine style, and for two pages made a grand exhibition of his oratory; but on turning his eye to the top of the third page, he found it topsy turvy; turning the paper, and attempting to read, it landed him in the conclusion, instead of the exordium; in a word, after turning for a considerable time,

he was enabled to proceed for another couple of pages, when he became involved in difficulties, which he soon found insurmountable, and was under the necessity of relinquishing the hopeless attempt, while many of the congregation were scarcely able to suppress their smiles; some holding down their heads in pity, and others laughing outright, at his awkward appearance. The poor fellow looked like one bewitched. A little reflection shewed him it was a hopeless task to proceed; he therefore read out a psalm for singing, sat down to recover his composure, and reading some chapter of the Bible, dismissed the congregation, with a promise of acquitting himself better in the afternoon. He employed the interval in restoring the chaotic mass to its pristine order, and read it to the audience with most unblushing confidence. But the tale circulated; a ludicrous and doggrel ballad appeared, in which poor Joseph made a most ridiculous figure, and his respectability was almost annihilated in that quarter of the country. Hector and I were both accused of the trick; but as we denied, and there was no method of establishing the charge, it was placed to the credit of the invisible agent, which had alarmed Matty by ringing the bells.

I now considered myself of that age which gave me a right to inquire at my father concerning my future destination; I therefore wrote a respectful letter to this effect, and received a reply, ordering me to chuse between law and physic. I requested an Ensign's commission in the army; but was told, if I wished to wear a sword, I must begin my course of heroism by carrying a musket. It will perhaps be matter of surprise that I should have preferred the mystification of physic to the quibbling chicanery of law; but of two evils I chose what appeared the least, and was put apprentice to Adam Buzzard, surgeon, apothecary, accoucheur, and citizen of Aberdeen; by public courtesy, generally termed Dr Buzzard, although he had never graduated.

I was for some time kept thumping at the mortar from morning to night, from which I ascended to the lighter task of compounding, or ra-



ther confounding medicines, by colouring, disguising, and metamorphosing, in a thousand ways, not taught, nor mentioned in the London Dispensary. My master was the reverse of Dr Sangrado; for, instead of being wedded to a system, his chief delight was in making experiments, for which he quoted the authority of the Apostle, "Try all things, and hold to that which is best." His success in this method of practice was sometimes such as to surprise himself, and astonish the public. A patient who had been pronounced incurable by the Faculty in general, was to him a valuable acquisition; and he would conduct the case upon the principle of "*no cure no pay.*" This he did for the sake of a fair field for making experiments. The more desperate the case, it was the more to his liking. Whether it was surgical or physical, he went boldly to work, and was occasionally successful in arresting the march of the universal conqueror, although it must be acknowledged he has often accelerated his progress. But then he had still the consolation, that he had shortened the anguish of his patient, by giving the *coup de grace* to the miserable sufferer. When he effected a cure, his fame was blazed abroad through town and country; when he failed, he had the sanction of the Faculty that the case was hopeless. Under such a teacher, fettered by no rules, but such as could be forsaken on an emergency, I became a daring adventurer in the field of physic; and in vending medicines over the counter, gave advice *gratis*, stipulating that I should be informed of the result. In the course of these experiments I made some not unimportant discoveries, which I prudently reserved for my own use.

I had occasionally seen Ellen Gray, and still with renewed pleasure; for the playful artless girl, with whom I had rambled in the wilds about Balwhinny, was now a woman, graceful in stature, with more than an ordinary share of female beauty. In the third year of my apprenticeship, I was permitted occasionally to visit Dr Buzzard's patients; and as he was the medical attendant in the family where Ellen was boarded,

this circumstance afforded me frequent opportunities of calling, which I generally contrived to do, when there was a probability of seeing her, who was every day gaining on my esteem. My time of service expired, and I entered at College, where Hector Jarvis was before me, endeavouring to qualify himself for the healing art. Our intimacy was renewed, and we became almost constant associates, in every relaxation from our studies. His laxity of principle soon called into action propensities which had for some time been dormant in my heart; for although I had now begun to feel the necessity of reflecting on the part I was to perform on the stage of life, yet I still found, that,

As the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd;

and with such a coadjutor as Hector, I was by no means inclined to stop halfway in the pursuit of pleasure. The only check on my indulgences was the state of my finances; but Hector had full pockets, and a liberal hand; and I, although proud, allowed myself to come under pecuniary obligations to him. There was indeed a secret monitor, which would sometimes whisper hints about the virgin purity and loveliness of Ellen Gray, whose good opinion I was still anxious to acquire; but I consoled myself that she would never hear of my gross indulgences, as I was a proficient in the art of concealment, in which Hector was a still greater adept. Having seen Ellen occasionally at Balwhinny, he still kept up acquaintance with her; but observed to me, that he did so only from respect to her father, for she was too much of a prude to claim his attention.

I had been a year at College, when Ellen, in consequence of violent exercise, was seized with erysipelas to such a degree, that she was in a high fever. Dr Buzzard was called, and, according to his usual practice, began to make some experiments, in his treatment of her disorder; in consequence of which, instead of the inflammation abating, she became dangerously ill. Her brother informed me of her situation; I flew to visit her, and was shocked with her swelled face and distorted fea-

tures; upon inquiry respecting her medical treatment, I found that Buzzard was not only keeping her in a state of unnecessary suffering, but placing her future health, perhaps her life, in imminent danger. Prevailing upon her to put herself under my care, she soon became convalescent, and her health was rapidly restored. Buzzard, on his first visit, saw that his prescriptions were not followed, found who was her attendant, and became my irreconcilable enemy; but I had acquired the gratitude and esteem of Ellen Gray, which, in my mind, was sufficient to counterbalance the hatred of all who had ever written a prescription, from the days of Hippocrates to Dr Buzzard inclusive.

This circumstance had produced a greater intimacy with Ellen, and had, in a considerable degree, banished the reserve she had hitherto preserved in my company. Were I inclined to philosophize, I could expatiate at great length on my feelings when in the presence of this amiable creature, compared with those in which I had often indulged; both were ardent; but the one was a celestial fire, which elevated the mind, and purified the heart, while the other was a gross and impure earthly flame, which seared and

Harden'd all within,  
And petrified the feeling.

But, alas! these nobler sentiments were evanescent, and inconsistent with the *esprit du corps* to which I belonged; for we sometimes descended to puerilities, worthy only of school-boys, and at others plunged into excesses disgraceful to human nature.

At the close of the second session, we met, to the number of nearly a score, to sup in a tavern, and celebrate the orgies of Bacchus. In the course of the evening, we began to talk of those whom we should leave with regret; but more particularly of those who had incurred our displeasure, among whom almost every clergyman in town was obnoxious to one or other of the company. This will not surprise those who have reflected on the laxity of morals which influenced our general conduct. A proposition was made to signalize our

departure by some exploit worthy of the corps; but after much discussion, it was found impracticable that evening; and we arranged a plan for carrying it into effect next night, which was to be the last of our stay in town. During the following day, we provided what was deemed necessary for our plan. At that period, the town was but scantily supplied with watchmen, and most of those employed were personally known to one or other of us, having had an occasional *douceur* from us, when we wished them to be deaf, or blind; we had therefore little apprehension of trouble from them. There were a few on whom we could place less reliance; but for those we also provided a quietus, by procuring some fine and uncommonly strong brandy, which we impregnated with a soporific so powerful, that a wine-glass-full of the mixture would have laid a man asleep on his trial for high treason. This potent liquor was distributed among those who resided in quarters where we could not confide in the guardians of the night. We soon after met at an appointed rendezvous, under cover of a cloudy, midnight sky. As we approached a public room in Castle-Street, the joyous notes of a number of fiddles, and the tread of light-heeled dancers, reminded us that there was an assembly of the beaux and belles of fashion; and on coming opposite the hall, we found all the sedan chairs in town assembled on the pavement; but the night being rather uncomfortable, the chairmen had adjourned to a tippling house down a lane. Our first exploit, therefore, was to carry away all the poles, which we effected in a twinkling, and they were deposited in a garden at a considerable distance. We next proceeded to all the open stable-yards, and took off the fore-wheels of every carriage to which we could get access, trundling them away, and still leaving a pair not fellows. Our next object was the removal and transposition of sign-boards, by which many ludicrous changes were produced. I have already mentioned our dislike to the clergy; to evince this, we transferred a rosy-faced Bacchus, bestriding his cask, with a



garland of ivy leaves, from the door of a tavern-keeper, to that of a jolly, red-nosed parson, whose devotion to the bottle was generally known; another, whose pulpit resounded with the fulminations of the law, rather than the glad tidings of the gospel, had his mansion decorated with the sign, "Artificial fire-works manufactured here;" a third, who preferred copying to composing sermons, was designated "Dealer in old books." Over the door of the Methodist Chapel, "White-washing on reasonable terms." Finding the watchmen, who had been regaled with a dram, all fast asleep, we carried away their lanterns, extinguished the lights, and hung them round the cross in Castle-Street, except one, which we hung over the door of a Professor, generally dubbed by the wags in his class "the dark-lantern." A brazier's sign-board was placed over the door of a lawyer, who was famous for the liberties he took in speaking and writing professionally. Over the gate of a celebrated physician was placed, "Undertaker for funerals of every description;" and on my late master's door was placed a painting (prepared for the occasion) of Dr Buzzard, pursued by a troop of skeletons, and underneath,

"These are ghosts that were slain."

A magistrate, famous for political tergiversation, was designated "Dealer in old clothes;" and the door of a haberdasher's shop, "Shaving soft and easy." A Turk, smoking a tobacco pipe, stood sentinel over the door of a fashionable milliner; and an enormous pair of horns were placed over the door of a gentleman of whom common report said they were an appropriate emblem. On the city prison was fixed a board, with "No admittance here;" and on the door of three spinsters of quality, "Lodgings to let—entry immediately;" and below, in capitals cut from a recruiting-sergeant's bill, "Grand opportunities and good encouragement, for genteel young men." Such are specimens of the childish tricks, or profane wit, in which we amused ourselves; and we next morning enjoyed the mingled wonder and laughter of the good citizens. Complaints were doubtless made to the

civic rulers, but we left the town immediately after breakfast.

On my way home, I called at the manse of Balwhinny, and was most kindly received; for, exclusive of Mr Gray's benevolent disposition, Ellen, I found, had mentioned what I had done for her in such terms, that I was hailed as the preserver of her life, and most warmly pressed to pass the summer at the manse, where Charles and his sister were expected in a week or two. This was an inducement more potent than the good folks were aware of, and I promised to return for a short time, after seeing my parents, to whom I was impelled more by a sense of duty than inclination. The welcome I received to my paternal home was neither so frank nor so cordial as that which I had met at the manse; and I found that Buzzard had been making reports to my disadvantage, in which he had so artfully blended truth and falsehood, that it would have been no easy task to have separated them, had I thought it worth my trouble; but observing that they had obtained full credence with my parents, I felt too indignant, and resolved to leave a spot which was no home to me. With the form of Ellen Gray floating in my delighted imagination, it was impossible that I could find pleasure in the company of my old associates down stairs; and I am afraid the dairy-maid did not find me the "dear delightful devil" she had predicted: I did feel some inclination to renew my wonted familiarity, for which she endeavoured to give me every encouragement; but Ellen Gray's image still appeared to my fancy, and I loathed myself for the levity of my own heart.

On my return to Balwhinny, I found the brother and sister both there; and it would have been impossible to say whether my reception was kindest from the parents or their children. Time glided away with imperceptible flight,—hours seemed minutes,—weeks were only days,—and I was astonished when I saw the fields glowing in the golden hue of harvest, while I imagined that summer had just begun to put forth her sweets. At no period of my life had three months passed so pleasantly, and so innocently; and, were it now



in my power, I would willingly barter all the time that I have trod this earth in exchange for them, and reckon myself a gainer to an infinite amount. If I ever felt unsophisticated happiness, or ever indulged purity of mind, it was in that short period; gazing by day, and dreaming by night, of the lovely features and spotless mind of Ellen: and yet I lived to—but let me not anticipate. Suffice it at present to say, that my winged moments of bliss, and lingering hours of bitter anguish, both proceed from the recollection of that delightful period.

I returned to College, and joined my bosom friend, Hector Jarvis, who, next to Ellen Gray, held a place in my heart. It may seem a paradox how two beings so very dissimilar could both share in my esteem, or rather, how I should be such a different character at Balwhinny and in Aberdeen; but I relate facts, without attempting to explain, or account for the anomalies in the mind of man. At the manse, I considered Ellen as witnessing my every action, hearing every word that I uttered; yea, I imagined her endowed with the power of reading the purposes of my heart, and shuddered when a thought passed over my mind which might not have been freely expressed before her; and had I continued there, such, I flatter myself, might have been my conduct and feelings through life. At College, the change was too remarkable to escape the observation of Hector; and, by the force of wit and good-humoured raillery, he effected that which no arguments would have accomplished, and my nascent principles became every day weaker. It is true, I could not all at once forget Ellen, and the recollection at first shot pangs through my heart; but I became so habituated to these remonstrances of conscience, till by and by they fell like blunted arrows, making at most a very faint impression. The old man awoke within me, and I became the nightly companion of Hector, and the ready participator of his licentious pleasures. About this time an incident occurred, which I cannot forbear relating, as an instance of how the heart may become indurated by what first awoke the finest and keenest feelings:

Nancy Shepherd was a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a merchant in town. Hector and I often visited at her father's, and I had reason for believing that Nancy had made an impression on the heart of my friend. A ball was given by the young sparks in town, at which Hector and I attended; Nancy Shepherd was Hector's companion for the evening; he displayed much fondness for her, and she was, seemingly, pleased with his attentions. Both danced with peculiar grace, which, combined with their mutual feelings, induced the young lady to continue that exercise till she overheated herself, caught cold in going home, died in a few weeks after, and Hector and I saw her once lovely form covered with its kindred dust. Soon after, I called on my friend, his door was fastened, but on announcing my name, I was admitted. Although not unaccustomed to sights nearly similar, I started, on seeing a human head on the table before him. "Come away," cried he; "what alarms you?—look at that face, and try to recognize it," at the same time lifting a lock of the long auburn hair, which hung on the lifeless skull, and twining it carelessly round his fingers. A sudden thought struck me, but my heart rejected it as impossible, and I stood in silence. "Come, sit down," said he, "and take your last look of what was once Nancy Shepherd. See how livid those lips which I have fondly pressed;" and he touched them with the dissecting-knife in his hand; "how sweetly did they smile on me, as I squeezed her hand in the dance!—she was a lovely girl—but that is past!" My heart was almost sick, and at last I said, "But how is that here? where is her body?" "Divided among the students; Jack Sangster had a leg, and Bill Rob an arm; the carcass was divided by lot, and my good luck gave me the head." There was something so shocking and appalling in this—such an absence of feeling in the *nonchalance* with which he spoke, that I not only despised, but I believed my heart loathed and abhorred him; yet such were his powers of persuasion, or, at least, such was the influence he had acquired over my mind, that, before we parted, he made

me half ashamed of my morbid sensibility, and I became reconciled to the study of anatomy, on the head of a woman whom a few weeks before I had seen in the bloom of youthful health and beauty. Although my face glows, and my heart sickens, at the recollection, the fidelity with which I write compels me to state, that Hector, by a chemical operation, cleansed the skull, and one night before the rising of the session, with a party of licentious companions, of which I was one—as has since been done by a late celebrated poet—decanted a bottle of wine into this horrid receptacle, lifted it to his lips, toasting the health of a favourite fair, and, passing the cup, it went round, till he was pledged by every one in the company.

The associate of one who could induce me to such voluntary degradation of all that exalts man above the brute creation, it will be supposed that I soon forgot Ellen Gray. Ah no! I did not—could not forget her; but I too often thought of her in a way for which my own heart, depraved as it was, bitterly reproached me. Never was there one retaining the use of his reason more at war with himself than I was at this period; my life was one continued series of alternate wild dissipation and repentance, producing tears and sleepless nights. At one time I would think of Ellen merely as a woman, an object of sensual pleasure; then she would appear to my imagination as a being so pure and sublime, that I loathed myself for having associated her with one impure thought. Ah! little did I anticipate how much greater cause I should in a few months have to deplore my existence.

One day a servant of my father's arrived at my lodgings with a letter, merely requesting me to accompany the bearer home, who had brought a horse for my accommodation: upon being informed that all were well, I was much surprised, but obeyed. On

my arrival, I found a stranger, whom my father introduced to me as Captain Sydney, of the *Calypso* East Indiaman, and immediately, in rather a blunt style, reminded me of being a younger brother; but added, that the Captain had agreed to carry me out to India, where he had influence to get me introduced to the Governor of Calcutta, whose patronage would soon enable me to acquire a handsome fortune. He was to depart for London in a few days, and I was ordered to be ready to accompany him. Although I did not altogether relish the peremptory style in which this mandate was delivered, allowing me no vote in the matter, yet, leaving Ellen Gray as the principal, indeed the only objection I felt to the proposal. As I passed out of the parlour door, my sister, whom I had hitherto neglected, pushed the following note into my hand, and instantly left me:

DEAR BROTHER,

Do not consent to go to India,—it is a trap laid to deceive you; I have not time to say more, but will inform you of particulars to-morrow.

Your affectionate Sister.

These three lines were sufficient to keep me awake for the night; and before I had an opportunity of seeing my sister in the morning, my father presented an agreement for my signature, in which I bound myself to serve as surgeon on board the *Calypso*, to India.

A long and warm dispute ensued, in which both parties forgot their relation to each other. My father's angry threats were received with haughty defiance, and an indignant refusal to sign the agreement, which I tore in pieces before him. His rage now rose to frenzy, and he literally kicked me out of doors, which I have never since entered. But I must pause, before entering on still more important events.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE frequently thought that the distinguishing features of modern English literature present many inducements to investigate the nature and consequences of its connection with our political situation. The mighty revolution which, thirty years ago, distracted France, and spread its agitating influence over our own land, has now in a great measure subsided; and we begin to speculate coolly on the astonishing events which marked its progress, and upon the results which these events have produced, and are still producing, on the social condition of nations within the sphere of their influence.

It has been customary to assign to the literati of France the chief agency in the production of the French Revolution. They have always been talked of as an associated band, small, indeed, in number, but whose extraordinary genius, under a fatal misdirection, hurried the government to destruction, and the people into anarchy and ruin. Their philosophy, as they vainly termed it, was certainly sufficiently daring and extravagant; and the powerful eloquence by which it was enforced concealed its fallacy, and opened a wide field for the dissemination of its tenets. These, indeed, were few, and to the weakness of humanity exceedingly captivating; for they almost altogether merged in the impious principle, that man is of himself sufficient to discover what is right and advantageous for him in this world, and that, if there be a future state of existence, there also he would be able to act for himself. This shallow doctrine—the offspring of minds alike wicked and vain—the speculative plaything of men resolved, at all hazards, to dazzle, and therefore often ready to seize on impossibilities for the exercise of their mental energies—was calculated to make a strong impression on a people naturally frivolous and vain-glorious, and reduced, by the long-continued vices of their governors, and by other causes, to that state of depravity in which morality had become antiquated and unfashionable; and virtue unworthy

of regard. In vulgar soils, this contaminated seed produced fruits still more rank and disgusting, and these fruits ripened into revolution.

So often, and by so many able writers, has this view of the causes of the French Revolution been exhibited, that it has ceased to be enforced by argument; and he who doubts its accuracy, may perhaps be stigmatised as a man exceedingly ignorant of the history of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Yet, with all deference to higher names, it does appear to me that this doctrine is quite fallacious. It is true, the literature of France co-operated with other causes in accelerating the Revolution; but it was neither the first nor most powerful cause of that event. A long course of bad government, of positive oppression, of disgusting favouritism, of marked and open injustice, aggravated by the weakness and vices of the governors, and the progressive increase of suffering of the governed, led the people to desire a change. They never thought what that change should be;—to them, indeed, any change could scarcely be a change for the worse. The time had passed away when the vices of their princes were concealed, or but partially seen, in the magnificence of royalty, the splendour of individual talents, and the pomp and circumstance of war. Their kings had ceased to be warriors, or men of talents,—their noblesse had become the pimps of royalty, or the petty tyrants of hamlets. On every side, corruption forced itself on their attention, insulted their feelings, and wasted even the means of their existence. There is a point in political suffering beyond which a nation cannot be carried, and that point is, when the many are made the slaves of the few, and the few cease to have talents to conceal or virtue to mitigate their tyranny. At this point, suffering becomes general, and the feelings of injustice and oppression, and the consequent desire of relief, become so powerful, as to form a part (if I may so speak) of the education and mind



of the people. It is now that many men will even hazard their all for a change; and when every man is in his heart an enemy to his government, it requires but the daring of an enthusiast, or the blunders of a ruler, or the intrigue of a talented statesman, to kindle the flame of revolution. The government of France, too, was often changed, and its counsels, therefore, were varying and perplexed. Indeed, with one or two exceptions, the ministers were quite remarkable for incapacity and servility, and, withal, so unable to discern the spirit of the times, that their stupid and vascillating measures precipitated the downfall of the monarchy they attempted to uphold, and led the people to demand and enforce changes of which they had never previously dreamed, and which were not even beneficial to themselves. In one word, the march of human suffering, aggravated by the weakness and wickedness of human tyranny, led to the French Revolution.

The philosophers of France saw and participated in the general suffering, and gave vent to their feelings in their writings. In this way, perhaps, they hastened the catastrophe. But they merely joined the stream, though their efforts might increase its force. They echoed the voice of their countrymen,—they created not that voice. The political sufferings of the people had, in truth, reached a crisis which roused them to action, and would have roused them to action although the literati of France had never lifted a pen in their favour. Nay, although the spoils of expiring royalty had enlisted the talent of the philosophers on its side, the storm might have been delayed,—it could not have been prevented. That storm was the nursing of many years' oppression, and must have broken forth. The dazzling scepticism of the accomplished Voltaire, the powerful declamations of the fickle and eloquent Rousseau, the broad libertinism of Diderot, and the philosophical and political reveries of D'Alembert, Helvetius, Raynal, and all the other members of the phalanx denominated the Philosophers of France, would have failed in any attempt to avert its rage.

The position I would fain establish on the foregoing observations is, that literature, or its particular character at any given period, is rather the effect than the cause of political movements or changes in the social condition of a nation; and the French Revolution appears to afford the best data for illustrating the position, inasmuch as it seems to be the source to which the leading characteristics of modern literature ought to be traced. I have not considered it necessary to be either very explicit or copious in the preceding statements, because I felt, that, with the origin and progress of this wonderful event, every reader must be pretty well acquainted. But I hope enough has been said to entitle the position already mentioned to some regard; and I trust the remarks now to be submitted, on some of the characteristics of English literature, during the last thirty years, will go far to confirm its accuracy.

The commencement of the Revolution exhibited no other spectacle than that of a people struggling to regain some portion of liberty. The first representatives of the French people, though animated and zealous in the discharge of their duties, were neither violent in their demeanour nor unreasonable in their demands; and even when these demands were reluctantly complied with, or evaded altogether, there was no undue ebullition of popular resentment. In fact, the nation seemed only to desire the redress of grievances, the nature of which was as oppressive and disgusting as their existence was palpable. At first, accordingly, the public voice of England was almost unanimous in favour of the Revolution. It was hailed as a mighty political deliverance,—as the happy termination of centuries of political slavery. France was believed to be the birth-place of rational liberty, and the time was supposed to be arrived, when a Constitution, combining the excellencies, and avoiding the defects of our own, was to be given to her citizens. For the first time, the political rights of the people, as opposed to those of the Crown, were boldly exhibited, and almost for the first time did the demand, or the exercise of these rights, give rise to

deep and powerful thinking, to vivid declamation, and sometimes to the most extravagant and impracticable schemes.

'Tis true, the prospects of the friends of freedom were quickly blasted; and by a rapid series of events, (to which it is unnecessary more particularly to allude,) the people of France changed an oppressive monarchy for a tyrannical republic, and afterwards submitted to the sway of an individual, the most extraordinary perhaps that ever shone in the pages of history. Their political changes, however great, were followed by changes in the literature of their own country, and of surrounding nations equally striking. In France, the tremendous events of the Revolution produced appeals, which, for eloquence and force, were never surpassed. As might have been expected, too, reason and moderation were often sacrificed to declamation and daring, and doctrines wild and impious were not merely broached, but avowed and acted on with something like reckless ferocity. In fact, the turbulent materials which produced confusion, and havoc, and violence, among the people, seem to have led to the same effects on literature. These, however, are drawbacks which attend all unusual efforts. Similar effects were apparent in the literature of our own country, but in a modified degree. Though not in the midst of the turmoil of opinions, we were too near it to escape its influence. Accordingly, while English literature ranged in its ranks writers of imaginative force and overwhelming eloquence, it also contained writers whose doctrines were frequently carried to absolute wildness, with whom the development of powerful thinking led to the most irrational positions, and many, also, whose bold and daring self-reliance gave a tinge of dogmatism and extravagance to their opinions, which time and experience have not yet completely eradicated. Method was very generally despised; knowledge was attempted to be grasped, and the shadow was often hugged and blazoned forth as the substance; character, too, was no longer sacred; office was stripped of its imposing dress; and the errors of superiors were not

merely exposed with freedom, but canvassed with a severity which seemed to possess something of the bitterness of revenge. There was, in truth, a total change of thinking and feeling; diffidence and delicacy were thrown aside, and presumption, and carelessness, and arrogance, took their place. Rashly, perhaps, many will think, was the change introduced; and though productive of some advantages, it may not be doubted, whether the literature of the present day can lay claim to any permanent superiority over the literature of former times. To many, its superiority will not be very apparent; for if modern literature displays more force, it also displays less research; if it is more imaginative, it is also more deficient in sound reasoning; if it is more spirited, it is also more superficial and reckless; if it is more easy and dazzling, it is more scurrilous and heartless. In short, for the sparkling novelties of the modern school, it may be thought that we have relinquished the staid philosophy and sound logic of our fathers.

If there be any truth in the position I have laid down, we must not expect to find the literature of the last thirty years characterised by calm reflection and philosophical investigation. Arts and sciences, and poetry and eloquence, may have flourished; but the events of the times were too rousing, and the minds of men were too much agitated, to produce historical and philosophical works equal to those of previous times. Accordingly, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, are still without successors; and, except those of Stewart and Brown, philosophy claims no modern names. The still elegancies of high life have not found their way into a good comedy,—the terrors of the tragic muse alone have been courted by our writers. Even the pulpit has partaken of the general spirit of change; and instead of the smooth morality of Blair, and the poetical devotion of Logan, it now displays the bold imaginative eloquence of Chalmers, and the fervid declamation of Hall.

To produce changes so great and so general, a powerful cause was necessary, and to me it appears, that the



only adequate cause to which they can be assigned is the French Revolution. It may be proper, however, to investigate the influence of this event, by a more particular survey of some branches of our literature. But before entering on this survey, it is necessary to state, that the remarks which may be ventured on any work are not to be held as altogether critical, but rather as elucidatory of the general spirit which may pervade the writer. With this preliminary stipulation in view, it will not be difficult to hold (what the narrow limits of a letter render it almost necessary to hold) one work as a representative of the greater portion of the class to which it belongs, or at least of the other writings of the same author.

Perhaps political writings do not fairly come under review, in forming an estimate of our modern literature, since they are almost always the fruit, and carry in them much of the bitterness of party feeling. Yet, what English reader can pass over the remarkable productions of Burke and Mackintosh, which distinguished the era of the French Revolution? The two productions alluded to are still regarded as masterpieces of eloquent reasoning, though the controversy which gave them birth is now interesting only in their pages. What glowing development of principle, what striking displays of feeling, what overwhelming powers of argument distinguish both! In the whole range of political writings for the last hundred years, no such works are to be found. They are, even now, not only the masterpieces of their authors, but almost the only modern writings which may fairly be compared with the finest specimens of ancient eloquence.

The field of fiction, however, affords, perhaps, the best data for enabling us to form a true notion of our literature. And here the earliest work which followed the French Revolution still remains a memorable specimen of the effects of those feelings which were generated by this event; I allude to the Caleb Williams of Godwin. In this work, the usual *matériel* of novels is discarded; love, and its delicate embar-

assments—humour, and its broad extravagances, are nowhere to be found; but, instead of these, a most masterly delineation of human passions, a display of human feeling most intense and terrific, and withal so much of the realities of existence in every page, that we are compelled to avow the whole to be true to nature. So powerful is the pen of this writer, and with such anatomical precision does he lay open the passions and vices of the human heart, that we almost shudder while we admire his genius, and in our feeling of pleasure is mixed much of pain. There is nothing, indeed, to be compared with Caleb Williams among English novels. It stands unique; its claims are all of a peculiar description; it is no more like the writings of Fielding and Smollet, than it is like the periodical trash of the Minerva-press; its character is its own; it has nothing in common with any other novel or romance which had previously appeared in England. It is the offspring of feelings strongly roused—of bold and penetrating views of the human character, as displayed in the various relations of existing society. The author employs no superhuman means; his agents are all men like ourselves—men, too, who, in the eye of kindred and of the world, are fair and honourable men. But he depicts vice with such horrible truth—he detects the secret springs of human action with such convincing accuracy—he exhibits all in colours so vivid and appropriate, that we read with a painful certainty of the existence of his instruments, and yet are still chained to the work.

Godwin, as a writer, is the very child of the French Revolution. As a man, indeed, he is the meek, retiring creature, that shuns observation—a being whose appearance, conduct, and conversation, bespeak the harmlessness of childhood, and the pure and active benevolence of abstract goodness. But his feelings as a writer were certainly roused by the struggles of France: 'Twas in these he saw the injustice and oppression which he afterwards embodied in his novel; 'twas in these he studied the mazes of the human heart, and made himself master of



its most secret deformities. He had but to concentrate these deformities; and to speak of them with the eloquence of native benevolence and powerful genius—and the result was Caleb Williams.

Maturin is a child of the same parent, but his mind is of a much weaker grasp. He can accumulate horrors—he can depict the vices of humanity with a dreadful force of colouring; but to pave the way for this, he requires romantic situation and unnatural incident. Maturin's grandeur is disjointed, and appears to be produced for effect; Godwin's is the legitimate offspring of a great mind influenced in a particular manner. Maturin is terrible, but nothing more; Godwin is frequently sublime. The former seems to indulge in the horrible, because he wishes to be thought a master of this species of writing; the latter is only pouring forth the indignation of virtue, roused to its highest pitch by the contemplation of horrible vice in others. The former *sometimes* portrays his characters with accuracy as well as force; the latter *almost always*.

The crowds of novel and romance-writers which flutter in our literary hemisphere may be disposed of by a single remark—that, in the midst of all their slipslop sentiment and nonsensical incident, there is frequently to be found considerable boldness and originality; and that, compared with the crowds which preceded them, they display great freedom and depth of observation, and a more accurate knowledge of human character.

There is one Novelist, however, whose writings at first sight appear to form an exception to all general criticism—the *Great Unknown*; his novels and romances occupy a distinct and exclusive place in our literature. They resemble no previous novels and romances. They have chalked out a particular province for themselves, which they have proudly occupied, to the exclusion of all competitors. And withal, their author seems to write, as if his works were pastime. He scatters beauties around him with a lavish hand, “and laughs the while.” He hits off a character in a dialogue or a sentence, and throws it from him as a thing of

nought. He seems to write, like a gentleman author, for his own gratification; and while he cares not for the public, and even runs counter to its firmest opinions or most favourite whims, he draws the public after him as if by enchantment.

So far, however, as the writings of this author come within the scope of my present argument, I have only to notice the breadth and freedom of his pencil in sketching character, his bold and happy delineation of human passions and feelings, the wholesome and undisguised chastisement he bestows on vice and crime, and the attitude of defiance he successfully assumes and maintains against all the prejudices and weaknesses which stand in his way. His characters are often national, and with very slight additions or retrenchments, one might stand for a whole class; yet still a happy touch preserves their individuality, and exhibits, in palpable outline, the one single character before us. He frequently rivals the masterly and minute delineations of Fielding, and oftener indulges in the broad humour of Smollett; but he goes far beyond both, in probing the human heart—in unfolding its mastersprings—in displaying its most guilty movements. It is here he betrays the school in which he has been bred. Had he written fifty years ago, he would have produced works combining, in a great measure, the merits of the two great novelists of England, with a sprinkling of the sentiment which then entered into the composition of every novel; but he would have done nothing more. As a writer of the present spirit-stirring times, however, he has deviated widely from both, and has boldly approached whirlwinds of passion, from which both would have recoiled, or of which neither would have dreamed. There is a power and mastery of feeling about him, not merely great and admirable, but which appear to have sprung from the hot and reckless times of revolution,—so fearlessly and often adroitly are they wielded.

I do not feel myself warranted to extend my remarks on the writings of this celebrated author, which, indeed, have already been criticised to satiety,—or to enter into any discus-

sion regarding the merits of many other novels and romances, which deserve attention, as well from their own comparative excellence, as from the support they would afford to my argument. I hope I have said enough to demonstrate the great influence of

the French Revolution on one branch of our literature ; and, with your permission, I shall occupy a few of your columns in another Number, with a short survey of other branches, and my concluding observations on the subject.—I am, &c. X.

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THE REAL GENTLEMAN.

IN a polished state of society, there is no title so precious to persons in the middle and superior ranks as that of GENTLEMAN. It has, accordingly, been claimed by a multitude of pretenders, many, perhaps most, of whom would hazard their lives to support their right to it. As the benefits are great which arise from this feeling, it is presumed that it cannot be an uninteresting inquiry which professes to deduce the origin of the title, and to show in what particulars a real gentleman can establish his claim to that proud distinction ; the investigation will also detect the hollow pretences, and ridiculous or dangerous mockeries of those who claim tolerance in good society, on the ground of their being really gentlemen, but who are, in fact, only impostors.

With regard to the origin of the title, we must refer to the institutions of the middle ages. In strictness, no one was then considered a gentleman who did not inherit from a line of ancestors a portion of landed property. The appellation was common to the proudest Baron, and the possessor of a single Knight's fee ; but, in the confusion, violence, and misery, which distinguished the era immediately preceding the rise of chivalry, the term was destitute of any moral or really ennobling sense. The gentlemen of that epoch were in too many instances dangerous to their sovereign, openly or treacherously inimical to each other, cruel to their dependents, inconceivably savage and rude in their general deportment. The age of romance followed ; the extremity of the evil produced a most singular remedy, and the dawn of chivalry, with all its gorgeous trappings, and its solid blessings, arose upon an afflicted and harrassed world. The ferocious Baron became a Knight, consecrating his sword to

God, his mistress, and the defence of the weak and the oppressed. High notions of honour, gentleness of disposition, suavity of manners, magnificence in dress and equipage, and a taste for the fine arts, became not only familiar, but necessary to him. The Chevalier Bayard, Duguesclin, Edward the First, Edward the Third, the Black Prince, Henry the Fifth of England, Francis the First, Henry the Fourth of France, and Sir Philip Sidney, were not only distinguished Knights, but accomplished gentlemen in the true etymological sense of the word. At length the general subjection of the nobles, a stricter administration of justice, the revival of letters, the increase of and security for property, caused the decline of the cumbrous and inapplicable institutions of chivalry ; but the spirit of those institutions survived. The title of gentlemen, although, in France, and, anterior to the late revolution, strictly confined to the privileged orders, and the members of the different Parliaments, was, in England, gradually extended ; eminent merchants and bankers were complimented with it, and, in our times it has been bestowed not only on these individuals, and all members of the liberal professions, but upon well-educated and prosperous tradesmen.

Having now established the origin of the title, it remains to consider the elementary constituent qualities which it represents.

A real gentleman, then, should possess strong natural sense, softened by true delicacy ; his integrity must be unsullied ; he must also have the tact of appreciating and personally applying the bienseance of society,—good nature, exempt from weakness—genuine courage, which never shrinks from danger, nor submits to indig-

nity, yet cautiously abstains from provocation—a politeness founded upon good feeling, and distinguished from the superstition of ceremony, by a graceful insinuation, not an ostentatious display of acts of kindness, and which, founded on a permanent principle of action, extends to all possible relations and circumstances of life. These qualities together compose the character of a real gentleman. High education, and introduction into society, will embellish the tints, but can add nothing to the outlines of the picture. The rank of gentleman is an order of moral knighthood, into which peasants may enter, from which princes may be rightfully excluded. It is the free-masonry of honour, and establishes a brotherhood of feeling amongst its members, however separated by diversities of birth, rank, station, or fortune. When accompanied by a deep, humble, rational, sense of religion, the individual so privileged and endowed on earth becomes a denizen of the skies.

We come now to the last branch of our subject, viz. the consideration of the unfounded pretensions to gentility. We have seen that no accidental circumstances can authorize such claims; yet, upon this and other foundations equally slender, the hopes of these aspirants are built. The first pretender to gentility, whom we shall notice, is the retired, luxurious, but vulgar-minded citizen, who, having no genuine taste except for accumulating property, plumes himself upon his carriage, his horses, table, and grounds; originally a grub, he can never emerge from a crystal state. The second claimant is the whiskered, essenced, tight-laced, small-talking, sentimental, dancing fop, who mistakes his proper station of a lady-bird for that of a gentleman. Then follows a member of the Fancy, stimulating his fellow-creatures to a ferocious and mercenary competition of courage and strength, and importing the dialect and the manners of the pugilistic ring into the saloons

of the great, and the boudoirs of the fair. Another unsuccessful competitor is the aristocratic coachman, whose ancestors were foremost in the race of glory, but who limits *his* ambition to a rivalry with peasants in a mean art. We must not here omit the spiritual Nimrod of a southern division of the island, who fully and closely shears his flock—carries on a brisk campaign against pheasants, hares, partridges, foxes, &c.—inebriates with the squire—browbeats and screws the curate—remembers that he has tithes to receive, but forgets that he has sacred duties to perform: nor can we pass over the holy, simpering dandy, whose time, attention, and few disposable faculties, are devoted exclusively to the ladies, “but never mentions hell to ears polite.” We must also glance at the scholastic pedant, who, rude in manner, arrogant in disposition, dogmatic in assertion, and uncharitable in sentiment, creates a prejudice in undiscerning minds against learning itself: he is an irritable pimple on the body of literature. Lastly, what shall we say of the gay and fashionable mere men of the world, who have acquired, almost in despite of Nature, the elegant ease and polished courtesy of high life, enchanting the circles wherein they move, and in which they shine, but who, when the vizor is thrown aside, and they resume their predominant characters in the bosom of their families, are unkind husbands, stern fathers, severe masters, tyrannical landlords, and unprincipled debtors.

The influence of women, in forming the characters, and fashioning the manners of men in a civilized state, is universally admitted; would they therefore reserve their distinguishing smiles for real gentlemen, a new spirit would be enkindled amongst us, a partial reformation might be wrought in the present generation, and in the next, the exotic plant of true gentility, nurtured in a hardy and vigorous soil, would become a tree whose top would reach to heaven.



## A LAMENT FOR THE BALLADERS.

I have often, Mr Editor, been led to make many gloomy reflections on observing the lamentable pass to which the degenerate children of an ancient and highly honourable family—I mean your poor, leathern-lung'd BALLAD-SINGERS—have at length arrived; for it was not so of old; and the farther back we trace them, they rise higher and higher, till we reach, as it were, the fountain-head, in the troubled waters of the middle ages. We shall cast a “long and lingering look behind” at the vanishing vestiges of “ancient minstrelsie,” which, in this country, received its death-blow during the reign of James II., when it had seemingly been considered such a nuisance as to require an Act of Parliament for its suppression. We accordingly find the following harsh sentence, consonant only with the severity of the times, “Item, it is statute and ordanit, for the away putting of sornaris, ouerlyaris, &c. that all officiaris als weil within the Burgh as without, tak ane inquisition at ilk court that thay hald, and see gif thair be ony, that makes tham fulis, and ar bardis, or others siclyke rinnaris about. And gif ony sic be fundin, that they be put in the Kingis waird, or in his irinis for thair trespassis, als lang as thay have ony gudis of thair awin to leif vpon. And fra thay haue not to leif upon, that thair ciris he nait to the trone, or till ane uther tre, and thair ciris cuttit of, and banist the cuntrie. And gif thairefter thay be fundin agane, that thay be HANGIT!!”

One of the last fluttering shadows of this race is to be seen in Laneham's singular “Letter, wherein part of the entertainment unto the Queens Maiesty, at Killingworth Castl, Warwicksheer, in this soomern progress 1575, iz signified.” This Letter is referred to in the valuable Essay prefixed to Percy's Reliques, which brings together nearly all that can be said on the interesting subject of the “Ancient Minstrell,” who, on this occasion, was represented, as

Laneham tells us, by “a parson very meet for the purpose, of a XLV years old, apparelled partly as he wouold himself: hiz cap of his hed seemly roounded tonster wyze; fayr kemb, that with a sponge deintly dipt in a littl capon's greez was finely smoothed, too make it shine like a mallard's wing. Hiz beard smugly shaven; and yet hiz shyrt after the nu trink, with ruffs fayr starched, sleeked, and glistering like a payr of nu shoosz, marshalled in good order, with a setting stick and strout that every ruffe stood up like a wafer;” and so he goes on to describe his apparel most minutely. “Out of his bozome was drawn foorth a lappet of his napkin, edged with blu lace marked with a truloove, a hart, and a D. for Damian—a payr of pumps on hiz feet, with a cross cut at the toze, not nu indeede, yet cleanly blakt with soot, and shining az a shoing horn—” a pewter chain (for silver) hanging round his waist, attached to which were the arms of his employer blazoned. And “after three lowlie cooarsies, cleared his vois with a hem and a reach, and spat cunt withal; wiped hiz lips with the hollo of his hand, for fyling hiz napkin, temperd a string or too with hiz wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came foorth with a sollemn song, warraunted for story out of King Arthurz Acts, the 1st booke, and 28 chapter.”

These Minstrels sang the chivalric deeds of the chieftains to whom they were retainers,—partook of the same board,—and without them no feast or “fast” was reckoned complete: ascending a step higher, we find them holding the sacred character of the Bards or Bardes, who, in the middle ages, stood in the complicated character of historians and musicians. They were called “Bardes,” Holingshed observes, from Bardus, Fifth King of the Celts, who was “an excellent poet, and no less endowed with a singular skill in the practice and speculation of musicke,

of which too many suppose him to be the very author;" but at this early period, they only chanted the mysteries of the Druidical religion, and they descended, in honest Ralph's opinion, when "they became to be minstrels at feasts, droonken meetings, and abominable sacrifices of the idols: where they sang most commonlie no divinitie, as before, but the puissant acts of valiant princes and fabulous narrations of the adulteries of the gods."

We are told that the ROMANS could not *swallow* these same Bardes, and therefore they applied the word Bardus to fools and knaves. Not so with us; they were cherished and protected, in times of peace, as chroniclers of past ages,—before battle, as rousing to emulation the vassals of their lord,—after the struggle, they soothed the grief of survivors, and immortalized the heroes who had fallen in the fight. The well-known incident, as related by Hume and other historians, of Alfred entering the camp of the Danes in the year 878, habited as a minstrel, shows clearly how sacred that character was held.

Tracing them still farther, we find the Bardes spreading, under various names, nearly all over Europe, so widely did the branches of this degenerate plant at one time extend. In the Troubadours of Provence, who were the fathers of French, Italian, and Spanish minstrelsy, we find them, and princes ranked in their number. Among the Danes, and other Northern nations, we recognise them in the venerated character of Skalds: so called from *skall*, sonus, or, as Watcher derives it, from *gala*, canere, carmen canere, and by others translated "polishers of language."

But not to grope in the darkness of the middle ages, let us come nearer home, and see what influence they had in polishing our own warlike race. Under the chivalric reign of the fierce Richard, they were in great repute. In Favine's Theatre of Honour, we find an account of the exploit by Blondel de Nesle, a "Minstrell," in extricating the Cœur de Lion from his captivity; which, if we forget not, has been touched with his magic pen by the "Author of

Waverley," in his Romance of Ivanhoe: it proceeds by recounting how he had been so long without the sight of his lord, that his "life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded and melancholy," till, after many perils by sea, and perils by land, he came by *chance* to the castle where he was confined,—sung part of a song which the king had composed in the Provençal language,—and stopping short in the midst of it, the king took it up and concluded. Blondel returning to England, collected his barons, and had him released about 1190; which altogether makes a most romantic story, well worthy of the times when that "flower of chivalrie rang."

In the beginning of the 16th century, they had so far fallen as to excite the indignation of the "Sweet Swan of Avon," who exclaims,

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry, Mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree."

And, as before recounted, King James gave the death-blow to the race of minstrels, who, phoenix-like, seem to have given birth to a puny race of ballad-singers, who have been gradually giving up the ghost ever since. But not a few, even in our times, must remember to have heard ballads of an historical class, such as "the Battle of Otterbourne"—the soul-enlivening "Chevy Chase"—the border legend of "Edom or Adam o' Gordon," with perhaps the ancient "Adam Bell, Clym o' the Cleugh, and William o' Cloudeslie." To go no farther back, however, than the last peace, we sometimes had the melancholy pleasure of seeing some brave, and mayhap shipwrecked tar, who, having "fought with gallant Jarvis," was turned adrift, minus an arm or a leg, to sing of "battles and of men," looking like a rock amid a crowd of inquiring grandmothers, and ever and anon squirting his "bacco," with infinite *nonchalance*, to the great danger of the lieges and the said grandmothers,—even in the midst of the most boisterous passages in the "Bay of Biscay-O," which, till lately, was reckoned the *mare*

*mortuum* of terribly stormy places. Even since then, how are the mighty fallen! It is, now-a-days, neither "baked, nor boiled, nor stewed, nor roasted," but liker the yowl of a three-days-starved cat than any thing

else. And they are a copper-nosed, *can*-coloured generation, only giving employment to authors as jaundiced-eyed as themselves, and printers whose characters are as black as their own devils.

NIGEL.

# CLASSICAL REVERIES.

## No. VII.

THE following passage in the thirty-fifth ode of the first book of the odes of Horace has been much disputed, and still remains, as a learned and ingenious correspondent expresses it, one of those "*loci difficiliores*," of which no satisfactory solution has yet been given:

"Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit  
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,  
Utcunque mutata potentes  
Veste domos inimica linquit."

l. 21. &c.

Upon this passage M. Dacier observes, "Cé passage est un peu difficile, parce qu'il semble, d'abord qu'Horace dit le contraire de ce qu'il veut dire." Bentley makes the following annotation upon the concluding word "*linquit*." Quippe si Fortuna linquit domos afflictas, unaque comitatur Spes et Fides; tum profecto omnes omnino diffugiunt, tam fidi amici, quam infideles; quo nihil absurdius;"—and hence he substitutes "*vertis*;" but this seems inconsistent with the notion of "*Comes*," which is applied to Fides as following Fortune in her travel. Dr Hunter, with his wonted acuteness and accuracy, observes, "Poeta sibi finxisse videtur *generalem* fortunæ notionem, tanquam *incipitis* deæ, quæ quemque comitatur, interdum læto vultu, et splendida veste, interdum vultu, ac veste mutatis." And, in fact, any observations which I have to add upon this passage are only in elucidation of the Doctor's statement, and are derived principally from a consideration of the scope and tendency of the whole ode.

The Poet begins by addressing the goddess Fortune, as represented in the temple, and worshipped by the inhabitants of Antium, and he at

once, by a general statement, recognises her double capacity.

"Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu  
Mortale corpus, vel superbos  
Vertere funeribus triumphos!"

Having made this general averment respecting the character and attributes of the goddess, whom he addresses, he proceeds, in the precise order of his own annunciation, to exemplify, by an induction of particulars, the proposition which he had stated. He had said, "*Præsens imo tollere de gradu*," and, in consonance with this view, the case of the "*pauper colonus*" is adduced:

"Te pauper ambit sollicita prece  
Ruris colonus; te dominam æquoris, &c.

which last circumstance is very judiciously selected, as Antium was a maritime state.

Having thus adduced two instances in which the *Præsens*, or *bona Fortuna ambitur*, is *courted*, as raising "*ab imo gradu*," whether of worldly circumstances or of danger, the Poet next proceeds to reverse the picture, and to represent Fortune as an object of fear, by those, quos *vertat*, as it were, "*funeribus*," i. e. by the "*Dacus asper*," the "*profugi Scythæ*," the "*urbes, gentesque et Latium ferox*," the "*matres regum barbarorum*" and the "*purpurei Tyranni*;" and the grounds of their dread are added, "*injurioso ne pede proruas stantem columnam, neu populus, &c.*"

Still preserving the *double aspect* of Fortune before him, the Poet proceeds to shew the grounds of the "*ambitio*," or courting, on the one hand, and of the "*metus*," or aversion, on the other; and this he does by adhering, in all probability, to such representations of the goddess



and of her *suite* as were familiar to his countrymen. He has been viewing Fortune, in the verse immediately preceding, as adverse, and an object of dread, and he still continues, without break or interruption, the same view.

“Te semper anteit sæva necessitas :  
Clavos trabales et cuneos,” &c.

and then, with the view of contrasting this painting of the *presence*, as he had formerly contrasted the *character* of the goddess, he adds,

“Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit,  
Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,  
Utcunque mutata potentes,  
Veste domos inimica linquit.

“Thee, Hope, and Faith, rarely to be found clothed in white, attend,—nor does Faith refuse to accompany thee, even when you change your character and your dress, and desert the houses of the great,” i. e. these are those who will *faithfully* accompany the *great* and the fortunate, even when all this is reversed, and they are, by “*inimica Fortuna*,” driven into exile, &c. Those who have hence the good fortune to have such friends are *fortunate* indeed, and therefore the whole statement is a favourable one. How unlike this averment is to what follows,—to the description of those whom no “*rara fides*” actuates, but who change with the changing circumstances!

“At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro  
Perjura cedit; diffugiunt, cadis  
Cum sæce siccatis, amici  
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.”

This last verse is, in fact, the best commentary upon the former, as the “*Amici ferre jugum pariter dolosi*” contrast so directly and precisely with the “*Nec comitem abnegat, utcunque mutata potentes veste domos inimica linquit.*” The one set of *comites*, or *amici*, are willing, and the other unwilling, “*ferre jugum pariter*,” in adversity. It would probably remove all impression of obscurity from the above passage, if, instead of the abstract term *Fides*, the words “*fidiles amici*,” which are, in fact, in as far as this passage is concerned, an equivalent to *Fides*, were substituted. “*Faithful friends* are found, not only in good, but in bad fortune. *Fortune*, in the general sense,

has the advantage of being attended by such ‘*comites*.’”

In the first book of the history of Tacitus, and at the seventy-first chapter, there is the following passage: “*Celsus constanter servatæ erga Galliam fidei crimen confessus, exemplum ultro imputavit. Nec Otho quasi ignosceret, sed ne hostis metum reconciliationis adhiberet, statim inter amicos habuit et mox bello inter duces delegit, &c.*” The circumstances under which the above statement is made are these: Otho had contrived to have the Emperor Galba murdered by the soldiery, and had thus assumed the reins of empire. Marius Celsus, consul elect, had proved true to the last to the murdered Galba, and was therefore obnoxious to the soldiery. “*Marius Celsus, (we are told,) consulem designatum, et Galbæ usque in extremas res amicum fidumque; ad supplicium expostulabat, industria ejus, innocentiaque quasi malis artibus infensi.*” Hereupon Otho, “*simulatione iræ*,” but with the view of saving Celsus’ life, “*vinciri jussum, et majores pœnas daturum affirmans, præsentis exitio subtrahit.*” In the context, we find this same Marius Celsus “*per speciem vinculorum sævitia militum subtractum, “ordered to be brought into the capital and into the presence of Otho; and here Tacitus adds his own opinion upon the motives of Otho, “Clementia titulus, a viro claro et partibus invisio, petebatur;” next follow the words which have already been quoted as involving some difficulty and obscurity. “Celsus constanter servatæ erga Galbam fidei crimen confessus, exemplum ultra imputavit.*

Celsus, as might naturally be expected from his character, persisting with firmness in confessing his crime, if crime it must be deemed, of standing by Galba to the last, not only justified the particular act on special grounds; but of his own accord, and without being driven by necessity to go so far, he openly and avowedly proposed his case as a precedent, as “*an example*” to others, *exemplum a se datum, ultro et animo voluntario, imputavit; i. e. putavit esse in alios, et præcipue in Othonem ipsum, cui porteaquam fideliter adhaesit.*”

The expression "*exemplum imputavit*" is left general, without pointing out the person or persons to whom it is meant to be applied, as these might easily be gathered from the context; and in the same manner we find this author using the word "*imputavit*" in his treatise "*De moribus Germanorum*," where he says, "*Gaudet muneribus, sed nec data impudent nec acceptis obligantur*." They rejoice in receiving presents, but they neither *think* of these presents in reference to the *givers*, "*(nec data impudent datoribus,*"") nor do they consider them as obligations. Next follows the statement respecting Otho's conduct upon occasion of Celsus' intrepidity and boldness.

"*Nec Otho, quasi ignosceret, sed ne hostis metum reconciliationis adhibeat, statim inter amicos habuit.*"

Upon this latter clause Lipsius makes the following remarks:—"*Frons aliqua sententiæ apparet, sed si excutias, vanæ et falsæ. Censo emendandum sed nec hostis metu reconciliationi se adhiberet; duo videlicet, cum Celsum sibi jungeret, Otho cavet. Ne aut ignoscere videretur, ut in vero magnoque crimine, aut ne hostis, id est Vitellii metu adsciscere sibi virum fortem et nobilem.*" But if this way of going to work, without the authority of MSS., is to be permitted, then farewell to all just and legitimate criticism. We must endeavour, therefore, to make something of the words as they stand otherwise fairly confess that they are unintelligible.

There are two things which, it is quite natural to suppose, Otho would be anxious to accomplish. He would wish, in the first place, since he approved of the sentiments of Celsus, to avoid all appearance, even by implication, of pardoning him; for that would necessarily presume crime and offence: and he would naturally be desirous, in the second place, of obtaining the confidence and full attachment of so steady a friend to the imperial interests. Both of these views are, if I mistake not, deducible from the words as they stand, "*Nec Otho quasi ignosceret,*" as if he were pardoning him whom he did not consider guilty, *sed ne adhiberet metum reconciliationis hostis;*" but,

that he might remove all apprehension upon the mind of Celsus of reconciliation with an enemy, in which light Celsus was well entitled, both from his own opposition and from his late imprisonment by orders of the Emperor, to consider Otho. This was surely the primary object in view, "*statim habuit inter amicos;*" he, for both these reasons, his wish not to have the appearance of pardoning, and his desire to remove all fear respecting a complete reconciliation, immediately, without any hesitation or delay, numbered him amongst his most intimate friends, and raised him to places of great trust.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that the words "*metus reconciliationis,*" are equally capable of expressing the dread that a reconciliation has taken place, and the apprehension that it has not taken place; and that accordingly, in the above instance, the latter of these senses is the one adopted.

In the life of Agricola, by the same author, the following sentence occurs at the beginning of the sixth chapter:

"*Hinc ad capessendos Magistratus in urbem digressus Domitiam Decidianam splendidis natalibus ortam sibi junxit, idque matrimonium ad majora nitenti decus ac robur fuit, vixeruntque mira concordia, per mutuam caritatem et invicem se anteponendo.*" *Nisi quod in bona uxore tanto major laus, quanto in mala plus culpæ est.*

Upon the latter clause of this sentence, which, in its general import, is too manifest to require any illustration derived from the context, Lipsius thus animadverts: "*Assentior vero Pichene tanto minor laus, ingeniose adstruunt. Quod ego tamen aliter ab illo explico. Non est maxima laus in femina bonam esse et mariti sequentem. Quid ita? quia sic facta a natura est, mitis, mollis, imbecilla, ad parendum. Si ergo non facit; tanto plus culpanda, quia et in naturam pugnat.*" So that, according to Lipsius and Pichenas, we are to read, solely because it suits their view, *minor* for *major*; and are thus to reverse, in as far as these terms are concerned, the sense of the whole statement. This, as in the above instance, is a somewhat summary proceeding,



Immedicabile vulnus  
Ense recidendum, ne pars sincera tra-  
hatur !

If we are to be permitted, when it suits our convenience, as commentators or interpreters, to substitute *minor* for *major*, it is not easy to say what other substitution or commutation we may not boldly effect. The deliverance of a little Irish rogue, who, to the face of the Justice, stoutly maintained that, whereas, on his precognition, he had said "No," he really meant "Yes," is much of a piece with this method of proceeding. Let us see, however, in accordance with the method of the poet, whether "*omnia prius tentata fuerint*," before we consider the case as completely desperate, before we pronounce it "*immedicabile*."

Tacitus states, that his father-in-law, Agricola, after his return from Britain to Rome, had united himself in marriage with Domitia Decidiana, a lady of high birth and eminent virtues, and that this connection was of advantage to him in promoting his views of preferment, at the same time that it proved most happy in respect of his private and domestic comfort and happiness. "*Vixerunt*," says he, "*mira concordia*." They lived together in a degree of concord *indeed surprising*, "*per mutuam caritatem, et invicem se anteponendo*:" and the foundation, or cause, of this astonishing concordance, is given—it was built upon reciprocal affection, and reciprocal deference. Hereupon a break follows, as is customary with this most reflective and elliptical of all historians, and something passes in the writer's mind, to which the word "*nisi*" has a direct reference. Let us endeavour to discover that train of reflection which would necessarily, or at least naturally, conduct to this term. The historian has just stated that the "*concordia*" in which Agricola and his wife lived was *rare*, it was "*mira*;" and this comparison must have a reference, either to that degree of happiness and concord enjoyed in the matrimonial state in general, or to that which prevailed in Tacitus' own day, and in the society where he lived. Under whatever views, however, whether more or less general, the reflection is made, this one thing is certain, that

the historian considers the degree of concord which Agricola and his wife enjoyed, as far above the average, as "*mira*," and he immediately proceeds to shew upon what grounds an occurrence, which might be regarded as common, was by him regarded as "*rare*." This, says he, (or seems he at least to say,) this would not appear to me so praiseworthy and remarkable as it does, "*nisi quod*," *ne si*, or *si ne* (esset) quod, were it not that, "in bona uxore, tanto major laus, quanto in mala plus culpæ est;" "in a good wife, the merit, and the praise, in consequence of the merit, is greater in precise proportion, as in a bad wife, the demerit, and, consequently, the censure, is greater; and why? because the temptations to be bad are extreme, in the same proportion as those to be good are extreme and alluring;" as if the historian meant to state, "every body praises a good wife in proportion as they censure a bad one; just as a man who hears the storm raging, without congratulating himself the more sincerely upon his fortunate state at a snug fireside within; a good wife being estimated, and being really estimable, not from the middle point of separation betwixt good and bad, not from the point of *indifference*, but from the extreme, mala;" just as a spirit which has reached Paradise, will estimate its happiness, and the cause of it, not from the earth merely, but from the lowest pit of perdition into which it might have been cast. He, for example, who has a wife like Agricola, and looks at the same time at his neighbour, who is saddled with a scold and a vixen, will prize and praise his own wife, and *wonder* at his own good fortune the more, that he has a view of both extremes. Whilst, on the other hand, the "*culpa*," the culpability of a bad wife will be so much the more exposed to reprobation, that it is contrasted with a good one; for she who sees how lovely and engaging "*concordia et caritas*" are in the married state, is so much the more culpable that she neglects or despises the lesson and example. A good wife has every inducement to be *otherwise than good*, from the *extended scale* of bad examples; and therefore she has "*ma-*



jorem laudem," by becoming and remaining good; whilst, on the other hand, a bad wife, from the *extended scale* of laudable and amiable ambition, has every temptation to be *otherwise than bad*, and therefore her condemnation, if she remain bad, is the greater "*plus culpæ est*," and these two motives act proportionally on both sides. Whilst it is "*tanto*" on the one, it is "*quanto*" on the other.

In the famous speech of the Caledonian leader, Galgacus, to his army, there occurs the following sentence, not far from the beginning of that address:

"Brigantes, *fœmina duce* exurere coloniam, expugnare castra, ac nisi felicitas in seordiam vertisset exuere jugum potuere. Nos integri et indomiti, et libertatem non in præsentia laturi, primo statim congressu unde ostendamus quos sibi Caledonia viros seposuerit."

Without entering into the various and somewhat fanciful interpretations which have been put upon this "*locus vexatus*," I may be permitted to say, that what appears the most natural and obvious sense, will, probably, in this, as well as in most similar instances, be found, upon more mature investigation, to be the best, and most consistent with the style of the author and his strain of reasoning. Tacitus, as every body knows, is fond of contrasting one idea with another; he is ever on the outlook for such words or phrases, as, by being placed over against each other, may thus acquire a stronger force, and a more impressive meaning. "*Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*—*si locuples hostis est, avari*—*si pauper, ambitioni*," &c. are instances in point. In the speech of Galgacus, there is a reference had to the case of the Brigantes, as an excitement, *a fortiori*, to the vindication and support of Caledonian liberty. The Brigantes are represented as able "*exurere coloniam, expugnare castra*;" and had it not been that they did not follow up their good fortune by a suitable vigilance and activity, "*nisi felicitas in seordiam vertisset*," they might even it is added, have been able "*exuere jugum*" (Romanum) altogether. And

all this they had effected "*fœmina duce*," under the conduct of a woman.

Then the orator proceeds to contrast all these circumstances with a nation in some respects similarly circumstanced with the Caledonians, and to shew, that if the Brigantes could, less favourably circumstanced, effect so much, the Caledonians, more favourably circumstanced, might, *a fortiori*, effect still more. He admits that the Brigantes were "*domiti*," for he represents them as "*sub jugo Romano*" at the time when the effort was made to regain their freedom; he states, on the other hand, of the Caledonians, that they were yet "*integri et indomiti*," unassailed and unsubdued. He admits that the Brigantes were not able to retain the liberty which, by their valour, they had acquired, for "*felicitas in seordiam vertit*;" but he augurs boldly of the Caledonians, that what they might win by their valour they would be enabled to keep; "*libertatem non in præsentia laturi*"—not, like the Brigantes, fighting for what their "*seordia*" might lose to them afterwards. He avers, lastly, of the Brigantes, that a woman conducted them to all this; he exhorts the Caledonians to shew that they neither were under the conduct, nor possessed of the spirit of women. "*Unde*," (sunt) says he, "*ostendamus quos sibi Caledonia Viros seposuerit*;" let us shew them of what stock those men are to whom Caledonia hath committed the defence of her liberty.

On the supposition that the above is the true sense of the passage, the words in "*non in præsentia libertatem laturi*," are taken in a usual and classical sense, as signifying that they were about "*ferre libertatem*," to obtain liberty; "*non in præsentia*" alone, but for ages to come; whereas by supposing as some have done, that "*non in præsentia libertatem laturi*" refers not to what they had yet to do, but to what they had *already* done; to the state in which they were previous to this speech, "*as if it were*" not to obtain liberty *now* for the first time; there is a palpable necessity for some verbal alterations, or unnatural twistings, to effect this sense legitimately. By placing a point of interrogation, in-

deed, after "laturi," and by connecting "indomiti and integri" with it, so as to make the sense, "shall we, all entire and unsubdued as we are, not likewise obtain liberty for the present?" we may please ourselves with our own ingenuity, which, however, will probably be mistaken by the judicious and thinking scholar for absurdity.

In the first book of Livy's History, and about the middle of the 34th chapter, the following statement is made:—The historian is speaking of the elder Tarquin, who, under the designation of Lucumo, had removed, along with his wife, Tanaquil, from Tarquinii to Rome. Hereupon, he observes, "Has opes cogitationesque secum portantes, urbem ingressi sunt, domicilioque ibi comparato Lucium Tarquinium *Prisum* edidere nomen."

Upon this sentence there is no note or observation in any one of the classical commentations which I have had an opportunity of consulting; and yet it appears to me not a little odd, and even absurd, that Livy should state Lucumo as assuming a name which bears a reference to another person not yet known or heard of. In fact, Lucumo could not now assume the appellation or cognomen of "Priscus," as posterity, and they alone, had the opportunity of knowing whether or not there should ever appear another Tarquin less ancient than this one. It is in vain to say that Tarquin, as an aged individual, assumed this title; there is no evidence of his great age at this time; and, in fact, from the circumstances of his previous life, and from the length of his future reign, it appears that he was "not aged," whilst his son, Tarquinius Superbus, who attained, in all probability, to an age infinitely more advanced, was never designed by such an appellative.

Had Livy been barely stating any event which took place under Tarquinius Superbus' reign, and merely in reference to that reign, the case had indeed been different; he might have said, that such and such improvements were made at Rome in the reign of T. Superbus, in the same manner as we say every day, that the Lady of the Lake was writ-

ten by Sir Walter Scott, and that Sir Henry Raeburn painted such and such "chefs d'œuvre." But when Livy states circumstantially an act of Lucumo himself, in changing his own name for another, which he then thought proper to assume, he was bound, in common sense, to give the name which he actually did assume and appropriate to himself; and that name was not "Priscus," nor could it be so, but was undeniably merely L. Tarquinius, from Tarquinii, whence he came to Rome.

Besides, on other similar occasions, and even when the slip would imply no such absurdity, Livy shews himself peculiarly wary and accurate. If any instance can be more apposite than another, it must be that of the younger Tarquin, who was afterwards designed "Superbus." In this case, the words of Livy, at the beginning of the 49th chapter, are, "Inde L. Tarquinius regnare cepit cui Superbo cognomen facta indiderunt." Had Livy, in this instance, merely stated, "Inde Lucius Tarquinius Superbus regnare cepit," no one would have found much fault with him, as this mode of inaccuracy is sanctioned by every day's usage; but he is quite distinct and accurate, and gives you the circumstances which, in his opinion, led to the cognomen afterwards given of "Superbus." The same observations apply to the case of Caius Martius, who, from the taking of Corioli, was afterwards designated Coriolanus; he is not introduced at once "slap dash," under his most distinguished and honourable title, but the statement is made in Livy's usually distinct and accurate manner. *Lib. 2. c. 33.* "Erat tum in castris inter primores juvenum C. Martius, cui cognomen postea Coriolano fuit."

Of the same kidney is the following statement in the 31st chapter of the 5th book: "Creati consules L. Valerius Potitus, M. Manlius, cui Capitolino postea etiam fuit cognomen."

In the history of Lucius Tarquinius, by Dionysius, there is no mention made of the cognomen *Priscus* at all. Tarquin's original coming to Rome, and the changing of his name from Lucumo to "Lucius," is nar-

rated by Dionysius in the following words: "Λευκίον μὲν ἀντὶ Λευκομῶνος ἑαυτῷ τιθεταὶ τοκοῖνον ὄνομα, Τερκυνιον δὲ τὸ συγγενικὸν ἐπὶ τῆς πόλεως ἐν ἡ γενεῖαι; τε καὶ τροφῆς ἐτυχε."

From the above considerations, taken in connection with others which

might be adduced, it is not improbable that some early copier has added the word "Priscus," in the margin, or over the line, which, through the carelessness or stupidity of Editors, has gradually crept into the text.

GAMMA.

## Freedom.

AWAY! away! my gallant steed!

Dash on where'er thy fancy guide;  
Let nought thy lightning course impede,  
Nor rock, nor glen, nor foaming tide:  
Now let her on her minion smile,  
As once she dared to smile on me,  
And let his heart dance light the while,  
But I, my gallant steed, am free!

Dash on! dash on! I love those waves,—

I love this wild and desert shore;  
Those billows have been brave men's graves,

There's music in their hollow roar!  
Ha! once again my soul bounds high,  
New life runs tingling through my veins;

I scorn the glance of that bright eye,  
And trample in the dust her chains.

On! my good Arab, swift as light!

Sweep with the winds across the moor;  
The gloom and gathering clouds of night  
Are bugbears only for the boor;—

Hark! how the thunder rattling plays  
Through that dark lurid sky above;

Ay! this is better than the blaze  
Of banquets, and the tale of love!

Nay, slack not yet thy eager speed,

The world is wide,—and lies before us;

Dash on! dash on! my gallant steed,

See! now the burning sun shines o'er  
us!

Its beams are flashing on my brain,

I feel their scorching, maddening pow'r;

Look there! look there! that face again,

That magic smile, that secret bow'r!

Away! away! she smil'd on *him*;

The bow'r is deck'd, but not for me;

Ho! fill the goblet to the brim,

Let me drink deep, for I am free!

And let her on thy breast recline,

And heave the fond luxurious sigh;

And let her lip be prest to thine,

With laughter in her wanton eye!

There was a time those eyes of blue

On other features lov'd to rest;

There was a time that fair form knew

No other pillow than my breast;

A dream! a dream! she lov'd me not,—

Hearts once enthrall'd what pow'r  
could sever?

Away! my steed, fly swift as thought,

And bear me from her smiles for ever!

H. G. B.

## SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

### No. IV.

THE fourth General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was more regularly constituted than any of those which preceded it. Its proceedings appear to have been conducted with much solemnity and decorum, and have been recorded at considerable length. The roll of those who were present is more fully given in the "Buik of the Universal Kirk" than in Calderwood's large MS.; and as it may serve to illustrate the constitution of the Court, and the state of the Church, it is here set down, from the former source.

"The Convention of the Kirk of

Scotland, gatherit in Edinburgh the penult day of Junij 1562, in the quhilk wer present the Superintendents, Ministers, and Commissioners, after-written.

"Superintendents; Mrs. Johne Spottiswood of Louthiane, Johne Wynrham of Fyfe, Johne Willock of Glasgow, Johne Areskine of Dun of Angus, Johne Carswell of Argyle."

"Ministers and Commissioners; Johne Knox Minister of Edinburgh, James Barrow and Edward Hope Commissioners; James Long, Mr David Lindesay Minister at Leith, Patrick Cockburn and Johne Brown



Commissionars; Mr Johne Craig Minister at Halieruidehouse, John Hart and William Oswald, Commissionars; Williame Harlaw Minister of St. Cuthbert's Kirk, Johne Barroun Minister of Mussilburgh, Mr Thomas Cranstoun Minister at Tranent, Alexander Forrester Minister of Libertoun, Mr George Fuird Minister of Dummanie, Mr David Weymis Minister of Ratho, David Cunningham Minister of Lanerick, James Walker Minister of Steinston, Paul Methven Minister of Jedburgh, Mr George Hay Minister at Eddilstoun, Christopher Gudman Minister at St. Andrew's, Mr George Leslie Minister at Straithmiglow, Richard Melvill Minister at Inchbruock and Marit; Johne Douglas of Pumfrestoun, and Johne Douglas in Howden Commissionars of the Kirk of Calder; the Laird of Spot Commissionar for Dunbar, and diverse in the Merse; James Fleyming Elder and Commissionar of Glasgow, the Laird of Lye Commissionar of Lanerick, the Laird of Barre Commissionar of Kyle, Johne Cathcart of Cariltoun Commissionar of Carrick, Mr Robert Pont Elder and Commissionar of St. Andrew's, Thomas Scott of Hayning Commissionar for Selcraig and Melros."

In this roll, the designation of "Mr" is not indiscriminately employed, but seems to be confined to those who had received an academical degree; and this circumstance may serve to shew, that the charge which has been brought against the first reformed ministers in Scotland, as being, in general, men of no education, is not well founded. The reader will observe, that some of the Ministers are styled Ministers "of," while others are styled "at," their particular parishes or churches. Whether this distinction be accidental or designed, and, if designed, upon what it is founded, does not appear. As only two of the Commissioners are called "Elders," it would seem that this was not then a necessary qualification for becoming a member of the Assembly. Indeed there is some reason to think, that at first it was not, as now, a representative court, but open to all the members of the Church. A roll of those present is very seldom inserted either

in the Buik of the Universal Kirk, or in the MS. Calderwood. But in many of the subsequent Assemblies, mention is made, not only of Superintendents, Ministers, and Commissioners, but also of Barons, Burgesses, and Gentlemen; and in a supplication presented by the Church to the Regent, in 1574, is the following passage: "It is not unknown to your Grace, that, since the time God hath blessed this country with the light of the Evangell, two Godly Assemblies of the whole general kirk of this realme should be ilk year, as well of all the members thereof in all estates, as of the Ministers." But the inconvenience of this mode of meeting was soon felt, and in the Assembly which forms the subject of the present sketch, the attendance of the Ministers was ordained to be limited by the calls of business, and the discretion of the Superintendents. It may be proper, however, to take a regular survey of its proceedings.

The first meeting of this Assembly was held in the house of "Mr Hendrie Law." Who this person was it may now be difficult to discover. Calderwood Large MS. Vol. I. p. 289.) has preserved some very minute and interesting particulars concerning the "first face" of a Church among the Reformers in Edinburgh, and has commemorated some of the most eminent members; but the name of Law does not appear. It is obvious, however, that he must have been a person of reputation and zeal, or his house would not have been thus honoured by the Reformers.

The first Session was opened with prayer, and the Assembly proceeded to lay down a series of regulations for conducting their inquiries into the general state of the Church, and the life and doctrine of its Ministers and members. Trial was first to be had of the Superintendents,—a regulation which, of itself, is sufficient to disturb all the parallels which have been drawn between this class of Ministers and Bishops. Balfour, in his MS. Memoirs, Vol. I., p. 244., says, that, at first, "the Scots were not resolved whether to embrace the Reformation of England, or that of Geneva." But it would be difficult to bring any proofs of their want of

resolution upon this point, from the history of the times. The appointment of Superintendents is always represented, in the First Book of Discipline, as a temporary expedient; and from the very beginning, those who exercised the office were subject to the General Assembly, composed of Presbyters, Elders, and lay Commissioners. If they had felt, or fancied in themselves, any peculiar or episcopal authority, they would never have submitted to such uncanonical handling.

After trial was taken of the Superintendents, the Elders of every particular kirk were to be charged, in God's name, to declare what they knew touching the life and doctrine of their Minister. After the Ministers, the Elders of every kirk were to be tried concerning such things as might be laid to their charge. While the inquiry was going on, the person who was the subject of it, whether Minister or Elder, was to be removed: and in the event of his being convicted of what was alleged against him, he was to have no vote till he satisfied the Assembly. The Superintendents, with the Ministers and Elders within their bounds, were then to declare the general state of the kirks under their inspection, and the offences which they knew to prevail, that measures might be taken accordingly.

In this Session, it was also ordained, "that if Ministers be disobedient to Superintendents, in anie thing belonging to edification, they must be subject to correctione." At the same time, intimation was appointed to be made throughout the whole church, of the order which had now been established for the discipline of all its servants; and all who had any thing to lay to the charge of Superintendents, Ministers, Elders, or Deacons, were required to do so at the next Assembly, to be held in December. Ministers, however, were admonished "not to leave their flocks for coming to the said Assembly, except they have complaints to make, or ellis be complained upon, or at the least be warned thereto be the Superintendent."

In the Second Session of this Assembly, which was held on the last day of June, Alexander Gordon, who

had been Bishop of Galloway, but who now professed the reformed creed, seems to have presented a petition, praying that he might be admitted Superintendent of the district included in his former diocese. The Assembly replied; 1st, That they had no evidence of his being nominated by the people, or presented by the Privy Council to the province of Galloway; and, 2d, That although he might have a presentation from the Council, he had not observed the order laid down for the election of Superintendents, and could not therefore be acknowledged by them at present. They promised him their aid, however, if the kirks of Galloway should hereafter solicit, and the Lords of Council present him to the office. In the meantime, he was required to subscribe the Book of Discipline, and letters were sent to the kirks of Galloway to learn their opinion and wishes in the matter. It would appear that some of the more zealous Reformers were doubtful of the sincerity of Gordon's professions, and ascribed them to a wish to preserve the fruits of his benefice, more than to any concern for the interest of the church; and that they would rather have had some person whose principles were more decided to watch over that district. In a visit which he made to that part of the country soon after the rising of this Assembly, Knox carried with him Mr Robert Pont, and left him in the house of the Master of Maxwell; with a view, it has been thought, to his being proposed as Superintendent of Galloway. But the piety and learning of Pont were not duly appreciated by the people of that district, who continued long subject to the superstitions of popery. In the following Assembly, indeed, he was put upon the leet for the office. But Gordon was appointed, with the power of a Commissioner, to admit Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers, and "to do such other things, as war before accustomed in planting of kirks."

In this Session the Assembly renewed their injunctions upon Ministers to be "subject to the Superintendents in all lawful admonitions." It was also enacted, that all Ministers regularly admitted to their Kirks shall remain, unless they can be



proved criminal in life or doctrine. But such as have been serving without a formal admission, may be received or refused by their respective Kirks, as they can shew cause. And the trial of those who have not been already examined was appointed to be in the presence of the Superintendent, and the best-reformed kirk within the bounds. To these regulations, tending so manifestly to establish the independence and respectability of the Ministers, was added an injunction, that Superintendents, at the time of their visitation, "tak' accempt what bookes the Ministers have in store, and how they doe profite from time to time in reiding and studying the samen."

The only other business transacted in this Session, was the taking order with some charges which had been brought against particular Ministers.

In the Third Session, which was held on the first day of July, it was ordained, that Elders refusing to assist Ministers in correcting offences, should, after admonition, be excommunicated, and that Magistrates professing the reformed faith should be dealt with in the same manner. It was also concluded, that, in future, no Minister should be admitted without nomination of the people, and due examination and induction by the Superintendent. Those who had been otherwise "intruded" since 1558, were to make supplication for their provision according to the regulations laid down in the former Session. Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers, having complained of the smallness of their stipends, it was ordered, that, before the end of September, they should give in to their respective Superintendents their particular cases, specifying the amount of their stipend, and assigning the reasons of its insufficiency, that supplication for suitable aid may be made to the Queen and Council. In the mean time, it was agreed, that as the stipends of the Ministers were in many cases not paid, from the Queen having granted remission of the thirds due from those who possessed benefices, a supplication should immediately be presented to her Highness upon this point, and also for providing stipends to the Ministers

of burghs where the thirds were insufficient. The restoration of manse and glebes to the Ministers, the reparation of decayed kirks, and some provision for maintaining schools in every parish, and for supporting the poor, were points upon which it was also agreed to make supplication.

The Fourth Session, which was held on the second day of July, was devoted to arrangements for a more regular and extensive dispensation of the word and sacraments. Mr John Scharp, who (according to Knox, p. 311,) had left the ministry for some more profitable vocation, was charged to return to the sacred office. In compliance with the request of the Town Council, it was ordained, that Mr John Craig, at this time Minister at Holyroodhouse, should be associated with Knox in the Ministry of Edinburgh. Several Popish priests had come over in the retinue of the Queen, and, since her arrival, the service of the mass had been regularly performed in the chapel. Under such circumstances, the labours of Craig were not likely to be either acceptable or useful. On the other hand, the duty of preaching three times during the week, and twice on Sunday, was too much for the declining years of Knox, who, by his previous exertions, had merited every expression of respect and gratitude. Some delay seems to have taken place, from want of sufficient funds; but the measure was soon after accomplished, and Craig officiated as colleague to Knox for nine years. The rest of this Fourth Session was occupied in appointing Ministers to preach in those districts where kirks were not yet planted.

The transactions of the Fifth Session are briefly recorded, both in Calderwood and the Buik of the Universal Kirk, as follows: "David Forrest was requested to take on the Ministrie; Mr Johne Scharp and Robert Wilson war ordained to serve in such kirks as the Assemblie sould appoint in the next Session."

In the next Session, it was agreed that Mr John Scharp should serve in any kirk which the Superintendent of Lothian might appoint. No farther mention is made of Wilson's case; but an answer, which had been



given in by Forrest, was referred to the Superintendeht of Lothian and the kirk of Edinburgh. In describing the infant church of the Reformers, in 1558, Calderwood makes mention of one David Forrest, who, with Erskine of Dun, and others, sometimes exhorted the congregation. This is probably the person referred to above; but whether he was unwilling to accept the higher office of the Ministry, or what was his answer to the Assembly, does not appear. In this last session, John Douglas of Pumfrestone, in the name of the kirk of Calder, complained, that since their Minister had been made Superintendent of Lothian, the word was not regularly preached to them; and desired, that either the said Superintendent should be restored to them, or some other qualified Minister appointed. The Assembly admitted the reasonableness of the request, but added, that in the present scarcity of Ministers, the general advantage of the church could not be sacrificed to that of a single parish.

"Being informed that Mr David Spence gave Institution, be vertue of the Pope's Bulles, to Mr Robert Auchinmoutie of the Prebendrie of Russell, the 22d of June last bypast, the Assemblie ordained, that the Superintendents of Fyfe and Lowthian take order respective with the forsaid persons, and to informe the Justice-Clerk to call them to particular dietts, for breaking of the Quein's acts, if they find the mater cleerlie tried; and that the Superintendent of Lothian signifie the mater to the Duke." In the Parliament 1560, it was ordained, that the "Bishope of Rome, called the Pape, have no jurisdiction nor authoritie within this realme in any time coming;" and all were discharged from desiring or holding title or office from him, under pain of barratry: so that the transaction referred to above was obviously illegal;—and as the Ministers at this

time were under strong apprehensions of the re-establishment of Popery, they could not have passed it over. When they next proceeded to consider the general state of the country and the church, it was concluded, that Supplication should be made to the Queen for removing idolatry and suppressing vice. It was also agreed, that suit should be made to the Justice-Clerk, that order may be taken with those who are disobedient to Superintendents, and to the Privy Council for assistance and support to the visitors of Aberdeen and Banff. With regard to questions of divorce, it was agreed, that the decision of them should either be transferred to the kirk, or that persons of reputation and judgment should be established for the purpose.

The form of the Supplication to the Queen and Council was drawn up by Knox, and is inserted in his History, p. 311. In addition to the points specially mentioned above, it contains very earnest pleadings for stipends to the Ministers, and for provision to the poor. Calderwood says, that this draught of the Supplication was read in the Assembly, and generally approved of. He even adds, that some of the Members wished that "more sharpness had been used." But Lethington and the Court-party regarded it as, in many particulars, harsh and uncalled for. He ridiculed the fear of Popery being again introduced,—a fear which this Supplication very strongly expressed,—and prevailed so far, that he was permitted to draw up another form of the Supplication, with the understanding that he should retain the substance.

"And swa dissolves this Assemblie, and appoint it to convene agane the 25th of December nixt te cum, in Edinburgh.

"Sic subscribitur,

"JOHNE GRAY."

## THE TALES OF A TRAVELLER. BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

It is always a disagreeable task to tell an old friend that you are not pleased with him,—and it is peculiarly embarrassing when you are conscious that the ground of complaint consists, less of any tangible offence, than of a crowd of petty grievances and microscopic vexations, each of them very insignificant in itself, but altogether amounting to a pretty formidable quantum of annoyance. Now, this is exactly the situation in which we stand with our old friend Geoffrey Crayon. Here is a new work, by the author of the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, and one precisely similar in kind; possessing, to a certain extent, every characteristic of those beautiful works, and yet so evidently inferior in degree—so much less delicate and refined in its humorous parts—so much less touching in the pathetic (by-the-bye, there is little of the latter)—so nearly approaching to common-place, in some of its remarks on life and manners, and to prosing in the conduct of some of its tales, that we feel occasionally inclined to ask ourselves, whether we are not perusing a successful imitation of the author's style, rather than an original work? In one point only does it appear to us that the *Tales of a Traveller* are equal to their predecessors, and that is, the peculiar elegance of style, and happy quaintness of verbal expression in subjects of a comic cast, which are so characteristic of Mr Irving's writings. These the present work possesses in perfection, but in almost every other point we feel conscious, sometimes without being able to assign any good reason for the feeling, of a deficiency—of a certain coldness and constraint—of an inartificial and languid tone in the longer tales, and an abruptness and want of point in some of the shorter, for which we were not altogether prepared. In particular, the more lengthy and elaborate tales in the present work, such as the story of the Young Italian, and the Narrative of Buckthorne, are extremely deficient in interest; and the denouement of the first is so obviously inadequate to account for the consequences it is supposed to produce, that the reader immediately thinks of the awkward windings up and lame explanations of Mrs Radcliff's romances. In Buckthorne, again, where the author has obviously ventured *ultra crepidam*, in an attempt to exhibit some varied and enlarged views of life, the same want of sequence in the incidents, with a good deal of feebleness in the execution, is visible. Invention, in fact, seems to be the quality in which he is most deficient. Give him the most insignificant legend, and he contrives to throw over it a wonderful interest, by that tone of quiet, subdued humour, and that admirable command of corresponding language, which he possesses; but the creation of the incidents of a Tale, and indeed any prolonged or continuous painting of character, seem to be beyond his powers. His characters, like his jokes, disclose themselves only in hints and insinuations; and his Tales seem rather to consist of a number of lively or graceful descriptions, than of a series of scenes bearing on any definite or preconceived end. But—*trève de critique*; it is time our readers should see what they have to expect.

The work is divided into four parts, entitled, Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman—Buckthorne and his Friends—The Italian Banditti—and the Money-Diggers. Each of these parts serves as the frame-work for several narratives; and of the four, the first, which consists principally of serio-comic ghost stories, and the last consisting of some Dutch legends, relating to the subject of hidden treasure, are decidedly the best. The Nervous Gentleman's Tales are preceded by an extremely well-written Introduction, abounding with delicate humour, and happy sketches of a convivial party assembled at the seat of an old fox-hunting Baronet in the country. Indeed the author has a trick of wasting his powers on his Introductions, to the manifest injury and damage of the Tales, to which they serve as a Preface; just as we have sometimes seen an unlucky urchin, in preparing for a joicing day, blow away his whole magazine of combus-

tibles in preliminary explosions, before the important moment when they were to be made use of. Of the legends which follow, the *Irishman's Tale* is a very fair specimen.

## The Bold Dragoon,

OR,

### *The Adventures of my Grandfather.*

My grandfather was a bold Dragoon, for it's a profession, d'y'e see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been Dragoons, and died on the field of honour, except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vain-glorious.—Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold Dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army which, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders. He could swear a good stick himself; and, moreover, was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch-water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service, or, according to his own phrase, he had seen the devil—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark from Ostend—bad luck to the place!—for one where I was kept by storms and head-winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards night-fall, he rode jollily into Bruges.—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen; a queer, old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day.—Well, gentlemen, it was at the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along, for goods, wares, and merchandizes, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy sun-shiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable-ends to the street, and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the yafrows who showed their faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part; for though he did not know a word of the language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded, every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old rackety inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds, and as many garrets one over the other as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace standing like ghosts on the chimney top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day, for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet, only it is turned into a brewery of strong Flemish beer,—at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not have altogether struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing Dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man,



in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man, and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of Geneva, from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other; and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him; and the hostess's daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side-window.

"Humph!" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Der duyvel!" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw, with the quick glance of a publican, that the new guest was not at all, at all to the taste of the old ones; and, to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head. "Not a garret in the house but was full."

"Not a garret!" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret!" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp, and the little distiller of Schiedam, continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyeing the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his head on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, "Faith and troth!" said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night."—As he said this, he gave a slap on his thigh, by way of emphasis—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers, into the public-room—May be you've been in the bar-room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see; with a brick floor, and a great fire-place, with the whole Bible history in glazed tiles; and then the mantel-piece, pitching itself head-foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked teapots and earthen jugs paraded on it; not to mention half-a-dozen great Delft platters, hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid aside of it, with a red calico cap and yellow ear-drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room—"Faith this is the very house I've been looking after," said he.

There was some further show of resistance on the part of the garrison; but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarneyed the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin: and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold Dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had been for some time shut up.

"Some say it's haunted," whispered the landlord's daughter; "but you are a bold Dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The devil a bit!" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek. "But if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling."

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house, swaggering all over it; into the stable to look after his horse, into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen, drank with the Germans, slapped the landlord on the shoulder, romped with his daughter and the bar-maid:—never since the days of Alley Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he swaggered along the corridor, with his sword trailing by his side, the maids looked after him, and whispered to one another, "What a proper man!"

At supper, my grandfather took command of the table-d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped every body, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burger of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth;

but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking, and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters up a large staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fish, and fruit, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly Burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture, where every thing diseased or disabled was sent to nurse or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might be taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike. Such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms, and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marbles with curiously-carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at nine-pins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and, having undressed himself, placed his light in the fire-place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney-corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep, for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house-maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay melting, between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little time it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in a fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, except the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers, who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bullfrogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman, inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman. "But, be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith, there's no standing this any longer," says he. So he jumped out of bed, and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentleman. "Why, to cool himself, to be sure—or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—But no matter what he went for—he never mentioned—and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when, just as he reached the door, he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within, enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire, he saw a pale, weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown, and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd, and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind-instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion, with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully

fully up to an easy-chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees, the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs, paired off in couples, and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music, being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O'Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon two handles to lead her out:—when—whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel, slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him, in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor, with the clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

"Then, after all, this was a mere dream!" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"The devil a bit of a dream!" replied the Irishman. "There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle, to inquire the cause, but, with all his haste, his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chamber-maids, all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first laid hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold Dragon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. 'There was no contesting such evidence, particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word, either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler, who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chamber-maids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room; and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"That's more than I can tell. Where he passed the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make blunders in his travels about inns at night, which it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning."

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep?" said the knowing old gentleman.

"Never, that I heard of."

After an evening spent in the narration of these marvellous stories, the party retire to bed. The landlord, in answer to a question, whether he could not accommodate any of his guests with a haunted chamber? informs them that he has such a thing in the house, but that none of them should know which had got the haunted apartment until circumstances should reveal it. The nervous gentleman falls asleep in his chair, while staring into the fire, and has a fit of the night-mare. Nothing can be more exquisite than the description of his torment, and the state of fretfulness and restless-



ness in which it leaves him ; the whole, in fact, is so graphical, that we fear our unfortunate friend Geoffrey is himself an occasional sufferer from the nocturnal visits of Ephialtes.

We now separated for the night, and each went to his allotted room. Mine was in one wing of the building, and I could not but smile at the resemblance in style to those eventful apartments described in the tales of the supper-table. It was spacious and gloomy, decorated with lamp-black portraits; a bed of ancient damask, with a tester sufficiently lofty to grace a couch of state, and a number of massive pieces of old-fashioned furniture. I drew a great claw-footed arm-chair before the wide fire-place; stirred up the fire; sat looking into it, and musing upon the odd stories I had heard, until, partly overcome by the fatigue of the day's hunting, and partly by the wine and wassail of mine host, I fell asleep in my chair.

The uneasiness of my position made my slumber troubled, and laid me at the mercy of all kinds of wild and fearful dreams. Now it was that my perfidious dinner and supper rose in rebellion against my peace. I was hag-ridden by a fat saddle of mutton; a plum-pudding weighed like lead upon my conscience; the merry-thought of a capon filled me with horrible suggestions; and a deviled-leg of a turkey stalked in all kinds of diabolical shapes through my imagination. In short, I had a violent fit of the night-mare. Some strange indefinite evil seemed hanging over me, that I could not avert; something terrible and loathsome oppressed me that I could not shake off. I was conscious of being asleep, and strove to rouse myself, but every effort redoubled the evil; until gasping, struggling, almost strangling, I suddenly sprang bolt up-right in my chair, and awoke.

The light on the mantel-piece had burnt low, and the wick was divided; there was a great winding-sheet made by the dripping wax, on the side towards me. The disordered taper emitted a broad flaring flame, and threw a strong light on a painting over the fire-place, which I had not hitherto observed. It consisted merely of a head, or rather a face, that appeared to be staring full upon me, and with an expression that was startling. It was without a frame, and at the first glance I could hardly persuade myself that it was not a real face thrusting itself out of the dark oaken panel. I sat in my chair gazing at it, and the more I gazed the more it disquieted me. I had never before been affected in the same way by any painting. The emotions it caused were strange and indefinite. They were something like what I have heard ascribed to the eyes of the basilisk, or like that mysterious influence in reptiles, termed fascination. I passed my hand over my eyes several times, as if seeking instinctively to brush away the illusion—in vain. They instantly reverted to the picture, and its chilling, creeping influence over my flesh and blood was redoubled. I looked round the room on other pictures, either to divert my attention, or to see whether the same effect would be produced by them. Some of them were grim enough to produce the effect, if the mere grimness of the painting produced it.—No such thing—my eye passed over them all with perfect indifference, but the moment it reverted to this visage over the fire-place, it was as if an electric shock darted through me. The other pictures were dim and faded, but this one protruded from a plain black ground in the strongest relief, and with wonderful truth of colouring. The expression was that of agony—the agony of intense bodily pain; but a menace scowled upon the brow, and a few sprinklings of blood added to its ghastliness. Yet it was not all these characteristics; it was some horror of the mind, some inscrutable antipathy awakened by this picture, which harrowed up my feelings.

I tried to persuade myself that this was chimerical,—that my brain was confused by the fumes of mine host's good cheer, and in some measure by the old stories about paintings which had been told at supper. I determined to shake off these vapours of the mind; rose from my chair; walked about the room; snapped my fingers; rallied myself; laughed aloud.—It was a forced laugh, and the echo of it in the old chamber jarred upon my ear. I walked to the window, and tried to discern the landscape through the glass. It was pitch darkness, and howling storm without; and as I heard the wind moan among the trees, I caught a reflection of this accursed visage in the pane of glass, as though it were staring through the window at me. Even the reflection of it was thrilling.

How was this vile nervous fit, for such I now persuaded myself it was, to be conquered? I determined to force myself not to look at the painting, but to undress quickly and get into bed. I began to undress, but in spite of every effort, I could not keep myself from stealing a glance every now and then at the picture; and a glance was now sufficient to distress me. Even when my back was turned to it, the idea of this strange face behind me, peeping over my shoulder, was insupportable.

I threw off my clothes and hurried into bed, but still this visage gazed upon me. I had a full view of it from my bed, and for some time could not take my eyes from it. I had grown nervous to a dismal degree. I put out the light, and tried to force myself to sleep—all in vain. The fire gleaming up a little, threw an uncertain light about the room, leaving, however, the region of the picture in deep shadow. What, thought I, if this be the chamber about which mine host spoke as having a mystery reigning over it? I had taken his words merely as spoken in jest; might they have a real import? I looked around. The faintly-lighted apartment had all the qualifications requisite for a haunted chamber. It began, in my infected imagination, to assume strange appearances,—the old portraits turned paler and paler, and blacker and blacker; the streaks of light and shadow thrown among the quaint articles of furniture gave them more singular shapes and characters. There was a huge dark clothespress of antique form, gorgeous in brass, and lustrous with wax, that began to grow oppressive to me.

"Am I then," thought I, "indeed the hero of the haunted room? Is there really a spell laid upon me, or is this all some contrivance of mine host to raise a laugh at my expense?" The idea of being hag-ridden by my own fancy all night, and then bantered on my haggard looks the next day, was intolerable; but the very idea was sufficient to produce the effect, and to render me still more nervous. "Pish," said I, "it can be no such thing. How could my worthy host imagine that I, or any man, would be so worried by a mere picture? It is my own diseased imagination that torments me."

I turned in bed, and shifted from side to side, to try to fall asleep, but all in vain; when one cannot get asleep by lying quiet, it is seldom that tossing about will effect the purpose. The fire gradually went out, and left the room in darkness. Still I had the idea of that inexplicable countenance gazing and keeping watch upon me through the gloom,—nay, what was worse, the very darkness seemed to magnify its terrors. It was like having an unseen enemy hanging about one in the night. Instead of having one picture now to worry me, I had a hundred. I fancied it in every direction,—“And there it is,” thought I, “and there! and there! with its horrible and mysterious expressions still gazing and gazing on me! No, if I must suffer this strange and dismal influence, it were better face a single foe than thus be haunted by a thousand images of it.”

Whoever has been in a state of nervous agitation must know, that the longer it continues the more uncontrollable it grows. The very air of the chamber seemed at length infected by the baleful presence of this picture. I fancied it hovering over me. I almost felt the fearful visage from the wall approaching my face—it seemed breathing upon me. “This is not to be borne,” said I, at length, springing out of bed: “I can stand this no longer,—I shall only tumble and toss about here all night; make a very spectre of myself, and become the hero of the haunted chamber in good earnest. Whatever be the ill consequence, I’ll quit this cursed room, and seek a night’s rest elsewhere,—they can but laugh at me, at all events, and they’ll be sure to have the laugh upon me if I pass a sleepless night, and show them a haggard and wo-begone visage in the morning.”

All this was half-muttered to myself, as I hastily slipped on my clothes, which having done, I groped my way out of the room, and down stairs to the drawing-room. Here, after tumbling over two or three pieces of furniture, I made out to reach a sofa, and stretching myself upon it, determined to bivouac there for the night. The moment I found myself out of the neighbourhood of that strange picture, it seemed as if the charm were broken. All its influence was at an end. I felt assured that it was confined to its own dreary chamber, for I had, with a sort of instinctive caution, turned the key when I closed the door. I soon calmed down, therefore, into a state of tranquillity; from that into a drowsiness, and, finally, into a deep sleep; out of which I did not awake until the housemaid, with her besom and her matten song, came to put the room in order. She started at finding me stretched upon the sofa, but I presume circumstances of the kind were not uncommon after hunting-dinners in her master’s bachelor establishment, for she went on with her song and her work, and took no further heed of me.

The mystery of the picture is explained (very lamely, we think) in the story of the young Italian.

The second series of these tales consists principally of sketches connected with literary life in London; and considering the author’s extensive acquaintance with “that many headed-beast, the Town,” we confess we think he might have turned his knowledge to more account. Here, again, the



introductory part—a bookseller's dinner—is the most spirited, and the descriptions of the laughing partner, and the carving partner, will probably occasion some amusement in the Row. On the whole, however, this series of tales is flat, and unsuited to the genius of the author.

Nor do we much admire the Italian Banditti. The anecdotes from which the tales have been expanded are already familiar to the public, many of them being to be found in the Annual Register for 1821 and 1822, and in Maria Graham's *Three Months in the Mountains near Rome*. There is a want of variety about them; and, except in the *Painter's Adventure*, little that is calculated to excite any interest. We therefore gladly escape to the fourth series,—the *Money-Diggers*,—Extracts from the Papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the historian of New York, where the author regains something of the freshness and brilliancy of former times. In fact, he seems to move with a more firm and confident step the instant he approaches Mannahatta, and seems never to feel himself so much at home as amidst the sleepy tranquillity of the old Dutch cities, conjuring up visions of departed Burgomasters and Fraus,—indulging in endless jokes on pipes and pantaloons,—sketching those rude and magnificent scenes which form such a *piquant* contrast to the stiffness and listlessness of their inhabitants,—or colouring with his own inimitable ironical playfulness the wild traditions which linger in those lonely recesses. Tales of pirates, and hidden treasure, form the subject of the present series:—and as we dislike the system of mutilating a story by short extracts, we shall quote nearly the whole of the legend entitled the Devil and Tom Walker. Tom is a miser, and has the misfortune to be married to a termagant as avaricious as himself.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighbourhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards, through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighbourhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black, smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake; where the trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious foot-holds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild-duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strong holds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort, which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the old Indian fort but a few embankments, gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused, therefore, awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and, lo! a cloven scull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foot-hold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the scull a kick, to shake the dirt from it.



"Let that scull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude half-Indian garb, and had a red belt, or sash, swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper-colour, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds!" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins, and less to those of his neighbours. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked round, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of fire-wood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the wild huntsman in some countries; the black miner in others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the name of the black woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honour of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists: I am the great patron and prompter of slave-dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Old Scratch endeavours to drive a bargain with Tom for the discovery of a large treasure concealed by the pirates,—on the usual conditions; but Tom, who has taken some time to consult on the subject, declines the offer, principally because his wife urges him to comply with it. The lady then sets out to conclude an arrangement for herself, taking with her silver spoons,—and never returns.

Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The biter alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by, or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighbouring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot, and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamour of carrion crows, that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked up, and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy; for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavour to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming, into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check-apron, but, woeful sight ! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it !

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband ; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however ; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and found handfuls of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders, as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it !"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property, with the loss of his wife, for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodman, who, he considered, had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success : the old black-legs played shy, for, whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for : he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening, in his usual woodman's dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advances with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favours ; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic ; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave-ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused : he was bad enough in all conscience ; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead, that he should turn usurer ; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent. a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four !" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy—"

"I'll drive him to the d—l," cried Tom Walker, eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money !" said the black-legs, with delight. "When will you want the rhino ?"

"This very night."

"Done !" said the devil.

"Done !" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands, and struck a bargain.

Tom becomes usurer accordingly,—grows immensely rich ; and at last, having rendered himself independent of this world, begins to think how he may contrive to cheat the black-legs with regard to the next. He becomes a violent church-goer,—prays in the corners of the streets,—and talks of putting down Quakers and Anabaptists.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business. On such occasions he would lay his green spectacles in the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that fancying

his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed, that, at the last day, the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined, at the worst, to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable.

If he really did take such a precaution, it was totally superfluous; at least, so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner:

On one hot afternoon, in the dog-days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house, in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land-speculator, for whom he had professed the greatest friendship.

The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined, and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home," replied Tom. "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me!" said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety.

"The d—l take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing."

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street-door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat-pocket, and his big Bible on the desk, buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child into the saddle, gave the horse a lash, and away he galloped, with Tom on his back, in the midst of the thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears, and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his stick striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man, he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the border of the swamp, reported, that in the height of the thunder-gust, he had heard a great clattering of hoofs, and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window, he just caught sight of a figure such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamp, towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunderbolt fell in that direction, which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders; but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kind of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects: There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses; and the very next day his great house took fire, and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all gripping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighbouring swamp, and old Indian fort, are often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in morning-gown and white cap, which is, doubtless, the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, so prevalent throughout New England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

The other tale, Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams, contains some capital portraits, and some interesting scenes, but rather lags on the whole. Still, however, it could not have been written by an ordinary hand.

On the whole, we suspect the book is not likely to make a strong impression, nor altogether to sustain that high character which the author has already attained. Its chief fault, we think, arises from the adoption of certain classes of subjects, unsuited to the powers of the author; since, when



he resumes his more peculiar walk, he manifests in a great measure his former powers. In one point, we have been both surprised and disappointed. We cannot conceive how, in the course of his German tour, he could have overlooked the multitude of popular legends and fantastic stories connected with every part of Germany, and which are evidently so susceptible of comic effect, and so congenial to his talent. We hope, that, like the gentleman with the haunted head, he has only given us the result of one-half of his tour, and that he has still a large magazine of wonders in reserve.

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ESTIMATE OF "CLASSICAL LEARNING," WITH A VIEW TOWARDS A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS, AND OF EDUCATION THEREIN. IN LETTERS FROM A PLAIN MAN TO THE EDITOR.

### Letter I.

SIR,

YOUR readers will discover in me an old acquaintance, and one, too, who comes forward occasionally, as he trusts, for their good: I am to my countrymen what the old-fashioned *brownie* was to those Highland families to which he took a liking, for, on important emergencies, he made his appearance always to their advantage. Besides, as he frequently changed his shape, and showed himself in different places, so do I; for, in your Magazine, I treated to them of the improvement of our *Scotch Judicatories*, and the noted *Entail* case of Agnew of Seuchan: before that, in the New Edinburgh Review, I illustrated to them the *Scotch Poor Laws*, and the state and future prospects of the *Landed Interest*; and at still a remoter period, in the year 1816, under the signature which I have written below, I addressed them in a series of letters on the then important subjects of *Corn and Money*, which, being copied from one Newspaper into another, found their way into almost all the Journals of Scotland.

In those letters, Sir, I mentioned what I am; but as most people are apt to forget their friends, especially if they have been obliged to them, I must recall my history a little to their remembrance. Like the greatest part of boys about Edinburgh, in the middling ranks of life, I was an *alumnus* of the *High School* of your city. My first four years were passed there under the tuition of the stern, but accurate Cruickshanks, from whose *tawse* Latin "nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions," passed into my aching and unfortunate fin-

gers, just as the electrical fluid does into the body of a patient submitting to the working of the machine; and I can tell you, too, they did so with as smart sensation. "In the course of the rolls," as a writer would say, I came under the charge of Rector Adam. His merits, both as a classic and disciplinarian, are too well known to need comment; but to the last of these I can bear ample testimony, for I have frequently been made by him to ride the strong-backed *cuddy*, and undergo the ameliorating operation of *cocking*.

Oh, ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,  
I pray ye *flog them* upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.

So sang Lord Byron, in an after day. But in due time I escaped from such nurture, and came to play ball in the College, instead of the High-School-Yards; yet I neglected not my studies, for, under our excellent Latin Professor Hill, I read portions of Livy, Horace, and Virgil, and the famous 10th Satire of the 4th Book of Juvenal—*Omnibus in terris*, &c. I could give you the whole of it, Sir, would it not fatigue your readers, but I shall spare them. We were, besides, well instructed in the niceties of synonymes, and heard also from the chair many delightful puns and jokes, most of which we recollected better than the graver disquisitions we got on Roman Antiquities; so necessary is it, or at least proper, to join the *utile* with the *dulce*. With our able Greek Professor, Dal-

zell, I began with alpha, beta, gamma, &c.—went through the grammar, and a few chapters of John,—listened to the song of Anacreon, whose lyre would sound nothing but love—a most important lay to a youth of fourteen or fifteen,—got acquainted with Chryseis and Briseis, in the First Book of the *Iliad*,—and became quite satisfied that Achilles was the greatest hero, Agamemnon the greatest general, and Homer the greatest poet that ever existed; and all of them far superior to what degenerated human nature can possibly produce in these puny modern times.

These, Sir, were the bounds of my classical instruction. But I threw not my learning at my heels, as many do, when no longer subject to the *ferula*, or under the regulations of the hen-class: for what was so well driven into my tail, has never escaped from my head; and I have kept up my acquaintance with the ancients and their languages more than almost any man does who has bustled so much in the world as you will see in the sequel that I have done. I have been anxious to tell you these things, for, had they been otherwise, there would have been not a little presumption in my now addressing you on this topic. So far as to my bookish education—my knowledge of accounts I got from my worthy writing-master Allan Masterton, whose name will never die, as it stands in the imperishable verses of my old friend Burns; he having been one of the social three who joined in drinking the brewing of Willy Nicol's peck o' maut. That information, however, was but very limited; it being then generally the idea, that the knowledge of the *quantity* of a few Latin words, or the translation of a few ancient verses, which would likely be never recited more, was far more important to a lad setting out in the modern world, than *Practice*, *Tare and Tret*, and the science of *Double Entry*. This notable fancy was founded on the *dictum* of an eminent pedagogue who wielded the split-leather-thong in the town of Dunse for forty years, and who was wont to say, with not a little self-gratulation on his own success,—“As for a young fellow, rot him, (which was a favourite phrase of

the old gentleman's) cram him well with Latin and Greek, and pack him off to the West Indies, and there will be no fear of him.”

Before coming to Edinburgh, I had been taught *penna, regnum*, and even *amo*, in that place. My father was a friend of this schoolmaster; and it was on his maxim, though reared, as I afterwards was, in the great city, that I was educated in the manner I have described, and sent off to Jamaica to reap the fruits of my pursuits. On my arrival there, I was appointed a *book-keeper*; and I began to fear that my friends had mistaken the matter a little, for it did seem to me that less Latin, and more of debtor and creditor, might have been better for me. There appeared, however, no help for it then; but I still hoped, like Gil Blas, when he rode his uncle's mule to Madrid, that I would bring my Latin and Greek to good account. You have probably heard, Sir, of a *scramble* in the West Indies,—something like what boys occasionally make when they come huzzaing out of durance vile, after the hour of dismissal has struck; but the West-India one was a far more serious thing. Importation of negroes into our colonies is now over, but it was not so then; and when a cargo of living human flesh was brought in by our traders, we white men scrambled, as we called it, to lay hold of and buy it. We rushed all at the same time on the poor creatures, who were generally in the utmost terror, for they had no doubt but we were to devour them alive; such having been the fate which their insidious native priests in their own country had told them awaited them. Now, I being a stout young fellow, my master permitted me to try my hand at one of those marts, and part of my purchase I found to be a male and a female negro from the northern part of Africa. “’Tis all well,” thought I. “The Hellenes and the Pelasgi, the original Grecian tribes, came from thereabouts, and in all probability these people can speak *Greek*.” I therefore addressed the girl, (and a smart young huzzy she was,) out of the Anacreon, with *thelo, thelo phelesai*; but gallant though my speech was, she stared at me in perfect ignorance. To the



negro fellow I spoke from my acquaintance, the First Book of Homer, but soon found, not a little to my surprise, that he knew nothing of the matter. Again it occurred to me—*Of what use is all my Greek to me?*—I then gave him a touch of Latin, quoting extensively from Terence, because he was an African, and had been a slave; but they answered me with their own gibberish, which I began gravely to suspect was just as good as my own.

But to proceed with my narrative. Strange is the perversion of language! The term *book-keeper*, which designated my office, does not, in the colonies, mean, as one would suppose, a person who keeps books, but one who drives negroes. With a long whip, I often conjugated the Greek verb *tupto* over the back and shoulders of poor blacky,—a practice which, I am happy to learn, is greatly diminished now; for that harshness which so frequently existed towards the slaves is very much over. As we gentlemen of the lash, however, were not then under such salutary restraint, I was resolved that my education should not be altogether thrown away; besides, I recollected the excellent lessons of flogging, which, to my cost, I had received in my youth, though I could not practise it in the same manner as I was wont to see it done, having no such aid as our Rector had from the patient and excellent *cuddy*.

It is needless here to recite all my plantation life. Suffice it to say, that I thrived like a green-bay tree planted by a river—made much sugar—realized my property—and came home, undevoured by musquitoes, and in tolerably good health, notwithstanding all my broiling. My fortune, however, was moderate, but I was *contentus parvo*, (you see, Sir, I have not forgot all my Latin even yet.) I bought a neat house and garden in my native village, and married a wife, an honest man's daughter in the neighbourhood, by whom I have two sons, Jock and Tom, whom, as Roderick Random said of his family, I devoutly believe to be my own. My days are spent in walking about, and reading a little, and my evenings frequently in playing a hit at backgammon, or a rubber at whist, with

a few good-natured, social neighbours, who are well pleased to come in to me, as we generally have a welsh rabbit, and a jug or two of warm toddy, made from some of the best rum that ever came from the West Indies, and which I had caused to be manufactured for my own use. Sir, should you happen to come our way, we will be most happy to see you, and you shall taste it.

In my former letters, I mentioned a little club which we have. It consists of the minister, the school-master, the exciseman, the doctor, and an extensive farmer or two, living within a mile; and gash, sensible fellows they are, for being self-educated, they have more knowledge than learning. We have also two other persons, one of whom was a merchant, and the other an advocate; but who having passed through the warfare of life, have now hung up their armour, and retired. We meet at the sign of the *Harrow*, in honour of agriculture; and patriotically moisten our clay with ale and whisky-punch for the good of the revenue, unless when I occasionally present the party with a few gallons of my excellent Jamaica.

The subjects of our cracks, Sir, are all the current topics of the day, to which we are led by our daily perusal of the newspapers, and of your Magazine; and frequently we have sent to us any of the new pamphlets which seem the most interesting. Among these, we have found "A Letter to the Patrons of the High School, and the Inhabitants of Edinburgh, on the Abuse of Classical Education; and on the Formation of a National School, adapted to the spirit of the age, the wants of Scotchmen, and the fair claims of other branches of education; by Peter Reid, M.D." That Letter, with all that we see going forward on the subject, has made these matters very much our topic of late, and sundry most important questions on it have been started amongst us; as, 1<sup>st</sup>, What is the precise value and worth of classical learning as we have it? 2<sup>d</sup>, While three-score-and-ten, or, at most, four-score years, do "*sum up*" the life of man, (though by far the greatest part of the human race tumble through the trap-door long ere they reach such ad-



vanced age,)—is it not preposterous to spend no less than seven or eight of these few fleeting years of the lives of our fine boys, in hammering, or rather thrashing into them a knowledge (and that a very imperfect one) of a dead language or two? 3dly, Suppose that such knowledge is worth the having, is it not possible to communicate it to our youngsters in a far shorter time? Sir, every thing else has increased in rapidity; and we ask, why should not this do so too? You can now reach Glasgow, from Edinburgh, in five hours, instead of a whole livelong day. You steam it now from Leith to London in two days, instead of sailing it in twenty, which was the custom forty or fifty years ago. As to the land journey there, the terms of the old song of *Igo and Ago* are now verified, for “to go to London’s but a walk,” it being a very different kind of expedition indeed, by the

daily mail, from one by the lumbering coach and six, which of old was only occasionally dragged to the metropolis in several weeks’ travel, by the same set of horses, from some hostelry or change-house in the Grassmarket, at which it was always advertised, that Mr John, or Mr Thomas Such-a-thing the coachman might be talked with. Now, while all these things are so, we inquire, why is the classical *curriculum* the only machine which now-a-days travels slowly? Sir, all these questions we have discussed; and on setting out, it was my intention to have told you our reasonings on them both *pro* and *con*, and to have tried my hand on a review of Dr Reid’s pamphlet; but my room is out, and I must delay them till a future letter. I am, in the meantime,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A PLAIN MAN.

## Walks in Edinburgh.

BY DICK PEPPERMINT.

### Walk III.

God made the country, and man made the town.—*Cowper.*

ONE day I wander’d leisurely along  
The bridges, sadly musing on the past—  
On her for whom I sung a pretty song,  
Who left me like a rainbow in the  
blast—

A lovely rainbow, which the boys pursue,  
And mourn to see it vanish from their  
view.

Is there a cure for sorrow? Some folks  
toil,

And sweat it out, like sickness, from  
the veins;

Another seeks the wine-cup to beguile  
His heart to happiness—and fires his  
brains;

While others—and by far the wisest  
they—

Bow’d down before the source of comfort,  
pray.

But, reader, I nor toil’d, nor drank, nor  
pray’d,

Though I have done, and yet can do  
them all;

But, in a novel manner, I essay’d

To flee from Sorrow, with her midnight-  
pall,

And find out Pleasure, that so sweetly  
shines

Into the heart of man—I read the *Signs*;

Like that philosopher—I’ve lost his  
name,

But he liv’d somewhere on the Conti-  
nent,

And died there too, and yet is known to  
fame—

Who, when his mind, by being over-  
bent,

Became confus’d like a poor weaver’s  
woof,

Counted the red tiles on some neighbour-  
ing roof.

Thou’lt find the story in D’Israeli’s  
“Essay

Upon the Literary Character:”

D’Israeli! how my throbbing heart doth  
bless ye

For being such an useful caterer!

Though I confess, from Literature’s sweet  
bow’rs,

Thou pluck’st the weeds as often as the  
flow’rs.

And so do all the labourers of thy kind—  
Even Ramsay, Percy, Cromek, Diarmid, Galt ;

And nameless thousands, who seem much inclin'd

To rise to fame—that is to say, exalt  
Themselves on borrow'd pinions, like the jay

In peacock plumes, that soon were torn away.

I read the *Signs*—ay, and with higher pleasure

Than one, a blockhead border laird, who got

A dictionary, which he thought a treasure ;

And when he boldly to the *finis* fought, Folks asked him if 'twas good ? he made reply,

“The beuk is weel enough, but something dry.”

I read the *Signs*—each large and lovely word,

Which, like most tombstones, generally tells lies ;

For every shop's the cheapest—most absurd,

When, “the superlative (the teacher cries)

Admits of no comparison ;” but grammars  
The merchants study less than auction-hammers.

Here's the Hat-manufacturer, a trade

Most profitable, as I understand ;

And pleasant too, for it requires no aid  
From intellect, if people have a hand,  
Or rather two, from sheep to pluck the wool,

And place it on the cranium of a fool.

There's the Silk-mercier, with his crape and gauze,

And all those baubles ladies go from home in ;

Effeminate profession for the paws

Of man ! O, give the business up to woman !

No, never mind, worms will be butterflies,  
And human crawlers too like brilliant dyes.

Here is the Grocer, very useful creature,  
If justice sway his conscience and his scales ;

For, like a jackal, he provides our nature  
With tea and mustard, treacle and ale ;  
And all that people choose to set their table on—

For few eat grass now, like the King of Babylon.

There is the Clothier, very useful too,

Since folks were banish'd from fair Eden's bow'rs ;

Especially in Scotland, where the dew  
Is often chill, and heavy too the show'rs ;

To go quite naked would be most unpleasant,

And sober souls might think it, too—in-decent.

Here is the Glover,—speak, ye glovers, speak

Your pleasure when a bride comes in to buy

Her wedding-kids—what flush is on her cheek !

What mellow'd light within her liquid eye !

Sure it can ne'er be such sweet nymph's desire

To cheat her groom, though Jacob did his sire.

There is the Hosier, oh, I wish that Cupid  
Had been a stocking-maker to his trade !

For human labourers often are so stupid,  
They spoil the finest works e'er Nature made :

An eye, a lock, a lip, may point Love's dart,

But handsome ankles kick it to the heart.

Here is the Jeweller, where many a jewel  
(I mean the pretty ladies) calls full often,

To look at glittering toys that not a few will

Rejoice in purchasing ; such things may soften

A fellow's flinty heart, for more than half

This wicked world adore a golden calf.

Here is the Bookseller, the man of sheets,  
Not winding ones, for shrouding lifeless limbs ;

Not bridal ones, where Love with Pleasure meets ;

But paper ones of tales, and plays, and hymns :

Deuce take their venders ! they are sometimes greedy,

And authors, Heaven protect them ! often needy.

Here is the Teacher—all success to them  
Who “teach the young idea how to shoot,”—

Not hares or grouse, or any sort of game,  
For this is meaning that would never suit

The tender-hearted Thomson ; he but sings  
In metaphors, because—they're glaring things.

There's the Apothecary—mercy on us !

Who saps our constitution and repairs ;

Possessing, as his drugs have often shown  
us,

The pow'r of serpents, and the art of  
bears\* ;

And knowing, too, as Midas, who of old  
Could turn each filthy substance unto  
gold.

Here is the Haberdasher, Peter Snail,—

My stars! I knew a fellow of this  
name,

A boor, who, from beside my native vale,  
To great Dunedin an apprentice came ;  
And by his industry rose fast and faster,  
Until he got the fine shop of his master.

Oh, Peter Snail ! here let me for a while  
In meditation on the pavement stand,  
Though elbows, like a fiddler's at their  
toil,

Pounce me unpitily on every hand ;  
Here let my spirit, in delightful dreams,  
Recal our native mountains and our  
streams—

Recal the village school-house, where we  
met

To read our lessons, generally ill read ;  
Always the case with thee, who oft wast  
set

Upon the dunce's stool ; and as thy  
head

The master could not any knowledge  
teach,

He tried to whip it oft into thy breech.

The father of this blockhead, Peter Snail,  
Was rich in worldly goods, if not in  
grace ;

Perhaps he had that too, but, in my tale,  
Religious bickerings shall have no place,  
Lest I, like other pugilists, may throw  
My bosom open to a knock-down blow.

I say, the man was rich, that is enough,  
Gold is a passport to all things save  
heaven ;

To peer's attention, and to peasant's puff,  
To colonelships, and admiralships, and  
even

To senates and to pulpits—and (I start  
With anger and disgust) to woman's  
heart.

Well, he was rich—and he resolved to  
make,

According to the phrase, his son a man ;  
But mother Nature, who appear'd to take  
Some interest in the matter, marr'd his  
plan,

By having purpos'd that the boy should  
pass

Among terrestrial creatures as an—*223*.

No matter—he must be, at any rate,  
Bred to a learned profession—such as  
scribe,

Or minister, or leech, or advocate,

Or—nothing more—these are the learned  
tribe ;

How wondrously miscall'd ! they bear a  
name

To which, as I shall prove, they have no  
claim.

The man who learns to labour with an  
awl,

Might just as easily labour with a pen ;

The ballad-singer that has lungs to bawl,

Might well confound a dozen jurymen ;

The ragged wretch that cries the felon's  
speech

Might be a priest—the tinker be a leech.

It has been said, that every infant head

Is lighted to its trade by inborn tapers ;

Some to write tragedies—others to read—  
One to cut throats—another to cut ca-

pers ;

One to gulp wine—another not to gulp it ;  
Some to the gallows—others to the pulpit.

This I deny—it rather seems to me,

That people's names are emblematical

Of what they shall in their professions be,

As they go trundling round this earthly  
ball—

Through infancy and youth, manhood  
and age,

Until, at last, they roll quite off the stage.

*Gray* are the shadows when the suns de-  
part,

And pensive people walk the *Church-*  
*yard* way ;

A *Spencer* that inwraps a woman's heart ;  
Holds realms as fair as *Fairy Queen's*

display ;

It is a *Cooper's task* those things to form,

Which bring delicious wines through sea  
and storm.

A *Mason's* labour rears the sheltering  
wall

Around an *English Garden's* blossoms  
bright ;

*Burns* through their lonely mountains  
sweetly brawl

To *collars' ears* on *Saturday* at night ;

*Dan* is a name of honour—and if mar-  
ried on

The drink that makes men merry—we  
have *Sherry-dan*.

But where is Master Snail ?—I've lost his  
story

While proving thus the wonders of a  
name ;

\* According to the account in Cook's Voyages, the natives of Kamschatka are indebted to the bears for the knowledge of physic and the art of dancing.



Why, Peter yet would never dream of  
glory,  
Of wigs or gowns, of honour or of  
fame;  
Even nothing was to him a soldier's sash  
—  
Sailor's cock'd hat—so he turn'd haber-  
dasher.

His name too, reader, is a striking proof  
Of this my theory: a snail is slow,  
Ay, but 'tis sure; I've seen it climb the  
roof  
Of lofty houses, where, if chanced to go  
The butterfly, its brother, the first breeze  
Puff'd it away like blossom from the  
trees.

Genius is useless in a world like this,  
It cannot keep the road with other  
folk;  
But dulness, blessed dulness! will not  
miss  
The beaten path-way—to the daily  
yoke  
It gives its shoulders, like the patient ox,  
And feels its purse swell like a strong  
man's box.

But I'll step in and see him—"Master  
Snail,  
I hope you're well, Sir?—Ah! full  
many a day  
Has o'er us past, like clouds upon the  
gale,  
Since in the church-yard we were wont  
to play  
At school-boy leisure-hours—where now  
the stones  
Mark out the rest of our best kindred's  
bones."

"Ha! Master Peppermint, my old school-  
fellow,  
How have you been these ten long  
years and more?  
I see your curly ringlets still are yellow,  
Your cheeks, too, are as ruddy as be-  
fore;  
Yet on your brow I mark some new-  
drawn furrows,  
Which I could hope have not been made  
by sorrows."

"Why, Master Snail, I shall not yet  
complain;  
In all my woes—and I have had my  
share—  
I've seen the hopes that danced around  
my brain  
Expire like foam-bells in the empty  
air;  
I've felt the joys within my breast that  
flow'd,  
Freeze up like streamlets on their wintry  
road.

"Ah! I abode among the hills and rocks,  
Companion of the plover and curlew,  
Companion of the cattle and the flocks,  
Pondering on lovely dreams, that prov'd  
untrue—  
Uprearing beauteous 'castles in the air,'  
That tumbled down and left me in de-  
spair:

"While you, O happy man! forsook the  
fold,  
The hay-mead and the harvest-field  
forsook;  
And in this city, that seems pav'd with  
gold,  
And built with silver, to my fancy—  
took  
Your dwelling up—where Fortune on you  
smil'd,  
And press'd you to her bosom as her  
child.

"Oh, curse the country! what are streams  
and lakes,  
And trees, and flowers, and hills, and  
rocks, and dales?  
Fit residence for wild-ducks and for drakes,  
And timorous hares, and ever-harping  
rails;  
Fit residence for stupid sheep—and men  
That, like a badger, grovel in their den.

"But, bless the city! here are spires  
and domes,  
And streets and squares, that give the  
heart delight;  
And wealth unbounded as the sea that  
foams,  
And honours numerous as the stars of  
night;  
And men with brains where embryo  
volumes lie,  
And maids with lips where—mine will  
never sigh."

"Why, Master Peppermint, I can't agree  
With this comparison that you have  
made:  
The hills and dales of my nativity,  
The banks of hazel, and the hawthorns'  
shade,  
Are still the resting-places of my soul,  
The sunny spots o'er which no dark  
clouds roll.

"Give me the mountain with its heather-  
bell,  
The odorous meadow with its blos-  
som'd willows,  
The valley with its never-failing well,  
The river with its gently-heaving bil-  
lows,—  
Give these to me, and thou art free to  
share  
The splendid sights of every handsome  
square.

" Give me the lark's song at the break of  
morn,  
The bittorn's booming from the moor-  
land fen,

The cuckoo's note amid the flowery thorn,  
The wood-dove's cooing in the lonely  
glen,—

Give these to me, and thou art free to  
meet

The noise that hums through every  
crowded street.

" Men in the country, Sir, are like the  
bees,

All busy in the summer's brilliant day ;  
Throwing their wood-notes on the pass-  
ing breeze,

As through the primrose-painted fields  
they stray ;

And when the winter desolates the earth,  
Sweet is the shelter of their household  
hearth.

" Men in the city, Sir, are like the wasps,  
All avaricious, selfish, cunning, bold :

All grasping keen as hungry grasps,  
All holding firm as twining serpents  
hold ;

And all deceiv'd themselves—themselves  
deceiving

By every paltry trick of legal thieving."

" Lord ! Master Snail, I wonder you  
abide

In such a den of vipers you detest ;  
Go to the cottage by the greenwood side,  
Your father's cottage, like a linnet's  
nest ;

Go there and cultivate the dale and hill,  
Which your fond heart with such sweet  
visions fill ;

" While I shall gaze upon the busy crowd,  
More pleasant unto me than clump of  
wood ;

While I shall listen to street-fiddlers loud,  
More sweet than any dove that ever  
coo'd ;

While I shall walk upon the stony street,  
More safe by far than bog beneath my  
feet."

" Lord ! Master Peppermint, my worthy  
friend,

I'm like a fly within a cobweb caught ;  
I've a good business—that will still ex-  
tend—

I've money out—I can't get in when  
sought—

I've dreams of wealth, too, which my sil-  
ly pate

Will not give up—although my trade I  
hate.

" But, oh ! I love to muse upon the spot  
Where first I gambol'd in life's vernal  
day ;

And, oh ! I trust it yet may be my lot,  
When eyes are dim, and locks are thin  
and gray,

There to retire, and, like a worn-out  
wave,

Sink to repose beside my parent's grave."

" Retain these thoughts," unto myself I  
cried,

When we had parted ; " nurse them  
in your breast ;

They are like sunbeams shining on a tide  
That winter comes to freeze—they will  
arrest

The searing power of avarice, which de-  
stroys

The heart for earthly and for heavenly joys.

" But is this Peter Snail ?—what won-  
drous freaks

Are often play'd by Fate on human  
things !

As boy—he seem'd just what his name  
bespeaks,

As man—he seems indeed to have got  
wings ;

Yet 'tis not always thus—I've known at  
schools

Some clever lads that now are downright  
fools."

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

##### *Magna Parvis.*

It is an old observation, that *extremes* are nearly allied to each other. Pain and pleasure, heat and cold, the sublime and the ludicrous, may become, in their extremes, almost identical. I do not, however, purpose to pursue this copious topic, which would form a fine subject of metaphysical inquiry. But I was led to make the foregoing trite remark, by observing, that, as the ludicrous and the sub-

lime may become, in the extreme of the latter, (and the latter only,) identical, so common images and low metaphors often "furnish forth" the noblest and most expressive sublime composition. An idea or a thought is frequently heightened and exalted (paradoxical as the assertion may appear) by a common-place, or, I might say, a petty illustrative epithet. Examples of what I mean are innumerable. The following occur to my recollection :

"To be, or not to be, that is the question ;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The *slings and arrows* of outrageous Fortune," &c. &c.—*Hamlet*.

"O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !

O *limed* soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged !" — *Hamlet*.

"Why, man, he doth *bestride* the narrow world

Like a Colossus : and we, petty men,  
*Walk under his huge legs*." —  
*Julius Cæsar*.

"But here, upon the *bank and shoal* of Time,  
We'd jump the life to come." — *Macbeth*.

"Sleep, that *knits up the ravelled sleeve* of care." — *Macbeth*.

"Make me to see it ; or (at the least) to prove it,  
That the probation bear *no hinge nor loop*  
To hang a doubt on." — *Othello*.

"Gallop apace, you *fiery-footed steeds*,  
Towards *Phæbus' mansion*." —

The above are taken at random from Shakespeare, every page of whose immortal writings is so redundant with examples of my argument, that he alone would confirm my position.

Take the following from Milton:—

"First in his last the glorious *lamp* was seen,  
Regent of day." — *P. L.*

"Open, ye heavens, your living *doors* ;  
let in  
The great Creator." — *P. L.*

—"They with labour *pushed*  
Oblique the centric globe." — *P. L.*

Milton somewhere, in his great work, finely describes the vault of heaven as "*powdered with stars* ;" which expression is a complete and

powerful example of the sort of writing to which I allude.

Gray's *Odes* might furnish many examples : and I will here observe, (though I do not say that I acquiesce in the opinion,) that the poet Cowper esteemed Gray the only *sublime poet* since the time of Shakespeare.

Had Cowper lived in our days—had he basked in the sunshine of our Byron's sublime and varied poetry\*, he would, assuredly, have thought otherwise : but, even as it was, he passed rather irreverently over the memory of Milton. However, Gray, though by no means a natural poet, had certainly studied *effect*, in thought and in language, enough to give him some *tact* in the sublime. We must, therefore, adduce a quotation or two from his *Odes*, (his sublime things,) in further confirmation of our doctrine.

—"Melancholy, silent maid,  
With *leaden eye*, that loves the ground."

Speaking of Shakespeare, "Nature's darling," the lyrical bard proceeds—

"To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face : the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
This *pencil take*, (she said,) whose colours  
clear

Richly paint the vernal year :  
Thine, too, *these golden keys*, immortal boy !

This can *unlock the gates of joy* ;  
Of horror that," &c. &c.

So much for Gray, whose *Odes* are perhaps the most celebrated and artificial pieces of composition that ever obtained the distinction of fine poetry.

I cannot close my exemplifications of this subject, without citing something from the pages of Byron. It was well said by a writer in the *Edin-*

\* In a remarkably fine and powerful paper on the lamented decease of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott observes, "His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists ; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakespeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his *Don Juan*.) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarcely a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen, &c. &c. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour," &c. &c.



burgh Review, that "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are not merely the ornaments, but the common staple of his poetry. In making my quotations, therefore, from this illustrious poet, I shall not refer to his works, for there is no possibility of selecting where sublime verses are crowded in every page of many volumes. The two following passages occur, on the moment, to my mind, and they alone will sufficiently answer my object. In the memorable description of the Cataract of Velino, in the 4th Canto of Childe Harold, Lord B. says—

—————"How profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious  
bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward  
worn and rent  
With his fierce *footsteps*, yield in chasms  
a fearful vent  
To the broad column which rolls on!"  
&c.

Mentioning *Man*, in the apostrophe to the Ocean, with which Childe Harold closes, the poet observes—

"His steps are not upon *thy paths*; *thy fields*  
*Are not a spoil for him*; then don't arise,  
And shake him from thee!

And then, two stanzas after, in the same apostrophe, he says sublimely—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
brow."

Having now, I hope, sufficiently illustrated my argument, by examples from four of England's greatest poets, I shall not encumber myself with any further extracts, which would necessarily be superfluous.

I must, however, observe, that, as this style of sublime writing naturally and fitly suggests itself to the mind of true genius, it is not unfrequently aped and affected by little imitators, who possess no genius at all. In the hands of such men, the meditated sublime drops into the ludicrous:—and it is strange enough, that not a few of even Shakespeare's sublime touches of this description partake of a ludicrous, at least of a vulgar character. Indeed, it requires some judgment and discrimination, as well as great genius, always to unite sublimely what is intended to

be sublime: and *that style* of which I have been speaking is a great feature in the sublime. Refinement of imagination is, perhaps, the surest preservation against the fatal fault of lowering the sublime into the vulgar or ludicrous:—yet, excessive and cautious refinement is sometimes dearly purchased at the expense of strength and vigorous boldness, and it too often defeats sublimity altogether. Hence, Shakespeare, with all his faults, is a poet more replete with noble sublimities of thought and expression, than any one of our more refined genuises—excepting Byron.

#### Collins and Gray.

Of our own poets, Gray and Collins have, perhaps, left us the most finished specimens of what is, by way of eminence, styled "lyrical poetry." The grasp of Milton's powers was too wide for this minute species of composition; yet he, too, bequeathed some fine lyrical effusions. In times, however, distantly subsequent to our great epic era, the minutiae of our language were more diligently cultivated; and expletives, so frequently and continually used by the old writers, were gradually reprobated and disallowed. Pope, on this particular point, held up a mirror to his contemporaries and to posterity, in the well-known line—

"While expletives their feeble aid do  
join."

But to say a word respecting the twin bards whom I named first in this paper. Gray's mind was copious and judicious—but not original. Collins is, I think, superior to Gray in moral power. Gray's Odes are the productions of a refined and well-cultivated intellect; those of Collins are, on the other hand, the creations of an independent, vigorous fancy. I would always observe this distinction:—Gray's poems are *not* creations.

In regard to sweetness, perhaps Collins is, in the main, (but I say it with some hesitation,) inferior to Gray, who was excellently and pre-eminently skilful in the various properties of rhythm. But it is rather singular that Gray, with all his polish, presents very numerous defective rhymes. It is quite fair to re-

mark a failing point of this sort in reference to such writers as I am now speaking of. They are poets of little compass and great labour; every flaw in them is, therefore, glaring. Opening Gray's small volume at random, I find "adores" as a rhyme to "towers"—"below" to "brow"—"youth" to "soothe"—"ware" to "cleare"—"constraint" to "bent"—"joy" to "descrie"—"men" to "train"—"pain" to "men"—and these all in one ode, that very beautiful one on the distant prospect of Eton College. This defect (for I must really presume to pronounce it a defect) is the only one that impairs or mars Gray's poetical polish.

To revert to Collins. He thinks morally, when Gray thinks romantically. They are both, indeed, highly romantic; and I am very much disposed to think that Collins had more native romance of feeling about him than Gray: but Gray clings almost exclusively to the romance of the middle ages; whereas Collins not unfrequently sends his soul back to classical times. But he never thinks pedantically; and his moral tone is always perfectly independent and unfettered. The minds of both these writers were happily tinged with that spirit of poetical fancifulness, which finely and effectively converts popular superstition into nourishment for the imagination. But the Runic mythology scarcely did so much for Gray as the popular superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland did for Collins.

Gray is, always will, and indeed must be, more popular than Collins. The poetry of the latter is generally more abstracted and removed from common apprehension. His noble enthusiasm is high and peculiar; and he sometimes goes far in the choice of expressions calculated to embody and concentrate his meaning. Both these poets were curious economists in expression, and they were, in some points of view, equally felicitous; but the expressions of Collins are generally more pregnant with highly-wrought imaginative feeling.

I hope I shall not be thought to undervalue Gray. He has, however, less reason to complain (if parted spirits complain) of being under-

valued, than any poet that ever breathed; for certainly the world has made as much out of his few productions as could possibly be made of them by the most ingenious and partial investigation. Nothing of his is lost. But it is his *Elegy* which has made him universally popular. Yet the assertion, that the "*Elegy*," beautiful and perfect as it is, is "the corner-stone of his glory," is, after all, rather a satire on the poetical greatness of Thomas Gray.

On the whole, I would assert, that, if it be a question which of these justly-distinguished writers has left behind him the finest examples of poetical composition, it will be found, that the most competent and attentive readers of both esteem the spirit of Collins more natively poetical than that of his celebrated rival.

#### Happy Moments.

Doctor Johnson, in his life of Gray, accuses the lyrical bard of "fantastic foppery," for supposing that he could only write at certain times, or at certain happy moments. But the old critic, whatever may be said of his strictures on poetry, was any thing but a man of poetical sensibility. Though himself the author of some very correct and meritorious poems, he must, in this part of his high literary character, be accounted rather a rhetorical writer than a poet. He was eminently deficient in that glow of enthusiastic feeling which uniformly characterizes the poetical mind.

Every true poet feels, I presume, with Gray, that it is only at certain happy moments he can produce verses to his mind—*con amore*, and from the heart. This is no affectation. It is undoubtedly easy at all times to a practised writer to compose rhythmical verses; but all rhythmical verses are not poetry. Certainly, from the head alone, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," can never be derived.

I have always very much admired Bloomfield's simple invocation in the opening of "*The Farmer's Boy*;"—

"O come, blest spirit! whatso'er thou  
art,  
Thou kindling warmth, that hover'st round  
my heart!"

It is this particular "kindling warmth" about the heart that impels a naturally-inspired poet to write—that impelled the once-obscure Robert Bloomfield to write. Artificial versifiers may write without it; but to the production of genuine poetry, it is indispensable.

"Feel!—Bards must feel, or perish.

Till they glow,

Our passive breasts no sympathy can know.

'Tis from their warmth we kindle. The soul's beat

Spreads to all near from its creative seat. We read just as you pen."

*Turner's Prolusions, p. 125.*

I cannot conclude these remarks without citing the following capital lines from Cowper:

—————"When a poet takes the pen,  
Far more alive than other men,  
He feels a gentle tingling come  
Down to his finger and his thumb,  
Derived from Nature's noblest part,  
The centre of a glowing heart:  
And this is what the world, which knows  
No flights above the pitch of prose,  
His more sublime vagaries slighting,  
Denominates an itch for writing."

*Pope, Bowles, Byron, and Cowper.*

In 1821, Lord Byron published a very clever, but not very judicious, letter on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' *Strictures on the life and writings of Pope*. Very many of the opinions contained in that letter are more than questionable; for Lord B. seems to have been infected with the new spirit of ultraism in favour of Pope. Mr Bowles has, in point of *fact*, done great service to the memory (at least the poetical memory) of Pope. He has revived his poetry, and set all our wits (some of them very high names) to work at raking up all the exaggerated praises, aided by fresh party exaggerations, that ever were bestowed on that most eloquent reasoner and accomplished verseman. I by no means acquiesce fully in Mr B.'s opinions respecting Pope's poetry or his character; yet I certainly think that he is more correct in his estimate than his late illustrious and right honourable antagonist. The public mind may be agitated and

swayed awhile by virulent argument in support of an old and acknowledged name, but it can never ultimately be drilled into a preference of the *artificial* to the *natural*, at least in poetry.

But it is not my purpose to enter into this strange dispute. I merely take up the pen at present to notice, with surprise, an opinion expressed cursorily by Lord Byron, in the 77th page of his letter. That opinion is perhaps the falsest piece of literary judgment that ever escaped a critic.

Speaking of Pope and Cowper, Lord B. observes, "These two writers, for Cowper is no poet! &c." Cowper no poet, forsooth! Lord Byron could not mean what he wrote; or, at least, if he did, he had changed his opinion of Cowper since writing his "English Bards." It is to be wished that he had not presumed lightly and wantonly to attack so unassailable a reputation.

I shall not be guilty of the folly of attempting to institute so unrequired a task as the defence of WILLIAM COWPER'S poetical character. The delightful and impressive genuineness of that character is perceived, felt, and acknowledged, by all *poetical* readers, at least by those who are not too eccentric to speak their minds fairly and candidly.

The author of the "Task" is one of the very few writers whom I should at once confidently pronounce a naturally-gifted poet,—a poet as superior in all essential respects to Pope, as Shakespeare to Shirley, or Byron to Darwin.

—————  
*The Alarmed Coterie.*

On one occasion, being in a company of ladies, (but not *blues*,) I happened incidentally to speak of *romance*, or *romantic feeling*, (I forget which,) and they all immediately were up in arms against me.

"Mr——!" cried the eldest lady, a middle-aged married woman, "you seem *very* romantic!" "Nay, Madam," I replied coolly, "is there any *harm* in being romantic?" "Indeed," said she, "I think we are all too prone to be so, and ought to check rather than encourage that sort of thing." "Hem," said I, turning to one of the young ladies, "you



understand what I mean, don't you?" "No, indeed!" she exclaimed, seemingly desirous to escape the imputation of any irregular or indiscreet feeling. No, indeed! Emily, do you?" Emily was frightened at the appeal, but faintly echoed, "No, indeed," whispering an interrogatory, "Do you?" to the young lady who sat next to her on the sofa. In short, "No, indeed," went round the Coterie.

I clearly perceived that the ladies had mistaken the sense in which I used the word *romantic*, or *romance*; and that they imagined (dear loves!) I meant the notion which would be attached to it by a boarding-school girl eloping to Gretna. Accordingly, when the agitation and flutter had in some degree subsided, I ventured to explain. I told my fair, blushing opponents, that I used the word "romantic" in its proper and extended signification,—that signification in which it was used by the poetical critic who called Shakespeare the "creator of our *romantic* drama." This modest explanation quieted the two married ladies who were present; but I am not sure that the young ladies did not, in their "polite little" hearts, still believe that I must have intended the *Gretna-Green* notion of romance.

#### *Epistolary Description of two Antique Paintings.*

There are two large oil paintings in my sitting-room, which, seated leisurely in my own chair, I like much to contemplate. One represents the rocky and sea-girt coast of Robinson Crusoe's solitary island; the other is a formal landscape, (painted many years ago,) through the midst of which a long canal, co-

vered with small vessels, lazily winds its course. In the foreground of this picture is a very interesting group of rather antique figures: viz. a lady and gentleman, seated (somewhat rudely) with their backs towards us; apparently (by the direction of the gentleman's left hand, and the position of his right) engaged in the contemplation of some distant object;—two young and extremely beautiful ladies (whose costume I particularly admire) walking, on a broad gravel garden-road, near the bench whereon the above-noticed personages are seated, attended by an elegant greyhound, which (happy dog!) is licking the small white hand of the nearer one;—a dapper-looking footman, standing on the other side of the bench, with two green umbrellas;—a maid-servant, tending a most lovely child, which absolutely seems to speak, while its eager hands and eyes are directed towards the footman, who smiles dissent at the clamorous request, whatever it be, (probably to give it the umbrellas,) just as well-bred servants do in the presence of their superiors;—finally, a lap-dog, which is barking from the edge of the bench, on the young ladies' side, at the greyhound above commemorated, who (as I stated) is infinitely better engaged than in noticing his impertinence.

You must not conclude, from the length of detail, that this landscape is the better painting of the two. The tumultuous and dashing sea, represented in the other, does every thing but roar in your ears, as you contemplate it: the rocks, too, some swelling among the clouds, others shelving into the ocean, all washed and slippery, are very finely conceived and executed.

#### *L'Intriguante.*

Loud in the praise of her lamented lord,  
Who her, dear man! with all her faults ador'd,  
(Let not the Muse her failings judge in haste:)  
R— (who doubts?) was wife and widow chaste.  
Let deeds bear witness; clear her, if you can;  
But was she not found chamber'd with a man?  
Yes, more,—found tripping; what did she pretend?  
Twas but a drunken frolic of a friend,

Who, half-seas-over, she alleg'd, or more,  
Took liberties, in jest, and lock'd the door.

Yet, were the dame as fam'd Diana chaste.  
Intruders she would not admit in haste.  
If all be true that poets sung or said,  
Actæon for his peeping dearly paid;  
The youth who dar'd the goddess nude surprise,  
Turn'd to a stag, unknown, unpitied dies.

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 THE STAGE COACH.

It wanted about a quarter of an hour to five o'clock in the afternoon, when I repaired to Snow-hill, London, to set out by the coach for my home at Liverpool. Mr White had been my companion all the way, and we were now walking backward and forward near the Inn gateway, when I perceived my very excellent friend, Louis Peithman, a native of Leipsic, whom I had not seen for several years, standing before me. We were both of us amazed, neither of us being aware that the other was in town. It was one of those particular events, which, though surprising, still not unfrequently happen. In the present instance, I chanced just to come up to the coach at the time that he was passing by; under similar circumstances, however, it sometimes seems as if the parties had dropped from the clouds, on a particular spot, at a particular time, to converse and to embrace. As our time was very short, in order to make the most of it, we ascended the coach, and unwittingly sat down in the guard's place, to talk over what had happened, and to conjecture, perhaps, what might take place in future. It was a fine evening in September, and that we might improve this casual interview as much as possible, Louis determined to go with me three or four miles on the road, and then to walk back again. In a few minutes all was ready—we were busy talking—the guard had mounted, and we took no notice. Enraged at our neglect, he ordered us, in a very surly manner, to get out of his seat, and to find some more proper situation. We instantly obeyed, and took no further notice of his insolent treatment, being well aware that the will of the guard is always paramount to every other consideration relating to the coach; beside which, we knew that we were in the wrong,—we ought immediately to have removed, for where can the guard sit but in his own place? When we parted, my friend gave the fellow half-a-crown, to teach him, I suppose, to behave better in future: he certainly did order coachee to draw up a little;—I grasped poor

Peithman's hand, but in a moment he was on the ground;—we looked another adieu, and he was marching towards London. This was our last interview, for a short time afterwards, the melancholy tidings arrived that he was dead.

All the time we had been talking, the guard had been engaged in "blowing up" the passengers. I had now leisure to listen, and he had just fallen foul on a poor barber. The little man had a terrier dog with him, which the guard swore he should pay for, as well as a box of wigs, tied on the roof of the coach. "Well, well," said the barber, "if I must pay, why, I must; all that I can say is, that you are *shaving* me a little too close." "Do you mean to assert that I *shave*?" said the enraged horn-blower. "Why, you jesuitical tonsor, you scratch, you prig, you death's-head upon a mop-staff, I am no scraper of faces, I am no barber, I am a servant to his Royal Majesty King George the Fourth, of blessed memory; I am a King's Guard, by appointment!" "Yes, Sir," replied the barber, "and you are something more than you have mentioned; you are also a *black-guard*!"

By this time we had arrived at Waltham Cross: the angry passions had been kicking up a sad dust, and had very nearly got the better of my prudence. I had twenty times been on the point of taking up cudgels against the man in scarlet, although an officer by the King's appointment; but my better genius prevailed, for when we stopped to change horses, I had so far subdued these enemies to good order, that I asked him to take a glass, and as he descended, I dropt a shilling, nodded and smiled as he picked it up, and from that moment we became good friends, and continued to be such all the time we travelled together. This, let me tell you, is not the only friendship I ever purchased, nor was it the worst bargain, in that way, I ever made.

When he returned from the house, he touched the nether brim of his

large white hat, with his broad thumb, and requested that I and my friend Mr Whyte would go into the inside. "No," said I; "the evening is warm; I took only an outside place, and we shall do very well on the outside." "Why," rejoined he, "the coach is top-heavy; we have not one inside passenger; it already spits with rain, looks very black, and you will be more comfortable during the night. Besides, somebody *must* go in, and it is far better to put gentlemen inside than barbers, or such like rubbish." To prevent any farther importunities, we consented, and soon after we were safely stowed within, the rain fell in torrents; so that the poor barber, his wigs, and his dog, as well as the rest of the dead and live luggage on the top, were completely drenched, while we were comfortable enough. "It is good policy, Mr White," said I, "*always* to be civil." The old man grunted out something by way of acquiescence; and nothing more was said (by us) till we arrived at Buntingford, where it was ordained that we should take supper.

Before I entered, Mr White had made a survey of the table, and came to me, and made his report accordingly. "There is," said he, "the two extremities of a ham, which is brought out for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time at least: now I abominate ham, you know, as much as any Israelite of any of the twelve tribes. There is also a goose, and a leg of mutton, but neither fish, pie, pudding, nor tart. My opinion is, that we should not sit down to such a supper." "Never mind," said I; "so we went in, and sat down with the remainder of the party. There were twelve of us. I was assisted to a leg of the goose, but it was very strong,—I fancied that it tasted fishy,—I did not like it,—there was no gravy, and it was literally *stuffed* with sage and onions. Mr White cut up the leg of mutton, but it was quite raw: "I will thank ye," said he to a waiter, "to take these slices of mutton and fry them." "We have not a frying-pan," said John. "Not a frying-pan in an inn not thirty miles from London!" "No, Sir." "Then put them on the gridiron." "I will, Sir, and

they shall be done enough, I'll warrant you." "And, I say, be quick, will ye?" "Yes, Sir."

He now sat looking about him, with a countenance full of disappointment, and appeared sadly vexed; his eye-brows were curled, his lips protruded, and his eyes darted anger. "Will you taste the goose?" said I. "No, Sir; you know I hate goose; the smell is enough to make me vomit; and all this is owing to your folly." I became silent, ate my leg of goose, and afterwards qualified it with a glass of brandy, in order, if possible, to destroy its rising qualities. Just as the horn began to blow, at the moment the coachman came in to say "ready, gentlemen," while one waiter was gathering three shillings a-head for the supper, the other waiter brought in the mutton-steaks, burned to a cinder, and placed them at my friend's elbow. He shrugged up his shoulders, cursed the waiter, and the landlord for keeping him, and railed at all inn-keepers in good round terms. However, he snatched up some slices of bread, cut off a large luncheon of cheese, and with these, and a bottle of porter, we made our escape, and placed ourselves very snugly on the back-seat of the coach, where my friend continued to munch his bread and cheese with much seeming composure. "What cheats," said I, "these publicans are!" "Aye," said he, "and what fools they are, also. I shall sup there no more, you may rest assured; nor, as I should think, will any of the present company." "I am inclined to believe that they will not," said I; "but perhaps neither they nor you will ever travel this road again." "That," said he, "is what I suppose they *must* think; but I expect that I *shall* travel this way again, and if I do, you may rely on it that I will be even with them." In a few minutes, while I was listening to what he would do, I heard him begin to snore, so I placed myself in a corner of the vehicle, Morpheus was kind, and we neither of us awoke till about five o'clock in the morning, when the coach stopped at Aukborough-hill. Here we got on the outside, to breathe the sweet morning air, to see the sun rise, (which is a glorious spectacle,) and to admire the hamlets and vil-



lages, as they gradually opened to our view.

At Stilton, we stopped to breakfast. Here the guard and coachman left us, and here our "honours" were desired to remember the above-mentioned stage-coach appendages. Every one of us gave each of them a shilling, except a very lovely, handsome young woman, a soldier's widow, who had lost her husband, and was returning home,—*she* gave each of them sixpence, which was all the money she had left, and for which they gave her, in return, some very rough and indecent language. The poor forlorn creature crept to the kitchen fire, for her clothes were still wet with the heavy rain which had fallen the preceding evening; but she had nothing left for breakfast; her last shilling had been given to the guard and coachman. As she appeared dejected, I followed her, and sat down to chat with her. "Shall you not breakfast with the other passengers?" "No, Sir." "Are you not well?" "Oh, yes! I am only a little low in spirits, and a little vexed at the unmerited treatment I have just now experienced." "Have you far to travel?" "No, Sir, only fifteen miles; but I leave the coach here, and shall have to travel that distance, perhaps, on foot." "You appear to be very weak." "Yes, I am weak; I have just crossed the ocean, and I was sick during the whole of the voyage." "From the circumstance of your being treated so shamefully by the coachman, I am afraid you have no money." "No, Sir, I have not; I gave him the last sixpence I had left; but I am now so near to my home, that I hope I shall be able to struggle through. When in London, I wrote to my father, begging that he would meet me here, but perhaps he has not got the letter,—or he may be *dead*, you know, for it is five years since I heard from any of my relations." I slipped a crown-piece into her hand, and she gave me a look which I shall never forget; it was a look of gratitude which sprung from the soul. "My husband," said she, "was a soldier; he always protected me from insult, but he died of his wounds three days after the battle: I sat by him, and waited on him

with all the tender anxiety of hope; but all would not do; Heaven had ordained that he should leave me." "What will you take?" said I. "A little milk, if they have got any." I ordered a couple of pint bowls to be brought, and a couple of rolls, and we breakfasted together. "And what is to pay?" said I. "Two shillings and sixpence, Sir," was the answer. "Humph!" I exclaimed, and gave him the money. He hoped also that I would remember the waiter, so I threw down sixpence, to get rid of his importunities; he bowed, and, as I thought, appeared to be satisfied. A short time before the coach was ready to set off, an elderly man, in a light cart, drove up, and inquired if a Mrs Beaumont had come by the coach? He was told that she was in the kitchen, and he entered. "Where is she?" he cried, as the door opened. She started, at the well-remembered accents; it *was*, yes, it *was* her dear father, who clasped his long-lost darling to his breast. She wept, as she fell into his arms; he blessed, and kissed her, called her his dear Mary, and both of them were soon very happy and composed.

As the coach drove away, she waved her hand, but in a few seconds I had lost sight of her; a turn in the road hid her from my view,—for the coach rattled, and we proceeded rapidly on our journey. "Well," said Mr White, "have you been boxing Harry?" "No," said I, "I have had my breakfast in the kitchen." "With the poor woman that looked so melancholy?" "Even so; but the consequence will be, that I shall have to dine with Duke Humphrey, for my finances are getting so low, that I shall soon have pockets to let at a low rent." "Oh I never fear," said he; "I have as much as will suffice for both, till we get home: but was she in distress?" "She was without money?" "Why, being in distress, and being without money, are much the same; but I hope you gave her as much as was necessary to help her forward?" "I did." "Then thou art a friend after my own heart," said he, "and shalt never want a guinea, if I have one to give thee." I now cast my eyes towards the coach-box, and observed a very fine

young gentleman, alongside of coachee, flogging away in fine style. "Who is that gentleman?" said I, to a plain-looking man who sat by my side?" "It's a farmer's son in this neighbourhood, Sir," said he; "his father was servant to my father, when I was a lad at school; but the high price of corn and cattle has lately made gentlemen of many a beggar's brat beside Master Goslin here." "It seems, then, you are acquainted with him?" "Not I, indeed: his father lives in the next village to where I live, but I have no acquaintance wi' him neither; in his own opinion, he's a great man, but not in mine, as well as many other folks; however, he visits at the squire's, and talks loudly at market-dinners, and now and then rides ower a poor labourer, as he gallops home on his blood-horse, drunk wi' wine." "But the young man appears to be a genteel youth enough." "Aye, as you say, he's genteel enough; why, he and his sister have both on 'em been seven years at boarding-school, and you see he is finishing his education by learning to drive; and the girl his sister sits, aye for hours together, in a fine carpeted parlour, wi' mahogany chairs, and a great huge looking-glass, wi' a gilt frame, plaistered up again' a papered wall, drumming on the black and white thingums of a pie-hannah, and squalling like a tom-cat to the music, as she calls it. His muther is i' th' inside the coach, as fine as a dancing horse; but at home she's as mean as truck,—she's an owd, gurning owd, gripe-gutty owd creature, that wouldn't give a poor fellow a drink o' small beer, an' he were clamm'ing wi' thirst. But she can spare money for the lad and her to go to Lincoln races wi', and thither it is they are now posting." "They have risen, then, in the world?" said I. "Aye, aye, the goslin has become a goose, but it's all a casualty; just so, and nothing more, I assure ye; and it cannot last long: why, my farm is my own, an' it's as big as the one he rents,—but set a beggar on horseback, and away he rides to the devil."

I smiled, for at this instant the horses were galloping down a hill as hard as they could clatter, and

coachee was all in a bustle to get hold of the reins, and appeared, as my right hand friend observed, to be quite in a *fluster*. The passengers were all on the alert, expecting every minute to be upset, and those that could, put themselves in readiness to make a spring. As soon as we arrived at the bottom of the hill, over went the vehicle, and such leaping, and such scrambling, and such squalling ensued, as would have frightened a hero, had he been at leisure; but as every one was busy in taking care of himself, and, as soon as landed, was examining his own limbs, to ascertain if nothing was wrong;—all, for a season, was hurry and confusion. At length, as no one complained, it was concluded that no one was hurt. Every one next examined his clothes, and, except a little dirt, there was no damage done this way, save that Mr Goslin's dandy top-coat had received a rent almost the whole length of the back; it had, moreover, lost one of the skirts, and a pocket,—which latter article hung dangling on a bough, like a mole in a bush. The inside passengers were in a worse plight than any of us; for the *os frontis* of an Irish gentleman, in its way to the ground, coming in contact with Mrs Goslin's nose, had opened both sluices, and the blood ran down in copious streams; both her eyes also were black; so that what with stir, and the disaster before mentioned, she and her son were obliged to return home; he to refit for the races, and she to stop at home, which, as the adage says, is *always* the best place for good housewives. "Well, Sir," said I to my friend the farmer, as soon as we had got under-way again, "and how do you like to be driven by a dandy coachman?" "Not at all," said he, scowling; "and I assure you, if I was a Justice o' Peace, I would prevent such doing in future, or I'd fine the owners;—and I should, let me tell you, ha' been upon the bench long ago, but you see they found out I was a bit on a Radical. My name is Smith; I am fond o' reading Cobbet's Register—aye, he's the boy for exposing the Borough-mongers, and the Tax-eaters, and the Drones, and all the rest that have sold themselves to the Devil, or the Ministers, which



is all one. Yes, he does a world o' good; and would, if they would let him, soon set all things to right; I believe he'll be i'th' Parliament House before long." "I believe not," said I; "and as for the good he does, or ever will do, why—" "I think," said Mr White, "that he is a great rascal." "I've heard many a rascal say so," replied Mr Smith. "He is a monstrous liar also," said Mr White. "I have," said Mr Smith, "heard many a monstrous liar say so." "Let us drop the subject, gentlemen," said I; "every political demagogue has his admirers, and so has Mr Cobbett, some of whom are as coarse in their manners as he is in his writings."

We dined at Newark, where we had almost a fresh party, our former company having fallen off one by one, till nobody was left but Mr White and myself.

A stage-coach may very properly be compared to the world at large;—we breakfast, dine, and sup together, a few times at most, and then part, to meet no more. A few slight regrets are sometimes felt at the moment of separation, but in most cases we look with indifference, and sometimes with cold neglect, at the loss of our acquaintance, and often do not suffer even a sigh to escape us.

The company here were all of them far superior, in point of dress, to those who had left us; I verily thought that some of them had been of the higher order of gentry, or, for ought-I could tell, some of them might be of noble blood, or of ancient family. But I was out in my reckoning; for, when their mouths opened, oh! what a falling off! all the gentry, and all the nobility, sunk into sober citizens, and mere mechanics;—a lady desired to be helped to a "spoonful of sauce, after that here gentleman had been sarved." By way of opening, I observed to a gentleman on my right, that it was a fine day. "Yes, Sir," said he, giving me a nod, which he intended for a bow, "it is a very fine day, very fine indeed, I never saw a more finer day in the whole course of my life." Wonderful, thought I; but I was relieved from further thought in a hurry; he on my left, having twisted and twined

his mouth and lips, and writhed till his words were almost strangled in the delivery, thus opened: "He was certain that we should, before long, have rain, for he observed that the barometric tube evidently portended that vapour was ascending into the upper regions of the atmosphere; he thought, too, that the delightful fumes arising from the effluvia exhaled from the bean-flowers by the solar beams, evidently betokened a change in the lower strata of the firmament; that a junction of these phenomena would precipitate the moisture; that the particles would coalesce, and that rain would ultimately be produced." This gentleman, I afterwards discovered, was the master of a large boarding-school in that neighbourhood. A young man, who, I was informed, was his usher, bawled out, just as we were going to the coach, "I say, does none o' ye naw nowt o' no hat o' mine no where?" To which another of the company replied, "I think beloike that's it under th' table i' th' fire nookin, with crown trodden out a' moast." "Aye, and so it is," said the other; "the crown's squeezed out, an' its nudged all to pieces—I shall be forced, I'm 'feard, to ha' a new one." I had almost forgot to mention, that, at Newark, we had a good plain dinner, for which we paid three shillings and sixpence each, and eighteen-pence for a glass of port-wine-negus, which made just five shillings. At this there was no grumbling, although, I can assure you, if experience has not already told you, that, at home, I, and my wife, and eight children—in all, ten of us—can have a much better dinner for that sum. Here again coachee left us: Another shilling, "your honour," and another touch of the hat. We are always generous when from home, for fear, I suppose, we should be taken for *low scrubs*:—why, if you do not blab, you may possibly be taken for an Esquire; at the same time that those of your own street, in your own town, who *know* you, only call you Mr Snip, the tailor;—who is there, then, so paltry, that would not cheerfully pay a shilling, for once in his life, to be elevated to the rank of *Esquire*? The following recipe will be useful to persons



going to London, or elsewhere: "You must stare,—knit your brows,—look cross,—never speak except to order what you want,—use no civility,—strut, swagger, look big; and then every *blockhead* which you may chance to meet with will take you for a *great man*." 'Tis a glorious thing to be mistaken by an ostler, or a barber, or a coachman, for a fat Parson, a country Esquire, or a gentleman farmer; it is pretty much the same as a student being called a *learned man* by his washer-woman: but there are people who are desirous of being thought to be *rich*, or *great*, by any body; and such people may every day be met with in stage-coaches, or in steam-packets, or, in fact, any where else: they are, for the most part, tailors, or drapers, or grocers, or shoe-makers—lucky dogs, who have been successful in business; or else they are merchants' clerks, or a sort of would-be gentry, whom nobody owns, or with whom no respectable person claims relationship.

At Doncaster we had a fresh coachman—another shilling went; but I took notice that two passengers, of the above gentlemanly description, no doubt, gave coachee, the one two shillings and sixpence, and the other three shillings. I have been credibly informed, that it is very common for a single coachman to make three hundred pounds a-year. At Leeds we had another coachman, and another guard, one shilling and sixpence more;—here, because we would not take supper at *one o'clock in the morning*, the landlord was vexed, and would not let us have a bottle of wine: when I asked for a bottle of port, "we do not sell wine," was the reply. At Manchester, another coachman—another shilling. Our last stage was from St. Helen's to Liverpool, a distance of *twelve miles*, which we ran in ten minutes less than an hour; the coachman flogged, and the horses were at full stretch every inch of the way. I was terrified for the consequences that might ensue; Mr White grew pale through fear, and told the fellow that he would apply to a Magistrate; but he continued to cut away, with-

out at all minding what was said, till we arrived at the Bell Inn, at the entrance into Liverpool. The horses were all in a white foam; one of them dropt down, and the assistants got pieces of hoop-iron to scrape off the sweat, before coachee dared to drive them through the town, to the Red Lion. An informer in such a case would be a meritorious character: a poor carrier is often fined for whipping his horse, when he is driving a solitary cart, or a pot-man for kicking his donkey; and all this is very right: but a villanous coachman can insult you with impunity, distress the horses, and endanger the lives of the passengers, whenever he pleases; because, perhaps, he has laid a wager with another rascal of the same fraternity, or that he may swagger about what he did in the morning, after he has got drunk in the evening; but the society for prosecuting vice, or for punishing cruelty to the brute creation, are, in this case, deaf to the calls of humanity, and blind to these unwarrantable proceedings. I have twice crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and I do positively aver, that, in a good ship, there is not half the danger, in such a voyage, that there is in a journey from London to Liverpool by a stage-coach. And as to *impositions*, except among CORN JEWs and MILLERS, no such *imposition* is any where to be met with, as that which is every day practised upon travellers, by inn-keepers, coach-proprietors, and their underlings of every description. I shall only further observe, that, in the evening of the day after our arrival, an opposition coachman drove against a lamp-post, by which piece of carelessness the coach was nearly dashed to pieces, and five passengers nearly killed; one woman had her jaw-bone broken, another had a leg and an arm broken, and a man had his head terribly crushed. The coachman ran away, and by so doing, left the proprietors at full liberty to say that they had ordered him to be careful; this decampment *he* judged, no doubt, would be a sufficient apology to public feeling, and an atonement more than sufficient to the poor unfortunate mangled passengers!

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF BILLS OF EXCHANGE, PROMISSORY NOTES,  
AND LETTERS OF CREDIT, IN SCOTLAND\*.

TREATISES upon particular departments of the municipal law have been multiplied astonishingly of late, to the grief and dismay of small practitioners, who are ambitious of a complete collection. Such a collection strikes the vulgar eye as a type of professional eminence, and, in that respect, is of great utility to the owner; but the expense of forming it is vastly oppressive, and hence it is that the clamour against the multitude of law-publications is exclusively confined to a very small and insignificant circle of the learned brotherhood. Doubtless, such treatises may be propagated to an endless and intolerable amount. Judges in this country are law-makers, and occasionally, perhaps, law-breakers; *smushing* an old Act of Parliament with about as much remorse as a squirrel feels in cracking a filbert; and they being, after all, but "mortal men," (as one of their number once modestly observed to a rustic who was overpowered by awe in his godlike presence,) their notions of right and expediency, "the moral fitness of things," as Philosopher Square has it, and so forth, must fluctuate more or less with the opinions of the age, and bear the faint impress of its spirit. A considerable number of years ago, it was held good that a guardian should expend his ward's money in rout and wassail, as the excellent means of strengthening the link which connects the higher and lower orders. The Lord Chancellor, however, opined differently, thinking there was no call for introducing Epicurism into the social system; and it therefore was not left to Time to correct the highly philosophical decision. But since steel links instead of golden ones have come into fashion, it may safely be predicated, that no such decision would have been pronounced at the present day. This is an exemplification of what we propose to remark,—namely, that, not to the originating of new cases alone, but partly to the instability of the human judgment, is it owing that our Supreme Courts are continually giving out new decisions, thick as the leaves in Valombrosa. These float for a time like the ova of fish upon the surface of Chinese rivers, which the careful fisherman collects, and preserves in ponds until they become portly and saleable salmon. In the same way does the Collector of Decisions drag the Courts for the spawn of the intellect,—hatches them into life and palpable entities,—and marshals them in the stately and phalanx-like form of a treatise or commentary.

In the extensive vineyard of the law, there is not a more invaluable labourer than the collector. His labour is not simply *productive*, in the common acceptation of that term, but productive of incalculable benefits to the whole community. A book which professes to embrace the whole system of law, however lucidly it may explain general principles and analogies, must, of necessity, be defective, in marking all the perpetually occurring peculiarities and exceptions, and the various modifications which rules must undergo in practice, when brought into collision with others no less sacred and valuable. Such a book, *Erskine's Institutes* for example, is of indispensable use to the neophyte, who derives from it a clear and unbroken view of the system, which is spread out before him like the face of a country upon a scientifically constructed map; but, like that map, it is not descriptive of numberless minute solecisms and phenomena, which the student ought carefully to investigate; and hence, every practitioner must have experienced, that it is of little value to him in solving the doubts and difficulties

\* A Treatise on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, and Letters of Credit, in Scotland. By William Glen. Second Edition, corrected and greatly enlarged, including the most important decisions in Scotland and England, brought down to the present period; by a Member of the College of Justice. Printed for Oliver & Boyd, and Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh. Smith & Son, and Robertson & Atkinson, Glasgow; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, and Charles Hunter, London. 1824.



which are constantly presenting themselves. To do justice to any one branch of the law, a book must be exclusively devoted to it; in which book, the connection of each case, with its governing principle, is traced, and its essentials are defined with the same precision as the primitive colours of the sun's rays by a prism. In the multitude of such works, there is not the danger which occurs in some of the sciences, of *cross-lights* to beguile the vision; for though the rules or decisions of courts are engendered in controversy, they fix the state of the law for the time being, and there is no mistaking their import. Writers may speculate and wrangle upon untried and hypothetical cases; but the business of the collector and commentator is that of the historian; his views are confined to the past and the present; and though some may excel in simplicity of arrangement, or depth of research, among them there can be no conflicting opinions or statements, since all derive their materials from the same unimpeachable source.

These tracts, or commentaries, of which we speak, from the narrowness and consequent comprehensibility of the subject, circulate beyond the limits of the profession, and convey legal knowledge to the hearths both of the opulent and industrious classes. By so doing, they tend to break down the formidable power of the aristocracy of lawyers,—an aristocracy which, in an advanced state of civilization, exercises the same gloomy dominion over the public mind which the priesthood has assumed in all barbarous ages, and extends its protection to every species of rottenness and antiquated folly. These works also enlarge the sphere of that public opinion which steadies the march of the judicial intellect, and prevents those unseemly aberrations and reelings, which are so symptomatic of the intoxication of a weak head, brought on by excessive vanity. The most adventurous Bench would hesitate to pronounce a judgment, subverting a principle laid down by itself, were the public in a condition to detect the inconsistency; that Bench, to use the phraseology of a great orator, would not choose to “turn its back upon itself,” when, after so extraordinary an evolution, it had to look the public in the face; and *pirouettes* of all kinds, we venture to say, would fall into great disrepute.

But what we particularly admire works of this kind for is, that they materially hasten a great reformation, which we are morally convinced must be effected at no very distant period. It has ever appeared to us as much the misfortune as the reproach of the age, that the bulk of mankind are necessarily ignorant of the laws which define their obligations to society, and prescribe a penalty for every breach of them; and that, while ignorance forms no excuse, legislators and lawyers combined, have succeeded in putting a knowledge of the law beyond the reach of all who cannot bestow a lifetime upon the study of it. Innumerable are the offences, both real and factitious, recognised by the criminal law, some of which the best-intentioned and best-informed are hourly in the danger of ignorantly violating; and, besides, the civil law abounds in traps and pit-falls, which no one can hope to shun, unless guided at every step by an experienced attorney. A knowledge of his rights and duties is the most useful and honourable of all acquirements to the citizen of a free state, and, were it extensively diffused, would be the most effectual safeguard of the public liberties: but to every ordinary citizen, this knowledge is positively forbid; in which point of view, his social condition is inferior, in point of respectability, to that of the mere savage, who can repeat by rote all the laws of his tribe, and expound and reason upon them to his children. As a certain English traveller set down the spectacle of a skeleton dangling in chains as a sure mark of the civilization of the land where it occurred, so we might be tempted to consider the obscurity which invests most juridical systems as a proof that the countries where these are established have long since emerged from a state of barbarism. And, doubtless, as nations advance in improvement, their wants and desires are multiplied, and laws are multiplied as a necessary consequence;—new institutions are formed, which beget a variety of new relations;—the value of rights is enhanced, and these are claimed and defended with additional subtilty; hence, nice distinctions and ingenious ex-



ceptions;—advocacy in courts of law becomes a trade, and, to shroud its mysteries, a jargon is invented: add to all which, precedents accumulate “out of all reasonable compass,” and every statute is of itself a volume of unmeaning verbosity. This is the unavoidable consummation of every undigested system of law, resulting from the very nature of things, but indicative of no more than *imperfect* civilization. A people truly wise and enlightened will set about producing order out of this chaos, where “confusion worse confounded” reigns, by disinterring all the edicts of the legislature and *dicta* of judges, which lay smothered and buried in massive tomes, or rather *tombs* innumerable; making a digest of the whole, so far as they appear suitable to the wants of the age; and giving to this digest the force and authority of statute law. By a measure so simply grand did the Emperor Justinian immortalize his name; *ex longo intervallo* his illustrious example was successfully followed by the great Frederick of Prussia; and, in our own days, it was reserved for the powerful mind of Napoleon to conceive the scheme of that *Code* which will embalm his name in the gratitude of Frenchmen to the latest posterity.

The legislative achievements of those three monarchs demonstrate the perfect practicability of that reformation in British jurisprudence which we contemplate as one to be eventually accomplished. Already we observe an approximation to it in the measure recently proposed by a Committee of the House of Commons, namely, to abrogate and re-construct the whole system of criminal law. Considering the enormous mass of penal statutes which a childish rage for legislation has inflicted upon the country, the intended measure is not of less difficult execution than the reducing of the civil law into the simple shape of a code; and, indeed, the propriety, if not the necessity of the one measure, is an obvious corollary from the adoption of the other.

In prospect, one may be permitted to enjoy the salutary changes which would arise from this contemplated reformation. A knowledge of the laws, which regulate the conduct, and determine the rights of all, will be nearly universal; no pettifogger will have it in his power to entrap a man into an iniquitous law-suit; the number and expense of suits will be incalculably lessened, and so will the labour which a court at present has to bestow upon each particular case; the study of the law will become a necessary part of education, as it was with the young patricians of Rome, and as it was, at one period, with the sons of Scottish gentlemen. Then there will be little apprehension of the arbitrary temper of petty Magistrates; and Justices of Peace may become as signally useful as now they are the very reverse. Public prerogatives and privileges being well understood, there will be no danger of violent collisions between the Government and the people; nor will it be possible for crown-lawyers to chouse and juggle one part of the people out of their sober convictions, and the whole out of their rights. And why, since, to constitute a good citizen, a knowledge of his *human* obligations is essential, might not the more prominent precepts of the law be taught in public schools? As the Church of England at one time endeavoured to impose its faith and forms upon the people of Scotland, by such Christian contrivances as thumbscrews, shootings, and drownings; so now it proposes to make converts of the juvenile Irish, by torturing their minds in public seminaries with orthodox hornbooks, and similar engines, as the indispensable condition of their receiving the smallest portion of education; thus exhibiting in its conduct, at one period, the sanguinary spirit of the inquisitor, and, at another, the craft, without the exalted zeal of the Jesuit. Believing, as we do, that every attempt to initiate a mere child into the awful mysteries of religion, before it has been taught to distrust the strength of its reasoning faculties, and to seek the proper guides to conviction, is only to implant in its breast the seeds of scepticism and infidelity, which a more matured knowledge may not uproot; we apprehend that the introduction into schools of a Catechism embracing the most intelligible of legal precepts, would be a happy compromise between Church-of-England bigotry, and Catholic jealousy, and would be of universal advantage.

We are aware that these will be derided, by some, as Utopian notions ; but really the state of things, which we are imagining, is but a stage in the national progress towards a state of social perfection, and it is a stage which the people of the Lower Empire, of Prussia, and of France, would have successively attained, had they possessed, as this country does, a vigorous press and popular institutions.

Having indulged in this long digression, we return to the subject more immediately before us. In this commercial country, the law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes is in daily operation ; and there is no person in active life who is not affected by its multitudinous provisions. As is well observed by the Editor of the Second Edition of *Glen upon Bills*, in his Preface, " these deeds are met with so frequently in the daily business of life, and the circumstances to be attended to respecting their form, transmission, and legal effect, with the duties of the parties engaged, are so numerous and minute, while the consequences of ignorance or negligence regarding any of these particulars are often so serious, that such a work is more necessary in this than perhaps in any other department of the law." In England, this one department has been made the subject of several commentaries by lawyers of the very first eminence. But, if we put out of view a work published upwards of a century ago, by Forbes, and which has long since become obsolete, as a guide or authority, the only Scottish Treatise upon the subject is that by Glen. When it first appeared, its utility and value were at once acknowledged, by both professional men and merchants ; and to both it has ever since served as a manual. Mr Glen being a practitioner in the great mercantile emporium of Scotland, had a more accurate knowledge of the science of Bills of Exchange, and the established forms of negotiating them, than falls to the lot of the mere lawyer ; and appears to have been deeply acquainted with their legal essentials, privileges, and effects, as these concern the different parties interested.

Since Mr Glen's time, the law of bills has been both illustrated and enlarged by decisions, in a variety of new and most intricate cases, which have been brought under the cognizance of the Courts, and has acquired great additional consistency. A new edition of this, the only work upon the subject, became indispensable ; and it is no more than justice to say, that the Editor seems to have brought to his task a most extensive knowledge of his subject, and great powers of discrimination and research. He has analyzed the different cases with the most searching accuracy, and has been no less felicitous in generalizing his observations into sound and indisputable principles. Above all, however, he has conferred vast additional value upon the work, by numerous references to the law of England, upon points which have not yet been mooted in the Scottish Courts. " That the commercial law, of both Scotland and England, is the same in its leading features, we are assured, not only by the most approved writer on the law of Scotland, but by the procedure of the Court of Session itself, in allowing the adjudged cases of the English Courts on the different branches of the law to be quoted as authorities before it ;" and, consequently, the English authorities referred to in this work may be held as settling many points in the law of Scotland which have not yet been formally decided by its Courts. The minuteness with which those points have long since been investigated by English lawyers, curiously contrasts with the contemporaneous crudities of our law ; and nothing will tend more to exalt the reader's opinion of the great talent and learning of the English Bench, than the scrupulous regard to settled principles, and the utter absence of speculative and extraneous considerations which are apparent in its judgments.

In short, the work before us is of indispensable use to the student and practitioner of law, in the department of which it treats, and scarcely less valuable to the banker and merchant. The law of bills is, in truth, based upon the usages of that class of people, and the effects which they conventionally attach to certain acts and ceremonies, and the omission of them. At the same time, such usages and conventional meanings do not comprise the whole law, for, in every country they are affected, and sometimes con-



tracted by enactments and rules, conferring upon bills extraordinary privileges, and, under certain circumstances, rendering them invalid, or operating their extinction; while the questions which arise out of bill-transactions occasionally become involved with others; so that the law of bills has often to be considered with reference to other laws of the same country. While, therefore, the present work instructs the young merchant and banker in the whole science of bills, as understood and acted upon by the commercial world, to the more experienced it explains what is the law in relation to them, under every combination of circumstances which has hitherto occurred; and puts him on his guard against the consequences of acts of omission, whether proceeding from negligence or ignorance. In truth, no counting-room should be without it.

We cannot conclude without noticing, with a feeling of pride, the superiority which the Scotch law of bills, in one respect, possesses over that of other countries. We allude to the facility with which payment may be enforced by the holder, simply by recording the protest, within a given time, and suing out the necessary writ,—thus avoiding all the expense and plagues of an action at law. The Acts which first authorised this summary proceeding, and, by so doing, struck the severest blow ever aimed at the tediousness of litigation, were passed in the reign of Charles the Second; at which era in our history, it does not appear that the Perthshire Freeholders overshadowed, as they now do, the whole of Scotland with their mighty importance, or acted the dignified part of "*My Public*" to the Lord Advocate, whenever he had an abuse to defend, or a reform to oppose\*. Those Acts were passed, in the most piping times of legitimacy, without any opposition, for the inestimable value of the law's delay had not then become part of a political creed; and but for the simplicity which they introduced into the recovery of commercial debts, it is impossible that Scotland, with the cumbersome forms of her Courts of Law, could have advanced a single step in improvement. Of such advantage is this simplicity, that we would earnestly recommend to our friends, who have a reasonable dread of being scratched and torn into raggedness, and a distaste of life, by the thorns and briars which beset the avenues of law, to wind up all their transactions in which they happen to stand creditor, by bills or promissory notes.

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\* We observe that this corporate body has been put in motion to oppose the improvements suggested by the Scots Law Commission,—improvements which, it is said, "threaten the liberties of Scotland." As was said of the virtue of *Mrs Deborah*, in *Tom Jones*, the patriotic zeal of the "good men and true" of Perthshire is like the valour of the train-bands—most rampant when there is the least danger. Out of the profession and the Perthshire Roll, there is not one man in fifty who would think the national liberties the less secure, or feel the least regret, were the whole courts in the kingdom radically remodelled. After all, however, "where there is shame there may yet be virtue," as Dr Johnston observes; and the late *turn-out* is so far creditable to Perthshire. At one time, danger to the liberties of Scotland would have drawn together all her chivalry to repel it; but on this occasion, though the *fiery cross* was sped from freeholder to freeholder,—though secure in the panoply of their own insignificance from popular groans, and even paper pellets, only *ten* out of the whole body could be brought to assemble. The silence in which their cry of danger to the public liberty has been listened to by the rest of Scotland, is truly edifying. The tale of the cry of "Wolf!" conveys not half so good a moral. The junta who did assemble and resolve, are precisely the sort of men who would exclaim against the presumption of popular bodies discussing subjects *above their capacity*; but it does not appear to have occurred to them, that it was a *little presumptuous* on their part to oppose *their* opinion, in a question respecting the forms of judicial proceedings, to the judgment of the first lawyers in the two kingdoms.



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Sonnets.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING HAYDON'S PICTURE, "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS."

Lo! where, in conscious pow'r sublime  
The Saviour of the world appears!  
The pang of friendship past, behold  
The God whom death's dread tyrant  
hears!

And, lo! forth from his rock-bound tomb,  
Obedient to th' omniscient word,  
Lazarus comes! give him to see,  
To know, and to confess his Lord.

Appalling form! save in that hand  
Eager to tear the veil away,  
And that eye lit with wild'red fire,  
No signs awaken'd soul betray.

No,—all is fix'd and deathly else,  
As if in the uncertain strife,  
No other hold had yet been won,  
And death were victor still o'er life:

But soon to yield: for see, where near  
Parental love impatient presses  
To fold him in a mother's arms—  
Ah! give him to her fond caresses.

Lo they, too! Mary, joy to thee,  
Wake from despair's deep trance and  
look!

And, Martha, see the pow'r of God,  
And let thy doubts receive rebuke.

Oh, kneel no more! 'tis he, 'tis he,  
Call'd from the silent realms away;  
Your brother, haste, his hands unloose,  
And lead him forth to love and day.

Ah! in your rapt embrace, how soon  
Shall death's last ling'ring chill de-  
part,

And, mingling with the crimson tide,  
The life of life pour from his heart!

Stupendous scene! and could there be,  
Who, steel'd in soul, look'd coldly on?  
With Peter, Lord, I bow, adore—  
And own thy Godhead with Saint John.

Pass but a few fleet years of time,  
O'er me oblivion's turf they'll rear;  
Yet pass this mortal frame of things,  
I too the dread command shall hear.

Be it, good Lord, to meet thy smile,  
And feel each rising fear remove,  
A better being to commence,  
And share with Lazarus thy love.

F.

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WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF "THE MORNING AND EVENING SACRIFICE."

*Presented to a Young Lady.*

SHE kneels—habitual piety renews  
The Ev'ning Sacrifice. No eye beholds  
The worshipper, save His to whom un-  
folds

The secret heart its workings, yet who  
views,  
From his high throne, with more benign  
regard

A human spirit struggling to be pure,  
Than ev'n their taintless homage, who,  
secure

In unlaps'd innocence, keep holy ward  
Before Him, servants of his will. No  
ear,

Save His, is nigh. And while the  
pray'r ascends,

So humble, fervent, simple, meekly-  
breathing,

Her soul unto its Shepherd, and be-  
queathing

Her good-night blessings on all lov'd  
and dear—

The guardian angel to his post de-  
scends.

Now morn is forth, and gratefully arise,  
To Him that bless'd her slumbers, and  
again

Restores her soul from dark oblivion's  
reign,

The odours of that holier sacrifice  
Than e'er on Salem's holiest altar bled—  
The guileless worship of a virgin heart  
Offer'd, ere yet one thought of time  
inpart

Its desecrating tinge, through Him who  
shed

Acceptance on the pray'r of faith. Oh,  
Thou

Who hear'st in mercy always, hear while  
now

She asks the safeguard of thy love—  
thy grace

To shield her spirit 'mid the snares of  
life,

And, with the Christian's hope then  
brightest, chace

The fears that vex, in Nature's mortal  
strife.

F.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

The History and Antiquities of the Ward of Bishopsgate, by Samuel Burgess, jun. is preparing for the press.

In the ensuing month, Mr G. Carey will publish a new edition of "Every Man his own Stock-Broker," considerably enlarged, including the Foreign Funds as well as our own.

The Rev. W. Eastmead has nearly ready for publication, a Memoir of the Hyæna's Den, lately discovered at Kirkdale, near Kirby-Moorside; with a History of the latter place, and its vicinity, to the distance of fifteen miles.

A Journal of the Sieges of the Madras Army, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, is nearly ready for publication, with Observations on the System according to which such Operations have usually been conducted in India, and a statement of the improvements that appear necessary. By Edward Lake, Ensign in the Company's Madras Engineers; accompanied by an Atlas of Explanatory Plates.

Early in the ensuing winter will be published, a Description of the Island of Madeira, by the late F. Edward Bowdich, Esq., Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee; to which are added, a Narrative of Mr Bowdich's last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his death; Remarks on the Cape de Verd Islands; and a Description of English Settlements on the River Gambia. By Mrs Bowdich.

A very imperfect work on Bibliography having appeared within the month, whose chief object is to recommend obsolete and black-letter books, the public are advised, that a full and perfect *Catalogue Raisonné of English Literature*, or a guide to students and libraries in the purchase of the best books, which has long been in preparation, will be published in the ensuing winter, at a very moderate price.

Dr Uwins is preparing a Compendium of Medical Theory and Practice, founded on Dr Cullen's Nosology, which will be given as a Text-Book, and a translation annexed. To which will be prefixed, a brief Dissertation on the nature and objects of Nosology; with a succinct account of the treatment of each disorder, an estimate of modern improvements in pathology, and an enumeration of the best authors for the student of medicine to consult.

Mr E. A. Crouch is about to publish Illustrations of Conchology, according to VOL. XV.

the system of Lamarck, in a series of Twenty Engravings, on royal 4to., each plate containing many specimens.

The new volume of the *Annual Biography and Obituary* (the ninth) is in preparation, and the friends of those eminent persons whose decease has occurred in the present year, are requested to forward communications without delay.

Mrs Frances Parkes is about to present the female world with a little work entitled "Domestic Duties," conveying instructions to young married ladies on the management of their household, and the regulation of their conduct in the various relations and duties of married life.

Amongst the novelties in preparation for the approaching literary season, is an additional volume of *Letters*, by Anna Seward; developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed, an *Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character*. By Mr Harral. The work will be further illustrated by Notes, a Portrait of Miss Seward, a facsimile of her hand-writing, &c.

Early in the ensuing winter will appear, *Amaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other Poems*; by the author of "Lyrical Poems," "The Siege of Zaragoza," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Dead Sea," &c.

Mr Fisbroke, Resident Surgeon at Cheltenham, is about to publish some observations on the treatment of Deafness, on improved principles, illustrated by one case of twenty years, and others of long standing, successfully treated.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Death-Bed Scenes*, or the Christian's Companion on entering the Dark Valley; by the author of the *Evangelical Rambler*.

Shortly will be published, in a neat pocket volume, the *History of Origins*, forming a collection of antiquities, important historical facts, singular customs, political and social institutions, and national peculiarities, combining a copious fund of amusement and instruction.

In a few days will be published "Commentaries on the Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels of Children. By Robley Dangleison, M.D., &c. &c.

In the press, "Lasting Impressions," a Novel, by Mrs Joanna Carey.

## EDINBURGH.

Preparing for publication, Claims of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, as Inventor of the Steam-Boat, vindicated. By William Miller, late Major in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Dr William Cullen, and also an Edition of his Physiology, and of his First Lines of the Practice of Physic; to which will be added various original papers, taken from the unpublished Manuscripts of that Author.

An Historical sketch of the Town of Hawick, and its vicinity, including a number of Circumstances and Anecdotes, illustrative of the manners and Character of the Inhabitants, with occasional observations. By a Trader in the Town.

In the press, and speedily will be published, with embellishments, in one volume, large 8vo., *Saint Baldré of the Bass, a Pictish Legend*; the *Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy*; and other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire. By James Miller.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

## ARCHITECTURE.

Observations on the rebuilding of London Bridge. By John Seward, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Library Companion; or, the Young Man's Guide and Old Man's Comfort in the Choice of a Library. By the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. 8vo. £1.7s.

Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica complete, in 11 Parts. £1.11.11s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Marshall's Royal Naval Biography. Vol. II. Part I. 8vo. 15s.

Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Halyburton. 12mo. 4s.

Self-Advancement, or Extraordinary Transitions from Obscurity to Greatness; exemplified in the lives and history of Eminent Men. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Edward Williams, D.D. with an appendix, including remarks on important parts of Theological Science. By Joseph Gilbert. 1 vol. 8vo.

## CHEMISTRY.

Chemical Recreations, a series of amusing and instructive experiments, to which are prefixed, First Lines of Chemistry. Third edition. 18mo. 3s.

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The New Chronology; or, Historian's Library Companion. By Thomas Tegg. 12mo. 6s.

## CLASSICS.

Selections from Horace, with English Notes. Part I. 4s. 6d.

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*Der Freischütz*, or the Seventh Bullet. A Series of twelve illustrations of this popular opera, drawn by an amateur, and etched by George Cruickshank, with a *travestie* of the drama.

## EDUCATION.

A Dictionary of Latin Phrases; comprehending a methodical Digest of various Phrases from the best Authors, for the more speedy Progress of Students in Latin Composition. By W. Robertson, A.M.

Harding's (W.) Short-Hand Improved. 3s.

The Second Number of "a New Series of Original Sketches," after the style of Morland. By Mr Campion. Intended as easy and progressive Lessons in the Art of Sketching Rustic Figures, Animals, Landscapes, &c.

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Lineal Drawing, and Introduction to Geometry; from the French of M. Francœur. 5s.

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An Improved System of Arithmetic, for the Use of Schools and Counting-houses. By Daniel Dowling. Part I. 4s.

Tables for Finding the Content of any Piece of Land. By John Tovey. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

A Practical Grammar of French Rhetoric, containing the Laws of Pronunciation, Prosody, and Accentuation, Punctuation, &c. &c. By Gabrielle Surenne. 8vo. 12s.

A Key to the above. 12mo. 2s.

## HISTORY.

Original Letters illustrative of English History. By Henry Ellis, Esq. 3 vols. £1.16s.



Dodsley's Annual Register for 1823.  
8vo. 16s.

#### HORTICULTURE.

The Florist's Gazette, Part I., containing an Account of the different Auricula and Tulip Meetings for 1824. 12mo. 1s.

#### MEDICINE.

Letters of Advice to all Persons visiting or settling in the East or West Indies. By James Boyle. 2s. 6d.

Shute's Principles of Medical Science and Practice, Part I. Physiology. 8vo. 18s.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The last Military Operations of General Riego; to which is added, A Narrative of the Sufferings of the Author in Prison. By George Matthews, first Aide-de-camp to General Riego. 4s. 6d.

Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron. By Sir Egerton Brydges. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The King of France has appointed a commission of twelve persons to revise all arrests and decrees, and other decisions, which were issued before the re-establishment of his Majesty on the throne, and to prepare ordinances to abrogate those which are not proper to be upheld, and to sanction those which may be deemed useful.

A Royal ordinance has re-established, during the prorogation of the Chambers, the censorship of the press; thus putting an end to the imperfect liberty which the French Journals have for a short time been permitted to enjoy. The Journals now leave a blank in the place of every article which is marked out by the censors, and the public are thus enabled to judge of the extent of the li-

terary and political slaughter which has been committed.

From what is stated in the French papers, it appears that the King's health is continuing rapidly to decline, and that it is not probable that he can struggle much longer with the accumulation of diseases under which he labours. Notwithstanding his deplorable situation, however, he is represented as performing with regularity the fatiguing duties of his high station, in so far as these consist in attending public ceremonies, holding levees, and giving audiences. It argues no small degree of fortitude to make even such exertions as these; and it is impossible for a moment to suppose that his Majesty can at present interfere with or control the measures of the government. Indeed this unavoidable, and, we are convinced, most unwilling relinquishment of his more essential functions, seems to afford the only feasible means of accounting for the increasing disregard shewn by his Ministers for the constitutional principles, such as they are, which exist in the theory of the French government. The King is known to have been uniformly moderate and liberal in his views; and his whole reign has been a continued personal struggle against those members of his family and government who have for their object the complete re-establishment of the ancient order of things. In this struggle, though he has frequently failed, yet he has sometimes been successful: and his name will go down to posterity as that of one of the most virtuous and patriotic of the French Monarchs. Unhappily, however, his personal influence must now be at an end. His Ministers are beginning to look towards the rising sun; and the character and politics of the presumptive heir to the throne are sufficient to account for the present policy of those individuals, who must speedily depend on his pleasure for a continuance of their power and dignity.

**SPAIN.**—Spain, far from being in a tranquil state, is still the scene of serious commotions, and in different quarters, the adherents of the constitutional party are carrying on a desultory warfare against the French troops. On the 3d, they surprised the fortress of Tariffa, and spread alarm even to Seville. Their success in this quarter, however, was not of long continuance, as it appears from the following official dispatch from General Digeon, that Tariffa was retaken by storm on the 19th.

“The fortress of Tariffa was taken by storm on the 19th, at five o'clock in the afternoon, by the French and Spa-

nish troops: The rebels, who retreated into the island, were attacked the next morning, at day-break, by the landing of French troops of the 34th regiment of the line. One Chief only escaped in a boat; the rest were killed or taken. The prisoners have been delivered up to the Spaniards, to be tried according to the laws.”

But Tariffa was not the only point where the Constitutionals gained a footing. Another party landed at Marbella, but no mention is made of its final destruction or capture. This movement is taken notice of in the report of General O'Donnell, as follows:—

“Merconchini, who had come out of Gibraltar with 150 smugglers, hoped to land at Estepona, but he could not succeed, and therefore could only disembark at Marbella. He levied 50,000 reals, but had scarcely collected seven, when, seized with a panic at the report of the approach of our brave mountaineers, he hastily re-embarked. He attempted to return to Gibraltar, but the English would not let him.”

Detestation of the French seems to be the universal feeling among all classes of Spaniards; and the most likely effect of persisting to keep military possession of Spain, will be to unite all parties in a simultaneous attempt to drive out the invaders.

The Spanish King has issued a decree declaring free-masonry, and all secret societies, high treason against God and the King! And all persons who harbour such societies are to be subject to the penalties of treason.

**GREECE.**—On the 3d of July, the Turks, under the Captain Pacha, succeeded in surprising the island of Ipsara, and obtaining possession of it, the troops on the island, and many of the inhabitants, escaping by flight. One fort, that of St. Nicolo, alone held out against the infidels, and latterly the garrison, consisting of about seventy men, nobly sacrificed themselves, for the sake of vengeance on their invaders. They blew up the fort, and thereby, it is said, destroyed about 20,000 of the Turks. In the mean time, the Ipsariots, who had been obtaining succours from Hydra, returned, and, attacking the Turkish fleet, obtained a decisive victory, destroying the greater part of it. They afterwards landed and re-took Ipsara, cutting to pieces the few Turkish troops who had been left upon it; and it is said the Captain Pacha himself only escaped their fate by a sudden flight. No regular narrative of these proceedings has appeared in any official or connected shape, and two of all the numerous statements



that have been given as veritable accounts of what has taken place, agree with each other in the particulars. We quote the following account of the recapture as having the fewest features of exaggeration about it, and being the most intelligible.—It is from a letter dated Constantinople, July 26.—“Some of the Ispariot ships which had escaped by flight the catastrophe of the 3d July, did their utmost, when they reached Hydra, to obtain assistance, from which they might expect some advantage, because, when they left Ipsara, two of the strongest forts were not yet taken. The Hydriots, in fact, put to sea with all expedition, with thirty armed vessels, landed at Samos, took on board Albanian and other troops, and appeared on the 16th before Ipsara, when the fate of the unfortunate island had been long decided. The Captain Pacha had left behind only six or seven hundred men (according to his own account only three hundred,) some boats for removing the booty, and a couple of gun-boats. The Hydriots having destroyed these, and cut the Turks to pieces, immediately retired.” Other versions of the story say that the Greek fleet attacked and defeated the armament of the Captain Pacha with very great loss, immediately after the disembarkation of the Turks, and that, having driven the barbarians to take refuge at Mitylene, the Greeks returned and put to the sword all the Turks they found on the island.

#### ASIA.

**THE BURMAN WAR.**—Private letters from Calcutta mention, that a force under Colonel Bowen, in an attempt to storm a stockade, was twice repulsed, and in the evening had to retire with the loss of 150 killed and wounded.

The following casualties are mentioned:—

10th regiment (native infantry,) Lieutenant Armstrong killed; Colonel Bowen severely wounded; Ensign Barberie ditto, lost a leg.

23d ditto, Captain Johnston severely wounded.

The total of the force under orders for the expedition against the Burmese, amounts to 20,000 men, namely, 12,000 from Bengal, 6000 from Madras, and 2000 from Bombay. Captain Canning accompanies the expedition as Political Agent, and was to embark at Calcutta on the 10th of April. The Diana steam-boat had been purchased by the Government for 80,000 rupees, in order to proceed with the expedition. Sir Edward Paget, the Commander-in-Chief, returned

to Calcutta on the 22d of March from the interior, and had been unremittingly employed in facilitating all the arrangements for the expedition.

#### AFRICA.

**CAPE COAST.**—Dispatches, dated the 5th July, have been received at the Colonial Office from Sierra Leone. Accounts of the 16th June had arrived there from Cape Coast Castle; and at that period nothing material in the way of military operations had occurred between the British and the Ashantees.

By the arrival of the Owen Glendower from Cape Coast Castle, however, we learn that the King of the Ashantees was advancing towards that settlement with a considerable force; and it was understood that he had brought with him one hundred thousand ounces of bullion and gold dust, in the expectation, that, by paying readily for provisions, &c. he would insure a better supply for his troops. It was apprehended he might do injury to the Negro Town, but no fears were entertained for the safety of the Castle, as it could resist any force, however great, that was unprovided with a battering train. Six officers and 150 troops had arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, but many had fallen victims to the unhealthy state of the climate.

Colonel Sutherland was carrying on active measures. Several skirmishes had lately taken place in the bush, under the command of Captain Blenkarne, and the loss of the Ashantees was supposed to be great. They had surrounded the Fantee country in immense bodies.

**ALGIERS.**—By dispatches from Sir Harry Neale, commanding the British Squadron off Algiers, we learn that peace has been again concluded with the Dey. Sir Harry's dispatches are dated the 26th of July; he states, that having, on the 24th, placed his squadron in their proper positions for an attack on the town of Algiers, he was about to commence the action, when a negotiation began, which terminated on the following day, by the Dey's submitting to all the conditions proposed by the Admiral, and signing the declaration which had been transmitted from England. A few shots and shells had been fired, but no lives were lost. On the signature of the declaration by the Dey, peace was restored, and the blockade raised.

#### AMERICA.

**PERU.**—Extract of a letter from Malcolm McGregor, Esq. the British Consul at Panama, dated 27th June.—“I send

you an official account of the defection of the Spanish General Olaneta, who, it appears, has put himself in communication with some Buenos Ayreans on the frontiers of Upper Peru, which will act as a powerful diversion in favour of the operations of General Bolivar on this side.

"A general engagement was expected to take place in Peru in all this month. The appearance of a Spanish force on the other coast has prevented the arrival of some troops here, destined for that country; but, notwithstanding this circumstance, I am not apprehensive of the issue of the campaign. General Bolivar has a force of upwards of 10,000 good troops with him, well clothed, organized, and disciplined, and far superior to any thing, from what I can learn, that can be brought against him."

Other accounts have been received from Panama, stating that Bolivar had again made himself master of Lima, but this wants confirmation.

**BRAZIL.**—An alarm at Rio Janeiro, that the King of Portugal was upon the point of sending out to Brazil a strong armament, for the purpose of attempting the re-subjugation of that country, has given occasion to two proclamations of Don Pedro, which, if they speak his sentiments, show that he cherishes no intention, as it has been sometimes insinuated he did, of replacing his dominions,

when a fitting opportunity should present itself, under the dominion of Portugal. These proclamations manifest the most determined resolution of offering resistance to whatever measures Portugal may undertake against the independence of Brazil. The people are called upon to take arms in the defence of their country, in order to prevent, as far as possible, the enemy from landing on their territory, and should that be impossible, to retire into the interior, leaving the country desolate behind them. A promise of pardon to all deserters who should rejoin their standards, has also been issued; such as were liable to serve, and yet failed to join the army, have been impressed, and the same activity was displayed in fitting out the navy, the vessels employed in the blockade of Pernambuco being recalled. All these precautions, however, seem needless, and we can hardly conceive how they should have been thought otherwise; for Portugal, we well know, is not in a state to make the attempts which are dreaded.

**WEST INDIES.**—By the latest accounts from Jamaica, it appears that the island was tranquil. Twelve of the negroes who had been tried and condemned to death, have been executed pursuant to their sentence; and almost all those engaged in the late insurrection had returned to their labour.

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## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

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**HOUSE OF LORDS.**—*May 4.*—The Earl of Lauderdale obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the "Spitalfields Acts," which was read a first time. The object of the Bill is to remove all restrictions on the Silk Trade, which his Lordship said would be more beneficial to local and general interests than the partial repeal that had been adopted.

The Marquis of Lansdowne then moved the committal of the Unitarians' Marriage Bill. The Bishop of Chester opposed the law, upon the ground that it would amount to a surrender of the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church. The Right Rev. Prelate concluded by proposing as an amendment, that the Bill should be read that day six months. The Bishop of St. David's expressed a doubt whether opinions, plainly repugnant to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, were entitled to so much consideration. The Archbishop of Canterbury supported the motion. He professed to set no value upon the insincere

and reluctant conformity extorted from Dissenters by the existing Marriage Laws. The Marquis of Lansdowne defended his Bill at great length. He asserted, that it professed nothing more than to restore the Unitarians to the privileges which they enjoyed before Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act; which Dissenters still enjoy in Ireland, and which are now freely indulged to Quakers and Jews in this kingdom. The Lord Chancellor opposed the Bill, as inimical to the supremacy of the Established Church, which Church he venerated, not only as the purest in her doctrine, but as the great bulwark of civil liberty, and the only security for a permanent toleration. The details of the Bill, he said, went to degrade the Church to the condition of handmaid to the Dissenters, and therefore he should oppose it. Lord Holland supported the Bill, and ridiculed the exaggerated strain which, he said, had been used in canvassing a measure so limited in its operation and probable influence. The Earl of Liverpool,



professing the most devoted attachment to the Church of England, nevertheless supported the motion, which he thought only a reasonable concession. The House then divided on the amendment.—Contents, 105. Non-Contents, 66. The Bill was in consequence lost.

13.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the second reading of the Alien Bill. Earl Grosvenor, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Lord Holland, opposed the motion, which, on the other hand, was supported by Lord Calthorpe, the Earl of Westmoreland, and the Lord Chancellor. On a division, the numbers were, for the second reading, 80—Against it, 35.

14.—Lord Gage proposed to add to the Alien Act, by way of rider, a clause providing that no Alien should be deported to the dominions of his lawful Sovereign without his own consent. After a short debate, the clause was rejected by a majority of 25 to 13.

The Earl of Lauderdale's bill for the repeal of the Spitalfields Acts was read a second time, after a very brief discussion, and a division, in which the supporters of the bill amounted to 23, and its opponents to 8.

17.—The Earl of Liverpool obtained a Committee to inquire into the state of the disturbed districts in Ireland, similar to that which was appointed in the House of Commons, upon Mr. Goulburn's amendment of Lord Althorpe's motion. The Marquis of Lansdowne complained of the local and limited field of inquiry suggested to the Committee, and contended that the state of the whole kingdom should have been made the subject of investigation, challenging the Earl of Liverpool to name any one county which might not be the scene of disturbance before the termination of the year; and comparing the conduct of Ministers to that of a Turkish physician in a harem, who is required to fix the pathology of every disease by a single symptom—the state of the pulse. Lord King called Ministers empirics, quacks, &c. On a division, the motion for a Committee was carried by a majority of 50 to 20.

21.—Upon the order of the day for the second reading of the United Gas Light Bill being read, the Earl of Lauderdale warmly opposed the motion, and moved, as an amendment, that the Bill should be read that day six months. The Earl of Limerick defended the Bill, and expressed great surprise that a measure proposed so long ago as the first of February, should now, for the first time, meet with opposition. The Earl of Rosslyn opposed the Bill. The Lord Chancellor spoke at some length. He condemned, gene-

rally, the principle upon which many Joint Stock Companies had lately been incorporated, as taking them from under the wholesome superintendence which the Crown exercised over Companies incorporated by Charter. The promoters of the Bill before the House, he said, had taken very good care of themselves, but they appeared a little indifferent to the security of their creditors, to whom they appeared to have left no remedy but a process against the gasometer, or a distress upon the inflammable air. The Noble and Learned Lord gave, in his speech, a reading upon the nature and policy of commercial incorporations, well worthy of the attention of political economists. The amendment (throwing out the Bill) was carried without a division.

The Earl of Lauderdale then moved the third reading of the Spitalfields Acts Repeal Bill. The Lord Chancellor opposed the motion. He said that he did not approve of the principle of the Spitalfields Acts; and that were they now proposed, he should vote against them; but he thought some delay due to the apprehensions of the weavers. The Bill (repealing the Spitalfields Acts) was carried by a majority of 61 to 55.

24.—The Earl of Liverpool brought down Bills originating with the Crown, (as by law such Bills must,) to reverse the respective attainders of the Earl of Marr, ancestor of John Francis Erskine, Esq.; of the Earl of Kenmure, ancestor of John Gordon, Esq.; of the Earl of Strathallan and Perth, ancestor of James Drummond, Esq.; and of Lord Baron Nairne, ancestor of William Nairne, Esq.; and to restore the above-named living representatives of the attainted Peers to the honours forfeited by their predecessors. To these restorations, which the noble Earl described as spontaneous acts of mercy and grace, the Royal proposition added another, which, with equal truth, the Earl of Liverpool called an act of strict justice, namely—the reversal of the attainder of the Earl of Stafford, the innocent victim of Oates' perjury. The Earl of Liverpool's motion for the first reading gave rise to some observations from the Earls Radnor and Lauderdale, and Lord Belhaven; against which the noble mover remonstrated, as being quite unprecedented upon a first reading in the House of Lords. The Bill was read a first time.

The Marquis of Lansdown, then moved the second reading of his two Bills for granting the Elective Franchise to the English Catholics, and allowing them to hold the same situations in England as their brethren of the same persuasion do in Ireland. The motion, however, was



met by an amendment on the part of Lord Colchester—that the Bills be read that day six months; and though supported by the Earls of Liverpool and Westmoreland, who voted with the Noble Marquis, both his measures were thrown out, on two divisions, by majorities of 139 to 101, and 143 to 109.

25.—The Marquis of Lansdown moved for the production of returns of all the officers of Excise, who had, within the last year, taken the oaths of qualification enjoined by the acts 12 and 15 of Charles the Second. The purpose of his motion, he said, was to show, that Ministers had, in fact, exercised a dispensing power with respect to these oaths, which some of them would not permit to be repealed. The Earl of Liverpool explained that these oaths had been included in the annual indemnity act. Lords King and Holland bestowed much sarcasm upon the division, upon various details of the Catholic question, existing amongst Ministers, and contended, that though the act of indemnity might be admitted to protect the Officers neglecting to take the qualification acts, it offered no protection to the Commissioners appointing or employing such unqualified officers.—The returns were ordered.

26.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the second reading of the Bills for the restoration, in blood, of the representatives of the attainted Scotch Lords, and for the reversal of the attainder of the Earl of Stafford. The Earl of Lauderdale made some objections to the form of the Bill relating to the Scotch Lords; and Lord Redesdale intimated an opinion, that the gentlemen in whose favour the measure was intended to operate ought to have been called upon to prove their right of succession, in the first place. The Lord Chancellor explained, that the King's sign manual, recommending a Bill of the nature of those before the House, had always been held equivalent to any proof of facts; because, in truth, according to the Constitution, the King, by the keeper of the Great Seal, did always determine questions of succession by the mere issuing a writ of summons, which was never withheld but in a case of manifest difficulty and doubt. A conversation of some length followed, the final result of which was, that the Bill was read a second time, with an understanding, that, before it passed, a committee might be appointed to search for precedents.

31.—Earl Grey presented the Catholic petition, which he introduced in a speech of great length; enforcing, by the usual arguments, that part of the petition

which was limited to the removal of disqualifications, and protesting against being understood to countenance the proposals for the suppression of the Protestant church, the proscription of Orangemen, and the disfranchisement of the corporations, which the petitioners had also urged in their petition.

The Earl of Liverpool introduced a Bill to relieve officers of the revenue from the necessity of taking the oath of supremacy. The Marquis of Lansdown expressed his satisfaction at the proposition, but lamented that the Earl Marshal of England was not included in it. Lord King professed some suspicion, that, though introduced by the Noble Lord at the head of the Treasury, the Bill might be defeated by the other Ministers. The Bill was read a first time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 3.—The House met to-day, pursuant to adjournment, but no business of importance was transacted.

4.—Lord A. Hamilton presented a petition from the Scots distillers, praying to be put on the same footing of favour in the English market as the distillers of Ireland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, admitting that the claims of the Scots distillers deserved consideration, pleaded the complicated nature of the subject as his excuse for not being able to give any distinct pledge upon the subject.

Captain Maberly then brought forward a motion for the relief of distress in Ireland, by empowering the Government to advance a million sterling by way of loan. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Goulburn, Mr Canning, Mr Peel, and Mr Abercromby, opposed the motion, all following pretty nearly the same line of argument, namely, that the commencement of a system of loans, which, from the nature of things, could not be confined for any considerable period, would only have the effect of diverting the gentry and manufacturers of Ireland from the cultivation of their proper and permanent resources; that it would interfere mischievously with the fair competition of capitalists; and that, by making the crown a frequent creditor with all the prerogatives of priority, which the King necessarily enjoys in the recovery of debts, it would exercise a very pernicious influence upon the general state of credit. Lord Althorpe, Mr S. Rice, Sir J. Newport, Mr Monck, and Alderman Bridges, supported the motion, which, however, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 85 to 38.

6.—In the course of a desultory discussion of various topics, Mr Huskisson took occasion to remonstrate against the

recent passion for forming companies, to be incorporated by Acts of Parliament. Such incorporations, he said, were not only an invasion of the Royal Prerogative of incorporating by Charter, but also a fraud upon the public, as the members of Companies incorporated by Act of Parliament were exempted from the operation of the Bankrupt Laws.

Mr Hume then brought forward a motion to institute an inquiry, whether the Irish Church establishment is not unnecessarily numerous and expensive, with relation to the amount of the population? The Hon. Member introduced his motion with a speech of vast extent, but of little novelty. He declared himself an enemy to all religious establishments. Mr Stanley opposed the motion, and exposed the exaggerations of the wealth of the Irish Church, upon which all the Hon. Mover's arguments rested. Mr Grattan and Mr Dominick Brown supported the motion. Mr Robertson suggested the possibility, that, by mutual concessions, it might be found practicable to adopt the Roman Catholic clergy into the Established Church; and cited the examples of Prussia, and some other German states, in which it had been found easy to unite Lutherans and Calvinists, sects as repugnant as the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland. Mr Plunkett spoke at some length against the motion. Mr Leslie Foster and Mr Dawson also opposed it. Sir F. Burdett warmly supported the proposition for inquiry. The House then divided, when the motion was rejected by a majority of 152 to 79.

7.—A short conversation took place upon the subject of a proposed modification of the Scottish Poor Laws, in the course of which Sir A. Hope, Mr Drummond, and several other Scottish Members, warmly opposed the change which had been proposed in Mr Kennedy's Bill. The change was from the present system, which, like the English poor laws, enforces a compulsory assessment for the poor, to a plan formed upon the principles of Mr Malthus, by which the indigent would be abandoned to the chance of voluntary relief.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then brought forward the Budget. The interest of this communication was, however, much impaired by the previous disclosures of the 23d of February. The exposition, however, given by the Right Hon. Gentleman of the financial condition of the country was in the highest degree cheering and satisfactory, and the Resolutions moved by him were severally carried without a division. He announced it to be the intention of Government

to reduce the interest of Exchequer Bills from two-pence to three half-pence per day, by which about £.220,000 will be annually saved. He also recurred to the Act for paying off the four per cents., and stated that the Dissents did not amount to more than seven millions; consequently, notice had been given that the whole would be paid off in October. In allusion to the Silk Weavers' Act, passed in the course of the Session, he said that its favourable effect already had been much greater than was anticipated, and that the trade was now in a state of the greatest activity. He stated that the repayments made on account of the alteration in the Silk Duties will be about £.500,000. At a later period of the evening, the Right Hon. Gentleman proposed, in a Committee, some alterations in the laws respecting Savings Banks, with a view of limiting the amount of deposits in those banks to such sums as might be *bona fide* the property of poor persons.

10.—Lord Stanley moved the second reading of the Manchester Equitable Loan Bill. Mr Huskisson, in a speech of considerable length, repeated the objections which he had offered on a former evening, to the incorporation of commercial societies by Act of Parliament, instead of the old practice of incorporating by Charter from the Crown. The principal of these objections was, that the integral individuals of societies incorporated by Act of Parliament being irresponsible, the company itself was also uncontrolled by the fear which always operated to keep chartered companies within proper bounds. The Bill was read a second time.

Mr Manning then moved the second reading of the West-India Company Bill. Mr Sykes, Mr Williams, Mr Whitmore, Mr Smith, and Mr F. Buxton, opposed the Bill, as likely to raise the price of sugar, by giving a monopoly to the company to be incorporated, as holding out a temptation to delusive speculation, and as threatening to procrastinate the period at which the Negroes might be emancipated. Mr T. Wilson and Mr C. B. Ellis supported the Bill, which they described as a measure calculated merely to relieve the suffering Planters, by inviting capitalists to advance their money upon West India security. Mr Huskisson, protesting that he saw nothing in the Bill to take it out of the class of legislative incorporations, to which he had a general dislike, proceeded to answer the particular objections to its provisions. He denied that the Bill would give any monopoly of the sugar trade, that it was likely to lead to any delusion, or that it could affect the condition of the Negroes



otherwise than favourably. On a division, the motion for the second reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 102 to 30.

Mr Maberly next brought forward his motion for the repeal of the House, Window, Servant, Horse and Carriage Taxes, amounting, in the whole, to three millions and a half. The Hon. Member directed his arguments principally against the Sinking Fund, and the other financial arrangements of the Ministers. The general purport of his speech was to show that the Sinking Fund might be abandoned without injury, in order to set the Surplus Revenue free for the reduction of Taxes. Mr Leicester seconded the motion, and took nearly the same line of argument. The Chancellor of the Exchequer defended the Sinking Fund, by which, he said, thirty-nine millions of debt had been redeemed since 1816: he professed an unwillingness to indulge in anticipations of any kind, but begged to deny that he had ever declared that no further remission of taxes could be expected before 1829. Mr Hume contradicted, in the most positive manner, the assertion that thirty-nine millions of debt had been redeemed. Mr Alderman Heygate declared, that, though he thought the Assessed Taxes the most objectionable of all sources of revenue, he could not consent to repeal them at the expense of the Sinking Fund. Mr Maberly replied shortly, when the House divided. Ayes 78, Noes 171—majority against the motion 93.

11.—Lord Althorp, in a very long speech, introduced a motion for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland generally, with relation to population, employment, commerce, the church, tithes, rents, the military establishment, the insurrection act, the state of education, and the Catholic question. Sir H. Parnell seconded the motion. Mr Goulburn, at some length, vindicated the conduct pursued towards Ireland by Parliament and by Ministers; he deprecated engaging in so wide a field of inquiry, as that suggested by the noble mover, and proposed as an amendment, "that the inquiry of the Committee be limited to the nature and extent of the disturbances that have prevailed in those districts which have been subjected to the Insurrection Act, that is, to Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, Clare, and Kilkenny." Lord Milton supported the original motion. He thought that the widest scheme of inquiry was necessary to throw open to the people of England full information as to the state of the Sister Island. He argued in favour of Catholic emancipation, and

called upon the Government to discountenance the Orange system, by excluding all Orangemen from office. Mr North supported the amendment, in a speech, which was highly complimented by all the subsequent speakers on either side of the House. He seemed to think that colonization presented the only effectual remedy for the evils which oppress Ireland. He defended the Clergy of the Established Church in that country from the attack which had been made upon them on a former evening, and declared without hesitation, that the property in their hands was (even with a view to secular advantages only) more beneficially bestowed for the people, than it would be in the possession of the lay gentry. Sir John Newport and Sir John Sebright supported the original motion. Sir F. Burdett followed on the same side; he charged Mr North with inconsistency, in resisting the most ample inquiry, while he acknowledged the dreadful evils to exist in Ireland, but concurred with that gentleman in the opinion that colonization was the most promising remedy for these evils: of such a bold and comprehensive policy as colonization on a proper scale, he had, however, he said, no hope from the present Ministers. Mr Peel supported the amendment, and pointed out the advantage which must result from limiting the inquiry to what the committee could effectually engage with. Mr Canning supported the amendment. He spoke less to the question, than in explanation of his own views upon the subject of Catholic emancipation. Mr Tierney supported the motion in a humorous and sarcastic speech.—On a division, the numbers were, for the amendment 184, against it 236—majority 48.

13.—An interesting conversation took place on the subject of the existing Corn Laws. Mr Curteis, the Member for Sussex, complained that the averages by which the importation of foreign grain was to be regulated were never fairly struck, and moved for a return of the names of persons who have made returns of sales of corn in the markets of London, Liverpool, &c. for the six weeks preceding the 15th of May, with a view to check the frauds practised in striking the averages. Mr Huskisson acknowledged the existence of the evils of which Mr Curteis complained; and allowed the imperfection of that system from which the evils emanated. He should be happy, he said, to see the day when a more general feeling should exist for revising the present system; and he had felt great pleasure on seeing a petition from a part of the empire peculiarly alive to the merits



of the subject, requesting Parliament to adopt the system of free importation, guarded by a sufficient protecting duty, in preference to the law at present in operation.

Mr Wodehouse then moved the continuance of the existing Salt Duties, as a substitute for the Window Tax on small houses, which he proposed to repeal. Mr W. enforced his motion in a very able speech, in which he proved that all the evils of smuggling, perjury, and penal infictions, which were alleged against the former Salt Tax, had been removed by the reduction that had taken place. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared the inclination of his own mind, to be favourable to the motion, but said, that, pledged as he was upon the subject, he could not feel justified in proposing a continuance of the Salt Tax, unless called upon to do so by the unequivocal voice of the country. (The Right Hon gentleman was here cheered by the House in a manner which he interpreted to mean that he ought to adhere to his promise.) He therefore moved the previous question. The motion was then withdrawn.

17.—A conversation took place on the Beer Duties' Bill, against which several Members expressed themselves decidedly hostile, as it would be ruinous to the Licensed Victuallers if passed. Mr H. Drummond, on presenting a petition from the Magistrates of Stirling against the measure, gave notice, that if the part of

the Bill relating to small or cheap beer were not altered, he should oppose the Bill altogether as far as concerned Scotland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he had many alterations to make, particularly with respect to the scale of duties. The House would then see what he really desired, and he should be prepared to state what course he would pursue, and whether he would persevere in the Bill or not. The latter observation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer excited the manifest satisfaction of the House.

Mr F. Buxton moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the Act of George I. as restricts Partnerships and Societies from insuring Ships and Goods, and from lending money upon Bottomry. The object and the effect of this Bill would be, the Hon. gentleman explained, to give Joint Stock Companies the right of making Marine Insurances in common with the two great Chartered Companies, namely Lloyd's and the Sun Fire Company. The motion was opposed, on the ground that the Bill would destroy those Chartered Companies; but Mr Huskisson showed that they only took four parts out of one hundred in the business of insurance, and that the other ninety-six parts were in the hands of private individuals, members of Lloyd's. The arguments in favour of the measure being of a convincing nature, the leave asked for was granted, and the Bill brought in and read a first time,

## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

### JULY.

5.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—James Martin, *alias* Leechman, a boy who stated himself to be ten years of age, was found Guilty of theft, with the aggravation of habit and repute, and sentenced to transportation beyond seas for fourteen years.

12.—Daniel, or Donald Gow, a boy about 15 years of age, was convicted of theft, and being habit and repute a thief, and sentenced to transportation for life.

Robert Brown was then put to the bar, accused of the murder of Mary Brown, his illegitimate daughter, by putting her into the water or river of Slitrig, near Smithfieldhaugh, in the parish of Kirkton, Roxburghshire, on Saturday the 3d of April last, by which the child was drowned. Brown pleaded Not Guilty.—The evidence adduced in this case failed in supporting the conclusions of the indictment. It was proved that the deceased had been seen in the company of

the accused a short time before the body was found in the river, but nothing else was elicited in any way to throw suspicion on the panel, who, besides, produced abundant evidence of his good character. The Lord Advocate said, he would not trouble the Court or the Jury farther with this case. It was evident a child had lost its life under suspicious circumstances: and though the evidence had not turned out as he thought, considering the situation which he held, he would not have discharged his duty to the country if he had not brought it forward.—The Jury, after a few minutes consultation, found a verdict of Not Guilty, and Brown was discharged from the bar.

13.—James Scott, a lad of 16 or 17, was convicted of having, on the 10th of March last, stolen from the cabin of the smack Venus, lying in the harbour of Leith, in which vessel he was an apprentice, a wooden box, containing £1,150 in sovereigns and half sovereigns, addressed

to Masterman and Co. London, and the property of John Maberley and Co. Bankers in Edinburgh. The prisoner pleaded Guilty, and the libel was restricted to an arbitrary punishment. Sentence of fourteen years transportation was pronounced. The prisoner had buried the box in Leith Links, and afterwards taken out part of the contents.

Charles MacEwan, an itinerant wire-worker, was then accused of assaulting, and maiming, so as to cause mutilation, in so far as he did, on the evening of the 22d May last, in the house of William Gray, in Bathgate, bite off a part of the nose of Hugh Robertson, travelling jeweller. The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty, and that what he had done was in defence of his wife and himself.—The evidence in this case was conclusive against the prisoner, who was accordingly found Guilty, and sentenced to be publicly whipped through the town of Bathgate on the 28th July, and to be afterwards kept at hard labour in the Bridwell of Edinburgh for twelve calendar months.

14.—Alexander Martin, *alias* Milne, was put to the bar, accused of theft, stouthrief, and housebreaking. He pleaded Not Guilty, and the first charge of simple theft having been abandoned, evidence was led to establish the others. It appeared that, as Alexander Hervie, a man of nearly 81 years of age, and his daughter, residing in the parish of Kemnay, were preparing to go to bed on the evening of the 16th April last, they observed a man look in at one of the windows. The old man went to the door, but saw no person. His daughter then darkened the fire, but almost immediately heard a noise as if some person was on the house top. She went out and saw a man, who came down and seized her by the throat. She tried to prevent his entrance into the house, but he overcame her. Hervie went to the assistance of his daughter, but he also was soon mastered by the ruffian, who forced his way into the house, took hold of him, threw him on the floor, and struck and kicked him while there, by which he was severely bruised, and had one of his knees cut. He also seized Hervie's daughter by the arms, throwing her against the chairs. On which she cried out, "That if he would spare their lives, he should have all that was in the house." Hervie lighted a fir-candle, and the man went to the drawers, took out a knife, and said "that this would do for him if he made any resistance." Christian Hervie then took from the drawers fifty shillings and two silk handkerchiefs, which she gave to the man, who counted the money, and

threw away a shilling and sixpence as bad. He then, still having the knife in his hand, made her take an oath that she would not describe his person or dress. Christian Hervie identified the prisoner as the man, and all the other evidence corroborated hers. The Lord Advocate confined the whole charge to stouthrief and theft from lockfast places, and the Jury, without leaving their box, returned an unanimous verdict, finding the stouthrief, as libelled, Proven, and theft from lockfast places, as limited, also Proven. The prisoner was sentenced to be executed at Aberdeen on the 27th August.

[Martin was executed according to his sentence.]

15.—Robert Dennet was accused of having, at Dunbar, on the 3d day of June last, committed a most violent assault on Francis Findlay, with the intent of murdering him. The prisoner pleaded Guilty of the assault, but without the intention to murder. The Lord Advocate confessed himself at a loss to account for the want of the intent to murder, when one man attempts to cut another's throat. It would be for the Jury to judge, but he should not restrict the libel. From the evidences of Francis Findlay, it appeared that both himself and the prisoner, who lodged in his house, had been drinking that day (the latter for three days previous;) from some complaints of the neighbours, he had given him notice to quit his house, but told him he might sleep there that night, for which he thanked him. The witness had taken off his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and was loosing his shoes, when he felt the prisoner's arm round his neck, and thought that a pin in his sleeve had scratched his neck; finding the blood falling on his hand, he exclaimed, "Good God! Robert, you have cut my throat," and made towards the door, calling "Murder." The first person who came was Jean Henderson, who held the wound, from which the blood was springing, till Dr Turnbull came. The wife of Findlay corroborated by her evidence that of her husband. Catharine Reid recollected of Findlay having his throat cut; it was on a Thursday night. About one o'clock on the Wednesday morning before, she accidentally heard the panel and Findlay's wife in conversation. He then said, if she (Findlay's wife) would give her consent, he would do for Frank; "he had often had a mind to do for him, and he would do it immediately." The witness understood that they were speaking of the husband, Findlay. The Jury without retiring found the prisoner Guilty of the crime as libelled, and the Court sentenced him to be publicly



whipt through the streets of Dunbar on the 29th instant, and to be transported for seven years.

Donald, or Daniel M'Kinnon, *alias* Ritchie, and Thomas Ross, were then convicted of housebreaking and theft, and sentenced to transportation for life.

16.—William Hay was indicted for perjury, committed by him in the course of the proceedings held in a sequestration of his estate, under the Act of the 54th of the late King, cap. 137; in so far as he swore that the state of his affairs exhibited by him contained a list of all his debts and of his property, real and personal; and that he had delivered up to his creditors all his books and other documents: knowing at the time, first, that there were certain tenements in Dunfermline, belonging to him, not included in the state: second, that there were certain tenements in Perth, belonging to him, not included in the state: third, that he had at various times placed in the hands of his brother, Alex. Hay in Dunfermline, bills due to him of the respective amounts following:—£.140, £.100, £.106, £.175, £.207, 18s., £.270, £.65, 3s., £.85, 11s., £.123, 9s., 4d., £.73, 2s., 6d., £.56, 14s., £.26, £.20, £.14, and £.290, 14s.; all which were not included in the state: fourth, that he had at the time £.975, in cash, under his own control, and not included in the state: fifth, that he had previously caused to be conveyed to the house of Mrs Craigie in Perth, a quantity of grocery goods and various articles of household furniture, not included in the state; sixth, that he had at various times caused to be conveyed to the said Alexander Hay, quantities of goods, not included in the state: seventh, that he had conveyed to a cellar in Perth, possessed by James Wright, Tobaccoist, a quantity of goods not contained in the state: eighth, that he had concealed in his own premises a great quantity of goods not contained in the state: ninth, that he had conveyed to a garret in Perth, possessed by Robert Stewart, Spirit-dealer, various articles of household furniture, not included in the state: and, ninth, that he had withheld from his creditors sundry books and documents, particularly stated accounts between him and the said A. Hay. The panel pleaded Guilty of the crime libelled, so far as respected the first four acts charged in the indictment; and the Lord Advocate, having declined to examine evidence, the Jury found the panel Guilty in terms of his confession. The sentence of the Court adjudged the panel to transportation beyond seas for seven years, and declaring him infamous.

Robert Byres was next put to the bar, on a charge of resetting a number of watches, stolen from the shop of Luke Lindsay, watchmaker in Greenock, on the 12th November last. The panel pleaded Not Guilty. Mr Cowan objected to the relevancy of the indictment, on the ground that the articles said to be stolen were not described as having been the property or in the lawful possession of Luke Lindsay. In an indictment for theft, such a specification would have been indispensable; and in an indictment for reset it was no less so, as in either case the prosecutor must establish the theft, and the panel must have the same facilities of disproving it. The Court considered this a serious objection, and ordered informations on the point.

17.—John Wallace Bruce, late Deputy Postmaster at Golspie, county of Sutherland, accused of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, and rendering to the General Post Office false and fraudulent states of his accounts and intromissions as Postmaster, and thereby defrauding the public revenue, was outlawed for not appearing. Bruce was out on bail.

Jean Macfarlane, who was tried and convicted on the 28th ult. for robbery, was sentenced to twelve months' confinement in Bridewell.

19.—*Old Bailey*.—Captain Felix M'Donough, (author of the Hermit in London,) aged 55, and Henry, his son, aged 25, were indicted for stealing, at night, in the Royal Saloon, London, a house of bad character, a pocket-book, containing £.100, the property of Thomas Weaver, a no very prudent Linen-Draper of Abingdon, who was in town on a mixed mission of frolic and business. The book was found on the young prisoner, without any cash in it. Weaver admitted that while at the Saloon he had retired for half an hour, when drunk, with a girl of the town, and young M'Donough declared that when he did so, he handed him his watch and pocket-book to take care of, but that he never examined it to ascertain whether it contained money or not. Witnesses gave the prisoners honourable characters; and a gentleman who knew Weaver declared, that he was so inveterate a liar as not to be believed on his oath. Verdict, Not Guilty.

#### AUGUST.

7.—*Edinburgh*.—The annual examination of the High School took place yesterday, in presence of the Magistrates, Professors of the University, &c. The young gentlemen went through their exercises in a manner which did equal honour to themselves and to the teachers. The gold medal, the bequest of the late



Colonel Peter Murray, was adjudged to Master William Gowan, (son of Mrs Gowan, London-Street,) dux of the senior Latin Class, who was also dux of the Geography Class. The following is a copy of the inscription :

*Premium Moravianum in Schola Edinensi*  
GULIELMO GOWAN,

PUERO OPTIME MERITO CONDISCI-  
PULORUM  
DUCI.

A.D. MDCCCXXIV.

Another gold medal was adjudged to the dux of the senior Greek class, Master Basil Bell, son of Mr John Bell, Chapel Hill, Berwickshire, bearing a suitable inscription in the Greek language.

A similar gold medal, the bequest of the late Mr William Ritchie, who was for twenty-three years one of the teachers of this school, was awarded to Master George Cotton, (son of Mr Cotton, tobacconist, North Bridge,) as dux of the second class, and

The Macdonald premium, being a beautiful silver medal, bearing the arms of Macdonald, finely embossed, was adjudged to Master John Whyte, (son of Mr John Whyte, printer, Lawnmarket,) dux of the third class.

*Union Canal.*—The beneficial effects of the Union Canal become daily more apparent. We observe ground advertised to be feued along its banks; and the proprietors of lands adjoining find an easy outlet for all sorts of produce. On the estate of Baberton, only four miles from town, a new quarry has been opened, yielding excellent stone for building, of which the builders in Edinburgh have begun to avail themselves at a cheap rate, by the easy access which the Canal affords.

14.—*Revenues, &c. of the East India Company.*—The accounts of revenues and disbursements of the East India Company for the three years 1819-20, 1820-21, 1821-22, the latest period to which they can be made up, with an estimate for 1822-23, have been printed by order of the House of Commons. The territorial revenues of the Presidencies of Bengal, Fort St George, and Bombay, and the dependencies—Bencoolen, and the Prince of Wales's Island—were, in 1821-22, £21,803,207 sterling; the charges on it £17,732,516, to which is to be added, £1,935,390, interests on debts in India, and £208,038 expense of St. Helena. When these three sums are deducted from the revenues, there appears a net surplus revenue arising from the territory of India of £1,927,263. In 1822-23, it is estimated that the gross revenues will have amounted to

£22,213,622 sterling, and the net surplus to £2,274,646.

*Hunterian Museum, Glasgow.*—*Rattlesnake.*—The Hunterian Museum has been lately enriched by the present of a living Rattlesnake. The reptile is enclosed in a large box fronted with glass, defended by a grating of wire. It is perfectly lively, although since its arrival it has taken nothing but the portion of the yolk of two eggs. Living mice and young birds have been introduced, but without its taking the smallest notice of them. Frogs, also; but they were found entwined in its folds—or even perched on its head—without suffering the smallest injury, or as much as attracting its notice. A rabbit, however, did not fare so well; the little animal had been scarcely put into the box, when the snake darted at it, and bit it, retiring, as it were, at the same moment, and coiling itself up in its folds. The deadly nature of the bite was soon conspicuous. In about a minute, the rabbit was seized with convulsions, and, after three minutes more, expired, in apparently dreadful agony. The snake did not subsequently take the smallest notice of its victim, but moved about as though its prison inclosed nothing but itself.

20.—*Manchester.*—It appears that the payments made by the Manchester Clerk Society to 177 members and their families in distressed circumstances, since its establishment in 1802, amounts to no less a sum than £15,769, 14s. 1d. The permanent fund of the Society, amounting to £16,174, 19s. 8d., has been principally laid out in the purchase of chief rents, and is now producing £750 per annum. The annual subscriptions are about £600, making a total of income to the Society of £1350. The claimants now on the books are 18 sick and infirm members, 60 widows and their 47 children, and 25 orphans, at a charge of £1326 per annum, according to the present allowance, which is only one half of what was originally intended, and allowed up to the year 1821, when the Committee were reluctantly obliged, from the rapid increase of claims, to reduce the allowances to the amount of the annual income, according to the rules of the society. It is a fact worthy of particular notice, that the circumstances of a number of individuals, (who at one time were among the first of respectable merchants, and who became members of this society, rather as patrons than from interested motives,) have so changed since, that they or their families have actually become claimants on the funds.—*Letter in the Manchester Guardian.*

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

July 22. The Rev. Mr Henderson ordained Minister of the Parish of Carmunnock.

29. The Rev. G. Mackenzie admitted Minister of Skene.

30. The Rev. Alexander Walker presented by the King to the Church and Parish of Elgin.

Aug. 13. Rev. Dr Lee of Canongate appointed Minister of Lady Yester's Parish, Edinburgh.

The Associate Congregation of Original Burghers, Cowan's Yard, Stirling, gave a unanimous call to Mr William Mackray, A.M. to be their Pastor.

14. The Rev. John Kerr presented by his Majesty to the Church and Parish of Polmont.

Rev. Dr David Lamont to be one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland.

Mr James Nicol, A.M. presented to the Church and Parish of Leslie.

16. The Associate Congregation of Kilpatrick gave a unanimous call to Mr William Nicol to be their Pastor.

19. Rev. John Murray elected one of the Ministers of Aberdeen.

The Associate Congregation in Potter-row, Edinburgh, gave a call to Mr John Smart of Stirling to be their Minister. Mr Smart had previously a call from the Congregation at St Andrew's-Street, Leith, which he has preferred.

30. The Rev. Archibald Bennie to be Minister of the West Church, Stirling.

## II. MILITARY.

Brevet. Capt. Owens, h. p. (employed as Chief Engineer in New South Wales,) Maj. in the Army 29 July 1824.  
 Capt. Pudner, East-India Company's Service, and Paymaster of Comp. Depot at Chatham, to have local rank of Capt. while so employed 22 do.  
 A. Nicol, late a Serj. 49 F. and Fort Adj. in Canada, to have rank of Ens. while so employed 5 Aug.  
 4 Dr. Gds. Capt. Chatterton, from 7 Dr. Gds. Maj. by purch. vice d'Este, prom. 22 July  
 7 Lieut. Nugent, Capt. by purch. vice Chatterton, 4 Dr. Gds. do.  
 Cornet Unett, Lieut. do.  
 J. Bolton, Cornet do.  
 Serj. Maj. Hickman, Riding-master, from 15 Dr. Cornet 15 do.  
 4 Dr. Assist. Surg. Thompson, from 59 F. Surg. vice Tod, dead 5 Aug.  
 Paymaster Wilkey, from h. p. 40 F. Paymaster, vice Kerr, exch. 12 do.  
 7 Lieut. Hill, Capt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 29 July  
 Cornet Broadhead, Lieut. do.  
 A. W. Biggs, Cornet do.  
 12 Lieut. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Crauford, Cape Corps do.  
 Ens. England, from 77 F. Lieut. 19 do.  
 15 Capt. Lane, Major by purch. vice Booth, ret. 5 Aug.  
 Lieut. Temple, Capt. do.  
 Cornet Musgrave, Lieut. do.  
 J. Shelley, Cornet do.  
 1 F. Ens. Williamson, Lieut. vice M'Combie, African Col. Corps 22 July  
 J. Campbell, Ens. do.  
 5 Ens. Hill, Lieut. vice M'Kensie, dead 8 June  
 J. W. King, Ens. 12 Aug.  
 10 2d Lieut. Dayrell, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. by purch. vice Birch, ret. 22 July  
 Major Gordon, from 21 F. Major, vice Russell, h. p. 3 Ceylon Reg. 29 do.  
 14 W. L. O'Halloran, Ens. vice La Roche, res. 11 Jan.  
 18 Ens. Latouche, Lieut. by purch. vice French, prom. 15 July  
 G. H. Peel, Ens. do.  
 T. C. Graves, Ens. vice Young, 20 F. 12 Aug.

19 F. Bt. Major Lockyer, Maj. by purch. vice Broomfield, ret. 22 July 1824  
 Lieut. Rose, Capt. do.  
 Ens. Stirling, Lieut. do.  
 R. F. Poore, Ens. do.  
 20 Ens. Young, from 18 F. Lieut. vice Church, dead 12 Aug.  
 21 2d Lieut. Booth, 1st Lieut. vice Brady, African Col. Corps 15 July  
 Ens. Pentland, from 1 W. I. R. 2d Lieut. do.  
 Major McLaine, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. Major vice Gordon, 10 F. 29 do.  
 26 Ens. Babinton, from 18 F. vice Roberts, dead 12 Aug.  
 R. J. E. Rich, Ens. do.  
 29 Quart. Mast. Serj. Kneebone, Quart. Mast. vice Mitchell, dead 15 July  
 39 Bt. Lieut. Col. Lindesay, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sturt, ret. 12 Aug.  
 Bt. Maj. Macpherson, Maj. do.  
 Lieut. Caldwell, Capt. do.  
 Ens. Leckie, Lieut. do.  
 G. C. Borough, Ens. do.  
 48 Lieut. Marshall, Capt. vice Cuthbertson, dead 22 July  
 2d Lieut. Hay, from 54 F. Lieut. do.  
 51 Lieut. Tyndale, Capt. by purch. vice James Ross, ret. 5 Aug.  
 53 Lieut. Halcott, from 87 F. Lieut. vice Anstice, h. p. 22 Dr. 29 July  
 54 C. Warren, Ens. vice Hay, 48 F. 22 do.  
 60 Serj. Maj. Liddeell, from 7 F. 2d Lieut. and to Act as Adj. 19 Aug.  
 68 W. Smith, Ens. vice Cogan, dead 29 July  
 71 Ens. Connor, Lieut. vice Coates, dead 19 Aug.  
 Ens. Seymour, Ens. do.  
 72 Lieut. Murray, from h. p. 24 F. Lieut. vice Rose, exch. do.  
 73 Maj. Bamford, from 97 F. Maj. vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass. 12 do.  
 77 J. Lomax, Ens. by purch. vice England, 12 Dr. 19 do.  
 79 Capt. Marshall, Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 29 July  
 Lieut. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom. 12 Aug.  
 Ens. Maule, Lieut. do.  
 T. Crombie, Ens. do.  
 82 Lieut. Mortimer, Capt. vice Field, dead 9 March  
 Ens. Greene, Lieut. 12 Aug.  
 J. Trollope, Ens. do.  
 84 Capt. Colomb, from h. p. 37 F. Capt. vice Tonson, exch. do.  
 86 Lieut. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg, ret. do.  
 Ens. Close, Lieut. do.  
 P. Le Poer Trench, Ens. do.  
 87 Lieut. Mildmay, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lieut. vice Halcott, 53 F. 29 July  
 88 W. P. Galloway, Ens. vice Boyes, 2 W. I. R. do.  
 92 Capt. Cameron, from h. p. 79 F. Capt. vice Phelan, exch. 19 Aug.  
 97 Maj. Paterson, from h. p. York Chass. Maj. vice Bamford, 75 F. 12 do.  
 98 Lieut. Goodfirth, from h. p. 31 F. Lieut. vice Logan, exch. do.  
 Rifle Brig. W. Lloyd, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Dayrell, 10 F. 22 July  
 Lieut. Molloy, Capt. vice Skeill, dead 5 Aug.  
 2d Lieut. Maclean, 1st Lieut. do.  
 C. Bagot, Page of Honour to the King, 2d Lieut. do.  
 1 W. I. R. E. G. Ellis, Ens. vice Pentland, 21 F. 15 July  
 2 Ensign Spence, Lieut. vice M'Carthy, dead do.  
 Ensign & Adjut. Curry, rank of Lieut. 6 Aug.  
 Ensign Sutherland, Lieut. vice Dunne, dead 7 do.

2 W. I. R. E. E. Nicolls, Ens. 7 Aug. 1824  
F. W. Watson, Ens. 22 July  
Hosp. Assist. Murray, Assist. Surg.  
Ensign Boyes, from 88 F. Lieut. do. 29 do.

Staff Assist. Surg. O'Beirne, Surg. vice  
Ritchie, dead 3 Aug.  
Cape C. } Bt. Maj. Craufurd, from 12 Dr. Major  
Cav. } by purch. vice Somerset, dead do.  
R. Af. } Lieut. Brady, from 21 F. Capt. vice  
Col. C. } M'Combie, dead 15 July  
D. Turner, Ens. vice O'Meara, dead do.  
Capt. De Barrallier, from h. p. 32 F.  
Capt. vice Baynes, exch. 12 Aug.

Vet. C. } Capt. Mackenzie, from h. p. York Light  
Newf. } Infantry Volunteers, Capt. 25 July  
1 Vet. Bn. Ens. Russel, from h. p. 6 F. Ens. (re-  
pay the diff. he rec. upon exch. to  
h. p.) vice Karr, ret. list. 29 do.

2 Lieut. Gray, from h. p. 6 F. Lieut. vice  
Pope, ret. list. 15 do.  
Vet. Co.'s } Bt. Lieut. Col. Burke, from h. p.  
for Newf. } Dillon's R. Maj. 25 do.  
Capt. Pilkington, from h. p. 5 F. Capt.  
do.

— Rudkin, from h. p. 100 F. Capt.  
do.  
Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 72 F. Lieut.  
do.

— Croly, from h. p. 81 F. do. do.  
— Daunt, from h. p. 62 F. do. do.  
— Stanley, from h. p. 15 F. do. do.  
— Dunne, from h. p. 25 F. do. do.  
— Ingall, from h. p. 70 F. do. do.

Ensign Clarke, from h. p. 50 F. Ensign  
do.  
— Philpot, from h. p. 62 F. do.  
— Walker, from h. p. 90 F. do.

#### Unattached.

Major Campbell, from 97 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf.  
by purch. vice Major Gen. Lamont, ret.  
10 July 1824.

#### Royal Military College.

Capt. Elias to be Superintendent of Gymnastic Ex-  
ercises, with rank and pay of Capt. in the  
Army while so employed 5 Aug. 1824.

#### Garrison.

Lieut. Col. Belford, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Fort Maj.  
of Dartmouth Castle, vice Wright, dead  
12 Aug. 1824.

#### Staff.

Bt. Maj. Cochrane, h. p. 103 F. Inspect. Field Off.  
Militia, Nova Scotia, with rank of Lieut. Col.  
in the Army 15 July 1824.

Capt. Bentley, from late 1 Vet. Bn. Staff Capt. at  
Chatham, vice Dalgetty, ret. list  
19 Aug. 1824.

#### Commissariat Department.

Comm. Clerk, T. Walker, Dep. Assist. Comm.  
Gen. 13 July 1824.

— T. Stafford, do. do.  
— W. Bishop, do. do.  
— J. Findlay, do. do.

#### Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Tully, Dep. Inspect. of Hospitals  
22 July 1824.

Dr. Arthur, from h. p. Physician to the Forces,  
vice Denecke, h. p. 15 do.

Assist. Surg. Rosser, from h. p. 3 F. Assist. Surg.  
vice Wharrie, dead 22 do.

Hosp. Assist. Young, Assist. Surg. vice Law, dead  
14 Aug. do.

E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. Assist. do.

#### Exchanges.

Major Maentosh, from 93 F. with Major Boson,  
h. p. 81 F.

Bt. Major Cane, from 65 F. with Capt. Senior, h.  
p. 18 F.

— Meacham, from 24 F. with Capt. Stack,  
h. p. 88 F.

Capt. Phillimore, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with  
Capt. Saunderson, h. p. 81 F.

Capt. Mahon, from 29 F. with Capt. Hon. J. H.  
Craddock, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

— French, from 81 F. with Capt. Scoones, h.  
p.

— Hart, from 82 F. with Capt. Brutton, h. p.  
75 F.

— Driberg, from 83 F. with Capt. Haggemon,  
Ceylon Reg.

— Heard, from 87 F. with Capt. Moore, h. p.  
101 F.

Cornet Simpson, from Royal Horse Gds. rec. diff.  
with Ensign Lord Russell, h. p. 48 F.

Ensign Thompson, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Ens.  
Byron, h. p. 42 F.

— Bennet, from 68 F. with Ens. Bernard, h.  
p. 16 F.

Quart. Mast. Cockburn, from 17 Dr. with Lieut.  
Nicholson, h. p. 8 Dr.

Surg. Walker, from 32 F. with Surg. Bampffield,  
h. p. Meuron's Regt.

Assist. Surg. Latham, from 57 F. with Assist.  
Doyle, h. p. 35 F.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Lamont, late of 92 F.  
Colonel Earl of Granard, Longford Militia.

Major Booth, 15 Dr.  
— Broomfield, 19 F.

Capt. Gordon, 7 Dr.  
— James Ross, 51 F.

Lieut. Birch, 10 F.  
Ensign La La Roche, 14 F.

#### Deaths.

Major Gen. D. Campbell.  
— Prevost, from 67 F. Bath 9 Aug. 1824.

Lieut. Col. Warren, 47 F.  
Major Percival, late of 18 F. Malta 8 May

— Ashton, late 12 F. Egham 14 Aug.  
— Richardson, late 5 Veteran Bn. Amboise, 24 May

France  
Capt. Gell, 1 F. at Chingput, on march for Tri-  
chinopoly 18 Feb.

— Rotton, 17 F.  
— Field, 82 F. Mauritius 8 March

— Yorke, 95 F. Malta 1 July  
— Skeil, Rifle Brig.

— Lumsdaine, late Invalids, Invergellie, North  
Britain 17 Nov. 1823.

— Thompson, late Garr. Bn. near Birming-  
ham 24 June 1824.

— Allott, late 5 Vet. Bn. Hague Hall, York-  
shire 15 do.

— J. Wingate Weekes, h. p. Nova Scotia Fen-  
cibles, and Town Adj. of Cape Breton, Cape  
Breton 25 do.

Lieut. Roberts, 26 F.  
— Skelton, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras 10 Feb.

— Cottman, 60 F. Barbadoes 2 July  
— Coates, 71 F. Glasgow 28 do.

— Dunne, 2 W. I. R.  
— McCarthy, do.

— Hayter, Royal Engineers, Colombo 21 March

— Wright, Fort Maj. Dartmouth Castle  
— Sir J. Foulis, Bt. late Invalids, Dublin 3 June

— Bailey, h. p. 6 F. Brough, Westmoreland  
29 do.

— Elmore, h. p. 72 F. Secunderabad 15 Dec. 1823.

— Laird, h. p. 86 F. Gateshead, Durham  
22 July 1824.

— Crean, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Stream's Town,  
Co. Mayo 11 June

Ensign Glass, late 6 Vet. Bn. Musselburgh 22 July

— M'Cabe, h. p. Cape Corps, Jersey 21 June  
— Bond, late 5 Royal Vet. Bn. Breewood,  
Stafford 17 July

Paymast. Williams, 82 F. Mauritius 7 April  
— Harrison, h. p. 83 F.

Quart. Mast. Murray, h. p. Durham Fenc. Cav. Feb.

Surgeon Buchanan, h. p. 9 F. Glasgow 14 Aug.

Staff Assist. Surg. Law, Africa

Vet. Surg. Harrison, h. p. York Huss. Tedding-  
ton 27 May

*Erratum in Last Month's Army List in  
the List of Retirements.*

For Lieut. Leslie, 97 F. read Lieut. Scott, 97 F.



## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

| 1824.   | Wheat. |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Quar. Loaf. | Potat. p. peck | 1824.   | Oatmeal. |       |       | B. & P. Mea. |
|---------|--------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|---------|----------|-------|-------|--------------|
|         | Bls.   | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |                |         | Bls.     | Peck. | Bls.  | Peck.        |
|         |        | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | d.          | d.             |         | s. d.    | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.        |
| Aug. 18 | 493    | 20 0 35 0   | 29 0    | 25 0 27 0   | 18 0 25 0   | 18 0 22 0   | 9           | 10             | Aug. 17 | 331      | 1 6   | 65    | 1 2          |
| 25      | 366    | 24 0 34 0   | 30 0    | 20 0 26 0   | 18 0 25 0   | 18 0 22 0   | 9           | 10             | 24      | 365      | 1 6   | 68    | 1 2          |
| Sept. 1 | 281    | 22 0 33 0   | 27 3    | 19 0 25 0   | 17 0 21 0   | 17 0 21 0   | 9           | 8              | 31      | 422      | 1 5   | 72    | 1 1          |
| 8       | 687    | 20 0 32 0   | 28 7    | 19 0 25 0   | 16 0 20 0   | 16 0 19 0   | 9           | 8              | Sept. 7 | 440      | 1 3   | 92    | 1 0          |
| 15      | 719    | 21 0 32 0   | 27 1    | 20 0 25 0   | 15 0 20 6   | 16 0 19 0   | 9           | 8              | 14      | 282      | 1 3   | 60    | 1 0          |

## Glasgow.

| 1824.   | Wheat, 240 lbs. |             |             | Oats, 264 lbs. |             | Barley, 320 lbs. |             | Bns. & Pse.  | Oatmeal     | Flour,    |          |
|---------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|-------------|-----------|----------|
|         | Dantzic.        | For. red.   | British.    | Irish.         | British.    | English.         | Scots.      | Stirl. Meas. | 140 lbs.    |           | 280 lbs. |
|         | s. d. s. d.     | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.    | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.      | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.  | s. d. s. d. | s. s.     |          |
| Aug. 19 | —               | —           | —           | 25 0 32 0      | 15 0 18 0   | 22 0 22 6        | 29 0 31 0   | 26 0 27 0    | 18 0 21 0   | 16 6 22 6 | 50 —     |
| 26      | —               | —           | —           | 25 0 31 0      | 15 0 17 6   | 22 0 22 6        | 29 0 30 0   | 26 0 27 0    | 18 0 21 0   | 15 0 20 0 | 50 —     |
| Sept. 2 | —               | —           | —           | 24 0 30 0      | 15 0 23 0   | 22 0 24 0        | 28 0 30 0   | 26 0 27 0    | 18 0 21 0   | 15 0 21 4 | 50 —     |
| 9       | —               | —           | —           | 24 0 30 0      | 15 0 20 0   | 22 0 23 0        | 28 0 —      | 25 0 26 0    | 16 0 21 0   | 15 0 20 0 | 50 —     |
| 16      | —               | —           | —           | 24 0 30 0      | 15 0 19 0   | 22 0 23 0        | 28 0 —      | 25 0 26 0    | 16 0 21 0   | 15 0 20 0 | 46 47    |

## Haddington.

| 1824.   | Wheat.      |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Beans.      | 1824.   | Oatmeal.    |          |     |
|---------|-------------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------|-------------|----------|-----|
|         | Bolls.      | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |         | Per Boll.   | Pr. Peck |     |
|         | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. |         | s. d. s. d. | s. d.    |     |
| Aug. 20 | 409         | 21 0 31 6   | 29 2    | 20 0 25 6   | 19 0 24 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   | Aug. 16 | 20 0        | 22 3     | 1 5 |
| 27      | 478         | 19 0 31 0   | 28 1    | 19 0 25 0   | 18 0 22 6   | 16 20 0     | 17 0 21 0   | 23      | 20 0        | 21 9     | 1 5 |
| Sept. 3 | 234         | 24 0 32 0   | 26 9    | —           | 18 0 22 0   | 18 22 0     | 19 0 22 6   | 30      | 19 0        | 21 0     | 1 4 |
| 10      | 736         | 18 0 31 6   | 27 3    | 18 0 26 0   | 18 0 20 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   | Sept. 6 | 16 0        | 18 0     | 1 2 |
| 17      | 661         | 17 0 28 6   | 25 2    | 19 0 24 6   | 14 0 22 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   | 15      | 16 3        | 17 0     | 1 2 |

## Dalketh.

## London.

| 1824.   | Wheat, per qr. | Rye.  | Barley. | Oats.     |        | Beans.  |       | Pease.   |       | Flour, 280 lb. |       | Quar. Loaf. |
|---------|----------------|-------|---------|-----------|--------|---------|-------|----------|-------|----------------|-------|-------------|
|         |                |       |         | Fd & Pol. | Potat. | Pigeon. | Tick. | Boiling. | Grey. | Fine.          | 2d.   |             |
|         | s. s.          | s. s. | s. s.   | s. s.     | s. s.  | s. s.   | s. s. | s. s.    | s. s. | s. s.          | s. s. | s. d.       |
| Aug. 16 | 40 70          | 30 36 | 28 32   | 19 27     | 23 32  | 36 40   | 30 35 | 38 40    | 33 35 | 55 60          | 46 55 | — 9         |
| 23      | 40 70          | 28 34 | 28 34   | 17 24     | 21 28  | 36 40   | 30 35 | 38 40    | 33 35 | 55 60          | 46 55 | — 9         |
| 30      | 38 66          | 28 34 | 26 32   | 16 23     | 20 27  | 36 40   | 30 35 | 38 40    | 33 35 | 55 60          | 46 55 | — 9         |
| Sept. 6 | 38 62          | 30 36 | 26 32   | 16 23     | 21 27  | 36 40   | 30 35 | 38 42    | 33 35 | 50 55          | 40 50 | — 9         |
| 13      | 40 63          | 28 44 | 27 34   | 17 24     | 21 28  | 38 42   | 32 35 | 40 44    | 33 35 | 50 55          | 40 50 | — 9         |

## Liverpool.

| 1824.   | Wheat, 70 lb. | Oats, 45 lb. | Barley, 60 lb. | Rye, per qr. | Beans, per qr. | Pease, per qr. | Flour.       |               | Oatrn. 240 lb. |        |
|---------|---------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|--------|
|         |               |              |                |              |                |                | Eng. 240 lb. | Amer. 196 lb. | Engl.          | Scots. |
|         | s. d. s. d.   | s. d. s. d.  | s. d. s. d.    | s. s.        | s. s.          | s. s.          | s. s.        | s. s.         | s. s.          | s. s.  |
| Aug. 17 | 5 0 9 9       | 2 9 3 6      | 4 1 5 1        | 55 38        | 33 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48         | 18 25          | 30 32  |
| 24      | 5 0 9 6       | 2 7 3 2      | 4 1 5 0        | 55 38        | 33 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48         | 18 25          | 30 32  |
| 31      | 5 0 9 0       | 2 7 3 0      | 3 9 4 6        | 55 38        | 33 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48         | 18 25          | 30 32  |
| Sept. 7 | 4 6 8 6       | 2 6 3 0      | 3 9 4 6        | 55 38        | 33 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48         | 18 25          | 28 30  |
| 14      | 4 6 8 8       | 2 4 3 0      | 3 9 4 6        | 55 38        | 33 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48         | 18 25          | 28 30  |

## England &amp; Wales.

| 1824.   | Whl.  | Rye.  | Barley | Oats. | Beans. | Pease. | Oatrn. |
|---------|-------|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|--------|
|         | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d.  | s. d.  |
| Aug. 7  | 58 1  | 39 7  | 53 6   | 25 10 | 36 1   | 38 5   | —      |
| 14      | 57 9  | 39 4  | 53 0   | 28 7  | 34 11  | 37 3   | —      |
| 21      | 58 0  | 41 4  | 52 1   | 28 11 | 35 3   | 36 7   | —      |
| 28      | 57 9  | 39 1  | 53 0   | 25 7  | 35 8   | 38 9   | —      |
| Sept. 4 | 57 8  | 34 4  | 52 1   | 23 2  | 35 11  | 36 8   | —      |

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

| 1824.  | Ther.          | Baro.          | Attach. Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                    | 1824.   | Ther.          | Baro.          | Attach. Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                      |
|--------|----------------|----------------|---------------|-------|-----------------------------|---------|----------------|----------------|---------------|-------|-------------------------------|
| Aug. 1 | M. 42<br>A. 37 | 29.66<br>M. 64 |               | Cble. | Fair, with sunshine.        | Aug. 17 | M. 43<br>A. 37 | 29.56<br>M. 60 |               | Cble. | Foren. fair, aftern. h. rain. |
| 2      | M. 43<br>A. 35 | .732<br>M. 62  |               | W.    | Dull, with rain aftern.     | 18      | M. 45<br>A. 34 | 28.99<br>M. 59 |               | Cble. | Thu. & light aft. with hail.  |
| 3      | M. 44<br>A. 34 | .735<br>M. 60  |               | Cble. | Rain most part of day.      | 19      | M. 43<br>A. 36 | 29.40<br>M. 60 |               | Cble. | Day dull, but fair.           |
| 4      | M. 45<br>A. 38 | .542<br>M. 63  |               | Cble. | Ditto.                      | 20      | M. 46<br>A. 37 | 29.58<br>M. 60 |               | Cble. | Fair foren. show. aftern.     |
| 5      | M. 47<br>A. 34 | .327<br>M. 39  |               | Cble. | Showery for the day.        | 21      | M. 46<br>A. 36 | .570<br>M. 58  |               | NE.   | Rain for the day.             |
| 6      | M. 48<br>A. 35 | .555<br>M. 38  |               | E.    | Dull, with sh. rain.        | 22      | M. 39<br>A. 34 | .949<br>M. 58  |               | N.    | Fair, with sunshine.          |
| 7      | M. 18<br>A. 54 | .686<br>M. 58  |               | E.    | Dull, but fair, warm.       | 23      | M. 40<br>A. 30 | .950<br>M. 62  |               | SW.   | Rain for the day.             |
| 8      | M. 46<br>A. 30 | .417<br>M. 62  |               | W.    | Sunsh. and warm.            | 24      | M. 48<br>A. 39 | .914<br>M. 61  |               | Cble. | Fair foren. show. aftern.     |
| 9      | M. 30<br>A. 59 | .302<br>M. 64  |               | W.    | Morn. show. day fair.       | 25      | M. 47<br>A. 37 | 30.24<br>M. 62 |               | Cble. | Day fair, even. h. fog.       |
| 10     | M. 45<br>A. 57 | .425<br>M. 65  |               | W.    | Foren. dull. aftern. sunsh. | 26      | M. 46<br>A. 39 | .256<br>M. 62  |               | W.    | Fair, with foggy even.        |
| 11     | M. 47<br>A. 58 | .416<br>M. 65  |               | Cble. | Dull and sunsh. after.      | 27      | M. 47<br>A. 39 | 29.16<br>M. 64 |               | NE.   | Fair, warm sunshine.          |
| 12     | M. 45<br>A. 57 | .531<br>M. 63  |               | W.    | Thu. & ligh. with hail.     | 28      | M. 41<br>A. 39 | .988<br>M. 63  |               | E.    | Morn. dull. day fair, sun.    |
| 13     | M. 46<br>A. 57 | .489<br>M. 61  |               | W.    | Morn. cold. day fair.       | 29      | M. 14<br>A. 57 | .788<br>M. 62  |               | E.    | Dull, but fair.               |
| 14     | M. 16<br>A. 57 | .639<br>M. 62  |               | W.    | Day fair, h. rain night.    | 30      | M. 45<br>A. 55 | .733<br>M. 60  |               | E.    | Dull, but fair and warm       |
| 15     | M. 47<br>A. 39 | .177<br>M. 63  |               | W.    | Fair, with sunshine.        | 31      | M. 48<br>A. 58 | .764<br>M. 60  |               | E.    | Ditto.                        |
| 16     | M. 46<br>A. 36 | .186<br>M. 62  |               | SW.   | Changeable.                 |         |                | .720<br>M. 60  |               |       |                               |

Average of rain 1.998 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE harvest commenced in the lower districts about the 18th of August, but reaping went slowly forward till the 24th, by reason of frequent showers and heavy dews, attended with mist, which seldom cleared up till toward the middle of the day. From the 24th there was little interruption to the operations of harvest, and a considerable breadth of Wheat fields was clear by the end of August. In the higher districts, little was cut down till the commencement of the present month, and two-thirds of the Corn still remain standing. Though the temperature has been unusually mild, the ripening process goes forward slowly; and the inequality of the braird in the early parts of summer is conspicuous, by the crop ripening unevenly. In the Carse of Gowrie, and Vale of Strathearn, where the Wheat and Oats are all cut down, and for the most part secured in the barn-yard, a few solitary patches of late green Barley are still to be seen standing. In the higher parts of Fife, and in some of the Highland glens, Oats still look green, mixed with some early plants, that are totally ripe. As hitherto, there has been no hoar frost. The ears have, in general, filled well. Wheat did not this season occupy the usual breadth, but the quantity is superior, and the produce will balance the deficiency of breadth; the major part of that valuable species of grain is now secured in good condition. Barley carries a long, well-filled ear, and though mixed with greens, promises a full return. Oats are short and thin, but remarkably well furnished. Beans and Pease are well podded. Potatoes promise a fair return, and Turnips will be more weighty than usual. Upon the whole, it may be stated with fairness, that the crop, in general, is rather above than below an ordinary average.

The favourable appearance of the crop has already produced a fall in price in the Corn Market. Wheat has come down in price of late, and Oats, since the opening of the Ports for that article, are in little demand. Old Wheat only brings from 23s. to 25s., new Wheat a shilling or two less. Oats bring from 17s. to 20s. In Barley there is little doing. The price of Cattle are stationary, and Horses meet with rather brisker sales than at the summer markets.

13th September 1824.

*Course of Exchange, London, Sept. 14.*—Amsterdam, 12: 3. Ditto at sight, 12: 0. Rotterdam, 12: 4. Antwerp, 12: 4. Hamburg, 37: 1. Altona, 37: 2. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 30. Bourdeaux, 25: 60. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 153½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ & cent.

*Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.*—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3.17.8.—New Doubloons, £.3.15.8.—New Dollars, £.4.10½.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00.

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from August 18, to Sept. 16, 1824.*

|                                 | Aug. 18.   | Aug 25. | Sept. 1.   | Sept. 8. | Sept. 15. |
|---------------------------------|------------|---------|------------|----------|-----------|
| Bank Stock.....                 | 237        | 236     | 235        | —        | —         |
| 3 ½ cent. reduced.....          | 94½        | 94½     | 94½        | —        | —         |
| 3 ½ cent. consols.....          | 93½        | 93½     | 93½        | 94       | 94½       |
| 3½ ½ cent. do.....              | —          | 101½    | 101½       | 102      | —         |
| 4 ½ cent. do.....               | 101½       | 101½    | 101½       | —        | —         |
| Ditto New do.....               | 106½       | 105½    | 105½       | 106½     | 106½      |
| India Stock.....                | 287        | 286½    | —          | —        | —         |
| — Bonds.....                    | 80 82      | 88      | 87         | 83       | —         |
| Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)..... | 38 139     | 39 34   | 40         | 40       | 42 40     |
| Consols for account.....        | 93½        | 93½     | 93½        | 94½      | 94½       |
| French 5 ½ cents.....           | 100fr.75c. | 101 fr. | 101fr.25c. | —        | 99 fr. —  |

**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of July and the 20th of Aug. 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.**

Andrew, G. Manchester, merchant.  
 Barker, T. Medbourn, Leicestershire, corn-factor.  
 Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, grocer.  
 Battley, W. and E. Stafford, boot-makers.  
 Bennett, R. Woodford, Essex, blacksmith.  
 Blackburn, T. Seacombe, Cheshire, tea gardens-keeper.  
 Braddock, J. W. Portsmouth, musical instrument seller.  
 Brett, R. Temple-place, Blackfriars-road, tailor.  
 Brookes, R. Oldham, Lancashire, shop-keeper.  
 Brown, G. Regent street, upholsterer.  
 Brottargh, J. Manchester, merchant.  
 Chandler, J. Sandwich, corn-factor.  
 Chorley, T. Bristol, cordwainer.  
 Cohen, S. Holywell-st. Shoreditch, linen-draper.  
 Cragg, J. Salisbury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Devey, W. Holland-street, Blackfriars' road, coal-merchant.  
 Dewe, B. T. Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer and draper.  
 Dubois, C. King-street, Covent Garden, auctioneer.  
 Errington, G. & C. D. Nicholls, Croydon, dealers.  
 Evans, H. Lower East Smithfield, oil merchant.  
 Fawcett, R. and J. Atkinson, Albion-place, Bartholomew Close, colour-men.  
 Grunshaw, G. Blackburn, grocer.  
 Hair, J. Scotswood, Northumberland, coal-tar manufacturer.  
 Haskew, J. Cock-hill, Stepney, tobacco-manufacturer.  
 Hilton, W. Brixton-hill, stage-coach master.  
 Harding, R. Bristol, timber-merchant.  
 Hunt, G. Leicester-square, linen-draper.  
 Johnson, J. and J. Davies, Ferry-wharf, Vauxhall, coal-merchants.  
 Kentish, N. L. St. Michael, near Winchester, dealer and chapman.

Kershaw, A. Ramsbottom, Lancashire, timber-dealer.  
 Lawton, J. Rob. Cross, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woolstapler.  
 MacGeorge, W. Lower Fore-street, Lambeth, brewer.  
 Marshall, J. Black-Horse-yard, Gray's-Inn-Lane, box-maker.  
 Martin, J. Beccles, farmer.  
 Matthews, B. Chamber-street, Goodman's-fields, liquor-merchant.  
 Mogford, H. Craven-street, Strand, tailor.  
 Moore, N. Wigan, hop and seed-dealer.  
 Morgan, W. Llanally, butcher.  
 Munk, W. Warwick-place, White-Cross-street, dealer in spruce.  
 Nichols, F. Otley, Yorkshire, corn-merchant.  
 Noyce, F. T. Richmond, shoe-maker.  
 Phelps, G. R. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, volumn-binder.  
 Pickthull, W. Broughton-in-the-Furness, Lancashire, cabinet-maker.  
 Place, R. Mountsorrell, victualler.  
 Powell, L. Dover, miller.  
 Powell, T. Forrest-wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, corn-factor.  
 Price, W. late of Fetter-lane, optician.  
 Pulley, H. Bedford, draper.  
 Ranson, J. Sunderland, currier.  
 Rees, J. Carmarthen, draper.  
 Smith, M. Cockermouth, mereer.  
 Taylor, T. Shad Thames, flour-factor.  
 Trim, A. Davenham, Cheshire, currier.  
 Tute, B. N. Wakefield, bookseller.  
 Wake, W. J. and T. M. Southwick, Durham, ship-builders.  
 Wightwick, J. W. Greenhammerton, Yorkshire, vintner.



ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced  
August 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

## SEQUESTRATIONS.

Carrick, J. stone and china-merchant in Glasgow.  
Chisholm, Duncan, solicitor in Inverness, general  
merchant, and dealer in leather there.

Ewart, John, cabinet-maker and upholsterer in  
Edinburgh.

Gillespie, John, & Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.  
Marr, Robert, & Son, merchants in Leith.

Orr & Co. masons and builders in Glasgow, and  
Fenton & Co. quarriers at Govan colliery.

Stevenson, Simon, haberdasher in Edinburgh.

## DIVIDENDS.

Caw, James, sometime merchant in Perth; by  
Robert Peddie, Town-Clerk there.

## DIVIDENDS.

Cumming, John, ship-owner and wharfinger in  
Leith; by the trustee there.

Dryden, William, skinner in Jedburgh; by James  
Hilson & Son, manufacturers there.

Hay, William, late merchant in Perth; by James  
Russel, merchant in Kirkcaldy.

Rodger, James, jun. merchant in Greenock; by J.  
McGivin, accountant in Glasgow.

Scott & Macbean, merchants in Inverness; by John  
Ross, the trustee there.

Steel, William, merchant in Glasgow; by John  
Fraser, merchant there.

## Obituary.

## DR. IRVINE OF LITTLE DUNKELD.

The death of Dr Irvine has excited a profound and universal feeling of regret throughout the whole circle of his acquaintances and friends. In the religious world he was well known as the author of several valuable pamphlets on the state of religion in the Highlands, and on the ecclesiastical law of Scotland, and as the warm friend and supporter, with his purse and pen, of every philanthropic institution. In the literary world, also, he was held in high estimation as an able and profound Celtic and Oriental scholar; and there can be no doubt that the cause of Gaelic literature, in particular, has sustained a most important loss by his death. He was one of the persons nominated by the Highland Society of Edinburgh to compile their Celtic Dictionary, and he is understood to have executed his part of the task, which was fortunately completed a short time before his decease, with uncommon ability and success. The late Dr Stewart of Edinburgh mentions him, in the preface to his Gaelic grammar, as one of the friends to whom he was principally indebted in the composition of that excellent work; and his name is on the records of the Highland Society of London, as the donor of a large body of Celtic MS. poetry, which he is known to have collected from oral recitation in different parts of the Highlands and Isles, and which, we understand, is considered, by the most competent judges, to be the most invaluable repository now in existence of a floating literature, that, but for him, must have been for ever lost to the public.

The loss of Dr Irvine, however, will be longest and most deeply felt by his parishioners and personal friends. To the latter he was endeared by a warm generosity of temper, and an unaffected kindness of manners, that are but rarely combined, to an equal extent, in the same individual; and to the former by the most conscientious dis-

charge of pastoral duty, and the most delightful interchange of cordiality and good deeds. His professional acquirements were of a very respectable order. It was a maxim of his, that every man should unceasingly labour to become an adept in his particular profession—and, in practice, he completely verified his maxim, being intimately acquainted with the history of the Church, and of the various sects, schisms, and tenets, that prevailed within its pale, in ancient and modern times, and being, both in his sermons and conversations, a firm advocate of the enlightened and evangelical views of divine truth, which he had derived from a careful and critical study of the original scriptures. It was, however, in the discharge of the practical duties of his profession that his exertions were most unwearied, and that his character most eminently shone. His week-day attentions to his flock were unremitting; and the poorest of his parishioners will bear testimony to the open frankness and unaffected kindness of manner, which always made his advice doubly acceptable, and which led his parishioners to believe that he took a personal rather than a professional interest in their welfare.

It is gratifying to have it to record, as a proof of the regard with which the recollection of his character is cherished in that part of the country where he was best known, that the inhabitants of the parish of Little Dunkeld are now busy in raising a voluntary subscription for the erection of an appropriate monument to his memory; and that the members of a Highland Society, composed of persons from all the adjoining parishes, have only been prevented from contributing for a similar purpose, from a conviction, that those who enjoyed the privilege of sitting under his ministry have the best title to take the lead in paying the last marks of respect to his memory.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

1824. Feb. 4. At Negapatam, the Lady of Alexander Fairlie Bruce, Esq. civil service, a son.

March 3. At Bellary, Madras, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 46th regiment, a son.

April 7. At the Retreat, near Aurungabad, the Lady of D. S. Young, Madras medical establishment, and Surgeon to his Highness the Nizam's cavalry brigade, a daughter.

21. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of Lord Charles Somerset, a daughter.

May 5. At Sympheropole, Sultana Katte Ghery Krim Ghery, a daughter.

9. At Buenos Ayres, the Lady of Woodbine Parish, Esq. his Majesty's Consul-General, a son.

June 29. At Government House, Montreal, Canada, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel M'Grigor, 70th regiment, a daughter.

July 23. At Bourn Hall, Cambridgeshire, the Countess Delawarr, a daughter.

27. At Baberton House, the Lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Baberton, a son.

— At Annan, the Lady of Robert Dickson, Esq. a son.

29. At Chelsea, Middlesex, the Lady of A. F. Ramsay, Esq. late of the Bengal medical establishment, a son.

30. At Dalkeith, Mrs D. Morison, a daughter.

31. The Duchess of Orleans, a Prince.

— At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, a son.

— The Hon. Lady Paget, a daughter.

Aug. 1. The Lady of Major Johnston, 99th regiment, a daughter.

4. At Inverloch, the Lady of Col. Gordon, a son.

5. At Teawig, the Lady of Dr Chisholm, late royal regiment of artillery, a son.

Aug. 6. At the British Hotel, Edinburgh, the Lady of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq. a daughter.  
 — The Lady of David Nisbett, Esq. Lower Mall, Hammersmith, a son.  
 8. At Duncan-Street, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs William Maxwell Little, a son.  
 — At Dundee, the Lady of John Sandwith, Esq. of Bombay, of twin daughters.  
 9. At Castle Fraser, Mrs Fraser, a daughter.  
 10. In Melville-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of James Edmund Leale, Esq. a son.  
 — At Bonjeward House, Mrs Jerdon, a daughter.  
 — At Ely Place, London, Mrs Tweedie, a son.  
 14. At London-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Thomas Grahame, a son.  
 — At Swithland Rectory, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Erskine, a daughter.  
 20. At Putney-Heath, the Lady of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, a daughter.  
 24. At Heriot-Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Dalyell, of Lingo, a son.  
 Lately. At North Aston, Oxfordshire, Viscountess Chetwynd, a daughter.  
 — At the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, the Lady of Captain Drummond, Coldstream Guards, a daughter.  
 — A few days since, a woman was safely delivered at Manister, county of Limerick, of two sons and two daughters, who, with the mother, are alive, and doing well.

## MARRIAGES.

1824. Feb. 24. At Bombay, Captain Frederick Roome, superintendent of cadets, to Miss Evander Morison.  
 July 16. At Balranald, the Rev. Finlay M'Rae, minister of North Unit, to Isabella Maria, youngest daughter of Colonel Macdonald of Lyndale.  
 19. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. James Henderson, according to the forms of the Presbyterian Church, and, on the 17th current, by the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, according to the forms of the English Church, Sir Alexander Don, of Newton Don, Bart. Representative in Parliament for the county of Roxburgh, to Grace Jane, eldest daughter of John Stein, Esq. Heriot Row.  
 26. At St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, Samuel Beasley, Esq. to Miss E. F. Conway.  
 27. At Kensington Church, the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, to Miss Pope, daughter of the late E. Pope, Esq.  
 28. At Irvine, James Johnston, Esq. town-clerk of Irvine, to Jean, second daughter of the late James Crichton, Esq. banker there.  
 — At Inverkeithing, Lieut. Robert Cock, R. N. to Elizabeth Greig Currie, eldest daughter of William Currie, Esq. of Swintonbeath.  
 30. At Belhaven Park, Ellis Dudgeon, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late George Johnston, Esq.  
 — At Woodside, Harvey Strong, Esq. American Consul, to Janet, eldest daughter of Colin Gillespie, Esq.  
 31. At Gibraltar, Major John Marshall, Military Secretary to his Excellency General the Earl of Chatham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Toye, Esq. Judge of his Majesty's Court of Civil Pleas in that garrison.  
 Aug. 2. At Dundee, the Rev. G. D. Mudie, of Rochford, Essex, to Miss Wedderburn Ainslie, daughter of Mr Ainslie of Dundee.  
 — At Kilmarnock, William Orr, Esq. to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Fowlds, Esq.  
 3. At Dalyell Lodge, Fifeshire, Robert Lindsay, Esq. second son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Balcarres, to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Henderson of Stralton, Bart.  
 — At Musselburgh, Edward, son of James Johnston, Esq. of Clifton, Gloucestershire, to Sarah, eldest daughter of James Porteous, Esq. Musselburgh.  
 — At Portobello, David Watson, Esq. writer in Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Francis Beaumont, Esq. Knockhouse, near Dunfermline.  
 4. At Kirkbyhill Church, near Boroughbridge, James Mellor Brown, Esq. formerly of Gattoside, Roxburghshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Jacob Smith, of Givendale Grange.  
 6. At Edinburgh, Captain Thomas Paterson, of his Majesty's 63d regiment, to Mary Ann, young-

est daughter of the late Lieut-Colonel William Sherriff, Madras cavalry.

Aug. 9. At Ayre, W. A. Smith, Esq. Adjutant 1st Ayrshire yeomanry cavalry, to Miss George Elizabeth Crawford of Doonside.

— At Southfield Cottage, Mr William Phipps, Cramond, to Clementina, second daughter of the late Alexander Dick, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.

11. At London, Captain Sanderson, Bengal cavalry, to Elizabeth Oswald, eldest daughter of Alexander Anderson, Esq. Chapel-Street, Grosvenor Square.

13. At Inverness, D. Campbell, Esq. surgeon, to Alexandrina Forbes, third daughter of the late Captain John Forbes.

16. At Crauford, the Hon. George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, sixth son of the late Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline Martha, second daughter of the late Paul Benfield, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Peter Hill, jun. Esq. to Ann, only daughter of Daniel Macdowall, Esq. of St Vincent.

— At Braxton, George Rennie, Esq. East Craig, to Isabella, only daughter of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Braxton.

17. At Glasgow, Alex. Stevenson, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, second daughter of Andrew White, Esq. Charlotte-Street.

— At manse of Meldrum, the Rev. William Grant, minister of Duthil, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Dr Garioch.

— At Invergordon, the Rev. David Fraser, minister of Dores, to Miss Catharine Stormonth, third daughter of the late Rev. James Stormonth, minister of Airly.

— At London, the Earl of Kinnoul, to Louisa, second daughter of Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Rowley.

— At Haddington, the Rev. Benjamin Laing, Arbroath, to Georgina, sixth daughter of the Rev. Mr Chalmers, Haddington.

19. At Dumfries, John Clark, Physician to the forces at Albany barracks, Isle of Wight, to Mary, daughter of John Giehrst, M.D.

— At Gientyan, the Rev. Henry John Ingilby, Rector of West Keal, Lincolnshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Day Hort M'Dowall, Esq. of Walkingshaw.

20. At Edinburgh, Jacob Keyser, Esq. Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the University of Christiania, Norway, to Miss Maria Frances Frederic, daughter of the late Francis Frederic, Esq. some time governor of Surinam.

21. At manse of Forglan, James Morrison, Esq. Haughs, to Johnston, eldest daughter of the Rev. L. Moyes, minister of Forglan.

23. At Glasgow, Mr William Motherwell, merchant, to Ann Nicol, third daughter of Robert Nicol, Esq. Hutchesontown.

— At Westfield, Kingston, John Macalpine, Esq. surgeon, to Ellen, daughter of the late John Webster, Esq. Stone O'Morphy, Kincardineshire.

25. At the manse of Panbride, the Rev. Wm. Robertson of Carmylie, to Dorothea, daughter of the Rev. David Trail, Panbride.

— At St Martin's in the Fields, London, George Rennie, Esq. junior, of Phantassie, East Lothian, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Rennie, Esq.

Lately. At 5, Kier-Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Crawford, merchant, Montrose, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr James Aikman, jun. distiller, House of Muir.

## DEATHS.

1824. Jan. At Bangalore, Lieutenant Patrick Ritchie, of the Hon. East India Company's Military Service, second son of Alexander Ritchie, Esq. town-clerk of Brechin.

Feb. 15. At Bellary, East Indies, of cholera, Captain James Weir, 7th Madras light infantry.

19. At Kara, Bombay, Robert Tod, M.D. Surgeon 4th light dragoons.

May 22. On board the ship Charlotte, off the Cape of Good Hope, Mr William Campbell Farquharson, second son of the late Dr William Farquharson, physician in Edinburgh.

June 19. At Madeira, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Ensign Robert Hamilton Fotheringham, of the Bengal infantry, aged 19, only son of the late Major J. Fotheringham, of the Madras engineers.



June 27. At George Town, in the district of Columbia, North America, Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Dullatur, advocate.

23. At French, parish of Aberfoyle, Alexander Graham, Esq. of Stronemacnair, aged 101 years, July 1. In Duke-Street, St James's, London, Major-General Lachlan Macquarie, in the sixty-third year of his age. His conduct from earliest youth was marked by a most amiable disposition, a high sense of honour, and animated zeal for his profession. He entered the army at the age of fifteen, and served his King and country for forty-seven years, in all parts of the world, with great credit. His many excellent qualities endeared him to an extensive circle of friends, in all classes of society, and it may be truly said, that no man ever possessed in a higher degree the respect and esteem of his superiors, inferiors, and equals.

8. At Harrowgate, in the 19th year of her age, Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Outram, Esq. of Butterly Hall.

11. At sea, on board the ship Helen from Trinidad, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, Mr James Hunter Bogle, second son of the late Allan Bogle, Esq. Glasgow.

20. At his house in Bridgend, Perth, Patrick Richardson, Esq. of Flatfield, sometime one of the Magistrates of Perth.

— At Banff, Miss Gordon, Logie, aged 70.

22. At Portobello, Mr William Dalmahey.

— At Glasgow, in the 60th year of his age, William Pattison, Esq. late merchant.

— At Balmuto, the Hon. Claud Irvine Boswell, Lord Balmuto.

— Suddenly, in his carriage, at Great Canford, near Poole, Thomas Macnamara Russell, Esq. Admiral of the White.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr James Murray, late combmaker, High-Street.

— At Bristol, Mr Stewart Cruickshank, son of the late Rev. Alexander Cruickshank, minister of Means.

24. At Stevenson Mains, Mrs Elizabeth West, spouse of William Bogue, Esq. of Kirkland.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander Smith, merchant, aged 52.

25. At Halyburton, Berwickshire, after a few days illness, Mr John Fairbairn, long tenant there, and author of "a Treatise on Sheep-farming, by a Lammermuir Farmer."

26. At Paris, Charles Smith, son of Patrick Chiene, Esq. late of Pluag.

— At Marseilles, Charles Rowatt of Kilkevan, Esq.

— At Mary's Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Sangster, wife of Mr John Parker, S.S.C.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Doig, one of the ministers of the parish of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, in the 56th year of his age, and the 34th of his ministry.

27. At Corey Park, near Stirling, Wm. Drummond, sen. nurseryman, aged 63.

— At Ashmore, Robert Gordon, Esq. of Ashmore, younger of Invernettie.

— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Miss Bethia Hamilton.

— At Manse of Wamphray, the Rev. Mr Joseph Kirkpatrick, minister of that parish, in the 75th year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

— At South Wellington Place, Glasgow, Henry Thomson, Esq.

28. At Dun House, Miss Erskine of Dun. By her death the country has lost one of its warmest and steadiest friends, the neighbourhood a most excellent member of society, and her relations one of their number whose heart ever glowed with the most sincere affection and truest friendship. Her domestics and dependents have lost in her a kind and benevolent lady, who had much enjoyment in seeing them all comfortable and happy. The poor never applied to her without obtaining relief; nor did they even need to apply to her, for she herself sought out the distressed, the widow, and fatherless, and, without ostentation, delighted in alleviating their miseries as far as she could. She bore a long and severe illness with much Christian fortitude and resignation, and beheld the approach of death with composure and peace, supported by the blessed hope of life and immortality beyond death and the grave.

— At Monmouth, John Charles Collins, M. D. of Swansea.

July 28. At Edinburgh, Susan, youngest daughter of the late Major Hamilton Maxwell, of Ardwell.

— At Glasgow, Ann Campbell, wife of Mr Colin Campbell, merchant there.

29. At her house, in Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, Agnes Deborah Campbell, aged 81, spouse of the late James Miller, preacher of the gospel.

— At her house, Hope-Street, Edinburgh, Miss Blair.

30. At London, Mr William Sharpe, the greatest engraver this country (perhaps Europe) has ever produced. He died as he lived, a believer in the divine commission and miraculous conception of the late Joanna Southcote.

— At Kiltonquhar, Fife, Mrs Magdaline Lizars, wife of Mr John Brewster, printer, 11, Society, Edinburgh.

31. At Elgin, Robert Joss, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr John Wilson, merchant, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Alloa, Mrs Janet Paterson, wife of Mr Robert Barton, merchant.

— At the manse of Little Dunkeld, in the 52d year of his age, the Rev. Dr Alexander Irvine, minister of that parish.

— At his house, Park-Street, Edinburgh, John Brown, Esq.

Aug. 1. In Manchester, where he was much respected, Alexander Livingston, a native of Haddington, at the advanced age of 98 years. In the early part of life he served twenty-seven years in the Scots Greys, during the German war. He had two horses shot under him at the memorable battle of Minden; he was severely wounded at the battle of Lefelie, where that distinguished corps suffered very much. He was a pensioner of Chelsea Hospital nearly fifty years. He retained his faculties till within a few minutes of his death; and a few days prior to his dissolution he related with enthusiasm the earliest achievements of his active life. He was buried at St John's Church with military honours, by order of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Pate Hankin, commanding the Scots Greys, who are now stationed in Manchester barracks. This gentleman heard of the death of the old soldier, and with the true feeling of a military man, gave immediate directions for his interment to be sanctioned by the attendance of a suitable guard, the regimental band of music, who played solemn dirges, a horse properly caparisoned, and military mourners, consisting of a Captain, a subaltern, three sergeants, two corporals, and forty privates. The friends of the deceased were the chief mourners, and three volleys were fired over the old man's grave.

— As Scotsraig House, William Dalgleish, Esq. of Scotsraig.

— At manse of Irongray, Mrs Anne Campbell, wife of the Rev. Dr Dow, minister of Irongray.

— At Burnhouse, Joseph Calder, Esq.

— At Burtisland, Mr Andrew Hutchison, town-clerk.

2. At Godstone, Surrey, on his way to Worthing for the recovery of his health, in the 29th year of his age, the Rev. Alexander Waugh, A. M. Minister of the Scots church, Miles's Lane, and son of the Rev. Dr Waugh, minister of the Scots church, Well-Street.

— At her house in Gilmore-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Telfer, widow of Alexander Telfer, Esq. of Luscar.

3. Suddenly, at his house, River Bank, forty miles up the Mohawk river, North America, Mr James Archibald, farmer: late of the Little Cumbray, by the Isle of Bute: much respected.

— At East Mill, near Brechin, Patrick Wilson, Esq. in the 43d year of his age.

— At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, Mr Thomas Kirkland, an eminent surgeon of that town. He was a son of Dr Kirkland, late a celebrated physician of the same place, upon whose evidence Earl Ferrers suffered death at Tyburn as a common felon, for shooting his steward.

4. At Cheltenham, Thos. Jameson, M. D. aged 71, where he had been a resident physician twenty-two years.

— At Orrard, Mrs Richardson, lady of the late James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour Castle, much and justly regretted. She bore her distress with great magnanimity and Christian fortitude; and to all who knew her private life she has left an example how to live and how to die. To clothe



the naked, feed the hungry, and shelter the orphan and fatherless, seemed to constitute the pleasure and happiness of her life, and the cause was only extinct with her breath. Her acts of charity and benevolence, which were not local, but extended to the abodes of distress wherever they were, will long be remembered with grateful emotions, especially by those who shared her bounty. The remains were brought from Orrard to Pitfour on Saturday, and the funeral took place on Tuesday. The tenantry, and others from the neighbourhood, to show the deep sorrow they felt for the loss of so amiable and useful a lady, assembled to pay their last tribute of gratitude to the memory of one whose tender and generous heart was ever open to the cry of misery and distress, and whose bountiful hand was ever ready to administer, to the wants of the suffering, the necessities and comforts of life, and along with these the use of medical aid when necessary.

Aug. 5. At Dumfries, Mr James Dinuiston, late merchant there.

— At Mary's Cottage, Trinity, Mrs J. Linning.

6. At Tynfield, William Hunter, Esq.

7. Mrs Jessie Hamilton, wife of John Glassford, Hopkirk, Esq. W. S., in the 28th year of her age.

9. At Bath, Major-General William Augustine Prevost, C. B. son of the late Major-General, and brother of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Bart.

— At Juniper Green, Colinton, Lieut. Henry Rymor, R. N.

10. In Lauriston Lane, Edinburgh, Francis, the only son of Leonard Horner, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Powlett, the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Horatio Armand Powlett, in her 86th year.

— At Cornhill, in the 64th year of his age, Lawrence Robertson, Esq. of Cornhill, late Provost of Perth.

11. At Edinburgh, Maria Jane Craigie, eldest daughter of Captain Edmund Craigie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Aberdeen, in the 22d year of her age, Jane Allan Kidd, daughter of the Rev. Dr Kidd.

12. At Rothesay, at an advanced age, the Rev. James Ramsay, formerly minister of the gospel in Glasgow.

13. In Upper Gower-Street, London, Lucy Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.

— At Clifton, Lieut. John Bushnan, R. N., aged 25. He sailed with Captains Ross and Parry in the three north-west expeditions, and was attached to the overland expedition destined for Behring's Straits, under Captain Franklin.

14. At Glasgow, Dr William Buchanan, late Surgeon of the 82d regiment of foot.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Lawton, widow of Edward Lawton, Esq. of the island of Jamaica.

— At his house, Dean Bank, Captain James Matthew.

15. At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Duguid, third son of the Rev. John Duguid, minister of Evie and Rendal, Orkney, aged 27.

— At Glasgow, in the 28th year of his age, Mr John Johnston, formerly midshipman on board H. M. S. Royal Oak, 74 guns, Admiral Sir Pultney Malcolm, and, at the period of his decease, agent for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company.

Aug. 16. At Sandwich, Mr Frend, landlord of the Mermaid inn. The deceased, with several young men, a few days back, were enjoying themselves in a field running, when a blade of grass by some means cut his foot, and the wound gradually getting worse, caused his speedy dissolution.

16. At Newtown, Paisley, at an advanced age, Miss Mary Rainy.

— At Arbrosy, in the 58th year of his age, the Rev. John Craikshanks, pastor of the Scots Episcopal Church there.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Richardson, surgeon and druggist.

17. At Leith, Peter F. Hay, son of Mr John Hay, ship-owner.

— At Inverness, Mrs Sirella M'iver, relict of the late Rev. Murdoch M'iver, minister of Lochalsh.

— At Meadowdale, near Strathaven, James Millar, Esq. advocate.

— At Rockhill, Argyllshire, Mrs M'Lachlan, sen. of M'Lachlan, in the 91st year of her age.

18. At Glasgow, Lieutenant James Joseph Gordon, R. N. aged 41 years, only son of Captain Gordon, late of Gordon Bank.

— Mrs Heugh, relict of John Heugh of Cartcows, Esq.

— At Cupar, Mr Peter Morgan, Supervisor of Excise.

19. In the 28th year of her age, Susanna Davidson, wife of William Kirkaldy, Esq. merchant in Dundee.

— At Edinburgh, William Calder, Esq. late Lord Provost of that city, much and deeply regretted.

— At the Bridge of Allan, near Stirling, Mrs Ann Thomson, second daughter of the late Alex. Thomson, tobaccoconist, Edinburgh, and spouse of Robert Rankin, some time general agent, Katharine-Street, there.

20. At Dalnaspidal, Blair Atholl, Lieut.-Colonel George Johnston, brother to the Right Hon. Lady Gray.

— At London, Thomas Trevor Hampden, Viscount Hampden and Baron Trevor of Bromham.

— At Eden, Mrs Grant Duff, relict of the late John Grant, Esq. of Kincardine O'Neil.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Daniel Miller, late of the Excise.

22. At Inverleith Mains, Mr George Lauder, farmer.

23. At Stranraer, James Mackay, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, in the 60th year of his age.

Lately, at Tewkesbury, a few days since, Thomas Tippen, a Chelsea pensioner, in his 100th year. The veteran enjoyed his faculties in tolerable perfection until a very short period before his death. He entered the army in his 25d year, and served as a private in the 20th regiment at the memorable battle of Minden, as well as in five other general actions on the continent.

— At Okegem, near Ninove, in the Netherlands, a woman named Marie De Brakeler, aged 103. She possessed her intellectual faculties to the last, and her hair was long, black, and thick.

— On board his Majesty's ship Owen Glendower, on his passage home from the coast of Africa, Mr Thos. Thomson, youngest son of the Rev. George Thomson, minister of Melrose.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF  
**The Scots Magazine.**

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OCTOBER 1824.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

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# HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

| <i>Days.</i> | <i>Morn.</i> |    | <i>Even.</i> |    | <i>Days.</i> | <i>Morn.</i> |    | <i>Even.</i> |    |
|--------------|--------------|----|--------------|----|--------------|--------------|----|--------------|----|
|              | H.           | M. | H.           | M. |              | H.           | M. | H.           | M. |
| Nov. 1824.   |              |    |              |    | Nov. 1824.   |              |    |              |    |
| M. 1         | 10           | 10 | 10           | 39 | Tu. 16       | 10           | 14 | 10           | 44 |
| Tu. 2        | 11           | 4  | 11           | 30 | W. 17        | 11           | 17 | 11           | 44 |
| W. 3         | 11           | 52 | —            | —  | Th. 18       | —            | —  | 0            | 11 |
| Th. 4        | 0            | 13 | 0            | 32 | Fr. 19       | 0            | 38 | 1            | 3  |
| Fr. 5        | 0            | 50 | 1            | 9  | Sa. 20       | 1            | 26 | 1            | 49 |
| Sa. 6        | 1            | 29 | 1            | 48 | Su. 21       | 2            | 8  | 2            | 30 |
| Su. 7        | 2            | 7  | 2            | 25 | M. 22        | 2            | 50 | 3            | 10 |
| M. 8         | 2            | 44 | 3            | 3  | Tu. 23       | 3            | 31 | 3            | 50 |
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| W. 10        | 4            | 7  | 4            | 31 | Th. 25       | 4            | 49 | 5            | 5  |
| Th. 11       | 4            | 54 | 5            | 18 | Fr. 26       | 5            | 34 | 5            | 47 |
| Fr. 12       | 5            | 46 | 6            | 13 | Sa. 27       | 6            | 17 | 6            | 32 |
| Sa. 13       | 6            | 45 | 7            | 17 | Su. 28       | 6            | 58 | 7            | 24 |
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| M. 15        | 9            | 5  | 9            | 41 | Tu. 30       | 8            | 57 | 9            | 31 |

## MOON'S PHASES.

### Mean Time.

|                    | D.  | M. | H.             |
|--------------------|-----|----|----------------|
| Full Moon, ..Sa.   | 6.  | 13 | past 7 aftern. |
| Last Quart, ..Sa.  | 13. | 50 | — 11 aftern.   |
| New Moon, ..Sa.    | 20. | 34 | — 7 aftern.    |
| First Quart, ..Su. | 28. | 30 | — 2 aftern.    |

## TERMS, &c.

### November,

5. Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
11. Martinmas.
12. Court of Session sits.
30. St. Andrew's day.

\* \* \* The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.



THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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OCTOBER 1824.

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THE SCOTTISH GALLOVIDIAN ENCYCLOPEDIA \*.

THIS is, beyond all question, the most extraordinary, not to say, monstrous production of the present age. That there are individuals capable of any extravagance may well be believed ; but here the cause of astonishment is, that the press, accommodating as it is to every species of folly, should have become subservient to the purposes of such an obscene, drivelling blockhead as John Mactaggart. By what "windlasses and assays of bias" he got it to work for him, and throw into the lap of gaping curiosity a work compounded of all that is offensive and abominable, and which exhibits intellect in the lowest stage of infirmity, must, even in this book-making age, be matter of wonder.

In point of propriety, we should, before taking any notice of his work, introduce the reader to its redoubtable author, whose history forms one of the most imposing articles in his Encyclopedia. "The Friday night before Keltonhill fair was the night in which I, *gomerall Johnie*, first opened my mouth in this wicked world." His grandfather's grandfather, it appears, got his head cloven (an accident which was sufficient to lay the foundation of a hereditary complaint) "at the brack o' Dunbar, fighting in the Highland army against Oliver Cromwell." What *brack* this was, or what a *brack* is, we profess not to know ; but of this we are certain, that Old Noll never encountered a *Highland Host* at Dunbar, or elsewhere. His father, we are told, is a farmer ; and throughout John's "pilgrimage on earth, from the cradle, till this moment, he has never met with any whom he considered had so much native strength of intellect." Upon no higher authority than the testimony of his son, we shall suppose Mactaggart, senior, to be a most judicious personage ; and so supposing and believing, but denying to him the attribute of foresight, we sincerely grieve for his domestic afflictions, the greatest of all which we conceive to be the one which developed itself on "the Friday night before Keltonhill fair." The Jewish law prescribed penances for the act of involuntary manslaughter ; and to a man of tender conscience, the act, however involuntary, of begetting such a being as our author, must appear equally heinous. John, at an early age, was placed, along with some brothers and sisters, under the tuition of a half-grown boy, "who taught and lashed them occasionally ;" and John was most happy when the seed-time commenced, because this juvenile *dominie* was then transferred from the thrashing to the harrowing department. When six years of age, our author had no companion at home "but a howlet,"—the

\* The Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopedia, or the Original, Antiquated, and Natural Curiosities of the South of Scotland ; containing sketches of eccentric characters and curious places, with explanations of singular words, terms, and phrases ; interspersed with poems, tales, anecdotes, &c., and various other strange matters ; the whole illustrative of the ways of the peasantry, and manners of Caledonia ; drawn out and alphabetically arranged. By John Mactaggart.

bird of Minerva ; and this bird having fallen a victim to the malice of a dunghill-cock, John " mourned about it many a day," more than ever Minerva will mourn for the death of himself. Next he was sent to a Latin school ; and as he " could learn nothing about it," he was " lashed up stairs and down stairs, and was saved, he believes, from dying an *unnatural* death, from his parents' *flitting* from Lennox Plunton, to the farm of Torra, in the parish of Kirkcudbright." Now, John and we differ *toto calo* respecting what is a *natural* death. To have been lashed out of existence for stupidity would, in his case, have been the most natural death in the world ; and as to the pedagogue who made the experiment, we " laud him for it," and much regret that it did not succeed, which we attribute to John's running " up stairs and down stairs," instead of remaining stationary during the *trying* operation. This pedagogue we take to have been a most philanthropic individual. No one would submit to the laborious task of extinguishing vitality in such a mass of brute matter, but from some high and benevolent motive. Whether it was to make an atonement for the philoprogenitive proceedings of the father, or to save his country from a future deluge of nonsense, we cannot determine, though no one will doubt that one or other of these must have been his object.

Our author was now removed to another academy, the master of which he thus eulogizes : " In truth, Mr Caig is an excellent teacher ; he gives Nature fair play ; he lets the scholars pursue their own inclination, be what it will. *If* I have any learning, or any genius about me, to this man am I indebted for their improvement. Had he been a dominie who gave out *tasks*, who obliged the scholars to learn this, and then that, who made a slave of the mind when in its tender state, and who valued the feelings nothing, I, MAC, would never have been heard of." The above passage is not only the best piece of writing in the whole book, but is eminently logical. Had the worthy Mr Caig pursued a course of education opposite to that which he did, it is possible he might have taught *Mac* to form a humble and becoming estimate of his own abilities ; in which case he never would have been led, by a rampant vanity, to exhibit himself as a laughing-stock to the British public. He thus proceeds : " I should have crawled about, a mean *artificial worm of man's formation*, without one spark of Nature's fire about me ;" which, after all the compliments paid to his father's astonishing good sense, really reduces the good old man to the rank of a worm-breeder. Our author was next despatched to the school of Kirkcudbright, where " he laid all the school below him, with the mathematics ;" but could make nothing of *French*. " In his thirteenth year he took a huff at schools and schoolmasters altogether, leaving them both with disgust ;" so he would learn a trade, and wrote to two respectable bookselling firms in Edinburgh, also to a printer in Dumfries, expressing his wish to become an apprentice ; but neither biblioplists nor printer would return him an answer ! He then felt " a melancholy working in on him, which he will never get rid of ;" and which was caused by his mother one night communicating to him the alarming truth, " that there would come a day on which he should die, and be covered up with cold mould in a grave \*." He next became "*bookish-inclined*," and started on foot for Edinburgh College. But " before this time, I had taken a ramble through England,"—at the heels of a drove of nolt, we presume,—" had been often in love, had wrote poetry, and the devil knows what. I have rhymed since ever I remember, but *I kept dark*. After passing a hard winter in Edinburgh, attending my favourite natural classes, reading from libraries, writing for Magazines, (*credat Judæus !*) and what not, I returned to the rural world in the spring ; and the next winter I went back to Edinburgh, but not to attend the College, though that was the apparent motive. I never received any good from attending the University."

\* This same melancholy, it would seem, was so intense as to superinduce a severe bodily ailment, which he feelingly alludes to in the following articles : " *Nocks*.—Little beautiful hills ; Nockshinnie and Nocktannie used to be favourite *nocks* of mine ; to these places I would *steal* sometimes, when melancholy *set sore* upon me, and so get *ease*."



When he arrived at the age of twenty-one, or what lawyers, by courtesy, would call the years of discretion, he composed a Pindaric Ode, having the title of "*Mac is Major*," and from which we select the following stanzas:

Now *Mac*, upon the Soloway shore,  
Whar seamaws skirl, and pellocks snore,  
And whilks and muscles cheep;  
Whar puffins on the billows ride,  
And dive adown the foaming tide,  
For sillar-fry sae deep.

Through ilka turning o' the year,  
I moil and brose awa,  
E'en out in winter I appear,  
Amang the frost and snaw—  
Cauld ploddering, and foddering,  
The nowt amang the biels,  
Then curling and hurling,  
The channelstane at spiels.

A lanely melancholy lad,  
*Anc quarter wise, three quarters mad,*  
*Wi' gloomy brow a' burning.*

I'll never ha'e a poet's name,  
Nor in the gaudy house of fame  
Enjoy a wee bit garret;  
The clinking I may hit, hooch, hoo,

As also could the cockatoo,  
Or green Brazilian parrot.

The muse whiles, *refuse* whiles,  
To lend poor *Mac* a lift,  
She'll sneer me, and jeer me,  
And winna come in tift.

For a' sae shortly's I ha'e been  
Upon this warl' what I ha'e seen,  
Big bubbles never ending;  
How many millions ither nosing,  
How many thousands peace proposing,  
Yet the de'ils ne'er mending.  
Broils wi' pens, and broils wi' swords,  
And graves wi' bouks a cramming,  
Gloomy plots, and lofty words,  
Silly man a shamming—  
But brattle, and rattle,  
My slavering gomfs, awa,  
I'm fearless, and careless,  
O' you baith ane and a'.

Thus sings the undaunted *Mac*, and, after intimating his arrival in London, finishes his own biography.

As for his work, we have already characterised it. That it is utterly defective in grammar, and even in punctuation and orthography, is saying the least of it. There are many individuals, illiterate, but of strong good sense, who are capable of writing a book both instructive and entertaining; and there are pedants, having the most sacred regard for the head of Priscian, who have not a fact nor a thought to communicate which the world would thank them for. The author's case, however, is more hapless than either; for he neither can write, nor has he materials for writing upon. There is not a ploughman or mechanic, we venture to say, so profoundly ignorant of the commonest subjects as this same John Mactaggart; there is not one so eminently deficient in good taste; and there is not a trull upon the streets so vicious and depraved as to indulge, as he has done, in the most loathsome obscenities. Until reading his work, it never struck us that mental *nastiness* had its degree; but we now find that there are things "so rank and gross in Nature," as to have been hitherto shunned by those reputed the most lewd and shameless; which things our author has not only ventured to handle, but handles *con spirito*, and with the most extatic delight. His mind has its natural repose upon filth, and is invigorated by its exhalations. He reminds one of the gambols of a boar, exalting, to its own infinite satisfaction, the stench of the mire which it wantons in, by the clumsy but forcible action of its cloven feet; and that not a doubt may exist of the foulness of his mind, he assures us that he "*admires* the manners of the *foumart* (pole-cat) before those of *hawdrons*, (the cat,) and a *brock* (badger) more than a *lap-dog*." In his Introduction, he expresses his belief that his book "is mostly the work of *instinct*; that the *conception* of it was created in his skull, when that thick skull itself was created, and afterwards expanded as it expanded;" all which, we verily believe: still we believe that this wondrous conception owes partly its maturity to a rather general and very lamentable misconception prevalent among simpletons imported from the country into a town; namely, that the surest mark of genius and spirit is to soar above the decencies of life; and to "astonish the natives," upon returning home, by displaying an intimate acquaintance with the most hidden mysteries of blackguardism.



The plan of the work, so far as we can understand it, is to give an explanation of words and phrases *peculiar* to Galloway, and of notable individuals who have flourished in that district. Throughout the whole, there is distributed a vast deal of original poetry by the author, of which the reader has already had a sufficient specimen. As for the words and phrases, nineteen out of twenty of them, at least, are not Gallovidian, but truly Scotch, and perfectly intelligible over the whole kingdom; they are to be found in every glossary; and the whole of our author's merit consists in obscuring their meaning by absurd explanations and false spellings. To prove the first part of this proposition, we have only to copy the following words which occur under the letter A. *A'*, *abee*, *abeigh*, *ablins*, *aboon*, *abreed*, *adist*, *aglee*, *ahin*, *ain*, *airns*, *allicreesh*, *amaist*, *anklet*, *asks*, *asklent*, *ass*, for *ashes*, *ait-strae*, *auld*, *auld-farrent*, *aumrie*, *auntie*, *awmous*, *ayont*, &c. A number of words occur which are purely English, but which John Mactaggart, in his ignorance of that fact, has presumed to convert into Gallovidian, by taking a few liberties with the proper orthography, e. g., *acquavita*, spelled by John, *ackavity*, *ackwavity*, or *ackwa!* *ashlerwork*, spelled *aishlerwork*; *elm-tree*, spelled *alom-tree*; *an'*, the old English synonyme of *if*, and used for *if* over all Scotland, but which our author assures us is "used frequently for *than*—then;" *asht*, spelled *aschet*, and so on. By the same process does he make the Scotch word *haverin* Gallovidian, by spelling it *averin*, and so with many others. The words which are not English or Scotch are, with a few exceptions, such as belong to no dialect whatever. It is well known, that, in Scotland, when an old woman is at a loss for a word by which to express an idea, she invents one for the occasion, which, if it happens to be very significant, from any analogy between the sense and the sound, comes into limited and temporary circulation in the family, and probably the neighbourhood. All such bastard words, at least so many of them as John could pick up, he wishes to make classical, and accordingly favours us with their explanations. We have, for example, *blinnie*, which the poor creature thus renders, "a person *mimicating* the blind;" *blumf*, "a stupid loggerhead of a fellow, who will not brighten up with any weather, who *grumfs* at all genuine sports, and sits as sour as the devil, when all around him are joyous;" *blutter*, "a foolish man, rather of the ideot stamp;" and *boaf*, "a name for a foolish dog;" and these words, which all occur in the course of one page, this *blumf*, *blutter*, and *boaf*, would persuade us are Gallovidian. Of the meaning of some words he is totally ignorant. *Birsle*, he has, to *bristle*, though, to Scotsmen, it notoriously is a culinary term, signifying, to make crisp by heating. His etymologies are most amusing, from their marvellous stupidity. *BEDALL*, which is just the English *beadle*, he thus explains: "a grave-digger; for why, he *beds* us mostly all." "*BEBB*—We are said to *bebb* ourselves with any thing, when we fill ourselves too full—the tide, when full, is said to be *bebbin fu'* ;—the word comes from *bibe*, the *Latin* and *English* word!" "*ANTRUM*.—The name, in some parts of the country, for that repast taken in the evening, called *four-hours*, anciently termed *e'enshanks*. This *Antrum* came from the *old French*, a *den* or *cave*; now *Antrum* time is *den* time, then some animals go to their dens; the sun also is said to sink to his *den* or *cave*!!!"

The observations we have made only extend over the articles classed under the heads A and B; and yet they do not comprehend a tenth part of Mac's deplorable blunders. It has been seen that he has a passion for natural history; and so profound is his acquaintance with it, that he believes those singular substances, called *adder-beads*, to be actually made by adders, the services of "seven old adders, with manes on their backs," being required to the making of each; though we had thought it a settled point, that those beads, like what John Mactaggart himself would have been but for Dominie Caig, were of "man's formation, without one spark of Nature's fire about them;" and, in all probability, were the subject of barter by the Phœnicians with our savage ancestors.

John's knowledge of the history of his country is equally profound. "BLACK DOUGLAS, (spelled with a double *s*) perhaps the greatest villain

ever known in Galloway ; his den was the Castle of Thrave," (Thrieve is the name ; ) " a befitting keep for the tiger ; he *kept* the country round him in awe for many a-day ; even the Scotch kings could make nothing of him. He caused Lord Kircubrie, M'Lellan, to be *hanged* by a rope from a projecting stone in his castle wall, yet to be seen, and took his dinner calmly while his hangmen were doing so. Some say he was *durked* (*pro dirked*) in Annandale ; but *how he came by his death is uncertain* ; however, he did not die a natural death." Truly, John M'Taggart, thou art the most consummately impudent of all living blockheads. The Douglas in question (who is here evidently supposed to be some Galloway laird,) was William, eighth Earl of Douglas ; the person whom he put to death at Thrieve Castle was not a Lord Kirkcudbright, for that title was not created until about two centuries afterwards, but M'Lellan, tutor of Bombie, an ancestor of the Kirkcudbright family ; M'Lellan was not hanged at all, but was beheaded in the court-yard, while his uncle, Sir Patrick Gray, who had brought the king's letter, requiring the Earl to deliver up his prisoner, was entertained in the castle ; and so far from the manner of Douglas' death being *uncertain*, his murder, by the hands of his own Sovereign, James II., in Edinburgh Castle\*, is one of the most flagrant events in Scotch history.

John's taste for the sublime and beautiful in Nature is no less conspicuous than his knowledge of natural and national history. Carlinwork Loch, (a sheet of water about the size of Duddingstone Loch, and absolutely without rocks, headlands, and trees,) he tells us, is not to be matched, excepting by " Loch Lomond, Loch Kettrin, and some others of the lovely Highland lakes," though we do not know *one* Highland lake which is not infinitely superior to it ; that it is not behind Winander ; and that, at certain seasons, " the *thing*," *i. e.* the lake, " becomes Killarney at once !" And he concludes his animated description, by inviting a bard of the name of Kelvie to publish a poem upon it.

But all John's sins of omission and commission are venial when compared with the outrageous liberties which he has taken with the names and private histories of various individuals ; obscure, perhaps, but, on that very account, more sensitive of scandal, and, we shall presume, most respectable in their stations. The very praises and compliments of such a man must be vastly distressing to a rational person, for of his book it may justly be said,

" ————— nought enters there

Be it of what quality and pitch soever,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a moment."

But when we see the reputations of females trodden under the hoofs of this capricious, savage animal, to whose ears the groans of wounded modesty, and the profane laughter of the rabble, are music, and who exults in his headlong course, in proportion to the havoc and terror which he occasions, our indignation far exceeds our almost infinite contempt. It strikes us as a humiliating instance of the insecurity of human happiness, that the most drivelling ninny who can wield a pen, has it in his power to excruciate the feelings, and destroy the peace of mind, of the most intellectual and most virtuous.

The present is the only book we happen to know from which some information may not be gleaned ; and, in that respect alone, is a complete monstrosity. There happens, however, to be two, or at the utmost, three rustic *bon-mots* worth repeating ; and there are also a few fragments of old popular rhymes which deserve to be put upon record. Such rhymes are valuable, as affording an insight into the *poetical staple* which existed among our

\* This act of royal treachery is commemorated in the following maledictory lines, which tradition has preserved :

Edinburgh Castle, town, and tower,  
God grant ye sinke for sinne ;  
And that for the bloody dinner  
Earl Douglas got therein.

simple-hearted peasantry in "the olden time," into the play of their fancy and spirits, and into the *sentimental* tone and colouring of every-day life, as they endured or enjoyed it, which is not to be obtained from a higher quarter. Professed poets fashion their tastes upon pre-existing models; and, rejecting all that belongs to their own times, whether of the real or the imagined, as undignified and vulgar, they too uniformly draw their thoughts and sentiments from the common storehouse of the classics. They address themselves, not to the people, but to a refined class, who have found the standard of excellence in the literature of two ancient nations, whose history, religion, and customs, and, of course, imaginative associations, are wholly different from our own; and, when they do touch upon a subject existing and present, they, instead of conjuring up the associations properly connected with it, convey it out of its own atmosphere of sentiment and feeling, into one utterly foreign to its being. Burns is a most splendid exception to these remarks; but Burns originally composed with no design of publishing, and for the applause of those in his own condition of life; and we repeat, that it is in the unartificial rhymes of rustics writing as he did, that we must expect to discover the shreds of that aerial mantle, woven in the loom of their fancy, which invested all things, animate and inanimate, that our ancestors looked and reflected upon.

We are therefore very far from objecting to the preservation of all but forgotten rhymes, such as the following, however puerile and uncouth:

O, my pow again is free frae pain,  
I am like mysell again,  
For twall hours I ha'e lain  
Upon my Allicompain, O';  
Whan howstin made me unco sair,  
Whan my poor breast wud rack and rair,  
I drank the broe—it haled me fair,  
The broe o' Allicompain, O'.

Whan I cam o'er the tap o' Tyne,  
I met a drove o' Highland swine,  
Some o'em black, some o'em brown,  
Some o'em rigget o'er the crown;  
Sic a drove o' Highland swine  
I ne'er met on the tap o' Tyne.

*A Riddle.*

Sit and see the swallow flee,  
Gang'and hear the gowk yell,  
See the foal afore the minnie's e'e,  
And luck that year will fall thysel'.

Dream, dream, that the ocean's *queem*;  
Dream, dream, that the moon did beam,  
And the morning will hear the waves roar,  
And the sun through the clouds will not  
find a bore.

Stane Chack, devil tak'  
They wha harry my nest,  
Will never rest, will meet the pest,  
De'il break their lang back,  
Wha my eggs wad tak', tak'.

There was an auld man stood on a stane,  
Awa i' the craft his leafu' lane,  
And cried on his bonny sleek kye to him  
hame:—

Kitty my Mailly, Kitty her mither,  
Kitty my doe, and Kitty Billswither,  
Rangletie, Spangletie, Crook and Cowd-  
rye;

And these were the names o' the auld  
man's kye.

The following verses, very imperfectly put together by our author, belong to a game which is played at the firesides of the peasantry:

"Hey, Wullie Wine, and How Wullie  
Wine,

I hope for hame ye'll no incline,  
You'd better light, and stay all night,  
And I'll gie thee a lady fine."

"Wha will ye gie, if I wi' you bide,  
To be my bonny blooming bride,  
And lie down lovely by my side?"

"I'll gie thee Kate o' Dinglebell,  
A bonny body like yoursel'."

"I'll stick her up in the pear-tree,  
Sweet and meek, and sae is she;  
I lo'd her ance, but she's no for me,  
Yet I thank you for your courtesy."

"I'll gie thee Rosie o' the Cleugh,  
I'm sure she'll please thee weel enough."

"Up wi' her on the bane dyke,  
She'll be rotten or I be ripe;  
She's made for some other, and no for me,  
Yet I thank you for your courtesy."

"Then I'll gie thee Nell o' sweet Spring-  
kell,  
O'er Galloway she bears the bell."

"I'll set her up on my bed-head,  
And feed her weel wi' milk and bread;  
She's for nae ither but just for me,  
Sae I thank you for your courtesy."





But now I maun sit 'neath the cauld drift,  
 and mourn,  
 And curse black Robin-a-Ree,  
 And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,  
 And ne'er let the sun me see;  
 O! never melt awa, thou wreath o'  
 snaw,  
 That's sae kind in graving me;  
 But hide me ay frae the scorn and gaffaw  
 O' villains like Robin-a-Ree.

We can afford room only for one other effusion of the rustic muse; but which, though our author avers it to be ancient, we are ready to take our corporal oath is his own genuine composition:—

Puddock reed is fu' o' een,  
 And every ee's a powhead;  
 But Nelly's twa beats them clean—  
 She is a charming powhead!

We have selected the following as the best of John's anecdotes, but have found it necessary to correct both his orthography and punctuation:—"A person once told the celebrated Billy Marshall, the tinkler, that whisky was a slow poison. 'It must be dev'lish slow, indeed,' quoth the gypsy chief, 'for I ha'e tooted it o'er in nogginfu's now for mair than a hunner year, and am to the fore yet, hale and feer.' He died when 120 years of age."

"Once as a priest was going to his church, on the Sabbath day, to hold forth, he espied Andrew Gemmel pondering deeply upon something that lay on the road, and stepping seriously round it. The clergyman came up, and seeing what the object was, said, 'Well, An'ro, what's this that seems to be puzzling you so? For my part, I see nothing but a horse-shoe on the road.' 'Dear me!' returned the gaberlunzie, with uplifted hands, 'what disna that lear do! I have gloured at that shoe now the best part o' half-an-hour, and de'il tak' me gif I could say whether it was a horse-shoe or a mare-shoe.'" This story, by the bye, is not Gallovidian, at least it has circulated in Lanarkshire from time immemorial.

We are tempted to give the half of another anecdote, (it concludes with what seems to be a piece of private scandal,) as a rich example of that dry and matter-of-fact irony for which our countrymen are distinguished. "A man on horseback once came up with another rider, while going to a Dumfries rood-fair. Quoth the first, 'Whar' come ye frae, guid man, gin ane may speir?' 'E'en out o' the parish o' Co'end,' replied the other. 'I was thinkin' sae,' regained the first, 'for, like a' your parish fo'k, ye sit far back on the hinerpart o' the beast."

We have now extracted from John's book whatever is at all readable in it; and the enormous mass of rubbish that remains we consign to the oblivion which it merits. We have noticed the work, not for the purpose of directing the finger of Scorn towards its author, (who is dignified far beyond his merits by any notice whatever,) but because we consider the work as forming the apex of a sort of era in the literature of Scotland—an era distinguished by the appearance of a numberless host of the most impudent quacks and pretenders. It dates its commencement from the days of Burns, whose extraordinary success conjured up, with fearful rapidity, imitators in every quarter. And, what is peculiarly unfortunate, those, upon whom his example has operated most powerfully, are the most singularly destitute of poetical talent. Had they felt the beauties of Burns's poetry, they must also have felt a consciousness of their own infinite inferiority; but the truth is, that all they perceived about his writings was, that they were in rhyme, and in the Scottish dialect; and the inference was, that to rhyme in their mother tongue was all that was necessary to constitute them poets. We need not dwell upon the tempting facilities which the unfixedness and lubricity of the language present to such candidates for the wreath of Apollo. But this was not all;—it was not enough that every village and ale-house should have its poet. The faults of a great man most impose upon the understandings of little men, and are most aptly imitated by them. Burns had his faults, both as a man and a poet; though the former of these will

be "burnt and purged away," from the recollection of posterity, by the intense admiration felt for his genius. As a man, he unquestionably had a proclivity to sensual pleasures. In his poetry there is much gratuitous coarseness; and the independence which he displays, though certainly real and sincere, has much the air of dogged and invidious sullenness. His epigrams, too, are far beneath par. We are not aware that any of his biographers have stated, what we know to be a fact, that he once conceived a passion for the writings of Martial, and hence was led into occasional attempts at imitation. But Burns had not the faculty of wit in any perfection; his humour was rich and broad beyond comparison; he could flash withering and deadly scorn upon meanness, and lash hypocrisy into mortal agonies with the thongs of ridicule and sarcasm; but in wit, as we have said, he was really defective;—and hence we find, in his epigrammatic poetry, endeavours to communicate to it a preternatural strength, by frequent references to subjects which are startling to frail mortality.

One other remark, regarding the writings of this illustrious man. An action may be highly praiseworthy in itself, and yet attended with some bad, along with many good consequences. The services which Burns rendered to the cause of rational religion, in the war which he waged against pseudo-piety and fanaticism, were invaluable; and, but for him and Byron, hypocrisy and humbug, both political and religious, might, ere this, have been all-triumphant. But, as with some, the outward show and trappings of piety are mistaken for the substance, so, by others, a hostility to such show and trappings is mistaken for an impious spirit; and it has so happened, that, while the great body of hypocrites have found it their interest to represent Burns as an anti-religionist, the profligate and shallow-minded are well disposed to consider him in that light.

These being the faults of Burns, and such the mistakes prevailing respecting him, it is easy to conceive what is the general character of his imitators. *First*, they deem drunkenness an indispensable qualification to the office of poet;—a whisky-still is their true Castalian spring, in which all of them must be anabaptised; and then they can rhyme and rave to some purpose about poor Burns and poor Ferguson, and suggest pleasing and egotistical parallels. Next, they must swagger about their independence, and be as egregiously vain of tattered garments as if they were an inspiring mantle dropt upon them by one of the Muses. Then their works must be replete with the most disgusting ribaldry, and show a supreme contempt of all human and divine restraints. They must write poetical epistles, too, one to the other, and receive epistles in return, all stuffed, of course, with hyperbolical praise; and must take care to abuse critics as so many pick-pockets, for preventing them from picking the pockets of the lieges. Our friend John is a fair sample of the squad, only, if we are to believe him, he was never addicted to strong potations. It has already been seen that he has a violent antipathy to school-discipline, but he also has a great dislike to the simple ceremony of marriage, as performed by our Church,—to Clergymen in general,—and to every thing, in short, that fetters the free will of man. And, we observe, that, in the *whole* of his poems, excepting those which are absolutely *smutty*, the word *hell* or *damnation* is introduced with true profligate levity.

The work before us bears evidence to the innumerable swarm of poets, who chirp out their feeble notes, like so many hedge-sparrows, in the single district of Galloway. The self-complacency with which *Mac* passes judgment upon their respective talents is vastly diverting—no less so than the compliments which some of them heap upon himself. We shall select a few of his multifarious notices of brother bards. "GEORDIE WISHART—An eminent rustic bard, and one of the most honest and social of men. \* \* \* As to his poetic talents, few there are who have the pleasure of estimating them, as they have not yet been fairly laid before the world's *mycrosopic* eye. \* \* \* There is not much wildness and madness about them; they are simple and halesome, not unlike the strain of Allan Ramsay. His



*General Review*, and *Eternal Almanack*, are, indeed, superior to most rustic poems in my knowing. Their plots, and the way in which they are handled, prove Geordy to be a man of genius." Our friend *Mac* had made his friend Geordy a present of *Macubau*, in return for which the latter sends the former a poem, commencing thus :

"Sir, I gat yer sang wi' the fine Macabau,  
For which I gi'e naething, but thanks, that are sma'.  
To see sic a poet, and few there do know it,  
Why do ye conceal sic a talent ava ?"

"**GERROND THE POET.**—What a difference there is between this bard and the one just sketched. John Gerrond the *gow*, and George Wushart the *sage*. The first, an honour to the Muses, the other a disgrace. He was bred a blacksmith,—went to America,—drank and frolicked in the world beyond the flood,—came back again, tilting over the *white-top'd* surges of the Gulf of Florida, (to use his own language ; ) then published, at various times, stuff he termed poems, shameless trash, appearing as if they had been dug out of the lovely bosom of an *assmidden*. For all there is much about him deserving *my* attention ;—some genuine madness, vanity, and folly. \* \* \* Poor Gerrond, I wot hurt thee ; thou hast been injured much already by the destiny of thy stars ; for Burns, you say, was very lucky, in appearing at the time he did. He just got the start of you by a few years, and took up all those *subjects* which was befitting your Muse. \* \* \* So Gerrond is a strange creature, and perhaps there never was any being moved about more independent than he in *clogs* and a *ruffled sark*, for which he has *my* highest praise. \* \* \* It is far from *me* to discourage the efforts of genius ; I am quite on the side of a young poet, if I have any penetration to see he is on the *right side o' the dyke* ; but, hoh, ho, Gerrond was never there, and is too old to speil over."

"**KERMONT, THE TANNER.**—A good composer of songs, and a Gallovidian born and bred, I believe. \* \* \* His songs are very natural, and contain some good strokes of humour. I could name *twenty persons*, and *more*, in the South of Scotland, who write songs, but then their effusions are so made up of art, that I refrain from speaking of them. Kermont, though, methinks, is an exception."

"**MILLER O' MINNIEIVE.**—Somewhere in the South of Scotland, a traveller may fall in with (by searching every nook) a village, or, more properly, a *clauchan*, termed Minnieive. Its latitude and longitude have never yet been properly ascertained ; a thing, by the bye, much wanted now, as the place is every day getting farther into vogue. It will soon eclipse Amble-side on the lakes, as a hamlet of celebrity ; for there is the abode of a miller, with whom, for poetry, and a thousand other fine things, no *laker* can be compared. Respecting this personage, none but poets can see or have any dealings, but to them he keeps *pot* in utter darkness ; so I shall just give my readers a peep of him from behind the cloud." The Miller of Minnieive thus addresses John Mactaggart :

The miller's muse, though, is unfit  
To praise thee, Johnie, for thy wit,  
But, like a wise man, ye'll submit  
To glimmer owre me ;  
The tod he kens a halesome bit,  
Sae won't devour me.

Though they could dance in Nature's  
lobby,

Wi' meikle glee ;

Then how can I, a dusty dobbie,  
Do aught wi' thee ?

Will. Shakspeare and the ploughman

Robbie  
Wad baith be beat, too, wi' the jobby,

The world at large may join and thank  
ye,

And 'mang the first o' moderns rank  
ye, &c.

"**TROTTER O' NEW GALLOWA.**—Lately Mr T. published some rustic Gallovidian tales, the which I am yver far from disliking, though I have

heard them railed against; they are homely told, in a half poetic, half Ossianic strain, and contain contented feelings. \* \* \* *Rusticity is of slow, but steady growth*; as to his sister, I hope she will not lay aside her pen; wherever I be, she may rely on me, as a steady, though unknown friend: the book on Heraldry, I do not know how it may do, but success to trade! There is some gentleman, too, besides Mr Trotter, in the Moorlands, who publishes books, but without his name. I believe it is Barber of Bogue; what is he afraid about? Is it in the nature of *Hillmen* to shrink? No, no. \* \* \* The tales of his are tolerable, though, methinks, not just so much as Mr Trotter's; the one has more fancy than the other."

"WULL NICHOLSON, THE POET.—William Nicholson, the poet; such is the truth, and the pleasure I feel in saying, so is of the highest kind. William certainly is a rustic bard of the first degree. \* \* \* His bardship wanders through the country a pedlar, and plays the bagpipes. \* \* \* As a song-writer, he may rank with any but Burns. \* \* \* My friend William's poems are substantial, rustic buildings; his *Country Lass* is a dear creature, and will last at least five hundred years. \* \* \* My wish is, that he will lay down the pack for a while, and publish whatever other things in MSS. he may have by him."

We cannot prevail with ourselves to abridge in the least the following felicitous sketch:—"QUINTON RUMMLEKIRN.—A pretty fair Galloway philosopher and poet, who flourished, according to the Book of Doomsday, kept by *Scot Hutchie*, in the time come never, three months ago. He was a cronnie while he lived with the *Miller o' Minnieve*, and, I believe, married his *killman's* third daughter, the one with the *back-teeth*. He was fond of drinking filthy fluids, and his belly gave birth to some *asks* and *man-keepers*. I do not know that I have explained *man-keepers*: they are a kind of nimble lizard, and run about quarry-holes in warm weather. It is said, that, like the *robin-breestic*, they are in love with man; hence their name; and like that bird, no man will harm them. They are serpent-looking creatures, which he *keeps*, as it were. Well, this *Quinton* flashed about *Tibby Sharpner's* for a few months, but kicked up his heels at last, in *Auld Ned's anti-chamber*, after quaffing *vitriolic mountain dew*. He gave me, when living, the meanings of a few rare words, though I differ with him in some respects as to their import. Thus *peelaflee*, he said, was a creature out of its element; a dandy attempting to play with men at the *channelstane*, for the dandy looks as if the wind had him *peeled*, and that he looked as if going to fly. A being much liker a warm room, sitting by the hip of a lispng lady, and a simmering *trackpot*. *Peelaflees* are all those who look better on a street than they do in the country. It is a strange thing that, termed optics. I wonder those *Brewsters*, and other chaps who study it, cannot give us something to prevent our *e'en* being misled. Thus, some ladies look well in *candle-light*, and they all look their best in frosty weather. Let no man marry a wife in the time of *frost*, for when a thaw comes, she may disgust him. *Bullocks* look best in *snow*: when cattle are transported from 'heathy fells to flowery-dells,' they have quite a different appearance; ay, ay. '*Brocks* look best catching *bumlocks*;' situation is every thing. On the fore-ground of a Scotch dinner, the *haggis* should show his *hurdies*; and on the back the *whusky grey-beardy*. But to *Quinton*, as a philosopher, he said I was a fool, and he would prove it as fair as ever a mathematician proved *Euclid's fifth* in first to be *Pons Assinorum*, or the *Asses Bridge*; but I said it was needless to prove what all my acquaintance knew to be a *fib*; and that the world would say some day *I was a damned clever fallow*, one who would do what *Archimedes* could not do, make this very earth tremble in her orbit. The old *millwright*, and *speckglass-grinder* said, if he had a *fulcrum* he could do this, as he had a *lever* ready. Now, I have found the *fulcrum*, which is my mighty—I was just going to add, *genius*, when *Quinton* struck me beneath the *lug* with a *hazle-rung*, cut in *Plunton wud*, and laid me sprawling on *Kirkeubrie's auld causey*, just at *Christal's Corner*. So farewell to him and his philosophy. Let us view him as a poet, and, firstly, then—



*Magarlaa, the Indian Chief, to his Torturing Focs.*

At last you've, by a crafty turn,  
Magarlaa clutched all alone ;  
Then fire feed, his nerves come burn,  
And roast the flesh from off the bone.  
Why be so long with your death song ?  
Come, set you to, your tortures strong.

Then have you got your pinchers hot ;  
So, where then will ye go begin ?  
My tongue is cold, 'twill answer not.  
Fix on the tendons—peel the skin ;  
Fix on, and burn, my eyes out turn,  
Your worst of torments I do spurn.

Now you begin, take time, take time,  
And do not let me go too soon ;  
Keep me down from the cloudy clime,  
For soon I'll fly beyond the moon :  
Then back again, though you were fain,  
I will not come to bear again.

The other leg and arm then take,  
For these you burn I do not feel ;  
Come, bite me like a rattle-snake,  
And prick my heart with burning steel.  
Now, now I go, yes, bravely so,  
And back I shall not come—no, no."

This is in the true "Ercles' vein," in the true "clash, crash, conclude and quell" style of Billy Bottom ; and if spoken in character by Quinton, or his biographer, in a country-barn, could not fail to draw tears from the groundlings.

The host of poetasters whom we have thus drawn up in array, formidable as it may appear, amounts to but a small fraction of their innumerable tribe. That the number of poems which are constantly poured out upon the country, by such riff-raff gentry, will have a most pernicious effect in debasing the taste, and undermining the morality of the lower orders, is very obvious. But the subject connects itself with another of scarcely inferior importance ; namely, the character of Scottish literature : Burns, and, after him, the Author of the National Novels, have generated in our southern neighbours a passion almost extravagant for whatever is Scotch. Their writings have effected a moral revolution, quite unprecedented and wonderful. The hatred felt for us, at no very remote period, by honest *John Bull*, has only been equalled in intensity by the present fervour of his love, which is even more than brotherly ; and *Peg* seems determined to take advantage of the fond fit, so long as it lasts, by indulging in the most unreasonable liberties, rather than to confirm and rivet the attachment by a moderate and modest display of her attractions. We have become intolerably self-conceited and vain ;—a nation, not of gentlemen only, but of *litterati* ; and to gabble Scotch, no matter how imperfectly, in the hearing of Englishmen, is supposed to confer classical distinction upon the gabbler. No decent Scotchman, at the present day, can enter a Coffee-room in London but with the certainty of being put to the blush, by hearing some senseless *Sawnies* slaving about their country, over their cups, imagining, in the vanity of their hearts, that they are actually lustrous with the rays of their country's glory. Such fellows are a pest and disgrace to Scotland—the shallowest, basest, and most worthless of her sons. It was to be expected, that, as Burns had his crowd of imitators, so would the Author of *Waverley* ; and deeply indebted as the country has been to those eminent writers, for dispelling a cloud of national dislikes and antipathies, the benefit is likely to be rendered valueless by those who have presumed to tread in their footsteps.

The love of lucre, more than honourable ambition, is the great incentive to modern Scotch composition. Every thing Scotch is greedily devoured ; and nothing so stale or poor can be brought to the market, provided that it bears the national stamp, which does not find a purchaser. It is the fashion to admire the dialect, and pretend to understand it ; but the misfortune is, that, to the great majority of English readers, the dialect, and every characteristic of the country, is enveloped in a haze, and they cannot well discriminate between what is genuine and what is adulterated or spurious. Of this fact there cannot be a stronger proof than the publication of the volume before us—a work which every Scotchman must blush for, but which we have actually seen quoted by one of the most respectable of the metropolitan journals.

Most of the minor works in the Scotch dialect, which have been published of late, are the varietal trash possible,—deficient in invention, in character, in keeping,—in short, in every one requisite. If novels, the plot or story is uniformly as simple as possible ; and this story, meagre at the best, is



hammered and beat out to the thinness of tinfoil, of which substance it has no more than the dim and deadly lustre. The whole scope of any one work, is the development of a single character, (always a most insignificant one,) which a writer of real genius could dispose of by one or two graphic touches;—every sentiment, however mean, is wire-drawn over the surface of whole chapters; and it may truly be said, that the chapters outnumber the ideas. In exploring a grovelling thought or affection, the author shows the most indefatigable patience; and with his tiny rush-light, conducts the reader through all the sinuosities, and into all the crannies of some very common or vulgarly-constituted mind. And it invariably happens, that the discovery affords no recompence for the labour bestowed upon the making it. It may be true, that there is some fidelity in the sketching; but then the originals are perfectly familiar to every one; and we hold that a novelist, if he cannot produce something original or extraordinary, and yet in keeping with nature, is bound, at least, to excite interest, by the variety of his incidents, and the ingenuity of his fable. In the writings of the Author of *Waverley* we can afford to dispense with a regular plot; there is so much of the soul of poetry embodied in them, such a crowding of persons, so rapid a succession of spirit-stirring adventure, and so perfect a *vraisemblance* in respect both of national and individual character, that defects in the manner of conducting a plot are absolutely unimportant. But, with the writers to whom we allude, the plot and the leading character are every thing; and, as already remarked, the first is so simple, and the second so insignificant, that one feels no anxiety regarding the *denouement* of the one or the destiny of the other.

Another characteristic of those bastard compositions is, that the prevailing sentiment of each is as simple and *unique* as the fable. There is no variation of mood in the writer,—no alternations of joy and sadness, of moralizing and mirth, of the sublime and the ridiculous; but all is spiritless, tame, and flat, as a Dutch swamp or a sandy desert. One writer affects the silliness of infancy or dotage,—occasionally of downright idiocy. Another throws over his works the sombre shroud of *methodism*, dealing largely in cant, both political and religious, which he seasons occasionally with some highly carnal allusion;—like a horse yoked to a hearse, and adorned with the trappings of woe, he drags his mortal lumber after him at a solemn pace, and with a most lugubrious air; and as his eyes are bent upon the ground, imagines that he hears groans and sobs proceeding from the sorrowing spectators.

These, and similar affectations, are bad enough; but what most disgusts us, in all such writings, is the abominable jargon made use of. It is neither Scotch nor English, but a sort of piebald dialect, composed of the very worst specimens of both corrupt Scotch and pedantic English, and as opposite to the Doric simplicity of the one, and the polished dignity of the other, as it is possible to imagine. It is the style of a country pedagogue, who cannot speak English perfectly, but must needs approve his scholarship by liberally sprinkling his discourse with the most recondite words and phrases. In some of those works, which, by a fiction of the author, are supposed to have been written centuries ago, we find words put into the mouths of rustics, that peculiarly belong to sciences the foundations of which were laid within the last fifty years. Then, we have certain *crack* words, which obtrude themselves every where. One writer cannot convey a notion of still sublimity, without introducing the word "*sough*," (a favourite word, by the bye, of our friend *Mac*;) and then we have *egg-ing on*, *wyse*, *jelouse*, and an infinity of other west-country barbarisms, which are as foreign to us as pure Cornish.

Scotch composition, hitherto, has been so far successful, that any one may safely adventure upon it. It obviously requires no expenditure of mind; and the gullibility of the English public insures the publisher against possible loss. We have felt it our duty to expose the secrets of this species of writing, and its utter worthlessness, as practised by a few impostors; and, for the sake of our national reputation, and of good taste, we sincerely trust that the appearance of *The Gallovidian Encyclopedia* will bring it into utter and irretrievable discredit.

ESTIMATE OF "CLASSICAL LEARNING," WITH A VIEW TOWARDS A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS, AND OF EDUCATION THEREIN. IN LETTERS FROM A PLAIN MAN TO THE EDITOR.

Letter II.

SIR,

IN my last letter, I reminded your readers of our little village club, and told them generally of the topics of our discussion in it. I mentioned that *Classical Learning*, and its value and import, had attracted our attention; that we had been particularly inquiring, whether, out of our shorter leases of life, of a couple or three *nineteens*, or even our longer tacks, of three-score and ten, or four-score years, (the longest sets in the Psalmist's rent-roll,) we could reasonably spare seven or eight of them in getting driven into us, "with labour dire, and weary woe," an imperfect knowledge of a dead language or two; and that, even supposing the game to be worth the candle, and that the object is of some consequence, we have next been asking, whether or not the object might not be attained by some shorter method than that which has been hitherto followed.

In general affairs, Sir, there are certain periods when mankind are inclined to overhaul matters, and, in the progress of the species, to survey, not only the road which they have already passed over, but that which they are about to travel,—finding, in the experience of the past, a lesson for the future, and, without any radicalism, reforming what has been wrong, and amending what has been deficient. It is on this principle that our Government has altered the arrangement of the Revenue Boards;—that our *Senatus Academicus* are thinking about changing their mode of examining candidates for medical honours;—and that the old tenement, the College of Justice, is about to undergo many alterations, and a thorough repair. Now, Sir, the same kind of juncture has arrived regarding *Classical Learning* and *Grammar Schools*; and the matter came before us at our club, if I may use the expression, by a side wind, leaving some more distinct member than the introducer of it to put the argument, afterwards, into more logical order.

Our friend *Mr Tawse*, the school-master, had just been in town, burying his father-in-law; but as he got a good penny by the event, he was not so affected by the loss he had sustained, as to be rendered indifferent to what was passing around him; and he joined us at the *Harrow*, where we happened to be met at supper when the coach arrived which brought him. His face was full of importance, but he soon got vent.

"What think you," said he, "o' their braw new Academy which they have opened in the north side of the New Town of Edinburgh? I suppose it is mostly supported by Indians, for the great object there is to keep the casta separate from one another; and there are such things as these in Scotland, as well as Hindostan. The manners and customs of the East, Sirs, are to be brought into the West: high cast men are to be kept away from the contamination of Pariars, and men of rank will no longer be troubled in having shabby fellows hung round their necks through life, constantly boring them (as they allege they have been wont to do) for kirks, and custom-house appointments—all for no other reason, forsooth, but because the young gentlemen, in the days of yore, got fun with the *buffers*, or skaited and fished with them. But what shall I tell you further about it? The youngsters are not to be taught there to pronounce the Greek and Latin tongues in the same broad, manly, and proper manner as Demosthenes and Cicero did, and as is actually adopted in every country on the face of the earth, except in the southern part of our own little island. No, Sir; though resident in Caledonia, they are to be instructed to nap and *Englify* it in such a manner, that if those great ancients, and our renowned countryman, Buchanan, were to raise their august heads from their tombs, they could not understand a word of it. Oh!" added he, "what would our old friend

Professor Dalzell say to all this, could he also look up and witness it? Well do I remember his sonsey face beaming with literary enthusiasm, as if Apollo and all the Muses, or, as Burns says, as if Phœbus and the famous Nine had been glowering o'er him when he was every day repeating to us his favourite lines in Horace,

'Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.'

Alas! where, in that crack seminary, would he find the *os rotundum*; the true, deep, sonorous classical intonation, which was wont (as Sir Philip Sydney, according to the Spectator, said of the song of Chevy Chase) to rouse our young hearts like the sound of a trumpet?"

So said our worthy Thwackum, with all his *esprit de corps*, when Dr Pilmore took up the debate. "*Festina lente, Domine*," said he; "hooly and fairly; you spoke of Buchanan, but there has been a great change of market-days since his time. Jinglyng Geordy Herriot, his friend, when he formed rules for his hospital, directed his boys not to be taught English, but braid Scotch; and it is weel kent, that our great Latin historian and poet took a guid wide mouthful of both Scotch and Latin. We had our ain Parliament, and there was nae pleading our appeals then before Judges who had never had foot on the north of the Tweed; nor sending up to London steam-boat-fu's of our advocates, with their wigs in band-boxes, to quote the Pandects to them. But, as the auld song o' Turnumspike says, 'Scotland's turned to England now'—*tempora mutantur*—and we must accommodate oursel's to the change."

Here Mr Plowshare stepped forward, in a derisive tone: "What!" said he, "Doctor, because half-a-dozen lads go to London yearly, from the whole Scotch bar, to plead appeals, would you really depart from

the language of our forefathers, as to the pronouncing of the Latin tongue in all matters whatever, more particularly when the method adopted by our venerable ancestors was, as I understand, that which was sanctioned by all other nations except England, and was therefore that which was used by the Romans themselves? Is it necessary, for the accommodation of these blades, that all others should be incommoded, and that every thing should be thrown *topsy turvy*? Must Mr Mein's or Mr Manduhop's shop-boys *nap* their drug-recipes?—and because a few lawyers might find it convenient to have their true pronunciation contorted, must the same evil happen to all others, (for all are taught Latin here,) whether they are preachers or procurators, taylors or tide-waiters, watch-makers, wire-workers, or writers to the signet?—No, Sir; such a thing would be quite intolerable. Let our nation—I mean the general body of it—retain their ancient, their right mode of pronouncing the learned languages, and what young gentlemen soever may find it convenient to be taught it otherwise, that they may appear more graceful, as they may think, in another place, let them take a *few lessons* in it, just for the same reason, as I have heard, that these grown-up persons return again to the dancing-school to be taught *quadrilles*."

Here the Minister reminded us how much we were wandering from, or rather that we had never yet reached the proper subjects of our intended discussion. That discussion then commenced, but my room being again out, your readers must still have a little patience, and they shall get it in my next letter. In the meantime, I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

A PLAIN MAN.



## EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—RETROSPECTIVE CIVILIZATION.

*(Continued from page 293.)*

## Book I. Part I.

*Retrospective View of Civilization.*

This Part includes six separate eras or stages. Each of these stages possesses more than one distinguishing mark. We shall here, however, only note the most prominent, and reserve for the following Chapters such amplification as the subject may appear to require.

1. The tendency to settled habits of Industry.
2. Division of Labour.
3. Internal Commerce.
4. Foreign Commerce.
5. Establishment of Christianity.
6. Improved Religious Practice, and Civil Liberty.

*Chapter I.*THE FIRST STAGE.—*Cultivation of the Soil—Erection of permanent Habitations—Fabrication of Implements.*

THE transition from barbarism to civilized life is, at its commencement, so imperceptible, as generally to escape the observation of cultivated nations. Savages occasionally lend their aid to the productive powers of Nature, shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather in rudely-contrived cabins, and acquire the art of fabricating implements to facilitate the purveyance of food, or for purposes of defence or aggression. They are not strangers to the value of society, and are susceptible of some of the virtues which are usually supposed to be peculiar to ages of refinement.

The great characteristic of the savage is the want of sufficient forethought, that first fruit of manly reason; and hence all his arrangements are bereft of stability, and are, consequently, useful only in a very imperfect degree.

The surest test, therefore, of incipient civilization is *permanence* in the industrious habits of the people, rather than the superior ingenuity, or energy with which their labours may be conducted.

As soon as the principle of the exclusive right of the cultivator is in some degree, however remote, applied, not only to the produce, but to the soil,—when his habitation is so constructed as firmly to withstand the ravages of repeated storms,—and when the implements fabricated are contrived for subservience to the purposes of agriculture, as well as for the destruction of life,—the industry of the community has assumed a permanent character, and the threshold of the first stage of civilization has been passed.

*Chapter II.*THE SECOND STAGE.—*Division of Labour—Improved Implements—Barter.*

A rude simplicity pervades all the arrangements of the first stage; with the second, commence those remarkable displays of ingenuity, which, in the contemplation of the powers of the human mind, so frequently excite our admiration.

The classification of the innumerable objects of industry, and their individual appropriation by distinct portions of the community, are important results of the operations of reason, all the valuable fruits of which can only be reaped in times of very superior refinement. When the principle, however, is sufficiently understood, as, in a certain degree, to have been adopted as a general guide, society has made a marked step in the progress of

civilization. To that time we are to look as the true era of the birth of the arts, all the indirect attempts of the preceding age, towards their creation, consisting of little more than desultory and ineffectual efforts of immature reason, divested of knowledge, and working without design.

The earliest resort to a systematic division of labour is the principal indication of the arrival of the second stage. The other circumstances by which it may be discerned are the direct consequences of that practice. An increase in the number, and an improved formation of the instruments of art, naturally result from the exclusive application of thought to particular objects: besides an attention to value, on the score of utility, the design is conceived of recommending their use by the beauty of their construction; and thus taste and interest insensibly unite in facilitating the improvement of manufactures.

The custom of exchanging commodities is probably not altogether unknown to the people of the first stage; but a regular system of barter can be introduced only at its termination. Trade is the inevitable result of the division of labour, and before that division has been effected, the reciprocal transfer of property, by consent of the parties, cannot, it is evident, take place to any important extent. Even in the second stage, nothing like a regular system of commerce is instituted. The practice of foreign commerce only commences with the fourth era; and that lower scale of the trading principle, which, although confined to domestic transactions, is prevalent throughout the community, is known only, for the first time, to the third. Its limits in the second stage are easily discernible. During that period, no established circulating medium is recognised; but an improvement is gradually made upon the ordinary details of barter, by the occasional adoption of a temporary standard of value. Thus, instead of a direct valuation of two several articles by their supposed relation to each other, reference is had to a third commodity, as the common measure of both. This apparently slight deviation from the simplest of all the rules of exchange is sufficiently convenient for the wants of the time. Another of its marks is the formation of hamlets for the readier dispatch of business, and which, in the succeeding era, leads to the establishment of regular market towns.

### Chapter III.

THE THIRD STAGE.—*Internal Commerce—Established Circulating Medium—Invention, or use of Letters—Science—Public Worship.*

By internal commerce, we would be understood to include, not only the direct personal transactions between man and man, but such as take place by the occasional intervention of agents between detached and distant quarters of the same community. These more complicated transactions soon lead to the adoption of a circulating medium, of a more permanent character than that alluded to in the last chapter. Beasts of burden, or other of the tame animals, have frequently, in times of greater ignorance, been referred to as measures of value; but in the more advanced period we are now contemplating, recourse is had to a metallic currency. By a natural train of ideas, the preference is given for this purpose to the useful, above what have since been designated as the precious metals. In this selection, the good sense of the rude may, on a superficial view, appear to exceed that of a more refined age; but a just appreciation of real practical expediency will not fail to vindicate the superior choice of the latter.

The invention of letters by such of the nations who, in the earlier ages of the world, had no means of resorting to the short and easy process of imitation; and the use of letters by those which, in later times, could avail themselves of the prior acquisitions of their neighbours—each take their date from the third stage of civilization.

In the same era, man, not content with the mere practical improvement of the arts, enters into abstract inquiries respecting their principles; the rudiments of science are formed; and Mind begins generally to aspire to her legitimate influence upon the conduct of the society.

Religion, too, claims her share in the complicated interests of the times. The vague traditions derived from a barbarous age, and the irregular superstitions of the family-hearth, are fashioned into form and method, under the management of a cunning priesthood : temples are erected, and a system of national faith is established. It would be difficult to ascertain whether the march of improvement has been, on the whole, advanced or retarded by the religious institutions of the Gentile world. Man has ever shewn himself least capable in the management of this, his most important concern : conscious of the absolute necessity for some religion, he has uniformly, when left to his own choice, selected that which presented itself to him in the most odious and disgusting colours. How are we to account for this singular fact, if we do not acquiesce in the explanation given of it in the page of Scripture? And where shall we seek for a more striking illustration of the wonderful conformity of experience to those theoretical conclusions we are naturally led to draw from its perusal?

#### Chapter IV.

#### THE FOURTH STAGE.—*Foreign Commerce—Improved Circulating Medium—General Improvements.*

That enlarged system of trade which includes the frequent interchange of the products of climes widely remote from each other, is necessarily conducted upon a plan of reciprocal enterprise. In its lowest character, a nation, in an advanced stage of civilization, carries its produce to one of inferior rank, without receiving a return of commercial visits. The people whose intercourse with foreigners is confined, as in the latter case, to a mere passive dependence upon the enterprise of others, do not yet enjoy a foreign commerce of the nature to which we would be understood to allude in this chapter, and have consequently not arrived at the fourth stage of civilization.

An extended foreign commerce produces extraordinary changes in the moral and political relations of the community by which it is practised. One of its earliest effects is, an important improvement in the circulating medium, to which, obvious as it is, we advert, in order to close at once the slight notice which this matter, as connected with our subject, appeared to require. The increase of knowledge, as well as of the number of commodities in use, together with the increasing competition of merchants, lead to considerable nicety in the balance of values. The cost of production, or the value of the labour employed to render the article available for use, is found, under the more complicated system, to be frequently either above or below the market price, which is peculiarly affected by the greater fluctuation in the supply and demand. To meet these fluctuations, a measure of a finer texture, or possessed of a higher discriminatory power than that which belongs to an article of very common occurrence, is required ; and gold and silver (metals which, on account of their comparative rarity, would not otherwise have been of great practical use) seem to have been assigned by an all-sufficient Providence for the accomplishment of this valuable purpose. By the application of this general medium of exchange, the dissimilar products of distant countries are readily measured with each other. In later times, a refinement takes place, even upon this artificial system, by the introduction of a paper currency, which, under proper restrictions, is highly conducive to commercial aggrandisement.

To dwell on the well-known advantages of foreign commerce is unnecessary : its incipient practice, and subsequent enhancement, form the leading traits of the fourth era ; and it may be otherwise characterized as being mainly instrumental to the attainment of that high state of civilization, of which man, by the mere strength of reason, is susceptible. Its beneficial influence, in the advancement of the arts and sciences, are unquestionable ; and although, in an age where folly and ignorance predominate, it more often seems to diffuse habits of depravity than to foster the interests of vir-



tue, its final effect upon public morals will be equally praiseworthy. If it sometimes appears to create prejudices, its true tendency is to eradicate them; and after the unreasonable jealousies and discord which, in its immature state, it fomented, have given way to the just and liberal opinions of more enlightened times, its acknowledged operation will be to assist in the propagation of a spirit of peace and universal benevolence.

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*Chapter V.*

THE FIFTH STAGE.—*Establishment of Christianity.*

At this point of our analysis, some striking views, connected with our theory of the progress of civilization, press upon our minds; but we choose to defer, for the present, such general observations which might impede the rapid sketch upon which we are now engaged.

Independently of the peculiar classification of our subject already adopted, there still remain two other general heads under which it is material to consider it. That man has existed, from the first age of the world, in a state of deprivation of high endowments originally attached to his nature,—that, after the lapse of a destined term, he was to be favoured by the partial restoration, if not of the lost endowments themselves, at least of some of the happy fruits they were calculated to secure,—are points of faith, the foundation for which we assume to be sufficiently established. Considering mankind, in their character, as labourers in the great field of improvement, it is evident that that portion who were to be born under the new dispensation would be, in an extraordinary degree, more efficient than their weak and ignorant predecessors. Hence, an obvious distinction to be held in view between *Pagan and Christian* civilization, both as respects the progress and the quality of the improvements achieved.

The fifth era is marked, not by the introduction only, but by the establishment of Christianity in the community, as the standard, or rather most favoured religion. Like the prior stages of civilization, it is experienced by different nations at different periods of time, and is still unknown, at least practically, to a large portion of the globe.

We have thus assigned to Christianity a definite amount of influence in the progress of civilization; but we shall, hereafter, more fully develop our reasons for attributing to it the particular station here pointed out in its relation to social improvement. At present, it is only necessary to remark, in vindication of its supreme importance, as connected with the subject before us, that this holy dispensation is unquestionably, although it may appear to us mysteriously, interwoven with our nature as living as well as rational and responsible beings; that it is therefore not only instrumental in improving our present condition, but, in its institution, is the actual *cause* or *ground* of our very existence. Nothing is more clear, at least to the sincere inquirer after religious truth, that the human race, at this moment, survives only through the influence of Christianity; and, indeed, who that duly reflects upon the blindness and depravity of the early times can deny to it a power and operation of this high character? Through a tortuous traditional channel, we may trace to the same source even the feeble moral lights of the most barbarous people: to what a state of indescribable darkness and misery must the entire family of man have fallen, if left wholly, instead, as at this moment, partially, without an efficient celestial revelation, and the secret influences of the Divine Spirit! Can we suppose, that beings so circumstanced would have been permitted, by the all-wise Creator, to propagate the pains of a burdensome existence among their descendants for innumerable ages? After all the laborious, but praiseworthy, commentaries of theologians, with what a weight of proof does this single consideration bear upon the question of the divine origin of the Christian dispensation!

Had the peculiar circumstances which, altogether, serve to form our notion of that dispensation, been unnecessary, and consequently not existed, the whole economy of man would have been essentially different from what

it now actually appears to be. The comparative evils and blessings of barbarism and civilization would have been unknown. Societies would have been bound together by ties, of which, in our present state of blindness, we can form no adequate conception. There would probably have been room and occasion for improvement; but it would never have been the result of a selfish and criminal emulation. Strangers to the melancholy and humiliating circumstances under which Christianity has been introduced to our notice, the human race would still have been Christian, in the true and perfect sense of the term. They would have known (more intimately than we can hope to know) the will of God, and have dwelt under the guidance of his Holy Spirit; and this is the sum of Christianity. In this way, undoubtedly, Christianity is diffused over innumerable worlds: myriads of people, surpassing in numbers the calculation of a celestial capacity, live under the blessed dispensation, and differ only from us in the form in which it presents itself to their minds: it is the chief, if not the only source of their present pleasures, and it will be their happiness and glory to all eternity.

Christianity is, then, an essential element of social improvement. Distorted and perverted, it enters into the religious creed of the uncultivated savage: it shines, with more or less light, through the mists of the most diverse superstitions. Among the nations who have openly acknowledged its influence, it reigns with very dissimilar powers; and it would be the highest presumption to assert that it has already attained, even in the most enlightened countries, its just pre-eminence. To what extent it has occasionally improved the mind of the individual, the pure of heart, in the fervour of accepted devotion, in the hour of a happy dissolution, no correct estimate can be formed; but it may be demonstrated, that no community has yet arrived, in its religious attainments, at the highest possible perfection. Assuming, however, as a proposition sufficiently plain, that mankind exist only in consequence of the saving influence of Christianity, notwithstanding its apparently limited application in the present age of the world, we feel justified in considering the period of its public recognition—*i. e.* its voluntary acceptance as the standard of religious faith by the majority of the particular community—as the commencement of a separate era in the order of civilization.

Upon the occurrence of that important event to the fortunate society, the passage of the latter into the fifth era will have been accomplished. The amount of social improvement, attained in the age to which this distinctive mark is affixed, must be necessarily varied by circumstances. It is admitted, that, with respect to the people by whom it was first experienced, it appears under an aspect somewhat discouraging. Besides the characters common to it, under every variety of time and place, many circumstances combined to distinguish, most unfavourably, that particular instance. In the prevailing habits and transactions at the time of the adoption of Christianity, by the Roman government, under Constantine the Great, there appears, undoubtedly, much more to deplore than to commend. The fourth era had, indeed, been surmounted; great progress had been made in the arts and sciences, and commerce had expanded itself over the greater part of the known world; but the times were loaded with their congenial errors and vices—a false system of religion still practically predominant, loose morals, and a ferocious passion for predatory warfare. The meek spirit of Christianity had to contend with the most unruly elements. It was accordingly, to our limited apprehension at least, slow in its operation, and its immediate introduction was succeeded by a period of uncommon gloom. That it finally triumphed over these difficulties is one of the great proofs of its genuineness and excellence.

It is not necessary to search for any other marks which distinguish this stage. We should, perhaps, in vain seek for any that would tend to enhance its value. It will be hereafter shown, that it is an age over whose fortunes prejudice exercises a very extensive influence, of which the fatal effects, upon the course of improvement, but too clearly appear in the instance already cited.



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Chapter VI.THE SIXTH STAGE.—*Improved Religious Practice and Civil Liberty.*

The general feature of the sixth era is the incipient attempt towards the universal practical application of the true principles of Christianity.

The highest degree of purity in morals, and in religious practice, is an indispensable ingredient of Christianity: before the existence of civil liberty, the public mind is vitiated, and is utterly incapable of attaining to that moral and religious purity which Christianity imperatively requires.

Hence, with a view to general utility, an indissoluble connection between political freedom and genuine Christianity.

Before the introduction of Christianity, a system of slavery pervaded all the relations of public and domestic life: the magistrate was the tyrant of the people,—the child the bondsman of the parent. Immediately after the reception of that religion, an ignorant age applied to its practice the same rigid principle. Its teachers either aimed at supplanting the lay despots, or, by conniving at their injustice, endeavoured to secure a share of their power; and in the prosecution of the unhallowed project, some of the worst superstitions of the dark ages became, by the joint operation of chance and design, insensibly mingled with the rites and institutions of the Christian church.

In this state must affairs be conceived to be at the close of the fifth era; the first great act of the sixth is the attempt to affix a barrier to the growing evil, and the second to commence the mighty and arduous work of its destruction.

It is well known, that, with respect to some of the principal European states, the commencement of the sixth era, as it is here defined, was coincident with the revival of letters, and with important geographical discoveries in the southern and western quarters of the globe. While the former event mainly contributed to the work of reformation, the latter probably, by strengthening the hands of the ruling despots, and by diverting to the pursuit of gain the attention of numerous discontented spirits, tended for a time to check its progress. However that may be, it is certain that the most refined of existing nations are still toiling in this the last of the *known* stages of civilization,—some yet insecure of the venturous ascent to the preliminary step; others making their difficult way over the higher ground; a few, a very few, glowing with generous ardour and with renovated strength at the opening prospect to which they have at length attained of the bright but untried region before them.

Of the eventual happy result of their labours no well-regulated mind can entertain a doubt. But in the fervour of our hopes we are not to close our eyes to the difficulties of the pursuit. One of the most apparent of these difficulties consists in the wide spread of that political *HYPOCRISY*, which, founded upon the most flagitious and brutal selfishness, and availing itself of the still imperfect diffusion of public instruction, successfully wars against reformation, by attempting to separate the interests of the two grand social bulwarks—religion and liberty, which are its objects. The possessor of usurped power professes to extend his protection to the one, while he openly tramples upon the other; and as they are essentially inseparable, he is thus insiduously employed in the deterioration or overthrow of both.

If it be considered that the sole support of that unmeasured dominion of the few over the will and fortunes of the many, which, to the disgrace of the present age, continues to be but too generally exercised, is public opinion, it will be allowed that we have pointed to the chief impediment to reformation. But the true *cause* of the still imperfect state of practical Christianity, and of civil liberty, is popular ignorance, which, notwithstanding the many remarkable and gratifying proofs that can be adduced of its gradual decay, is still every where predominant: in that ignorance religion has the worst foe, tyranny its firmest protector; and the probability of its eventual extirpation, as peculiarly affecting the subject before the reader, must therefore form a principal object for investigation in the second part of this book.



The general increase of human knowledge, in almost all the various departments which it embraces, is so obvious an attendant upon the sixth stage, as we have thus slightly described it, that it is not our intention to allude further to that more general class of improvement in this place. Besides the growing disposition to reform, no other peculiar mark of this era can be produced than that which renders it so especially interesting to our contemporaries—namely, the fact of its including the highest point of civilization which the world is yet capable of enjoying. To this point few nations have yet arrived—perhaps there are none that have completely attained it. The precise ideas to be attached to it, as the outer limit of the sixth stage of civilization, will be best delineated when we shall have to describe the one by which, according to our theory, it is to be succeeded.

(*To be continued.*)

### *Epistle from the Moon.*

*To a learned and celebrated Professor, occasioned by his aspersions on her character, in the 22d No. of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*

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| <p>THOUGH far your philosophic eye can<br/>range,<br/>You may perhaps deem this epistle stranger:<br/>Though sons of Science join to laud your<br/>name,<br/>Their notes re-echo'd by the trump of<br/>Fame,<br/>From orient climes, where lasting sum-<br/>mer smiles,<br/>To where the negro sighs in western isles;—<br/>From Table Bay, on Afric's southern<br/>coast,<br/>To Russian regions of the knout and frost;<br/>Yet it perhaps a sage's mind may cheer,<br/>To find his fame has reach'd another<br/>sphere;<br/>And he may reckon it no common boon<br/>To hold a correspondence with the Moon.<br/>But some may boast of what should be<br/>their shame,<br/>And some we know are "damn'd to<br/>lasting fame;"<br/>As he of old, who, fain to be admir'd,<br/>With ruthless hand Diana's temple fir'd;<br/>And some pursuing fame, in modern<br/>days,<br/>Are pleas'd if fools huzza, and blockheads<br/>gaze.<br/>"The court, the camp," the pulpit, and<br/>the schools,<br/>Have each alloy of dunces, knaves, and<br/>fools:<br/>The needle kings have for the sceptre<br/>plied;<br/>In dire destruction heroes place their<br/>pride;<br/>Some peers are proud of driving four-in-<br/>hand,<br/>While others seek the pugilistic stand;<br/>And Hatton-Garden proves the cassock's<br/>power,<br/>Where ears are charm'd with nonsense by<br/>the hour;</p> | <p>Even sons of Science may themselves de-<br/>ceive,<br/>And fine-spun theories for facts believe;<br/>Yet still of such I would not lightly deem,<br/>If Homer nods, why may not sages dream?<br/>And Fancy, through her gay prismatic<br/>glass,<br/>Before the dazzled sight make objects<br/>pass,<br/>As light pellucid, through that medium<br/>seen,<br/>May shine in orange, violet, red, and green:<br/>Hence, Sir, though you have foully<br/>stain'd my name,<br/>I more your rashness than your candour<br/>blame;<br/>For Science has, perhaps, been off her<br/>station,<br/>And left her son in some hallucination.<br/>You've said, when I illuminate your night,<br/>I shine but with a phosphorescent light;<br/>As fish, their natural taste and sweetness<br/>lost,<br/>Still shine the brightest, when they stink<br/>the most.<br/>Still worse—(I blush it should on earth<br/>be told)—<br/>You've said, I'm past my prime, and<br/>waning old,<br/>A wither'd, wrinkled beldame, gaunt and<br/>grim,<br/>Will soon be blind—my eyes already<br/>dim!<br/>I'm term'd a female, by your folks below;<br/>By rules of gallantry our claims you<br/>know;<br/>Nought sooner puts a spinster in a rage,<br/>Than just to hint in public at her age.<br/>You say my form is sinking in decay,<br/>And soon opaque, must be forgot for aye!<br/>I'm well aware my beauties wax and<br/>wane;<br/>But still renew'd, I smile and shine again.</p> |
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And, worst of all, my honest fame you've  
slander'd,  
Alleging that I from my path have  
wander'd ;

Have broadly hinted I'm of spurious birth,  
Made me a subject for licentious mirth ;  
Blear-eyed, old, ugly, and a strolling va-  
grant !

Say, can I calmly bear such scandal fla-  
grant ?

Yet you this gossip far abroad have blaz'd,  
And though philosophers may read a-  
maz'd,

Such is the fame of Constable and you,  
The multitude may think your reveries  
true.

From Nature's birth, in every clime  
and age,

I've shone conspicuous in her varied  
page,  
Her beauties soften'd, and her sons in-  
spir'd,

By lovers courted, and by bards admir'd :  
For, though I claim as mine the min-  
strel train,

My throne the summit of a poet's brain,  
I've other subjects than the sons of song ;  
In learning's realms, far more to me be-  
long,

Who hold long vigils o'er the midnight oil,  
With all the pleasing pains of mental toil ;  
He who in metaphysics' boundless maze  
And trackless wilds, lost and bewilder'd  
strays ;

The sage who dives too deep, or soars too  
high,

With brain beclouded, like a wintry sky ;  
The theorist, still scheming something new,  
Which Fancy's magic lantern sets in view ;  
Dreamers, who sacred mysteries explore ;  
Freethinkers, wreck'd on Pyrrho's dismal  
shore ;

O'er these, and many more, I claim to  
reign,

As surely as I rule the boundless main :  
You at my levee I have sometimes seen,  
" Like angel visits, few and far between ;"  
But all connection henceforth I disclaim,  
For you have held me up to public shame ;  
And I must blush to shew my circling  
horn,

Edina's children laughing me to scorn.

Perhaps you prize that gas, in splen-  
dour bright,

Beyond my chastely smiling, silvery light ;  
It sheds around, I own, a dazzling glare,  
Yet is, at best, but unsubstantial air :

When tempests rise, and winds are bel-  
lowing round,

A blast may plunge your streets in gloom  
profound ;

And when your lamps in garish lustre  
shine,

Their brightest blaze can never rival  
mine ;

For he who loves to gaze on Nature's  
charms,  
Whose breast the glow of purple twi-  
light warms,

Beyond the brightest chemic flame will  
prize

My chaster light, that gilds the azure  
skies.

If you have in meridian moonlight stood  
Within the courts of royal Holyrood,  
Around its arches cast your glistening eye,  
While clouds were gliding lightly o'er the  
sky,

And there beheld the slanting shadows fall  
In changing curves and angles on the  
wall ;

Or, if you e'er have paus'd, to see my  
smiles,

When solemn silence hover'd round St.  
Giles,

Till slow the midnight hour was peal'd  
by Time,

And mark'd the shadow from its spire  
sublime ;

Or, where the Castle rock's rude, beetling  
form

Frowns stern defiance to the wintry  
storm,

If you have seen its hoary masses throw  
Their deepening shadows on the vale be-  
low ;

Or, on the Calton Hill have mused alone,  
When I, full orb'd, in cloudless lustre  
shone,

And 'midst the stillness of the night pro-  
found,

Have gaz'd on all the glorious prospect  
round ;

Edina stretching wide, in rich array,  
Her temples, palaces, and turrets grey ;  
On every side, gay villas dimly seen.  
Obscurely peeping through the woodlands  
green ;

You must have felt that I could light a fire,  
Which all the works of art could ne'er  
inspire.

The Old Grey-Friars have you at twi-  
light trod,

And paus'd, to mark the dew-besprinkled  
sod,

Where lie the martyr'd, still remember'd  
dead,

Who for Religious Freedom fought and  
bled ;

Who, dauntless, met Oppression's swelling  
flood,

And seal'd their testimony with their  
blood ?

In Canongate, have you e'er heav'd your  
sighs,

Where, cold in dust, a hapless minstrel  
lies ;

The spot still dearer for the wreath en-  
twin'd

By kindred genius, heir of fate unkind ?

Or, in the Calton have you seen the  
 shade  
 Cast by the urn, where Hume's remains  
 are laid ?  
 On dewy grass or monumental stone ?  
 Your conscious heart must feel, your  
 tongue must own,  
 My light sheds lustre on the "mighty  
 dead,"  
 And prompts the sigh, above their lonely  
 bed !  
 But time has been, although 'tis long  
 gone by,  
 That few were dearer to your heart than I,  
 When gloaming sports, with Mary, Kate,  
 or Jean,  
 Led on the light-wing'd hours on Largo  
 Green :  
 And, dearer still, what ne'er can be  
 again,  
 I've led you to the lone, sequester'd glen,  
 When you have blam'd the lingering star  
 of day,  
 And joy'd to see his last departing ray ;  
 How has your bosom bless'd my gentle  
 light,  
 Diffusing softness o'er the shades of night,  
 To guide the footsteps of the guileless  
 fair,  
 By Love resistless led, to meet you there :  
 I've seen you haste the timid maid to  
 meet,  
 And gently lead her to the mossy seat,  
 Fold blushing beauty in your clasping  
 arms,  
 With fondness gazing on her glowing  
 charms ;  
 Have seen you snatch the dear, delicious  
 bliss,  
 The half-reluctant and half-yielding kiss,  
 And dwell with rapture on that dewy  
 lip,  
 Distilling nectar kings might stoop'd to  
 sip.  
 And, as I roll'd in azure fields above,  
 Sole witness of the vows and thefts of  
 love,  
 Have mark'd the sigh that swell'd the  
 virgin breast,  
 Which heav'd when to your manlier bo-  
 som press'd ;  
 Not vernal zephyrs, faint with softer  
 sigh,  
 When they upon the primrose' bosom  
 die !  
 But while indulging the delightful theme,  
 The fond remembrance of a pleasing  
 dream  
 Of what has been, and ne'er again can be,  
 Do you reflect how much you owe to  
 me ?

My presence prov'd a veil, that half re-  
 veal'd  
 What bashful modesty believ'd conceal'd ;  
 Disclos'd the blush which mantled on the  
 cheek,  
 And told the wish the tongue refus'd to  
 speak ;  
 Shed round the fair a softer, lovelier  
 grace,  
 Gave richer sweetness to the fond em-  
 brace,  
 A gentler lustre to her killing eye,  
 And softer sadness to her parting sigh.  
 Now, though I seldom thefts of love  
 betray,  
 Retract your slander—or perhaps I may !  
 In Ariosto's magic song, we find  
 What earthly treasures are to me con-  
 sign'd !  
 And jewels lost—lamented by the fair,  
 Are found committed to my guardian  
 care ;  
 'Mong these are some, which haply you  
 may know,  
 Although from earth they vanish'd long  
 ago !  
 But *verbum sap.* Do not my hint de-  
 spise,  
 Retract your calumny—in time be wise ;  
 Or dread my vengeance to your latest  
 breath,  
 My wrath unsated, when you sink in  
 death :  
 The lapse of time shall not my rage abate,  
 Nor save your dust from my relentless  
 hate.  
 The sculptur'd marble will record your  
 name,  
 A thousand tongues unite to speak your  
 fame !  
 But on your dark and "narrow house"  
 my light  
 Shall never shine, to cheer your lonely  
 night ;  
 No cypress e'er shall wave, nor daisy  
 bloom,  
 Nor dews descend above your lonely  
 tomb ;  
 Your turf shall never smile in vernal  
 green,  
 Nor change of seasons on your grave be  
 seen ;  
 Perpetual frost shall there dominion hold,  
 The essence of your Artificial Cold :  
 While I, your slander and your name to  
 scorn,  
 Pursue my path, and monthly fill my  
 horn,  
 And shew my face, unconscious of decay,  
 While fair Edina stands, and ages roll  
 away.



## GIULIO ADORNO.

"His soul has got a very dreadful leader.  
What should he make in the cathedral now,  
The hour so deep in night?"—*Second Maiden's Tragedy.*

ONE day I chanced to stand upon the deck  
Of an Italian argosie. She rode,  
With bellying sail, and pennon fluttering,  
Before the wind, as though she were the  
minion—

The pamper'd minion of that wanton sea,  
That seeth'd, and hiss'd, and bubbled at  
her prow,

And joyfully retain'd the long white water  
She left behind. It was a cheerful sight.  
Cheerful ! ah no ; I had not seen a groupe  
Of galley-slaves, that stretch'd their weary  
limbs,

Huddling together their half-naked forms  
In squalid misery. I mark'd the face  
Of bold-eyed villany—the leaden front—  
The rayless eye, where the Creator's  
image

Slumbers obscur'd, or, at the best, presents  
But the sad likeness of the moon-struck  
King

Of Babylon, who, in his madness, wander'd

From wilderness to wilderness, from grove  
To grove. And there were features lovely  
once,

By long-neglected sickness wasted now,  
And worn—the eye, by frenzy, changed  
Into a fitful brilliancy : all changed,  
All fallen from manhood's fair estate, to  
worse

Than beasts that perish ! To beguile the  
long

And ling'ring hours of their captivity,  
It was agreed that each should tell the  
cause

Of his unhappy bondage. Various tales  
Were told of ruffian force, of damned lust,  
Of earth's vile treasure,—tales of fraud  
and falsehood,—

Of waylaid travellers. Accursed Sin  
Stripp'd off her visor-mask, and, undis-  
guis'd,

Shew'd her unblushing face. Then came  
a youth,

Beauteous as he who pin'd with hopeless  
love

Of his own comeliness. His sunken eye  
Shone with that languid lustre which de-  
notes

Fatal disease. His thick and matted hair  
Shaded his features, and in twisted ten-  
drils

All careless hung over a bloodless cheek—  
Bloodless, save where one streak of ver-  
meil shone,

The harbinger of coming death. He spoke  
With hurried accents, and a voice half-  
chok'd  
With sad emotion.

"Now it matters not  
What I have been, or that the proudest  
house

In Genoa own'd me for its heir, my name  
Giulio Adorno. First of Genoa's nobles  
My fathers were ; a haughty-hearted race,  
And haughty-eyed—the proudest of her  
senate,

And in her battles foremost,—in her hour  
Of need her sure support. Their toil,  
their sweat,

Their lives, their fortunes, wealth that  
might have been

A ransom for a Soldan, oft were given  
With an unsparing hand ; and, in re-  
turn,

Titles were theirs, and empty lordships,  
such

As needy states can give. These liv'd  
and died

In fame and honour ; but the last of them  
Fell on a foreign field, and left his child,  
The young Giovanni, to his kinsman's  
care.

That care was promis'd ; and the father  
died

Show'ring his blessings on them, while  
the boy

Lay weeping by his side. The ship that  
bore

The young Giovanni home to Italy,  
Long-look'd for, long-expected, ne'er ar-  
riv'd.

"The Lady Isabel, his mother, sate  
Within her palace, waiting his arrival.  
Each coming sail that rose upon the  
waves

She fancied to be his ; whene'er a step  
Sounded upon the threshold, she would  
rise

With open arms to meet him ; but the  
ship

Was never heard of. Rumours went  
about,

And more than rumours, that the Lord  
Giovanni

Was murder'd by Antonio,—for such  
Was his relation's name. A year pass'd  
on,—

A year, and yet no tidings. Then An-  
tonio

Arriv'd, whence no one knew, and told a tale,  
 How in a storm the ship was wreck'd,  
 and in it  
 His youthful kinsman. All was lost,  
 while he,  
 Sav'd by a miracle, was left to tell  
 The dismal story. As next heir, he  
 claim'd  
 The titles and the lands. He was my  
 grandsire.

"One day he knelt before the altar,  
 thanking  
 His God for his deliverance, when a form,  
 Half woman and half fiend, with frantic  
 eyes,  
 And bare, uplifted arms, appear'd, and  
 pour'd  
 A shower of curses on him, calling him  
 Murderer and traitor, and imploring  
 Heav'n  
 To curse him and his seed ;—that even  
 his name  
 Should be cut off ;—that still the malison  
 Of widow'd wife and childless mother  
 should  
 Rest on his house. This was poor Isabel.  
 She died soon after, mad, they said. All  
 this  
 My old nurse told me. In despite of this,  
 The noontide sun of fair prosperity  
 Shone on my grandsire's house ; and he  
 was honour'd  
 And lov'd by all ; more look'd on, more  
 rever'd  
 Than the old lords his ancestors. His  
 halls  
 Were throng'd with noble guests ; and  
 sparkling plumes  
 And radiant gems were lavish'd there.  
 They said  
 He was the happiest man that ever dwelt  
 On earth. Alas ! there came a cloud.  
 His son,  
 His only son, the comeliest and the best—  
 His father's pride and glory, was affianced  
 To a lord's daughter of surpassing beauty,  
 His earliest love. The bridal feast was  
 o'er—  
 The youthful pair conducted to their  
 chamber—  
 The marriage-guests were merry in the  
 hall  
 With harping and with dancing, when a  
 shriek  
 Like that of death, so long, so shrill, so  
 wild,  
 Burst on the horrent ear. The rosy wine  
 Falls to the ground—the dance is stopp'd  
 —each breast  
 Draws a long breath—it is—'tis heard  
 again,  
 Louder and louder yet ! In haste they  
 rush

Into the nuptial chamber. What a sight  
 Is there disclos'd ! The bride sits on the  
 couch  
 Most like a Grecian marble, with fixed  
 eyes,  
 And stiff hands clasp'd in silent agony  
 On her pale front. While in my father's  
 stead  
 (For Guido was my father) lies a corse  
 Whose twisted limbs and blackening  
 lineaments  
 Bear witness to his torments. But no  
 trace  
 Of human force is there. The widow's  
 curse  
 Hath smitten him. Hath not th' Al-  
 mighty said,  
 'I am a jealous God, and I will visit  
 Upon the children's head the father's sins  
 To the third generation ?' Of these pa-  
 rents  
 I am the hapless issue.

"I have heard  
 How the old father sate in tearless silence  
 Beside his darling's corse. Then he would  
 talk  
 Of strange, strange things—of spectre  
 forms that mov'd  
 In long procession—that the opening  
 waves  
 Had cast their dead ones forth. Then he  
 would rave  
 Of Guido and Giovanni,—that his guilt  
 Had slain them both,—that pale Giovanni  
 came  
 Like vengeful spirit, pointing to the  
 wound  
 That gash'd his naked breast,—pursuing  
 Guido  
 With fiery faulchion ; that their mingled  
 blood  
 Stream'd on his ulcerous soul, like scald-  
 ing drops  
 Of burning naphtha. Thus he rav'd,  
 until  
 He lost all human reason, and would sit  
 Trembling and cowering with his mantle's  
 fold  
 Wrapp'd round his head, as if to hide  
 himself  
 From coming phantoms. So he died,  
 exclaiming  
 That they were with him now. They  
 buried him  
 Beneath a marble hearse, emblazoned fair  
 With legends of his greatness !

"Just before,  
 I came into this world—a fated wretch,  
 Burden'd with others' guilt. My grand-  
 sires titles  
 Devolv'd on me ; but, at his death, he left  
 But the poor shadow of the lordly  
 wealth





Of His own priesthood,—with unhallow'd hands

Defil'd His holy place. Mitre nor crosier,  
Nor chalice, nor the blessed host itself,  
'Scap'd unpolluted! Yea, we knelt in mockery,

Prostrate before the desecrated shrine,  
Gabbling our hell-mass, candles in our hands,

And fuming censers!

“Six of us had sat  
Down to the board, and six had risen thence—

Six only; but there is a seventh now  
That leads us all! I see, I see his face,  
And his bright glittering eye. I hear his voice,

The loudest of the loud, the most profane  
Of the blasphemers. 'Twas his voice directed

All our unholy deeds—it was his hand  
Assisted to perform. The demon whisper'd,

And we, poor fools, obey'd. Aloft we rear,

Our hissing torches, like the man who fir'd

Ephesian Dian's shrine. The cedar rafters  
Crackle and blaze—the gorgeous ceiling now

Is one vast sheet of flame, while gilded studs

And fretted beams, that shone like mimic gems

Along the glorious vault, until it seem'd  
Like a wide firmament of stars, fall down  
With hideous crash. Loud tolls the 'larum bell—

The slumbering city wakes, and clattering steps

And female shrieks re-echo through the long

And fire-lit streets.

“I fain would pass in silence  
The scenes that follow next—the dark tribunal—

The shaven priests, that judged, in solemn silence,

And shook their reverend heads, and lifted up

Their tearful eyes to heav'n, the man who stood

Before them as a witness, with a veil

Drawn o'er his face; while ever and anon  
A ray of light flash'd from his bright'ning eye

To pierce that veil, and smiles of bitter scorn

Curl'd on his proud lip, made palpable  
Even through the folds of drapery. His voice

I recognis'd—I heard it in the church—  
It had a dulcet tone. And when they dragg'd me

Forth from my dungeon cell, and held me up

To see my poor companions die by all  
The means that human art e'er fram'd to torture

With lingering pains, it was his hand that guided

The slow, relentless rack. Oh Christ! 'twas he

Who tore the sinews from the living limbs

With fangs of glowing steel. His willing hand

Wielded each murderous engine, and then held

The flaming torch beneath the heaps of faggots

That were to end their torments. From this fate

My name and titles sav'd me. As they shriek'd,

He laugh'd, and taunted them, a horrid laugh,

Like a demoniac's!

“Oh, I would to God  
I had died with them! for methinks their fate

Was mild to mine—their pangs were quickly past.

Dungeons, and clanking chains, and servile toils,

Last out a lifetime. And of all the crowd  
That peoples this bad place, I am the worst,

And the most wretched; for *your* mother church,

With open arms, is ready to receive you  
To her kind bosom, and with holy shrift  
Will own you for her sons; but as for me—

I am an outcast, with a branded mark  
Of vengeance on my forehead.”

W. W.

## AN ESSAY ON PUNCTUATION.

THE purpose of points, or stops, in writing, is not to mark periods of graceful pause, but to distinguish sentences, the members of sentences, and the intersections of those members. Many persons, misapprehending this, and studiously careful to point their writings according to their erroneous notion, make strange shipwreck of real perspicuity. They would mar the following sentence with an unnecessary and impeding comma; thus—"All things connected with the confederacy, were proceeding prosperously." Evidently this is wrongly pointed. If the sentence is to be divided at all, there should be a comma after *things* as well as after *confederacy*, otherwise the currency of the meaning is hindered. The nominative case in a sentence has a necessary and immediate connection with its verb. As the sentence "All things," &c. is (erroneously) pointed above, this connection is undone. There the six words "All things connected with the confederacy" are made the undivided nominative, and this nominative is separated from the verb it governs by an interpolated comma. Had the sentence been written—"All things, connected with the confederacy, were proceeding prosperously," there would have been no precise blemish, for the words "connected with the confederacy" would have stood as an explanation of, or addition to, the nominative "All things;" so that the nominative "All things" and the verb "were" would not have been disjoined, or rendered irrelative, because in cases of this sort the commas are parenthetical.

There are more errors respecting the different uses of the *comma* than any other point. We will take a sentence. "He reprobated, also, the odious, because unsatisfactory, task of every day struggling for the redress of injuries." The author, or compositor, very properly puts a comma after *reprobated*, and a comma after *also*, in order to parenthe-

size the word *also*, as the verb *reprobated* is immediately and naturally connected with the accusative case, *the odious task*, which it governs, just as the nominative and verb are connected. The author, further, very properly puts a comma after *odious*, which adjective is connected with *task*, and not with *because*, the words *because unsatisfactory* being merely explanatory. But here the author's, or compositor's, accuracy deserts him. He forgets that the adjective *odious* is connected immediately with *task*, and carelessly includes *task* in the explanatory parenthesis *because unsatisfactory*. The words *because unsatisfactory* form a distinct and perfect clause, and must be pointed off accordingly; by which means the adjective and substantive *odious task* will have a manifest connection. The author has then omitted a comma after *unsatisfactory*; but (perhaps to make up, on an arithmetical principle, for the omission) we find one obtruded after *task*, effectually cutting the connection betwixt that word and those following it. The currency of the sentence obviously is—"the odious task of struggling." Lastly, the author has forgotten to point off "*every day*," by inserting a comma after *of*, and one after *day*. *Of* and *struggling*, forming together the perfect genitive case of a participle, are the words connected. *Every day* is an addition to the force and meaning of the passage, which might as well be placed after "*struggling*" as *before*. The author's punctuation of the sentence in question, partly false and partly true, is (my readers will perceive) as follows: "He reprobated, also, the odious, because unsatisfactory task, of every day struggling for the redress of injuries." The true punctuation is this: "He reprobated, also, the odious, because unsatisfactory, task of, every day, struggling for the redress of injuries\*."

The accurate observance of the

\* It is unpleasant to see sentences clogged and overloaded with false points: but I would here observe, that, in common practice, it is frequently not amiss to use fewer points than strictness would require.

natural and immediate connection of words (how distantly soever placed from each other) is all in all, with respect to the right distribution of commas. On this part of my subject, therefore, I will say no more. But there is in fashion an irregular method of lengthening the comma's pause, which I must briefly notice. I allude to the smart *dashes* so liberally employed by writers of the present day. These, besides being occasionally used alone, are not unfrequently appended to legitimate points. Thus we see the comma dashed (,—) and so on with the rest. When the comma is dashed, it is always to lengthen the pause. The seldomer this is done the better; but there are cases in which a good enough purpose is answered. Thus, when the last clause of a sentence is a sort of amplification or exposition of the preceding:—"His taste for indiscriminate amusements rose into a passion for excitements of a higher character,—for the movements of great interests and great efforts." Also, when an intermediate parenthetical clause is designed to be emphatic, the effect is good; as here—"When he encountered Adhemar, ever surrounded now by companions,—assuredly by design,—no cordial kindling of countenance answered to the affectionate light in his." Writers must distinguish, however, between the *dashed comma* (if I may so express myself) and the *simple dash*. In many cases, where the latter may be used with considerable effect, the former would annihilate construction: as in the following line.

"The paths of glory lead—but to the grave!"

A dashed comma (,—) after *lead* would obviously destroy the connection betwixt *lead* and the following words. And here I will remark, that care must be taken that the *dash* be properly placed. The only place it could hold properly in the above line is the one it holds. Put it after *glory*, and it becomes nugatory: expectation would not, in that case, be defeated, because it would never have been excited: in fact, we should have formed no idea of the subsequent part of the sen-

tence. Place the dash after *but*, or after *to the*, writing the verse—

"The paths of glory lead but—to the grave;"

or,

"The paths of glory lead but to the—grave;"

and the meditated object is unattained; for in neither case is expectation raised, so in neither is it defeated. If you write without check—"The paths of glory lead but—" nothing is expected from them; no bright goal can be anticipated; our hopes with regard to these paths are blighted by the *but*, and we are not surprised to find the conclusion—"to the grave." When, however, the *dash* is judiciously placed after *lead*, it is finely efficient. Our expectations are raised. "The paths of glory lead—" whither? to some illustrious goal, doubtless? no—"but to the grave!" There our excited hopes are finely defeated. In the first part of the sentence we met with nothing to damp them: all was reserved for the last. The sentence might have run—

"The paths of glory lead—to sovereign power,"

or to any thing else illustrious and excellent. But it is not so; and we were not undeceived till we could be undeceived wholly and powerfully. My readers will observe the distinction betwixt this verse, when properly dashed, after *lead*, and when improperly dashed after *glory*. In the former case, we are led to anticipate something, though of what quality we know not: we, in fact, anticipate a *goal*. In the latter case, we anticipate nothing:—the poet might be describing the *goal* of glory, or the *advantages* of glory, or the *nature* of the paths of glory, or the *beings* who pursue them. We know nothing; and therefore,—though our expectations are not at once prematurely defeated, as when the dash is put after the "*but*,"—they are not raised, they are not at all excited: in fact, we entertain no expectations, we have no hopes to defeat; so that the "*lead but to the grave*" comes upon us in the character of an unexciting truism.

We come now to speak of the semi-



colon, which signifies properly a *half-member*. (Gr. *καλον*, *membrum*.) This is a very fashionable point. It is now not unfrequently substituted for the comma, generally for the colon, and sometimes even for the period. In the first and last instances, its abuse is most gross: as to the second, it is almost always very pardonable, since it must be allowed that their separate uses are indistinct and dubious. Generally speaking, however, it may be said, that the *semi-colon* is to be used when something from the preceding clause of the sentence is *understood* in the subsequent; and the *colon*, when nothing is actually *understood*, but there exists so strong a connection betwixt the clauses, that the force and meaning of the latter depend on, or are deduced from, the former. I will illustrate this remark by an example. Dr Johnson told George III. "that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention: for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable." The first *member* of this sentence extends to "any ill intention;" the divisions on each side of the semi-colon are *half-members*. This is all right, and according to definition. My rule, also, is here exemplified: for, in the second half-member of the first member, the word *kings* is understood in the *them*; but, in the first half-member of the second member, after the *colon*, nothing is actually understood, the word *kings* being expressly repeated. Still observe, that there is so strong a connection (as my rule states) between the clauses, that the force and meaning of the latter member depend on, or are deduced from, the former.

I have thus discussed the uses of the *semi-colon* and *colon* at once, and shall now dismiss them, trusting that I am not here obnoxious to the Horatian caution—"Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio."

Next in order to the above points comes the *period*. That this is a *full stop* any one will tell you; yet there are many, who, when they come to practice, seem to forget this unequivocal definition; and this forgetfulness, or inattention, (be it which it may,) is sometimes observable in the best writers—in writers of learned precision. A sentence in a celebrated Theologian's work is of the following nature: "Sylvanus compassed three points in his intercourse with the Court. First, a splendid marriage for his sister. Secondly, a post of high distinction for himself near his Majesty's person. Thirdly, an extensive patronage." It is quite obvious that all *connection* is here broken. We find four distinct sentences made out of one. Let us analyse the passage. "First, a splendid marriage for his sister." This is presented to us as a perfect sentence. Of course, then, we can be at no loss to determine what *case* "*splendid marriage*" is in. But are we not? A person wishing to translate the words into Latin, could not possibly know that *marriage* is in the accusative. Yet it is in the accusative; so, if the sentence were really complete, we should find its governing verb in it. But there is no verb in it—there is nothing that can govern the accusative *marriage*. The sentence, then, is imperfect. I need scarcely add, that we must look to the clause erroneously pointed off as a separate sentence, preceding the one in question, in order to find a governing verb for *marriage*. Obviously, *marriage* is governed by *compassed*. The construction is, "Sylvanus compassed a splendid marriage," &c., and so on with the remainder; for a *post of high distinction*, and an *extensive patronage*, stand precisely in the same predicament with a *splendid marriage*.

Some writers are led into the above error by a fear (I take it) of penning long sentences. Short sentences are the fashion, and sentences must, without regard to their *real* length, be pointed off accordingly. They will then at least *look* short. But this is bad judgment, unscholarlike judgment. A sentence essentially long (and some sentences are not the

worse for being long) can never become otherwise, however minced.

There is another source of error on this head; one, I must seriously observe, which is the grand prevailing source of mistake in practical punctuation. It is this: the consideration of sound and cadence, instead of sense and construction. People are far too apt to punctuate by the sound, when, in fact, it is quite impossible to punctuate accurately by simple sound. We *must* regard mainly—nay entirely—the *CONSTRUCTION* of a sentence. Between the different clauses of that single sentence which I introduced, relative to our friend Syllanus, you may *pause* as long as if those clauses were complete sentences; but you must not, therefore, be tempted to imagine that you may with propriety dot off a *full stop* after every clause. Count four, if you like, between the separate members; but (in the name of accuracy!) only distinguish them by such *points* as shall not destroy their mutual and inseparable connection.

Now for the *note of admiration*. This is much too frequently introduced by modern writers. Rogers crowds them into his service throughout "Human Life:" and yet that elegantly-printed little volume would have looked three times as well with half its number of notes of admiration. It is properly used after exclamations, invocations, and very pointed reflections. I will adduce a few examples, in which it is properly and improperly used:

MILMAN—(properly.)

"Ha! 'tis the thunder of the living God!"

Alas!—(generally speaking.)

MISS PORTER—(properly.)

"Providence had seen fit to smite him indeed:—but how mercifully!"

*Reflections* commencing with "*how*" always have this mark after them.

MISS PORTER—(properly.)

"Brother spirit! think you this bark will 'scape?"

MISS PORTER—(properly.)

"The tears that washed the fading cheek of Aigline it would be fruitless to number. Clarence, then, had transferred his heart to another!"

The admiration-mark is (to speak generally) *improperly* annexed when there is no particular point in a sentence, and nothing approaching to exclamation or invocation. An example or two will suffice.

ROGERS—(improperly.)

"He grows in wisdom, and in stature too!"

And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,

Thinks nothing done while ought remains to do!"

(Improperly.) "The evening was beautiful, and a refreshing breeze invited them to prolong their walk!"

We proceed, lastly, to consider the *note of interrogation*. Its appropriate uses are obvious. Yet there is one mistake respecting it which is not very uncommon, and which shall form my only ground of comment. *Exemplum docet.*

ANON.—"Evelina entered the gloomy mansion, and asked which was the apartment destined for her private use?"

Here the interrogation-mark is improper. Evelina put a *question*, indeed, but only the *substance* of that question is recorded.

Mr Campbell has pointed the following passage rightly, with a correct observance of this rule:

"It is asked, in Mr Southey's specimens of English poetry, why Pomfret's Choice is the most popular poem in the English language: it might have been demanded, with equal propriety, why London Bridge is built of Parian marble."—*British Poets*, Vol. IV. p. 382.

The *substances* of two questions are here given. The questions themselves would be, Why is Pomfret's Choice the most popular poem in the English language? Why is London Bridge built of Parian marble?

## THE PHILTRE.

"Karolus magnus perdit amavit mulierculam quamdam, summa cum indignatione suorum," etc.  
*Petrarc. Epistol. l. 5.*

BARBARIC Gold, adorn'd with many a  
 gem,  
 Forms for her brow the mimic diadem,  
 Whose massive round, with circling pearl  
 o'erspread,  
 Seems but to mock the grey and palsied  
 head.

Low at her footstool, with imploring eyes,  
 Imperial Charles a suppliant lover lies,  
 Breathes his soft murmurs at her feet re-  
 clin'd,

And pours, with bounteous hand, the  
 wealth of Ind;

Leaves his poor queen in solitude and  
 shame,

And all for thee, thou old and loathly  
 dame!

His church forbids, his reason disap-  
 proves,

He strives, he weeps, he prays, but still  
 he loves;

Not holy vows, at sainted fanes address'd,  
 Can chase the dear idea from his breast;

Still at her feet the suppliant victor  
 kneels,

Still her proud heart unceasing triumph  
 feels;

His amorous plaints in mournful accents  
 pour,

To her, his life, his love, his Ellenore.

'Tis noon of night; the armed host re-  
 clines,

And darkness hovers o'er the slumbering  
 lines,

Save where a cresset-lamp, in yon alcove,  
 Streams its dim ray, the watch-fire light  
 of love.

On gilded couch, beneath that silken  
 shade,

In death's pale ensigns clad, a form is laid;

Chill on her front the clammy dews are  
 shed,

And the dark angel floats around her  
 head.

Beside that couch, partaker in her pain,  
 An ermin'd hero weeps and prays in  
 vain.

'Tis o'er! the pageant fades before mine  
 eyes,

'Tis Charles that kneels, 'tis Ellenore that  
 dies.

And is her death by pitying Heav'n de-  
 sign'd

To root the fatal passion from his mind?

Ah, no! beside the haggard corse he lies,  
 Despair and frenzy blazing in his eyes,

Redoubling passions in his bosom strive,  
 Adoring, dead, the form he lov'd alive;  
 And starry robes the senseless limbs en-  
 fold,

Wreath'd in fair garlands, shrin'd in  
 massive gold;

And rich perfumes their orient odours  
 fling

O'er sparkling gems, and chaplets of the  
 spring;

And choicest viands, placed with pious  
 care,

To tempt the silent dead, are offer'd  
 there.

Yes, lady, there is one before thy shrine  
 Whose heart still beats in unison with  
 thine,

Who, morn, and noon, and night, on  
 bended knee,

In deep despair, still mourns and prays  
 for thee!

Still circling suns unheeded set and  
 rise,

And night's pale crescent trembles in the  
 skies—

Still the sad King incessant vigil keeps—

Still at the golden shrine he kneels and  
 weeps—

Still lies sequester'd in that charnel  
 gloom,

Clad in the sablest vestures of the tomb;  
 And pray'rs in vain ascend to Heav'n for  
 aid,

From many a convent cell and cloister'd  
 shade.

Where yonder mountain, capp'd with  
 endless snow,

Frowns o'er the woody glens that stretch  
 below—

Where howling winds their wild domi-  
 nion hold

With sullen wolves, as reckless and as  
 bold,

A cell is seen, where crystal streamlets  
 pour,

Hewn by some suffering saint in days of  
 yore;

And many a holy text emblazon'd fair,  
 Grav'd on the rock in ancient character;

And pyx, and cross, and font, whose sa-  
 cred well

Receiv'd the gem-like waters as they fell;

And many a trailing plant of brightest  
 green

Stretch'd its young tendrils o'er the so-  
 lemn scene.



Day-light departs! the evening sun  
 hath set,  
 But here his roseate tints are lingering  
 yet,  
 As if he lov'd to gild the sacred cell,  
 And leave the guilty world in gloom to  
 dwell.  
 A palmer lies before the altar grey,  
 Where fall the last beams of departing  
 day.  
 'Tis done! 'tis granted! Heav'n hath  
 heard his vow,  
 His old eye beams with holy triumph  
 now,  
 For on his ear these mystic words had  
 rung,  
 " 'Tis magic's work, 'tis hid beneath the  
 tongue."  
 Clad in that humble garb the Pontiff lay,  
 Who rul'd adoring kings with sceptred  
 sway,  
 Whose nod alone to dust and shame hath  
 hurl'd  
 The proudest necks, the primate of the  
 world!

Down, down the steep, and o'er the  
 woody waste,  
 His feeble limbs all tottering in his  
 haste;  
 But Heav'n hath mercy on his sacred  
 age,  
 And nerves him for the weary pilgrim-  
 age.

'Tis found! the pontiff's trembling fin-  
 gers hold  
 The fatal signet-ring of fairy gold,—  
 'Tis found! the monarch's passions now  
 revers'd,  
 Abhor the corse they almost worshipp'd  
 erst;  
 Torn from the golden shrine, the hated  
 form  
 Rots in the sun, and fosters in the storm!

Fair shines the orient rays on hall and  
 tow'r,  
 O'er many a chequer'd lawn and green-  
 wood bow'r;  
 And thousand warblers, on the bloomy  
 spray,  
 Sing to their God their morning roundelay;  
 To the light breeze the silvery poplars  
 sigh,  
 And all is spring, and joy, and revelry.  
 Such is the morn whose rising beams are  
 shed  
 To hail the monarch rising from the dead.  
 Alas! his bosom is not free from care,  
 For tyrant, tyrant Love is lingering there!  
 His bleeding heart with envious flames  
 accurst—  
 A second passion, stronger than the first—  
 Speak not the tale, and give it not a name,  
 The Pope, the holy Pope inspir'd that  
 flame!  
 Half spoke, half told, but rising shame  
 repress'd,  
 And tears and blushes strove to say the  
 rest.  
 Silent the Pontiff stood, nor deign'd to  
 speak,  
 Amazement mantling on his awful cheek;  
 But one faint flush, and transient was the  
 glow,  
 For tears of sympathy began to flow.  
 With trembling hand, and lifted eye, he  
 threw  
 The fated gem upon the liquid blue  
 Of that smooth lake. The magic circlet  
 sank,  
 The waters shudder'd as they reach'd the  
 bank.  
 It sank, but still its influence faded not,  
 The monarch linger'd near the haunted  
 spot,  
 And liv'd and died upon the fatal shore,  
 Where she, his love, had liv'd and died of  
 yore\*.

W. W.

\* The following is a recipe for making one of these love-rings, very gravely given in a book printed at Lyons in 1729:—"Ayez une bague d'or garnie d'un petit diamant qui n'ait point été portée depuis qu'elle est sortie des mains de l'ouvrier, enveloppez-la d'un petit morceau d'étoffe de soye, et la portez durant neuf jours et neuf nuits, entre chemise et chair, à l'opposition de votre cœur. Le neuvième jour avant soleil levé vous graverez avec un poinçon neuf en dedans la bague le mot SCHEVA. Puis tâchez par quelque moyen d'avoir trois cheveux de la personne dont vous voulez être aimé, et vous les accouplez avec trois des vôtres, en disant O corps puisses-tu m'aimer et que ton dessein réussisse aussi ardemment que le mien, par la vertu efficace de SCHEVA. Il faudra nouer ces cheveux en lacs d'amour, en sorte que la bague soit à peu près enlacée dans le milieu du lacs, et l'ayant enveloppé dans l'étoffe de soye vous l'apporterez sur votre cœur autre six jours, et le septième jour vous dégagerez la bague au lacs d'amour, et ferez en sorte de la faire recevoir à la personne aimée, toute cette opération se doit faire avant le soleil levé et à jour."

## ORIGINAL EDITION OF JOHNSON'S LIFE OF SAVAGE.

THE Life of the unfortunate Richard Savage, written by Doctor Johnson, is universally esteemed to be our great lexicographer's finest piece of biography; and some of the Doctor's more ardent admirers even venture to assert it the most perfect model we possess of biographical excellence.

However, it is not the present writer's intention to discuss or illustrate the merits of that interesting and instructive performance. Indeed it is far too well known and appreciated, to render any such disquisition, at this time of day, acceptable to the generality of readers.

The sole object of this paper, therefore, will be to exhibit the original, or first, edition of Johnson's Life of Savage to the notice of our readers. That edition is by no means generally known; and though, of course, not very antique, is still interesting to persons at all curious in literary history. It is, indeed, remarkable how soon first editions of works disappear, and become, in a manner, extinct, either from their being, in many cases, thrown aside on the publication of handsomer, and, it may be, amended editions, or from their becoming lost (particularly when small works) amidst the lumber of libraries, when the collected works of deceased authors supersede them on the shelves. Perhaps, however, one cause of the seeming disappearance of first editions of *old* and *elderly* works (if I may so express myself) is to be ascribed to the number of copies printed for them being generally limited.

At all events, (whatever may be said of many first editions,) that of Johnson's Life of Savage is very little known, and some of our readers may, perhaps, be gratified by a notice of it.

The "Life of Savage," which is now generally read as one amongst "The Lives of the most eminent English Poets," (the author's most popular work,) was written many years before the publication of that celebrated series of Biographies. The engagement with the booksellers for writing "The Lives of the Poets" was made in the year 1777, when

the "Life of Savage" had already been thirty-three years before the public. It was published in 1744, anonymously, as a separate work, the author having previously announced his intention of writing it in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for August 1743. The following is a copy of the title: "An Account of the Life of Mr Richard Savage, Son of the Earl Rivers. London: printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane. MDCCXLIV." In the space which is generally occupied by the author's name, there is a very indifferent and common-place engraving of flowers.

The book is printed in duodecimo, (pp. 180,) the type pretty good, but the paper seemingly coarse. Let us, however, proceed to the *internals*.

In the first place, it may be remarked, that the pages are, to a modern eye, excessively crowded with capitals, but not without *system*; for all substantives are printed with capital initial letters, according to the old custom. Some few words, here and there, are also spelt otherwise than we now spell them; for instance, *gaoler*, *implicite*, *persued*, &c. We will extract a paragraph, as an exemplification of the two preceding remarks.

(Page 158.) "To complete his Misery, he was pursued by the Officers for small Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the small Number of Friends from whom he had still Reason to hope for Favours. His Custom was to lye in Bed the greatest Part of the Day, and to go out in the Dark with the utmost Privacy, and after having paid his Visit, return again before Morning to his Lodging, which was in the Garret of an obscure Inn."

The *text* of the original edition (with the exception of some poetical extracts, hereafter pointed out) seems to be precisely the same as that in those commonly read; but the *notes* are more full and frequent in the first, and in them are introduced many pieces of Savage's poetry, afterwards omitted.

In a *note* at page 27 are inserted the "affecting lines" published originally by Mr Hill in the *Plain*

*Dealer*; "which," says Doctor Johnson, "he asserts to have been written by Mr Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himself the author, as Mr Savage afterwards declared." We transcribe the lines in question for the reader's perusal:

Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,

Lost to delight, and every way distress'd;  
Cross his cold bed, in wild disorder thrown,  
Thus sigh'd *Alexis*, friendless and alone:

"Why do I breathe?—What joy can being give,

When she who gave me life forgets I live—

Feels not these wintry blasts, nor heeds my smart,

But shuts me from the shelter of her heart—

Saw me expos'd to want, to shame, to scorn,

To ills, which make it *misery* to be born—

Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild,

And bade me be a wretch, while yet a child?

"Where can he hope for pity, peace, or rest,

Who moves no softness in a mother's breast?

Custom, law, reason, *all*, my cause forsake,  
And *Nature sleeps*, to keep my woes awake!

Crime, which the *cruel* scarce believe can be,

The *kind* are guilty of, to ruin *me*.

E'en she who bore me blasts me with her hate,

And *meant* my fortune, *makes* herself my fate.

"Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes

The softest, tend'rest breast, that *Pity* knows!

Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,

And her soul *melts*, at every woe—but *mine*.

Sure, then, some secret fate, for guilt unwill'd,

Some sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd,  
Phung'd me, thus deep, in sorrow's searching flood,

And wash'd me from the memory of her blood.

"But, oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,

Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;  
The God *within* perhaps may touch her breast,

And when she *pities*, who can be distress'd?"

Savage's excellent friend, Mr Hill, by the foregoing poetical statement, encouraged (as is known) a subscription to a *Miscellany of Poems* for his benefit. "To this *Miscellany*," says Johnson, "he (Savage) wrote a *preface*, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon strain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination which the success of his subscription probably produced." This "preface" is somewhat long, but parts of it are very amusing; and we will not withhold from the reader, in this place, a *morceau* which Johnson has so highly commended. It is as follows:

"*Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?*

"*Improbis ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*"—*Virg.*

"My readers, I am afraid, when they observe *Richard Savage* joined so close and so constantly to son of the late Earl Rivers, will impute to a ridiculous vanity what is the effect of an unhappy necessity, which my hard fortune has thrown me under. I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciously to my father, because my mother will allow me to be nobody, and has almost reduced me, among heavier afflictions, to that uncommon kind of want which the *Indians of America* complained of at our first settling among them, when they came to beg names of the *English*, because (said they) we are poor men of ourselves, and have none we can lay claim to.

"The good nature of those to whom I have not the honour to be known, would forgive me the ludicrous turn of this beginning, if they knew but how little reason I have to be merry. It was my misfortune to be son of the above-mentioned Earl, by the late Countess of *Macclesfield*, (now widow of Colonel *Henry Bret*,) whose divorce, on occasion of the amour which I was a consequence of, has left something on record, which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: certain of our great Judges, in their *temporal* decisions, act with a *spiritual* regard to *Heretical Divinity*, and, in particular, to the Ten Commandments, two of which seem, in my case, to have influenced their opinions. *Thou shalt not commit adultery* pointed fullest on my mother; but as to the *Lord's visiting the sins*



of the fathers upon the children, it was considered as what could regard me only; and in that reason, I suppose, it had been inconsistent with the rules of sanctity to assign provision, out of my mother's returned estate, for support of an infant sinner.

"Thus, while legally the son of one Earl, and naturally of another, I am nominally nobody's son at all; for the lady having given me too much father, thought it but an equivalent deduction to leave me no mother, by way of balance; so I am sported into the world, a kind of shuttlecock between Law and Nature. If Law had not beaten me back, by the stroke of an Act, on purpose, I had not been above wit, by the privilege of a man of quality; nay, I might have preserved into the bargain, the lives of *Duke Hamilton* and *Lord Mohun*, whose dispute arose from the estate of that *Earl of Macclesfield*, whom (but for the mentioned Act) I must have called father; and if Nature had not struck me off with a stronger blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was most emphatically my father, could never have been told I was dead, when he was about to enable me, by his will, to have lived to some purpose. An unaccountable severity of a mother, whom I was then not old enough to have deserved it from, and by which I am a single unhappy instance among that Nobleman's natural children, and thrown friendless on the world, without means of supporting myself, and without authority to apply to those whose duty I know it is to support me.

"Thus, however ill qualified I am to live by my wits, I have the best plea in the world for attempting it, since it is too apparent that I was born to it. Having wearied my judgment with fruitless endeavours to be happy, I gave the reins to my fancy, that I might learn, at least, to be easy."

The author proceeds—"But I cease to speak of myself, that I may say something of my Miscellany;" and accordingly he here enters into some particulars relative to that work, which it is needless to transcribe. We take up the three concluding paragraphs of the preface:

"To return to the lady, my mother. Had the celebrated Mr *Locke*

been acquainted with her example, it had certainly appeared in his *Chapter* against innate practical principles, because it would have completed his instances of enormities; some of which, though not exactly in the order that he mentions them, are as follow: *Have there not been* (says he) *whole nations, and those of the most civilized people, amongst whom the exposing their children to perish by want, or wild beasts, has been a practice as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them?* Were I inclinable to be serious, I could easily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs *Bret*: but if this is any way foreign to my case, I shall find a nearer example in the whimsical one that ensues.

"It is familiar (says the aforementioned author) among the *Mengrelians*, a people professing Christianity, to bury their children alive, without scruple. There are indeed sundry sects of Christians, and I have often wondered which could be my *mamma's*; but now I find she piously professes and practises Christianity after the manner of the *Mengrelians*. She industriously obscured me, when my fortune depended on my being known, and, in that sense, she may be said to have buried me alive; and sure, like a *Mengrelian*, she must have committed the action without scruple, for she is a woman of spirit, and can see the consequence without remorse. The *Caribbees* (continues my author) were wont to castrate their children, in order to fat and eat them. Here, indeed, I can draw no parallel; for, to speak justice of the lady, she never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being starved: nor did she, even in my infancy, betray fondness enough to be suspected of a design to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach her, offered a bribe to have me shipped off, in an odd manner, to one of the plantations. When I was about fifteen, her affection began to awake, and, had I but known my interest, I had been handsomely provided for. In short, I was solicited to be bound apprentice to a very honest and respectable occupation—a shoemaker, an offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in

fine, unwilling to understand her in a literal sense, and hoped that, like the Prophets of old, she might have hinted her mind in a kind of parable, or proverbial way of speaking; as thus—That one time or other I might, on due application, have the honour of *taking the length of her foot*.

"Mr Locke mentions another set of people that despatch their children, if a pretended Astrologer declares them to have unhappy stars. Perhaps my *mamma* has procured some *cunning man* to calculate my nativity; or, having had some ominous dream, which preceded my birth, the dire event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary bottom of a *china* cup, where coffee-stains are often consulted for prophecies, and held as infallible, as were the leaves of the ancient sybils. To be partly serious: I am rather unwilling to wrong her judgment, by suspecting it to be tainted a little with the tenets of superstition, than suppose she can be mistress of a seared conscience, and act on no principle at all."

Such is the "humorous" Preface, which we leave without comment to our reader's digestion.—  
"En avant!"

In the *text* of the first edition (pp. 100–1–2,) is inserted a Poem by Savage, entitled "The Volunteer Laureat, a Poem on the Queen's Birthday, humbly addressed to Her Majesty;" being the first of a series of adulatory annual productions, for each of which the Queen remitted the unhappy author fifty pounds. Perhaps his birth-day effusion was judiciously omitted in the subsequent editions of "The Life of Savage;" yet, in the case of omission, the expressions which commence the following paragraph ought certainly to have been altered or modified. At the close of the poem, the biographer proceeds—"Such was the performance," &c; and these precise words are retained in the separate editions of the "Lives," from which the poem itself is excluded. A similar observation may be applied to another passage in this work, where a poem, that was inserted in the first, is omitted in other editions of the "Life of Savage." We allude to the satirical poem, entitled "Lon-

don and Bristol delineated," which was written by Savage when in high dudgeon with the Bristolians. This performance is banished from the text in the collected "Lives;" yet the paragraph which should immediately follow it is rendered somewhat unintelligible, by an expression that refers to the satire as inserted. The author, having transcribed the poem, goes on—"When he had brought this poem to its present state, which, *without considering the chasm*, is not perfect," &c.; and so it stands, rather incoherently, in the "Lives." The satire in question is a very spirited performance, so far as it goes. It is supposed to have been its ill-fated author's last poetical effort; and Doctor Johnson justly remarks on it, that, though unfinished in the main, "the first and last parts are worked up with great spirit and elegance." We shall conclude this paper with some extracts from the satire, which is as bitter and rancorous a production as can well be imagined:—

"Two sea-port cities mark *Britannia's* fame,  
And these from commerce different honours claim.

What different honours shall the Muses pay,  
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?

Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along,  
Echoing from *Oxford's* shore each classic song;

Then weds with *Tame*; and there, O *London*, see,  
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!

Wide, deep, unsullied *Thames* meandering glides,  
And bears thy wealth on mild, majestic tides;

Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,  
In glittering pomp, strike wond'ring *China's* eye;

And, thence returning, bear, in splendid state,  
To *Britain's* merchants, *India's* eastern freight.

*India* her treasures, from her western shores,

Due at thy feet a willing tribute pours;  
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,  
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.  
Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind;  
Thy 'Change deep-busied, yet as courts refined;

Councils, like Senates that enforce debate  
With fluent eloquence and reason's  
weight ;

Whose patriot virtue lawless power con-  
trols,

Their *British* emulating *Roman* souls.

Of these the worthiest still selected stand,  
Still lead the Senate, and still save the  
land.

Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace  
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race !

In a dark bottom sunk, O, *Bristol* ! now  
With native malice lift thy low'ring  
brow !

Then, as some hell-born sprite, in mortal  
guise,

Borrows the shape of goodness, and be-  
lies

All fair, all smug, to yon proud hall in-  
vite,

To feast all strangers, ape an air polite !  
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England's*  
western coast,

Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast ;  
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere ;  
Praise, fawn, profess,—be all things but  
sincere ;—

Insidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,  
And there with sly sarcastic sneer reveal.  
Present, we meet thy sneaking, treach'rous  
smiles ;

The harmless absent still thy sneer re-  
viles ;

Such as in thee all parts superior find,  
The sneer that marks the fool and knave  
combin'd ;

When melting Pity would afford relief,  
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to  
grief.

What friendship can'st thou boast ? what  
honours claim ?

To thee each stranger owes an injur'd  
name.

What smiles thy sons must in their foes  
excite !

Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight ;  
From whom eternal mutual railing flows,  
Who in each others' crimes their own  
expose ;

Thy sons, though crafty, deaf to Wis-  
dom's call,

Despising all men, and despis'd by all."

Poor Savage pursues the strain of  
virulent abuse, in which he rakes up  
every scandalous and reproachful  
slur and epithet that occurred to his  
indignant imagination, and concludes  
his poem with the following lines :

" Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian  
state

Owes not to merchants, but mechanics'  
freight ;

Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's  
alarms

Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms ;  
Boast thy base *Tolsey*\*, and thy turn-spit  
dogs,

Thy *Hallier's* horses and thy human  
hogs ;

Upstarts and mushroom, proud, relent-  
less hearts,

Thou blank of sciences ! thou dearth of  
arts !

Such foes as Learning once was doom'd  
to see—

*Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*, were but  
types of thee.

" Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous  
ways,

And let one justice heighten yet thy  
praise ;

Still spare the catamite, and swings the  
whore,

And be—whate'er *Gomorrah* was be-  
fore !"

### A Poet's Dedication to his Mistress.

THOU fair and sweet possessor of my  
heart !

Whose smiles of love are life and hope  
to me,

Which to each joy an added charm im-  
part,

I'll e'en (why not ?) inscribe my lays  
to thee :

For thou, belov'd and ever-loving, art

My love, and so my patroness shalt be :  
To whom is rather due this votive song,  
Sweet ! than to thee, to whom myself  
belong ?

Now, with the critics rude, whate'er my  
fate,

*Ce m'est égal*, so thou approve my  
lays,

For none more justly can appreciate  
Poetic numbers, or adjudge the bays.

But, oh, my darling ! I anticipate  
Something from thee more dearly-lov'd  
than praise :

Speed, speed the blissful hour, my soul's  
delight !

Which shall our fortunes, as our hearts,  
unite.

\* A place where the Merchants used to meet to transact their affairs, before the Exchange was erected. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. XIII. p. 496.



Lo, Hymen waits—with glowing cheek  
and eye,  
And flaming torch, at loving bosoms  
lit—

O'er his bright form the quiver'd Cupids  
fly,

Round him the sylphic sister Graces  
flit,

Love's charming company! Each wish,  
each sigh,

Oh, maiden dear! young Hymen trea-  
sures it;

'Tis his best joy to see his altars blaze;  
We will not tease him, will we, by delays?

Lady—though few the years I yet have  
told,

Though manhood's signet scarcely  
seals my brow,

I could to thee soft tales of love unfold,  
Which oft hath sway'd my passionate  
heart ere now!

But Love inflames all bosoms—save the  
cold—

And *mine* was never cold; or, dearest,  
thou

Had'st been the object of a flame less  
strong

Than that which now inspires my heart  
and song.

Yes—I have lov'd; for love and letter'd  
~~man~~

Were my soul's pastime—cherish'd  
still, and dear

As ever he, whom love's enchantments  
seize,

Pours his enthusiast soul in Beauty's  
ear!

And my harp rang responsive to the  
breeze,

Whispering romance—which most I  
lov'd to hear.

Then was I fickle—yet even then I  
long'd

To *prove* how deeply Hymen's cause was  
wring'd.

Not unsuccessful in my loves, I grew  
More circumspect in loving; and awhile

Pleasure's bright eye, and Beauty's sun-  
niest hue,

Beam'd all in vain my bosom to be-  
guile,

Nor from my heart one sigh of passion  
drew;

I basked *serene* in many a rosy smile:  
But even still my heart was warm;  
though free

I lost my freedom, when I look'd on thee!

And now I am thine own unchangeably;  
The sweet fulfilment of my hopes art  
thou!

As the tost mariner, o'er a wintry sea,  
Looks towards his haven, from the  
wave-beat frow,

With joy's anticipation,—so to thee,  
Life of my heart! I turn enraptur'd  
now:

For oh! with thee, I fondly trust to find  
Transport at once, and tranquil peace of  
mind.

May Time, advancing in his onward flight,  
Strew, love, our mutual path with  
thornless flowers,

And still be wing'd with ever-new de-  
light,

The beckoning, bright, prospective,  
nuptial hours!

Far from our skies be every hue of night;  
Peace, joy, and love, dispel life's ga-  
thering showers!

Lost in each other, be it our's to prove  
The soul-felt harmonies of wedded love.

And may our home soon echo the dear  
voice

Of childhood, gladdening life's domes-  
tic years,—

Wakening within, sweet partner of my  
choice,

The quick solicitudes of hopes and fears!

Oh! if on earth man's spirit may rejoice,  
If there *be* gladness in this vale of tears,

'Tis in the home retired—where Love  
hath made

His calm retreat, embower'd in myrtle  
shade.

United hearts make home, so we shall  
share

A home within ourselves—for *ours* are  
*one*.

Yes, dearest! *with* thee, 'tis home every-  
where—

Apart from thee, the wide world yields  
me—none!

Kindred in heart and mind, and—oh,  
my fair!

Knit by strong love together, the bright  
sun

Seeth not two happier beings, nor shall  
see,

Beneath his glorious skies, than you and  
me!

Now, fare thee well—beloved, affianced  
bride!

Swift fly the lingering hours till thou  
art mine!

Then, the wish'd knot indissolubly  
tied,

Thou wilt be all mine own, and I all  
thine.

Through future years, my solace and my  
pride,

Thy love the day-star of my joy shall  
shine:

And I—but oh! who—who love's power  
may tell?

So, till we meet united, fare thee well.

## SCOTS JUDICATURE BILL \*.

*I. Assimilation of the Jurisprudence of Great Britain and Ireland.*

"It was from the rising of popular feeling in Scotland that religious freedom and—by consequence we may truly say—civil liberty extended itself into the southern parts of the Island. It is, therefore, not impossible that the English people may, ere long, come to regret their indifference about their Scottish neighbours, or even have to thank them for some new improvements on their own institutions, still capable, as we, here, think of being in many respects bettered."—*Letter to Mr Peel on Scots Law Courts.*

In our Number of July last we called the attention of our readers to the report of the Parliamentary Commissioners upon the Scots Courts, and to the Scots Judicature Bill. The subject far surpasses, in importance, any other object of public discussion, relative to Scotland, that has been introduced since the Union. It is proposed to regulate the whole course of proceedings in the Scots Courts of Justice, from the origin of the cause until its termination, and the sentence of the Judge be put in execution, by attachment of the real or personal estate of the debtor, or of his person.

It is not merely as to Scotland that we view the measure as likely to lead to beneficial consequences and improvements. The extraordinary sensation, and the spirit of public inquiry and discussion to which it has given rise in Scotland, we hope will soon be extended to the consti-

tution of the English Courts, and the system of administering the laws of England. The Scots people even have a material interest in the improvements of the system of jurisdiction, forms of proceedings, and principles of law, followed in England and Ireland. By the treaty of Union, the Scots were admitted to a participation of the benefits of the trade and navigation of England; and that measure must be imperfect until the Scots, in their transactions with the English people, can derive benefit from the Courts and Laws of England. At present, the Scots have almost no access to or benefit from the English Courts. Both countries are considered in law as *foreign* to each other. In the REPORT of the Committee of Procurators before the High Courts of Admiralty, after noticing some of the defects of the English Courts, it is stated, "At present, according to the footing in which the jurisdictions and forms of proceedings of the English Courts are placed, no Scots merchant would think of resorting to them, so great is the apprehension of the difficulty and expense of conducting a process in an English Court. It is believed, that a similar prejudice is sometimes entertained by English merchants relative to the Scots Courts. But this prejudice would be in a great measure removed, if the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Courts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, were placed precisely on the same footing, and the rules of

\* Thoughts on the Report of the Committee of the House of Lords, by Archibald Swinton, W. S., Edin. W. & C. Tait. 1824.

Prompt Remarks upon the Report of the Commissioners, and Suggestions for the preparation of Causes. By Alex. Mundell. London, J. Bigg; and Edinburgh, Waugh & Innes. 1824.

Letter to the Landed Proprietors of Scotland. By Sir A. Muir Mackenzie, Bart. of Delvine. Edin. Manners & Miller. 1824.

Hints relative to the Bill. Edin. Printed at the University Press. 1824.

Report by the Committee of the Society of Writers to the Signet. Dissent subjoined, and Two Letters to the Deputy-Keeper of the Signet, by William Bell, W.S.

Report upon and objections to the Bill in so far as relates to the Jurisdiction of the High Court of Admiralty of Scotland, and the proposed transfer of Causes from that Court to the Jury Court; and Suggestions, with an Appendix, containing Heads of Bills for the better regulating and assimilating the Jurisdictions and forms of proceedings of the Courts of Admiralty of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and consolidating the Maritime Law. By a Committee of the Faculty of Procurators before the High Court of Admiralty. Edin. Oliver & Boyd, and G. & W. B. Whittaker, London.

maritime law consolidated; and a great step would thus be made for gradually introducing a more general assimilation of the laws of the three kingdoms; a matter which, from the constant and increasing intercourse since the Union, certainly appears of very general importance. "In the present state and relation of the two countries," says Professor Bell, "it is a most desirable object, a gradual, and at last a perfect assimilation of the English and Scottish Jurisprudence." That Report takes a view of the jurisdictions of the English Courts of Common Law and Equity—shews the fictions on which the jurisdictions are founded—contrasts them with the system of jurisdiction in Scotland—and adds, "It humbly appears to the Committee, that the Courts of Law and Equity in England might form only one general Court; and that the different Courts of Exchequer, Common Pleas, King's Bench, and Chancery, should form merely branches of such general Court, each having the same extent of jurisdiction both in Law and Equity; and that the House of Lords ought to be the ultimate Court of Appeal for England, Scotland, and the Colonies, in all cases, whether before the Law, Equity, Ecclesiastical, or Admiralty Courts. In this way, the Court of Session in Scotland, and the Supreme Court in Ireland, would be placed on the same footing, with respect to jurisdiction, as the general Court at Westminster, and the House of Lords, as the highest Court of Appeal, would preserve a uniformity in the proceedings and in the principles of the law." This report not only demonstrates the necessity of a general assimilation of the jurisdictions and consolidation of the laws of the three kingdoms, but, as respects the Admiralty Courts and law, gives the heads of Acts of Parliament, by which the assimilation and consolidation might be *practically* carried into effect.

The other pamphlets, mentioned in the note on the preceding page, are confined to an examination of the Scots Judicature Bill. The PROMPT REMARKS and SUGGESTIONS contain some hints worthy of consideration; but some of the hints appear to be founded on erroneous views. The

"LETTER" of Sir A. Mackenzie, and the "HINTS," which seem to be by the same author, are chiefly directed to the abolition of the Jury Court as a separate tribunal, and its incorporation with the ancient system of the Court of Session; but Sir Alexander's views as to the Scots Acts of Sederunt are entirely erroneous. We are convinced no practitioner would be found who would concur in them. The "REPORT" of the committee of Writers to the Signet is signed, and, we presume, drawn up by the Commissioner who prepared the View of the Scots forms of process in the Appendix No. IV. of the Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners. In so far as the monopoly of the Writers to the Signet is concerned, that view is very obscure, and the same vagueness, as may be anticipated, pervades the Report. In our last Number we pointed out the abuses of the present objectionable system of signet writs, including summonses, hornings, captions, &c. The Report seems designedly to blink the question, and modestly proposes that the summons should be allowed to remain in its present form "untouched!" This recommendation must be viewed with considerable jealousy. It does not seem to be calculated to satisfy the public. The system of signet-writs is now well understood, and it is not necessary to serve an apprenticeship to acquire that knowledge. Every expensive and superfluous form in the administration of justice ought to be abolished. The people of Scotland have long groaned under this monopoly, and marks of its ruinous effects may be traced in every village and valley of Scotland. Such of the Writers to the Signet as are respectable, appear to be aware of the objections to the system, and would cordially rejoice to see it abolished; but there are others, amongst the Writers to the Signet, who will cling to the monopoly to the last, although utterly indefensible; and the Judges, so far from desiring the abolition of the abuse, have, by a late Act of Sederunt, done all they can to render it perpetual. In other respects, the Report is equally vague and unsatisfactory, and displays neither correct nor enlarged views. It proposes, in



substance, to continue the present system of special pleadings, with the exception of some trifling suggestions. It is obvious that the framers of the Report have not studied the English practice, and should it come under the notice of any of the English barristers, who are members of the Legislature, the suggestions must appear crude, and neither adapted to lessen expenses nor materially to improve the Scots system of pleading, or assimilate it to the English practice of special pleading.

## II. Bill-Chamber.

"The Bill-Chamber, and all the clerks connected with it, might be beneficially done away. Applications which at present are made there might, with some slight alterations, be made directly to any one of the permanent Lords Ordinary, by which the leges would, in effect, have a choice of courts, and the business would go on and be conducted like the other business of the Court."—*Observations by Mr Ritchie, S.S.C., in 1818.*

Since the institution of the College of Justice in 1537, it has been the practice, in the vacations, for each of the thirteen ordinary Judges to perform the duty of the Bill-Chamber weekly in rotation. After this practice had continued for 387 years, the Judges, soon after the appointment of Lord Eldin, issued an order, which is not even entered amongst the Acts of Sederunt, laying the whole duty of the Bill-Chamber upon his Lordship. On this occasion, the practitioners, who, in behalf of their clients and the public, had the chief, or at least some interest in the measure, were not called upon to state their opinions with respect to the expediency of the change of a practice which had existed for so many centuries. But to render this important innovation permanent under the sanction of the Legislature, a clause has been introduced into the new bill, (but without any reference to the order of the Scots Judges already in operation,) "That the junior Lord Ordinary, in the Court of Session, shall officiate as Lord Ordinary on the bills at all times!"

Neither the Report of the Commissioners, nor the opinions of any of the learned persons, in the appendix to the Report, recommend this inno-

vation, nor to delegate power for ever to the Scots Judges to regulate, by Acts of Sederunt, the forms of process of the Supreme and Inferior Courts of Scotland, although one of the reasons urged for passing the bill at the end of last session was, that it corresponded in every particular to the Report of the Commissioners.

Now this clause, with respect to the Bill-Chamber, we humbly conceive, with the greatest possible deference, is highly inexpedient, and may be attended with very injurious consequences—while there can be no hardship whatever in requiring each of the thirteen ordinary Judges, during the vacations, to perform a portion of the six months duty of the Bill-Chamber, which portion would be only one fortnight, and thus allowing the junior Judge, as well as all the other Judges, *five months and two weeks* of relaxation. A more absurd regulation, both as respects the public and the junior Judge, cannot easily be imagined. Indeed, during last spring vacation, complaints were loudly made against the injurious effects of the measure, which were soon felt. The business in the Bill-Chamber became too heavy for one Judge to perform, and without imputing the slightest blame to the learned Judge, upon whom the performance of such heavy duty was in the first instance laid, causes were said to remain frequently too long undecided. From the nature of Bill-Chamber causes, they require generally the most urgent despatch, and should seldom remain at *avizandum*, that is, under the consideration of the Judge, undecided, above twenty-four hours. It is no answer to the objection to the proposed clause, that the present junior Judge may be willing to undertake the laborious duty. But the public have a material interest, that the Bill-Chamber duty, while the Bill-Chamber exists, shall be performed with the necessary despatch, and that one Judge shall not be over-burdened, nor required to perform the proper duty of other twelve Judges, who, during the same time, are unemployed.

By 53 Geo. III., c. 64, § 2, it is enacted, that, "during the spring, autumn, and Christmas vacations, the whole thirteen Ordinary Lords of

Session shall continue to officiate as Ordinaries on the Bills, by rotation, each week."—This act is not repealed; but it would appear that an Act of Parliament has been virtually set aside by a mere order of the Scots Judges, which is not even entered amongst the Acts of Sederunt. A stronger instance cannot be selected for inducing the Legislature to rescind *for ever* the power of the Scots Judges to enact Acts of Sederunt, and thus to set aside even Acts of Parliament.

But the new bill is also materially objectionable and defective, in so far as, by several of its clauses, the Bill-Chamber, and advocations and suspensions, are proposed to be continued, and not entirely abolished.

The establishment of the Bill-Chamber we consider as one of the greatest defects or abuses that exists in the administration of justice in Scotland.

Neither the Scots institutional writers, nor Acts of Parliament, nor Acts of Sederunt, contain any historical information with respect to the origin of the Bill-Chamber. There are numerous Acts of Sederunt, establishing and increasing the fees of the Bill-Chamber, but none declaring its constitution and the extent of its functions and jurisdiction. It seems to have arisen in the progress of time from custom. But so little is the practice and powers of the Judges sitting in the Bill-Chamber understood, that the practitioners, clerks, and Judges, are often appealed to in vain for information. For instance, in the case of a bill of suspension or advocation refused with costs, and a second bill presented and passed, the clerks in the Bill-Chamber, who are presumed to know the practice in it from the time of David II., reported that the costs of the first bill must be paid, although the interlocutor awarding them had been submitted to review by a second bill, and the interlocutor itself altered by the passing of the second bill. The late Lord Kinnedder found the practice, as reported, erroneous and absurd upon principle, and it has since been discontinued. In another case, which came lately before Lord Eldin, the present Ordinary in the Bill-Chamber, a charger, (respondent,) who had been successful in opposing

a Bill of Suspension, applied for expenses. His Lordship refused to allow such expenses, and found the charger liable in the expenses of opposing the demand. On appeal to the Inner-House, their Lordships (7th July 1824) "Find that the awarding of such expense in the Bill-Chamber was inept, and accordingly in so far alter the interlocutor complained of."

If the proper functions of the Bill-Chamber be so little understood, even in Scotland, our friends on the south of the Tweed may have some difficulty to understand, even what is the meaning of the Bill-Chamber, as there is nothing analogous to it in England, except, perhaps, the Committee of the House of Lords, which judges of the competency of appeals to that House. For their information we may shortly state, that it is a branch of the Court of Session, having jurisdiction to review the judgments of all inferior Judges on appeal in the form of a *bill* of suspension or advocation, to the effect of refusing the bill, or declaring whether it must be allowed to *pass* for consideration on the *merits* before the Lord Ordinary and Inner House Judges of the Court of Session. If the bill be passed, it is *expede* or extracted *at full length*, at a heavy expense, in the form of *letters* of suspension or advocation under the signet, in virtue of which the respondent is *summoned* to appear in the Court of Session as upon a new action. If the bill be refused upon the first appeal, a second bill may be presented in the vacation. If it be passed, the same course of procedure as upon a first passed bill is followed. If a second bill be refused, an appeal may be presented to the Inner House, which may remit to the Lord Ordinary to pass the bill; or if the Ordinary's judgment refusing the bill be affirmed, an appeal is competent against the Inner House interlocutor to the House of Lords. If that House remit to pass the bill—for in this shape this is all that can be done, if the judgment of the Inner House Bill-Chamber be not affirmed—there must be a petition to the Court of Session to apply the reversal, and after all which, the round-about-course must still be followed of getting the bill *passed—expede*—the party *summoned*—and



brought before the Lord Ordinary in the Outer House, who is then permitted, for the first time, to decide on the merits, by affirming or altering the judgment of the inferior Judge. An appeal against his judgment is still competent to the Inner House Judges—and after their judgment another appeal to the House of Lords. In this way, a person who raises an action, say for only £13, in an inferior court, may be involved in two sets of appeals, the first to the Bill-Chamber and House of Lords, and the second to the Court of Session and House of Lords, and an expense incurred of £100 in the Bill-Chamber, £100 in the Court of Session, £250 in the House of Lords, in all £450 on each side, or on both sides £900, which, (except the expenses in the House of Lords,) so far as allowed on taxation, the loser may have in the end to pay! That this statement is not exaggerated, no one versant in the practice will pretend to deny. Nor can it be denied, that the continuance or possibility of such forms and expense in the administration of justice being sanctioned, is a flagrant abuse, and calls loudly for amendment.

But this is not all. There are two principal clerks of the bills, whose offices are *sinecures*, and the appointment vested in the crown, and two depute clerks and an assistant, who do all the duty. The former Commissioners reported, that the fees of these officers, exacted from the suitors, amount, on an average of three years preceding 1st January 1813, to £2186, 4s. 11d. per annum. They proposed, by transferring the duties of the clerks of the bills to two of the principal clerks of session, at £200 each, and two deputies at £450 each, to reduce the expense of the establishment £900 per annum.

But that Report proceeds on the footing of the Bill-Chamber being continued, and the alterations proposed by it would not sufficiently remove the evil. For it humbly appears to us, that not only the whole expense of the establishment in future may be saved, but that the whole proceedings in the Bill-Chamber, and letters of suspension and advocacy, should be altogether abolished as unneces-

sary. Of course, the present officers would receive compensation from the Exchequer.

The remedy is simple and obvious:—Instead of appealing to the Court of Session through the circuitous form of the Bill-Chamber, in which the Lord Ordinary, the Inner-House, and House of Lords, can merely, in the first instance, pass the bill—allow the case to be removed at once into the Court of Session, by a short note or petition, and considered on the merits, first by the Lord Ordinary, and on appeal by the Inner House. It seems doubtful whether any caution should be exacted on presenting such note or petition; at all events, it should only be for future expenses. The depute and assistant clerks might receive this caution, and the bond of caution might form a step of the process, or remain in their custody like a receipt for consigned money till sent to the extractor. But, perhaps, it would be better if the bond of caution were lodged in the Inferior Court. If so, the expense of correspondence as to the sufficiency of cautioners, which is sometimes considerable, would be saved, and the Sheriff-Clerk, from his local knowledge, would be well qualified to judge of the sufficiency of the cautioners offered. Caution being found, the cause, upon a short note, or petition of appeal, as above-mentioned, should come before the Lord Ordinary, sitting in the Outer House, in the first instance. If sufficiently prepared before the Inferior Court, by mutual cases or memorials, no farther additions to the pleadings should be permitted; but if those memorials should appear to the Lord Ordinary imperfect, an addition to each, as in the case of an appeal to the House of Lords, might be permitted. The cause should then either be reported to the Inner House, for despatch, or follow the same course as an original action before the Court of Session.

This plan is not without some kind of sanction from the analogy in cases of bankruptcy. In these cases, the assistant-clerks receive caution, and act as clerks before the Lord Ordinary sitting in the Bill-Chamber. This sufficiently shows the *practicability* and simplicity of the proposed



plan. It would have this additional recommendation, that the annual fees of upwards of £2000, exacted from the litigants, would be saved; that about £100 of expenses on each side of a keenly-litigated case in the Bill-Chamber, and £250 in the House of Lords, would likewise be prevented; and that the whole procedure in the Bill-Chamber would be no longer necessary. The Lord Ordinary on the bills would be relieved from a heavy load of duty, and might take a share of the 'general business of the Court of Session, as one of the *eight* permanent Ordinaries, who would then have sufficient time to call a jury, and preside at the jury trial, where necessary, in any case brought before them. It would also follow that the expensive establishment of a *separate* Jury Court would be no longer necessary to be defrayed by the public.

### III. Writs and Special Pleadings.

"Let us exert our Scottish wits in maturing the system by special pleading in our ancient court. The science of Scotland in the nineteenth century is surely equal to a task supposed to be performed in England in the thirteenth century. All and sundry will be improved by the effort."

*Opinion of Mr Forsyth, Advocate.*

The Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners does not display much knowledge of the existing forms and the course of pleading in the Court of Session. The general view, already noticed, given by one of the Commissioners, in the Appendix No. IV., is very imperfect, and by no means calculated to give those, who are not already acquainted with the Scots practice, an accurate notion of the forms of Scots writs and pleadings.

For the due administration of justice in every case, it is necessary, first to ascertain the subject for decision, and then to decide. Each party must state his own case, and the points at issue must be collected from these opposite statements. Thus far the course of every system of judicature is the same. But the practices of different tribunals essentially differ. These preliminary judicial steps are known by the name of WRITS and SPECIAL PLEADINGS.

In Scotland, the pursuer of an ac-

tion generally applies to a country writer, who writes a memorial or letter to the Edinburgh attorney, who prepares the writ or summons, and sends it to the country, to be served on the defender by a Messenger at Arms, *qua* "Sheriff in that part specially constituted" by the writ. The defender next employs an attorney to prepare defences. He either draws the defence, and gets it revised and signed by Counsel, or writes a memorial to enable Counsel to draw the defence. The action is then enrolled, to be debated *viva voce* by Counsel before the Lord Ordinary. To enable the Counsel to plead the case at length before the Judge, the Attorney on each side draws a memorial, containing, at full length, statements of the facts, pleas, and arguments, of which a short summary only is given in the summons and defences. Upon hearing this debate, the Lord Ordinary either decides the case in point of law, or, if he think a proof necessary, he orders a condescendence of the facts without argument, which the defender answers, and each of these papers is afterwards exchanged and amended. According to this practice, there may thus be the following written and *viva voce* pleadings, viz.: 1, Summons. 2, Amendment. 3, Defences. 4, Debate. 5, Condescendence. 6, Answers. 7, Revised Condescendence. 8, Revised Answers; and, 9, Another debate. Finally, the Jury Clerks prepare the issues, which are tried by a Jury.

The Counsel and Judges are, in general, little versant with the preliminary writs and special pleadings. Hence they seldom think of improving them. Nor is it the interest of the Attornies to make any suggestions, or to instruct the Counsel and Judges in this preliminary department. Indeed the Judges are too wise in their own conceit to imagine for a moment that they are ignorant of this branch of professional education, and they are also vain enough to think that they alone are qualified, by knowledge and education, to act as *Legislators* in this department. On this assumption they enact their rescripts, or Acts of Sederunt, which are so objectionable, and so loudly complained of by every honest practitioner. But it is no doubt true,

and it not unfrequently happens, that actions are rashly brought, and that the summons and defences are prepared with much looseness and want of precision. The Attornies, however, are not altogether to blame for this. They have much difficulty in obtaining accurate information, and the parties often misrepresent the facts to them, which they discover for the first time, from the statement of the opposite party.

In England, a suit is usually commenced by a short writ. It directs the Sheriff to summon the defendant to appear on a certain day, to answer to a matter at the instance of the plaintiff. It contains, besides, no special statement, and merely states the general conclusions for payment of a specific sum. The statement on which the action is founded is afterwards filed in the form of a *declaration*. The answer to this is called a *plea*, which is either dilatory or peremptory. If the defendant deny the facts in the declaration, it is called a *plea in bar of the action*. If the facts in the declaration be supposed to be true, but the action be objected to on a plea of law, the defence is called a *demurrer* to the declaration. The plaintiff, in reply, is then allowed to lodge a *joinder* in issue. And upon these pleadings issue is joined in fact or in law. But if the plaintiff, instead of joining issue, object to the sufficiency of the demurrer in point of law, he may lodge a *replication*. In that case, the defendant may reply by a *rejoinder*, upon which issue in law is usually joined. If, however, before joining issue, there should be any farther alteration necessary, the parties may, until they arrive at an issue, lodge a *surrejoinder*, *rebutter*, *surrebutter*, &c. These special pleadings are prepared, out of Court, not by Attornies, but by special pleaders, without the intervention of orders by a Judge. A rule of Court, corresponding in effect to our *avizandum* and caption, either obliges a party to lodge his paper, or forecloses him if he improperly delay lodging his pleading.

In Scotland, a great deal of the time of the Judges is occupied in issuing orders for the lodging of papers, which is also attended with considerable expense, but which in England is

almost unknown. The English system of special pleading, and framing issues of fact and law, have attained great perfection. In Scotland, it is said, that the system of special pleading is several centuries behind that of England. If the English system be the best and cheapest, there appears no good reason why it should not be extended to Scotland, with such improvements as may adapt it to the Scots practice.

In Mr Ferguson's pamphlet, which we have perused with much pleasure, he thinks the technical terms and phraseology of English writs and pleadings, and "the very names of the actions, prove that Scotchmen must be in *terra cognita* whenever they enter any province of the English law. Consequently it is in principle, and in object alone, that these two systems can agree." But we humbly presume to entertain a different opinion. In order to effect an assimilation of the two systems, why should the systems of jurisdiction, forms of proceedings, and technical phraseology, in either country, be an obstacle? Let these be abolished on both sides of the Tweed, and a general assimilation of the jurisdictions, forms of proceedings, and principles of law, introduced. Let names be given to the pleadings which will be equally understood in either country. For instance, the first step is the writ, to bring the party into Court. Let this in every case be called a *summons*, and let all the different kinds of writs in England, by whatever name known, for merely bringing a party into Court, be abolished. 2. The party being in Court, the next step is a *declaration*. This term might be adopted in both countries. 3. The third step is the defence, answer, or plea. The word *answer* would perhaps be the most simple to adopt. 4. The following step is the *demurrer*, *joinder*, *replication* or reply. This pleading should perhaps be called *amendment to declaration*; and the *surrejoinder*, *rebutter*, or *duply*, might be called the "amendment to the answer," &c. In this way, unnecessary and barbarous terms would give place to more simple and obvious terms, without any violation of the principles of pleadings in England or in Scotland; and an assimilation or



consolidation of the two systems might be very easily and speedily introduced. If an assimilation of the forms of procedure should be introduced, equally applicable to England and Scotland, an assimilation of the principles of law, which is so desirable, would gradually follow, and the benefits would be felt, not only by the country at large, but also by the Judges, and particularly by the Lord Chancellor, in administering justice.

It might have been expected that the English Commissioners would have attempted to introduce the principles, at least, of the English practice, by which the preparatory pleadings are prepared better, and at less

expenses, out of Court. The Commissioners, however, state that they do not think it advisable to recommend "any attempt to imitate the English practice of special pleading." But it humbly appears to us, that the clauses in the new bill for the regulation of the summons and preparatory pleadings, although they might produce some improvements, are not calculated to introduce any very material advantage, or saving of expense. It seems to us quite possible to introduce such a similarity of the Scots practice to the English system, as would tend very materially to lessen the expense and improve the system of Scots writs and pleadings\*.

\* Since writing the above article, we observe that the Report of the Faculty of Procurators has been sanctioned by that body, and published under their authority. As we approve generally of that Report, and the Resolutions founded upon it, we subjoin the Resolutions, which, it was moved at a General Meeting of that body, should lie on the table, and be considered at next General Meeting, viz.

#### RESOLVED,

##### I. That we highly approve,

(1.) Of the general object of the Act 4th, Geo. IV., c. 84., the preamble of which states, that "it is expedient that due and proper information should be obtained concerning the Forms of Process and Courts of Law in Scotland, and the course of appeals from the Court of Session to the House of Lords, to the intent, that salutary regulations should be made and established in respect thereof."

(2.) Of the clause in the proposed bill, by which each of the divisions of the Inner House of the Court of Session shall consist of four Judges only, and that seven Ordinary Judges shall perform the business of the Outer House.

(3.) Of the clauses by which it is intended to be enacted, That no judgment shall be pronounced by the Judges till the record be satisfactorily completed,—that the Judges shall state the grounds of their decisions,—and that one judgment of the Lord Ordinary, and another of the Inner House, shall be final, without any representation or petition being competent;—from all of which we anticipate that great benefits will arise.

(4.) Of the clause allowing the Lord Ordinary to attend and take part in the deliberations of the Inner House when his own judgments are reviewed. But we disapprove of allowing the Lord Ordinary to vote in such cases.

II. That, from our experience and practice, we are convinced that the proposed Bill is liable to the following

#### OBJECTIONS:

(1.) That the Judges and Officers of the Jury-Court are not sufficiently qualified by the knowledge of maritime customs and laws, which appear to us indispensable for preparing issues for the trial of maritime causes.

(2.) That the Jury-Court, as a separate tribunal, ought to be abolished, and its powers transferred to the Court of Session and the High Court of Admiralty, according to the ancient jurisdictions of those courts.

(3.) That all causes to be tried by Jury ought to be prepared for determination, and the issues made up, under the inspection of the Judges and Clerks of the Courts, respectively, before which the causes are instituted.

(4.) That the study of maritime law embraces a very extensive field, and requires a knowledge of the Admiralty jurisdiction and jurisprudence of other nations;—that seafaring persons, ship-owners, and merchants, generally prefer the Admiralty Courts; and every maritime cause requires despatch;—that in Scotland, the Admiralty Court has already the power of remitting issues for Jury trial, where necessary, and is peculiarly adapted for the preparation and determination of maritime and mercantile questions;—that the fees of Court are well regulated and moderate;—that the delay



and expence of obtaining a judgment before the Court of Admiralty are much less than they would be before the Jury Court in its present form, or indeed before any other tribunal in the united kingdom ;—that the mode of appeal from the said Court at once to the Inner House is easy and summary ;—that the jurisdiction of the said Court is guaranteed by the Act of Union ;—that, in the words of Professor Bell, “ This tribunal having thus a jurisdiction in maritime and mercantile causes, with power to direct trials by special Jury for ascertaining points of mercantile usage, may properly be called the MARITIME AND MERCANTILE COURT OF SCOTLAND, and seems capable of producing the most beneficial effects in maturing this most important branch of the law of the country.”—That, for these and other reasons, we are decidedly of opinion, that the clause in the proposed Bill, by which actions on policies of insurance, on the *Edict Nautæ Caupones Stabularii*, on charter parties, and bills of lading, for freight, and other contracts for the carriage of goods by water, and for the wages of the masters and mariners of ships, are proposed to be transferred from the Admiralty Court to the Jury Court, would be highly prejudicial to the maritime law, and be attended with most injurious consequences to the mercantile and maritime classes in the united kingdom.

(5.) That the clause proposing to transfer the prize jurisdiction of the Scots Admiralty Court, is, in our opinion, highly objectionable, and in direct contravention of the Act of Union between the two kingdoms. The former Commissioners, in their Report, stated, that this jurisdiction has been exercised in Scotland prior and subsequent to the Union,—that its continuance is “ for the benefit of the public service, as well as conformable to the settlement of the judicial authorities of Scotland by the articles of Union.”—and that “ it would be, in many respects, unfit and incongruous, that the High Court of Admiralty of England should exercise an indirect jurisdiction within the bounds of the Admiralty of Scotland.”

(6.) That the regulations in the Bill, for preparing causes for trial or judgment, do not generally appear to be sufficient, and that new and better regulations for the attainment of that object might be framed.

(7.) That it is highly inexpedient that the power of enacting such rules and regulations should be delegated by Parliament to the Judges, and that all such rules and regulations should be fixed by legislative enactments.

(8.) That the Act is likewise defective, in so far as it does not abolish, 1st, *The procedure in the Bill-Chamber* ; and, 2d, *The present system of issuing and preparing summonses, advocations, suspensions, hornings, captions, and signet letters of every description.*

III. That we highly approve of the Report of the Committee of this Faculty, by which it is suggested.

(1.) That it is expedient to introduce a statute which should place on a similar footing the jurisdictions of the Courts of Admiralty of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and regulate the forms of procedure, and consolidate the principles of law to be followed in all maritime and mercantile causes before those Courts, such as the celebrated ordinance of Louis XIV. in 1681, which, Chief Justice Abbot says, was composed under “ the reign of a politic prince, and the auspices of a wise and enlightened minister, by laborious and learned persons, who selected the most valuable principles of all maritime laws then existing, and which, in matter, method, and style, is one of the most finished acts of legislation that ever was promulgated ;” and to which, his Lordship states, the French people have attributed much of their national prosperity.

(2.) That as some time must elapse before such a statute could be framed, a temporary Act should be introduced, to assimilate the jurisdictions of the Courts of Admiralty of the three kingdoms.

(3.) That if this measure cannot be immediately adopted, several new clauses should be introduced into the Scots Judicature Bill, as suggested by the Report of the Committee, viz :—I. *To repeal all the existing statutes, acts of sederunt, and customs, relating to the High Court of Admiralty of Scotland, and to consolidate the same.*—

II. *To declare the extent and limits of the Scots Admiralty, maritime, prize, and criminal jurisdiction ;—to continue the prize jurisdiction of the Scots Admiralty Court ;—and to make it lawful to appeal from the sentences of that Court, in prize causes, to the English delegates, as in England.*—III. *To regulate the whole forms of proceedings before the Scots High Court of Admiralty.*—IV. *To render the forms of appeals from sentences and judgments of the Judge Admiral less complicated and expensive.*—(1.) *By abolishing the present forms of suspension, advocacy, and reduction.*

—(2.) *By the Scots High Court of Admiralty, although remaining as a separate Court, being considered as a branch of the Court of Session, to the effect that the sentences of the Judge Admiral, in maritime and mercantile causes, may be brought un-*

der review at once, by a short note to the Lord President of either division of the Court of Session, in place of the present forms of suspension, reduction, and advocacy.—(3.) By the bond of caution lodged in the Admiralty Court, comprehending the expenses to be decreed for, both in the Court of Admiralty and Court of Session, which would render any proceedings in the Bill-Chamber, in such causes, altogether unnecessary.—V. To allow the Judge Admiral the same salary as an ordinary Lord of Session, and to prohibit the Judge Admiral from practising as an advocate or otherwise.—Lastly. (1.) To regulate the forms of Admiralty precepts.—(2.) To allow the extract of the decree of the Judge Admiral to contain warrant to charge, arrest, inhibit, poind, and imprison, instead of the present expensive and unnecessary forms, which consist of, First Extract by the Clerk,—Second Extract, being letters of arrestment, horning, and poinding, or separate letters of inhibition, under the signet of the Court of Session,—Third Extract, being letters of caption.—(3.) To regulate the fees of the clerk and auditor of Court, and of the procurators.—(4.) The admission to sue on the Poor's roll.

(4.) That we highly approve of the heads of bills, and the clauses which are subjoined to the Report of the Committee, for the purpose of practically carrying these suggestions into effect by Legislative enactments.

IV. That petitions, founded on the above Resolutions, be presented to both Houses of Parliament to attain these objects.

V. That the former Committee be re-appointed, with directions:—1. To watch the progress of the measures in contemplation, in so far as the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court is concerned; and, 2. To transmit a copy of the Report and Resolutions, (1.) to the Lord Chancellor, to whom the procurators feel grateful for the attention which he has always bestowed on the judicial arrangements of Scotland, and who, they feel confident, will at once perceive that the objections and suggestions in the Report are worthy of consideration: (2.) To Lord Stowell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty of England, and to Sir John Connell, Knight, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty of Scotland, who are perhaps best qualified to appreciate the merits of the measures proposed: (3.) To the Lord Advocate, to whom the people of Scotland are under so many obligations, for his recent exertions to afford them an opportunity to express their sentiments upon the Bill; and, (4.) To such public bodies and Members of Parliament as generally take an interest in Scots affairs.

The Meeting, on the motion of Mr Prentice, unanimously returned their thanks to the Committee, for the great trouble they had taken, and for the valuable information they had given, and afterwards approved of the Report.

## Quippini.

A Poem, by Peter Marvel.

THE following Poem is written in the *ottava rima*, the "half-serious rhyme," of which "Pulci was sire."

"This way of writing," says an illustrious poet, speaking of Pulci's style—

"This way of writing may appear exotic  
To the chaste readers of our colder  
clime:"

yet we have seen, and all poetical minds, in our day, have felt and acknowledged, that the "way of writing" to which the bard alludes, (and in which he excelled) is eminently adapted to our language,—at least that our language is quite flexible enough, and sufficiently copious, to be capable of it.

I'm fond of writing poems: 'tis a way  
Of passing time that is extremely rational:

It kills ennui upon a rainy day,  
And rainy weather is with us quite national.

I'm sometimes very grave, and sometimes  
gay,

And then grave people fly into a passion  
all:

Yet I must write even as my mood inspires—

My heart's voice finds an echo in my  
lyre's.

Here goes for any random thoughts that  
sprout

In the o'erfertile garden of my brain!  
Whate'er comes uppermost will furnish  
out

Sweet stuff for an extemporaneous strain.  
That I shall win applause I've little doubt;  
If not—I'll never touch a quill again.

I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate,  
Scribbling and blotting at the finest rate.

Firstly and chiefly, dearly I love WOMAN  
She is the world of my existence here;

But *that*, you'll say, is nothing so uncommon,

For where is he who holds not woman dear?

I like the Greek nose better than the Roman;

I like the French wines better than their beer;

I love the gale that skims the purple heather;

I love TORTONI'S ices—in hot weather.

I love to see the sharp frost pinch the nose  
Of an old woman till its blue with cold—

For then, however her false ivory shews,  
She can't help looking so immensely old;

Then, if you give her one or two smart blows

On neck or bottom, I will call you bold—

For an old woman, when she looks her age,  
Is always in a d—l of a rage.

I love our climate, changeable and cloudy,  
It proves the proverb, "charming is variety:"

Suburban dames are generally dowdy,  
But still they often shine in *mix'd* society:

Some years ago, I loved an oatmeal crowdy,

And broke my fast on't, till it caus'd satiety:

I like to dine at five—be rather speedy  
O'er wine and fruit—and drive to see  
MACREADY,

Or KEAN—I don't care which: they're  
both fine actors;

The former plays a Roman to the life;  
The other gives your royal malefactors  
In all their features of revenge and strife;  
Of public business they are great trans-actors;

The latter, though, should keep to his  
own wife,

For, though a public man, he must arrive at

The law's conclusion—that our wives are private.

Some years ago I wrote a famous book,  
"Aphrodisiacal" in name and quality;  
Yet with the *Dons* I'm told it greatly took,  
Because it was well season'd with morality;

The Oxford system it completely shook—  
At least in points of Paphian locality;  
My moral logic could not be withstood,  
And so the poem did a deal of good.

Oxford! "with all thy faults I love thee still,"

My University!—and while thy Colleges  
The high-flown hopes of parents shall fulfil,

And cram their members with all sorts  
of knowledges,

Thou shalt have *kudos* from my *candid* quill;

For—as great L. . . . . thinks, of  
all theologies

The *Christian* is the chief—so I protest,  
Thou'rt of all Universities the best!

This I maintain against all Cambridge men,

Heroes of hieroglyphics and of fluxions:  
Aldrich's logic would floor nine in ten,

With all their mathematical deductions.  
Cambridge compared with Oxford!—Oh,  
my pen!

'Tis *too* absurd a point for thy constructions:

And that poor University I'll spare—  
Especially as I've a brother there.

Freedom I love—and I love glorious Greece,

The clime of old renown, and arms, and arts;

Long had she slumber'd in a slavish peace,

Stain'd the bright fame her story yet imparts:

But now the dreams of sluggard bondage cease,

Now—now the glow of valour warms all hearts;

And modern Greeks awaken, and rebel  
Against the oppressor and the Infidel!

Oh, I love Greece!—her mountains and her isles—

Her monuments of fame—her splendid tale—

Her blue sea, where heaven's mirror'd image smiles—

Compose a magic spell which ne'er shall fail.

Still her inspiring muse the soul beguiles—  
Ah! more endear'd, when now her cheek is pale

In grief for him—our warrior bard—the brave,

The glorious stranger—who stood forth to save!

O'er him the muse hath wept, and weeps!  
but here

I must not the o'erwhelming theme prolong;

Yet 'twas the name of *Greece* evok'd the tear

Which mingles with the current of my song:

And, while immortal genius shall be dear,  
And dearest that which most hath suffer'd wrong,

So long shall BYRON'S early fate excite  
Regret—so long his glorious muse delight!

I love to walk, upon a shining night,  
Along the glittering shore of the loud sea,



And view the billows rushing in the light  
Of the cold orb, that show'rs uncertainly  
Celestial radiance on the eyrie's height,  
The golden sands, the wild waves dash-  
ing free,  
While all around is solitude—and so on—  
The usual feelings minds poetic go on.

I love some female names, but *Mary*  
best—

Remembrance and romance cling round  
that name :

I love to beat, at times, a true profess'd  
Player at whist, or chess, or—any  
game :

I love to take up arguments with zest,  
To vindicate a character from shame :  
I love to see the triumph of the mind  
O'er Prejudice, which struggles to be  
blind :

I love a ball-room when 'tis full of beauty;  
I love a *tête-à-tête* with a young lady ;

I love to be particular in duty,  
And so—maintain the rhymes of Tate  
and Brady ;

I love to offer an indifferent cue t'ye,  
When I've my own, and feel my hand  
quite steady ;

I love to give a puppy a set-down,  
Whether he wears, or does not wear, a  
gown.

I love to muse on childhood—oh ! a gloom  
O'erclouds my heart, as mourning for  
the dead !

For then all innocent hopes were rich in  
bloom,

Then guardian angels watch'd around  
my bed ;

Unsway'd by the fierce passions, which  
consume

Man's matur'd heart, I doubted when  
I read

Of their destructive potency, and thought  
The histories of their victims over-  
wrought.

But, oh ! how soon the skies were over-  
cast !

How soon wild passion struck my  
kindled frame !

And then the flow'rs of virtue wither'd  
fast—

Joy was a feverish impulse—peace a  
name.

As the hoar pine is shaken by the blast,  
My heart was shaken by that whirl-  
wind flame ;

And even its purest aspirations were  
Tainted and tinged in Passion's atmos-  
phere.

I love ANACREON : pleasant 'tis to find,  
By his first melody, that he was no  
ass—

Omitting all the scourges of our kind,  
The *Atræidæ*, and the other old *ἡρώες*.  
His verses are all sweet ; but, to my mind,  
None so deliciously and smoothly flow as  
Those, where he paints his sovereign  
lady's beauty,  
Teaching the limner his presumptuous  
duty.

'Tis—*ἄντ', ζωνοράφον ἀρίστῃ* : Read it.  
I wish Sir Thomas LAWRENCE would  
aspire

To paint from poetry—(we greatly need  
it)—

Embodying objects of poetic fire

On the dull canvass—nor for ever feed it  
With living gentlemen, whose cravats  
tire

The undelighted eye, in long succession,  
Bolstering plain faces, void of all expres-  
sion.

Yet he, at times, transfers a lovely face  
To canvass, by the hand of wizard Art,  
Lips of the rose, soft forms of faultless  
grace,

And heav'n-lit eyes, that shine into  
the heart !

I'm free to own that I, in *such* a case,  
Would not object to play his knightly  
part ;

Yet, when I hued the lips, I should feel  
ready

To jump up suddenly, and kiss the lady !

I love to write *love-verses* : 'tis a treat  
Which only amatory poets know of.  
Oh, 'tis so very thrilling, and so sweet,  
To hymn the fire of darkest eyes, the  
snow of

Soft necks, and—but they're cover'd—of  
soft feet !

I don't much like (indeed I don't) to  
shew off,

Yet, as this poem, girls ! will tax your  
purses,

I'll e'en include a sample of love-verses.

The *seven* succeeding stanzas were com-  
posed

One evening, on a musical occasion ;

(I mention this, or else you had been  
*posed* ;)

To a French plaintive ditty they've re-  
lation :

"*Celui-ci*" commenced, and "*mon cœur*"  
closed

The first line—which inspir'd me with  
my passion :

'Tis—" *Celui-ci qui sut toucher mon  
cœur*"—

You'll recollect the rest ? I don't, I'm sure.

The singer (songstress) was a dear young  
girl,

Whose airy fingers touch'd the harp-  
sichord ;

And through her oped mouth's pretty  
 rose and pearl  
 So sweetly floated each soft Gallic word,  
 That to avenge one violated curl  
 On her fair cheek, I would have drawn  
 my sword,  
 And slain the wretch who dared to do the  
 wrong :—  
 But here's my answer to the charmer's  
 song.

Ah ! hapless she indeed,  
 Whose trusting heart is left  
 In solitude to bleed,  
 Of love and hope bereft !  
 When he, who fondly swore  
 To cherish evermore  
 Her love, hath prov'd false-hearted,  
 And in coldness parted !

But, lady ! not by thee  
 Be words so sad e'er spoken—  
 Though faithless hearts there be,  
 Whose vows are breath'd and broken !  
 The hearts pure love unites  
 No earthly pow'r can sever ;  
 Crosses, and wrongs, and blights,  
 Cement them—and for ever !

And thou art all too bright,  
 Too dear, to be forsaken ;  
 And ne'er can fade the light  
 Of love thine eyes awaken !  
 Then sing not " Celui-ci,"  
 Though sweet the strain and moving ;  
 Those words are not for thee,  
 So lovely, lov'd, and loving !

No, no—let other lips,  
 Less hued from the sweet rose,  
 (Which *thine*, dear love ! eclipse,  
 Even brightest when it blows ;)  
 Let other lips, my fair !  
 Take up the mournful strain ;  
 But, oh !—how sweet soe'er—  
 Sing not those words again !

Yet, if it needs must be  
 That thou the strain prolong,  
 Oh ! turn thine eyes to me,  
 And smile away the wrong !  
 For thou believ'st me true ;—  
 And woes so sweetly sung  
 Might almost make me woo  
 The falsehood from thy tongue.

And so, I pray thee, sing—  
 And I my words recal ;  
 'Twas such a foolish thing  
 To blame the song at all :  
 Yet thy voice was so true  
 To sorrow's measur'd tone,  
 That, by thine eyes of blue,  
 The woe seem'd all thine own.

Now, as thou sing'st, will I  
 Stop some half-utter'd word,

And stifle each soft sigh  
 Too dolefully absurd !  
 Sing on, love ! kisses sweet  
 Shall mingle in thy lay ;  
 And, oh ! where warm lips meet,  
 Cold doubt dissolves away !

*Finis.*—Now there's a love-song to your  
 taste,  
 Kind reader ! 'tis a very moving ditty,  
 Tender and warm, yet so extremely  
 chaste—

Far, far superior to the tamely *pretty*.  
 Your time, however, I'll no further  
 waste ;

Self-commendation is a theme for pity :  
 So I'll pursue my plan, and, from my  
 store

Of *loves*, produce a single stanza more.

I love to take a cold, refreshing dip  
 Amid the dashing billows of the sea ;  
 I love to ride the waves—within a ship ;  
 I love to rein a steed, whose pace is  
 free :

I love to feed upon a blushing lip,—  
 That's the true flow'r from which your  
 human bee

Extracts the pure sweet honey, which  
 might make  
 Life worth fruition for its single sake !

No more of *loves*. I hate your pugs and  
 musk ;

I hate old maids, and yet they're harm-  
 less creatures ;

I hate to meet a ruffian in the dusk—  
 You always know a ruffian by his fea-  
 tures ;

I hate to find what I mistook for *rusk*  
 Mere scrap'd dry toast—(when but-  
 ter'd, still I'll eat yours)—

I hate to see your dull, hard-reading fools,  
 Assume upon their *honours* in the schools.

And this I say without the slightest  
 pique—

They gave *me* half a class more than I  
 wanted :

*Certes*, no school promotion did I seek—  
 'Twas not the sort of fame for which I  
 panted :

Yet, had I cramm'd their histories for a  
 freak,

And with old Aristotle grown en-  
 charmed,

I should have taken such a gay first class !  
 But, as it was, I only sought a *pass*.

A *pass* was all I sought—so let it pass !

I hate to talk of schools, and rules, and  
 fools ;

I hate to see your cunning cove amass  
 Huge heaps of coin, by putting into  
 pools ;

I hate to see a pretty rose-lipp'd lass  
Vex'd by the failure of her gambling  
rules,—

But, above all, I hate to see her loo'd,  
Because those losses make the dear so  
rude.

I hate to wear a new, tight, pinching  
beaver,

And yet I hate as much to sport what's  
shabby ;

When woman vows, I hate not to believe  
her,

Excepting in the case of some old  
tabby ;

I hate the aspect of your dear deceiver,  
Who smiles as innocently as a baby,  
And then has pride, with all a devil's art,  
To stab a poor girl's honour—and her  
heart !

One do I know, a puppy of this sort,  
Who doth not mind nor care for *love*  
so much

As for the *eclat* of criminal report—

Alas, I fear that there are many such !  
The game of hearts is a delightful sport,

But, to enjoy it, you must have no  
touch

Of feeling or of mercy in your breast,  
By vanity and sicklier lust possess.

Oh, the excelling science, worthy all  
The noblest powers of intellectual man !

To work a pure confiding spirit's fall,

Lost in the maze of a beguiling plan !

The world may still the savage plot mis-  
call ;

But he who breaks one heart because  
he *can*,

And kills a soul, for selfish sense undone,  
Is—oh ! the vilest worm beneath the sun !

To woo the guileless breast with lip and  
eye,

And all the softest blandishments of  
love,—

To feign affection, with the ready sigh,  
Breath'd languishing, the tender heart  
to move,—

Never to shrink from the most cursed lie,  
Which may his victim's damning  
tempter prove ;

This is the vain, the vile *seducer's* part—  
That most accomplish'd wretch—without  
a heart !

Excluded from a scornful home, oh where  
Shall weeping Guilt repose her fever'd  
head ?

What tongue shall soothe her soul's acute  
despair ?

What hand shall e'en supply the need-  
ful bread ?

Ah ! soon she falls in a *less cruel* snare,  
Soon treads the path wherein the lost  
ones tread ;

And she, who *was* so pure, in turn be-  
guiles

The vagrant eye, with false, ensnaring  
smiles !

I've had some fine occasions in my day,  
But was not your cool scoundrel for  
the thing ;

Though far I've err'd from Virtue's purer  
way,

Misled by Passion, on his fiery wing,  
Thanks be to God ! at least I this may say,  
That I ne'er left a weak girl sorrowing,  
With ruin'd fame, and broken heart  
pierced through :

'Tis what I *might* have done—but *would*  
not do !

I love all love, both lawful and illicit,  
Although I'm well aware the latter's  
wrong ;

But then I must be morally explicit,  
And reprobate *seduction* in my song.  
A man of amatory mould may kiss it,  
Without incurring that on which my  
thong

Of reprobation is severely laid :—  
You've no occasion, Sir, to harm a *maid*.

But *marriage* is the climax of all bliss,  
When rightly used. But then we  
must have money

For brats, *et cetera*, ere we think of this :  
In fact, 'tis an expensive sort of honey.  
There's nought so sweet as true love's  
honest kiss :

Young hearts and eyes are so extreme-  
ly sunny

And pleasant, that to call the things our  
own

Is quite as well as having them on loan.

See where, before the altar, stand the pair ;  
The flush of joy is on the bridegroom's  
cheek ;

And—oh, the bride ! how delicately fair !  
Pale in her fears !—Her voice is all too  
weak

Aught to articulate responsive there,—  
Yet she essays those dearest words to  
speak,

Which bind her *his*—who draws the  
golden wire

O'er the white finger, thrill'd with young  
desire.

Behold again the loving, wedded pair,  
The bridegroom, with his three weeks'  
bride, reclin'd

In love and languor—oh, so lovely !—  
there,

On the flower'd velvet bank. One arm  
is twin'd

Tenderly round that sylphic waist ; and  
ne'er

Can her sweet melting rose-lips utter-  
ance find,



But they're repaid with close, warm  
kisses, shower'd  
Till the fair girl's deliciously o'erpower'd !

Oh, what can vie with love? It is the  
charm

Supreme beyond compare in human  
life !

This, this doth sorrow of its sting dis-  
arm—

To soul and sense with joys unequal'd  
rife !

And is not *wedded* love the sweetest balm  
To care ? What name so dear as this  
word—*wife* ?

It speaketh self-abandonment complete,  
Love—close confidings—mutual raptures  
sweet !

I hate your senseless coxcombs, who dis-  
parage

Whate'er is honourable among men,—  
Who prate against the sacred ties of mar-  
riage,

Call virtue *cant*, (as 'tis in eight of  
ten :)—

I hate your dandies of affected carriage,  
Things far too flimsy for my bitter  
pen ;

I smile to see the airs your freshman  
brings

From Eton—playing with his leading-  
strings.

Mark the poor freshman !—a half-modest  
thing,

“Up to a thing or two,” but still dis-  
trest—

Not at removal from his governor's wing,  
(No childish feeling haunts his manly  
breast)—

Yet he's uneasy, till he takes his fling,  
Quite a-la-mode, in folly with the  
rest ;

But, having once obtain'd his cue, you'll  
see

The man will soon cashier his modesty.

View him *in lecture*, with Euripides,  
Or Sophocles ;—now hark ! with voice  
sonorous

He reads away, but loses half his ease  
When stumbling on the crabb'd ode  
of a chorus ;

For, as he mouths the passage out, he  
sees

He'll rather cut the figure of a *μωρος*  
At construing ; so he bungles with false  
quantities,

And marvels what the plague curst hea-  
thenish rant it is !

I hate your booted and spurr'd puppies,  
who

Can speak of *nothing else* but dogs and  
horses—

Pupils of grooms and stable lads—whose  
cue

Is just to ride, and slang, and drink—  
the courses

Of many gallant blockheads, who pursue  
With noisy pride their pleasurable  
sources

Of mindless bliss—not *that* we have in  
common :—

These fellows think more of a dog than  
woman !

I hate oppression, of all sorts and kinds,  
Physical, moral, regal, democratic :—

I hate, when there's a war among the  
winds,

In a light skiff to take a voyage aqua-  
tic :—

I hate a public window without blinds :—  
I hate your conversationist ecstatic,

Who thrusts his nose into your face while  
speaking,

His long, loud nonsense, on your patience  
wreaking.

I hate the *praise* of fools : and my proud  
Muse

Disdains the aid of puffs, and such de-  
vices ;

She even o'erlooks unprincipled reviews,  
And would not condescend to pay their  
prices.

I don't object to rascally abuse—

Full oft your curious readers it en-  
tices :

I hate the praise of certain blackguard  
papers,

Writ for the benefit of pipes and tapers :—

I hate the shallow, solemn fools, who  
think

All ludicrous light verses deleterious,—  
Who hold, that, when you dip your pen  
in ink,

You always should be absolutely serious.  
Pure lymph from babbling fountains you  
may drink ;

Why, then, with saws on fun and frolic  
weary us ?

Besides, grave truths are sometimes gaily  
sung—

And such you'll find my lightest rhymes  
among.

Well !—I've been I-ing at so sweet a  
rate,

That I must seem a precious egotist :  
But now I've done with what I love or  
hate,

Indeed it is high time I should desist.  
Alack ! I've scribbled a great deal of late,  
For I love rhyming—as girls love be-  
ing kiss'd :

Kissing and rhyming both are pleasant  
ways,

No doubt, of killing time on cloudy days.

But I must break this method egotistical,  
And write in a less desultory way ;  
In short, I'll tell a tale—but not a mys-  
tical

Involv'd Sicilian tale, that suits the day ;  
A simple plot, whereby a girl gets kiss'd,  
I call

Most touching for a poem or a play ;  
At least it touches pretty ladies' hearts,  
And bright eyes glisten o'er the tender  
parts.

So, to begin.—One balmy night in May,  
When through the dim clouds floated  
Phœbe's, crest,

And the soft breezes, kissing all away  
The soul of flowers, had sigh'd them-  
selves to rest,

Two pretty creatures walk'd abroad—to  
play,  
And talk of love, that made them both  
so blest :

One was a maid—the other a young man—  
Their mutual hearts beat on the usual  
plan.

The maid was young ; the rose upon her  
cheek

Had scarcely yet its seventeenth sum-  
mer seen,—

That pleasant time, when judgment is  
so weak,

And the *heart* sways as a capricious  
queen.

Who would the dreams of young en-  
chantment break ?

Who cloud the skies of innocent seven-  
teen ?

Ellen's were soon o'ercast ; but then, with  
her,

Love was a single passion—prone to err.

Her eyes were darkest hazel—finer far  
Than the cold, coal-like black eyes ;  
and the white,

The snow-white lids, that overhung each  
star,

With their long ebon-lashes veil'd their  
light :

Her cherry lips provok'd eternal war—  
Her cheeks twin roses ! But the warm-  
est sight

Was her immaculate bosom, sweetly  
swelling,

Against her heav'd zone tremblingly re-  
belling.

Ours were true lovers—frail, perhaps,  
but true ;

Alas ! they were so beautiful and young !  
And so they did as amorous people do,  
Who to misconduct are impell'd and  
stung

By parents' harsh denial, when they woo,  
And rude rebuffs of an ungracious  
tongue :—

The swain made offer—but papa declin'd—  
And so his daughter let him know her  
mind.

She first remonstrated, and then accus'd,  
And threaten'd—but the prudent man  
was stern,

And her request repeatedly refus'd,  
And fiercely, when he mark'd her red  
cheek burn.

Edward, her lover, curs'd him, and  
abused—

And he, be sure, was d——n'd well in  
his turn.

The old man spurn'd him from his lack  
of wealth—

And so he visited the girl by stealth.

At first, his dear was loth to meet at  
night

A smart young lover, in a shady grove ;  
She fear'd the influence of the chaste  
moon's light,

She fear'd herself—she was so much in  
love :

She doubted whether she was acting  
right,

And dared not lift her kindling eyes  
above ;—

For she *was* pure—ay, purer, if not wiser,  
Than some stiff prudes, who would per-  
haps despise her.

But still, though shy, she met him oft  
and oft ;

He kept himself aloof the livelong day—  
But when, each night, the sweet moon

sail'd aloft,

He and his darling took their lonely way  
Along the beech-grove, where her lips so  
soft

His constant love declin'd not to re-  
pay :—

Oh, they were happy ! What on earth so  
sweet

As thus in love and loveliness to meet !

She met him ; and she could not all resist,  
Even at the first, the warmth of his  
address ;

And, though she *said* she'd rather *not* be  
kiss'd,

Her look belie'd it during each caress :  
Still she would talk of footsteps, and cry  
“ hist ”—

And strove a little—every evening less—  
Until the brilliant one—yet dark with  
fate—

Whence I my story and her ruin date.

On this particular night, the maiden stole  
Forth to her bower in great disquiet-  
tude ;

Her father just had harrow'd up her  
soul

With foul reproofs, and vex'd her  
gentle mood :

(He was not passionate, upon the whole,  
But very apt on evil things to brood :)  
So his girl went out fuming to her lover,—  
And all, alas ! was very quickly over !

She wept ; but what could tears avail  
her now ?

Her flush'd cheek lay on Edward's  
beating breast—

While in her ear he pour'd the sacred  
vow

Of constant love—which Heaven might  
well attest !—

Prolong'd discourse their time would not  
allow—

So, with a kiss, he bade her go to rest ;  
And then they parted—promising to meet  
Next evening—to renew their converse  
sweet !

Again the sun declin'd, and Ellen saw  
With fearful joy the silver moon arise ;  
She left her sire's abode with trembling  
awe,

Dreading the pure light of those sum-  
mer skies :

She knew that she had broken virtue's  
law—

She knew that worldly people would  
despise

Her character, if they should e'er detect  
Her frailty !—and she had lost her self-  
respect.

But this was not a moment to repine—

Her lover sprang to meet her ; and  
his arms

Clasp'd her fair form ; and on her lips  
divine

He shower'd quick burning kisses !—

Her alarms

Thaw'd in his lips : again she doth resign

To the beloved all her glowing charms,

And now again her cheek lies on his  
heart—

A few sweet words and kisses—and they  
part.

Moons roll'd away, in sinful love, yet  
sweet :—

And now that sylphic form, alas ! be-  
trays

To more observant eyes the ruin com-  
plete,

Which can no more be kept conceal'd  
with stays.

Yet still the lovers in their arbour meet—

And Ellen for a speedy marriage prays ;

And Edward promises—but still defers—

Villain ! to wound a heart so true as  
her's !

'Tis the old tale.—Ah ! what avails it,  
then,

To lengthen out the history of grief ?

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Edward grew cold, and (oh, the hearts of  
men !)

Refus'd his love her honour's sole relief !  
Shall scorn or indignation steep my pen ?

A wealthy, amorous heiress (to be brief)

Set her cap, with pounds fifty thousand  
back'd,

At Edward's heart and hand—at once  
attack'd.

Now his first passion had been gratified ;  
Nor honour pleaded in his heart, nor  
love :—

This new connexion flatter'd, too, his  
pride ;

The fair Hibernian was so far above

Ellen in rank—to noble names allied—

And she had wealth enough his faith

to move !

So he *obliged* her with his perjur'd hand,  
And of her purse and person took com-  
mand.

Thus Ellen was forsaken and cast off !  
Her heart was broken—her disgrace

was known ;

Yet scarcely heeded she the scorn and  
scoff

Of the cold world—in which she  
seem'd alone.

Edward had wed another : 'twas enough !  
She felt herself betray'd, despis'd, un-  
done ;—

She saw her sire, too, bow'd beneath the  
blow—

And she died—utterly destroy'd with woe !

So may she sleep in peace !—Yet, Muse,  
prepare

A moral brief, ere I replace my pen :—

Ye who have charge of wards or daugh-  
ters fair,

Girls that don't absolutely hate the  
men,

Of suitors, whom you can't approve, be-  
ware ;

But, if they *once* get intimate, oh !  
then,

Oppose not ardent love with harsh com-  
mand !

Young Love's a god not easy to with-  
stand !

And if you irritate that tender thing,  
The loving heart, the very irritation

Will make obedient Principle take wing,

And rivet Passion in his fiery station.

Perhaps in such a case you'll have to  
sing

O'er your poor child's despair and de-  
vastation ;

Or, at the least and best, their inward  
Ætna

Will hurry the young people off to Gretna.



## THE INFIDEL'S WIFE.

CHURCHES and church-going were never so much in vogue as they are at the present hour; and yet, contradictory as it may seem, at no former period was infidelity more generally diffused. Indeed the country may be divided into people who go to church, and people who never go to church. It would be well were the two classes kept as far asunder as are their principles,—for infidelity, like the plague, imparts poison to whatever comes in contact with it: yet we every day see them connected by the most intimate ties, and marriage itself often links together the friend and the enemy of heaven. From such an unnatural union nothing but misery can be expected. The infidel may flourish for a time, but his fall is as certain as it is well deserved. Nor will he fall alone: she who depended on him must expect to participate his ruin. Like a flower growing on a hollow bank,—when it falls, she must share in its destruction.

In the northern parts of this Northern Kingdom, there is situated a town whose fame for love and law has reached even the farthest corners of the world. It may be thought that love has little to do with law, but nothing can be more erroneous. Lawyers with delight fly from wrangling in a court of justice, to pleading in the more subtle courts of love; as for their clerks, they are to a proverb a sentimental race of striplings; and the pen which scrawled a *caption* in the forenoon, is often employed to write a *billet-doux* in the evening. Yes! love and law are inseparable, and long may they be so!—long may the law love, and as long may we love the law!

In the city aforesaid, no one ever caused a greater commotion than the lovely Mary Douglas. For a smile from Mary, the lawyer would have sacrificed his client, his clerk would almost have abandoned his fees. But it was not alone over the law that her sovereignty extended; wherever she moved, she gained a willing admiration. She was tall, with a fine complexion, rich pouting lips, and loving blue eyes, shaded

by long dark eye-lashes; and her expressive smile so playful and yet so artless, it seemed the overflowing of a happy and innocent breast. In a word, she was such a being as one cannot behold without thinking of love,—without feeling that we could be happy in a desert with her, and her alone, for a companion. The beauty of her person was heightened by the fascinations of her mind; with a face and form surpassing the finest creation of the painter, she possessed such talents as are really bestowed by Nature. She had a fine imagination, and her wit, though brilliant, was ever playful, like that lightning which dazzles without inflicting a wound. And yet, with all her liveliness, there was a softness in her eye, and a tenderness in her voice, which shewed she had a heart that could love, and which, when it did love, would love for ever.

With such attractions, Miss Douglas had many an advantageous offer; still, however, she kept on her course single and triumphant, like an Eastern idol, over the necks of her prostrate adorers. But love was not always to be baffled. Mary at last loved, and loved with the deepest, yet purest passion. Edward Morland, on whom her affections were placed, was about five years older than herself; he possessed great talents, a fine taste, and was of an open but perhaps passionate temper; he loved Mary to idolatry, and, to crown all, he was a gentleman of independent fortune.

Thus situated, it is no wonder that their mutual love was soon made known to each other. There is a sort of magic, or rather free-masonry, between lovers; by trifles unintelligible to all the world besides; by a look, a word, a sign, they learn, in an instant, the situation of each other's affection. Whether this was the case here I know not. Somehow or other they did come to understand each other, and in a short time Mr Morland made proposals to old Douglas for the hand of his daughter.

Mr Douglas was fonder of his beautiful Mary than of the whole world besides. To see her happy

was his happiness, and to have her married to one worthy of her was almost the only ambition which remained to him. But this time he found himself in opposition to the wishes of his daughter. Morland was handsome, well educated, and rich; and what more did the old man desire? Religion. He cared not how poor his son-in-law might be—her fortune was sufficient for them both; but he shuddered at the idea of placing the happiness of his daughter in the keeping of an infidel.

In saying that Edward Morland was an infidel, let it not be supposed that I mean a Turk or a Hindoo. He was what is called a well-enough-behaved, careless, sort of man; but his morality arose more from the want of temptation than from any innate principle; it was not the offspring, neither was it defended by religion; it was, indeed, built on the sands, ready to be swept away by the first strong tide of passion. He was commonly called a Christian, but, in reality, he was of no religion whatever. He looked upon that as a sort of political engine, necessary for restraining the body of a nation; he respected it, therefore, as a useful superstition; but as for placing any faith in it, such a notion was too ridiculous to be thought of. The God of Nature was his deity—the dictates of morality constituted his faith.

Mary Douglas, trained to the duties of religion, at first shuddered at the thought of loving one who was devoid of it. She reasoned with herself; she resolved to dislike him; and, as is usually the case, her love increased by the very opposition to it. Every time he appeared, the resolutions of cold prudence disappeared like a wreath of snow before the sun. There was something about him so amiable, so fascinating, that she could not regard him as a castaway. He was a gay young man, and careless, perhaps, about religion; but, with maturer years, he would also acquire correcter notions; and a thrill of joy would pass through her when she thought that she might have the power of moulding him at will: thus, endeavouring to reconcile affection and duty, she abandoned herself to loving him without restraint.

But her father was not thus to be moved; he knew the fallacy of these notions, and turned away from the sorrowful looks of his daughter. She, for the first time, thought him capricious; he believed her obstinate and unkind; and thus, with a sort of displeasure, they separated for the night. It was their first quarrel,—and it was their last; the poor old man was next morning found dead in his bed.

I need not say how Mary lamented her father; grief seemed to have expelled love, and for a time Edward Morland was forgotten: but the wettest cheek will at length dry; and she, who so mourned for the dead, began again to think of the living.

Edward, with that delicacy which formed a part of his character, had forbore for a time to urge his suit, but now he pressed forward with renewed ardour. When the heart is softened by grief, it readily yields to the soothing gentleness of affection. Mary, now alone in the world, looked upon Edward as her only friend;—he was so kind, so anxious, and yet so unassuming, she could not help feeling that he united every character which could be dear to her; he was to her not merely a lover, but a father and a brother. It was this which hallowed the affection she bore for him; and in loving, she almost believed she was performing a sacred duty. The scruples she had at first entertained were every day turning weaker and weaker, and at last she bestowed her hand where she had for many a day fixed her affections.

If this earth can be ever likened to a Paradise, it is surely during the honey-moon; for then, and perhaps then alone, is intense love co-existent with possession: surely that little month would almost redeem a whole lifetime of misery. To look on those bright eyes we love, and think that the charms we see are ours, and ours alone,—that this fair creature loved us, and gave herself up to us in preference to the whole world,—

Oh! happy they, the happiest of their kind,

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their life, their fortunes, and their beings  
blend.



Such a fate seemed to be Mary's. United to the man she loved, her innocent heart revelled amid the luxuries of domestic happiness. The hours to her flew lightly bye; happy in herself and her husband, she looked back with joy on the hour which had united her to the man of her heart.

Morland, however, did not long feel that affection for his wife which she fondly believed he did. Warm in his passions, he was at the same time fickle: like a mountain torrent, his love was impetuous, but its very violence soon exhausted it. At first, he certainly did love his wife; still his affections were her's; but he had not now that pleasure in her society which he at first felt,—his restless mind longed for something new on which to exercise itself. He soon fell in with companions as idle as himself, and, by degrees, he became more and more estranged from his poor wife.

Unfenced as his morals were by any notions of religion, he soon gave into the ways of alluring, but vicious companions. He could see no harm in taking a cheerful glass with his friends,—he would not be restrained by a wife,—no, not he; and so he sat, and sat, till the cheerful glass at last ended in intoxication. Mary was at first shocked to see him so degraded, but she tried to believe that the best would sometimes err, and that her husband was no worse than many whom she knew. But Morland was too weak, too infatuated, to resist the seductions of dissipation; the uncertainty of play, too, kept his mind in a state of excitation, which he preferred to the monotony of every-day life, and in a short time he almost deserted his home for the tavern and gaming-table.

There were moments, indeed, when the love for his Mary would revive, and his heart would be softened by the memory of former bliss; and as he looked at his wife, the tear of remorse and pity would spring from his dark eye, and he would vow to forsake no more the kind being who loved him; and then her gratified heart would swell within her, and affection would smile in her tearful eyes, like the sun beaming through a soft shower. Never, never

does a wife feel a purer, a more thrilling joy, than in yielding forgiveness to an erring but penitent husband.

But these moments, though bright, were few and short-lived. It is a fearful consequence of vice, that it renders us incapable of again enjoying purer pleasure. Edward had lost all relish for domestic bliss, and again he would relapse into his former dissipation. Mary began now to fear that domestic happiness was for ever gone, and she sighed, as she thought of those happy hours which had succeeded her marriage, when her husband was the happiest of his own home,—when, sitting by the fire, he would read or write, while she was engaged in her domestic occupations. Often did she think of the looks of love which used to glance between them as they gazed upon their sleeping child,—of the delight which filled her soul, as her affectionate, confiding look rested upon his dark happy eyes,—oh! she felt the full misery of loving, and knowing that she was loved no longer. Of all miseries, that of an affectionate, but despised, neglected wife, is surely the hardest to endure.

Morland's temper, which was naturally cheerful and kind, began, as might be expected, to alter; and, growing careless of the opinion of his wife, as he became indifferent to her love, he never endeavoured to restrain his ill humour. But Mary was still kind and affectionate to him; she affected not to see his crossness, and replied to his surliness with a soothing answer or a gentle smile. Poor Mary! though she smiled, the smile was indeed far from her heart; she smiled—but the smile was often swept away by a tear. Oh! how her bosom was relieved when they parted for the night,—when, flying to her own chamber, she would throw herself on her bed, and weep, without restraint, till sleep, her kindest friend, afforded a temporary respite to her woes!

Mary was now aware of the bitter truth, that her society had lost every charm for her husband; but still she loved him, and for his sake wished to render his own attractive to him. She also knew the friendly regard he had for her cousin, Alice Swan, and



believed, that if she was their guest, he might be still won from the haunts of dissipation; her cousin, too, would be a companion to her, and would at least help to lighten the gloom in which she lived. One night, therefore, when her husband happened to be in tolerable good humour, she ventured to ask if her cousin might be invited to visit them. Morland, fond of change, at once gave his acquiescence to her plan: the invitation was sent, and as readily accepted, and in a short time their cousin became an inmate of their family.

There was never a more beautiful creature than Alice Swan. She had fine Grecian features, and yet there was none of the coldness, nor want of expression, by which that style of beauty is in general characterised. She was no statue; every look—almost every motion, was replete with expression—some might even say that there was too much passion in her large black eyes, as their glances darted from beneath their silky eyelashes; but it was an ardour which irresistibly sprung from her warm heart, an ardour which shewed the true feelings of her soul. There was a peach-like glow on her cheeks, and a richness about the mouth and lips, which agreed with her elastic, but voluptuous figure:—in a word, she was such a being as the soul-inspired pencil of Guido would have delighted to pourtray.

Her mind, like her appearance, was commanding: she looked upon all men as born to be her slaves, and she was careless of the opinion of her own sex, for she regarded them as inferior to her in mind, and she knew that she was superior in beauty: but at times, when any thing chanced to touch her heart, the haughtiness of her look would melt into tenderness, and her long eye-lashes would kiss away the tear which softened her dark eyes:—at such moments, few could look on her without loving, but no one could hope that his love would be successful,—each felt his total unworthiness of being loved by one so young, so surpassingly beautiful.

From the time that Alice arrived, Morland became an altered man. It was with delight that Mary saw her plan succeed, and that her hus-

band again took a pleasure and interest in his own fire-side. He now seldom spent an evening from home; he found a thousand little amusements for them and for himself, and often when they parted for the night, a kind look, and a gentle pressure of the hand, would reward Mary for the pains she took on his account. She was again beginning to be happy, and she fondly believed that her husband had abandoned his former pursuits, and for ever.

After a few months had passed thus happily, Morland one evening announced that some business would, next day, compel him to leave town. Mary, who tenderly loved her husband, and who was now so happy in his society, was grieved at this intelligence, the more so, as, by his look, she feared the business was a disagreeable one. Alice, too, seemed unusually dull, and at times she almost appeared agitated; altogether, they passed a very spiritless evening; each seemed to have something on his mind which weighed down every attempt at liveliness, each seemed occupied with his own reflections. As Morland was to depart by day-break, he took leave of them before he parted for the night: Mary, as she bade him farewell, timidly kissed him, while the tears filled her beautiful eyes, and she almost believed that she was taking leave of him for ever. He, too, seemed moved, his face flushed, and his manner seemed strangely agitated; bidding her adieu, he pressed a deep kiss on her lips; he looked for a moment at her with a half unconscious look, in which pity seemed mingled with hesitation, and then slowly retired.

It was in vain that night that Mary tried to sleep; the night was dark and stormy—the rain dashed against the windows, and the wind roared around the house and down the chimney, while ever and anon the vivid lightning flashed through the room, and the thunder seemed rattling along the roof. Poor Mary lay trembling in her bed; she could not rest; undefined fears for her husband oppressed her; in a sort of phrenzy she started from her bed, and, throwing a dressing-wrapper around her, and seizing the unextinguished candle, she stole silently

along the passages to his apartment. When she reached the door, she paused for a moment; as she stood, she thought she could hear voices within;—she hearkened again; but she had either been deceived, or the wind now prevented her hearing. With a trembling hand, she opened the door, and advanced into the middle of the room, where she stood shivering, and looking wildly around; all was so still, that she almost believed the voices she had heard were those of her husband's murderers. Suddenly, however, Morland started, and with a deep curse ordered her to begone; then, seizing a pillow, he threw it at her with violence, and extinguished the light. All was dark and as silent as death. At that moment a flash of lightning filled the room; through the lurid glare, Mary saw her husband, and, lying beside him, she beheld—Alice Swan! Poor Mary! she tottered back to her chamber,—and it was long before she quitted it again.

As soon as day-light began to peep through the window-shutters, Morland and his companion left their chamber. Post-horses had been previously ordered at that early hour, and, stepping into a carriage, the treacherous pair were soon far from the place which contained the ill-used, unfortunate Mary. The mask had now been torn off, and, heedless of the world and the duties of religion, they resolved to laugh at the censures of the one, as they already despised the threatenings of the other. There were moments, indeed, when Edward would think of his wife: with a sigh he would recal those times when she was all to him, when his life was as tranquil as a summer lake; but the bright eyes, and brighter lips of Alice, soon scattered these heart-piercing thoughts; his careless heart was again all light and pleasure, like a landscape, which, when the heavy cloud passes away, brightens in an instant, and loses every trace of its former darkness.

Thus passed a few months,—but what enjoyment can last which is at enmity with virtue? They had shaken off every religious or moral tie,—their pleasures were the offspring of vice,—they were not happiness,—

they were the mere shadow of it. As might be anticipated, it soon passed away, and they began to hate, almost as much as they had loved. Again Edward flew to the haunts of dissipation. This was the era of the Friends of the People; the society of demagogues was grateful to a stirring, restless spirit like Morland's; his talents soon gave him the situation of a leader; and, embarking in all their revolutionary schemes, the infatuated man became at length a traitor. And thus it is, the enemy to God is easily disposed to be a traitor to his country.

Friendship among traitors is but a mockery: the selfishness of their purpose makes them hate each other. Edward soon found out this; and one evening, disgusted with his comrades, he returned to his house with his temper soured, and his spirits ruffled; and throwing himself on a sofa, he sat with fixed eye-brows, brooding on the past and on the present, and ready to quarrel with the first trifle he could catch at. Alice, too, was silent; she had that day met one whom she had formerly loved—he had passed her with silent contempt, and she, too, was sorrowfully ruminating on the days gone by—on the days of happiness and virtue now passed away for ever.

They sat thus for some time in silence; every thing was dark and gloomy, except the fire, which was quivering lightly up the chimney. At last, to soothe his own turbulent thoughts, Edward impatiently desired his companion to sing. Alice, whose heart was already softened and pensive, instantly sat beside a harp, and sung to an old and mournful melody:

Let me hasten away, let me hasten away,  
When virtue is gone, why should woman  
delay:

The dark clouds close round me, my  
heart's full of gloom,—

Oh! let me then sleep,—though I sleep  
in the tomb.

In life's smiling morning, caress'd and  
admir'd,

Methought that through life I could wander  
untir'd:

But now I am weary, and heavy my head,  
Oh! let me but rest, though I rest with  
the dead.

As Alice finished the song, she



looked sorrowfully at Edward: he felt the force of that look, but sneeringly exclaimed, "Well, madam, and why reproach me? I pointed out to you the road to pleasure; if you are disappointed now, it was your own fault that you chose to follow it." Alice was exasperated, the tenderness of the moment had passed away. "'Tis false!" she exclaimed. "I came to your house with a bosom as innocent as yours was guilty:—I came as a friend, an unsuspecting female,—it was you who poisoned my mind, who corrupted my heart,—who, careless of my fair name or your injured wife's happiness, meanly yielded to selfishness, and ruined both;—'twas low, very low."

"Peace, woman, and do not urge me to rashness. Did not I see in your eyes what were the warm wishes of your heart? and when I said it was pity that love should be tied by the fetters of marriage, you said, with a blush, that these chains were but formed of priest's words, and that a wish could at once break through them; and then when I kissed thee, were thy lips not glued to mine, as if thou would'st have drawn out my very soul?—and now dost thou reproach me for yielding to thine own wishes?—Peace," added he, as she was about to speak "peace! I am thy master, thy master, madam,—say but another word, and I shall drive thee hence, and leave thee to perish on a dunghill."

Alice turned deadly pale; but it was not terror, it was deep and desperate hatred, which drove the blood from her cheeks. For a time, utterance was choked by the crowd of stormy passions which were raging within her: grief, and hatred, and womanly shame, worked up her mind to delirium. "Thou my master!" she cried, with a fearful laugh, while scorn and resentment sat in her fine dark eyes; "thou, my master! 'tis I who am thine,—yes, thine, and the arbiter of thy fate. Leave me to perish on a dunghill! God! my bosom will choke! Reptile! thus I crush thee beneath my feet." As she said these words, she hurriedly threw up the window, and exclaimed to a party of soldiers who were passing, "Help! Help! Treason! Treason!" Edward rushed to her; but

she struggled, she still exclaimed for help, and in a few moments the room was filled with soldiers.

The phrenzy was now over which had driven her to this rash deed. With returning tenderness, she forgot his cruel upbraidings, and the keen sense she had felt of her wrongs was changed to pity for the man she loved, and whom she had delivered up to an ignominious death. She burst into tears, and besought them, with passionate eagerness, to let him escape; but her tears and entreaties were vain; they gave her their sympathy, they dared give no more, for they were soldiers, and soldiers are slaves even in a free land. When she saw that hope was vain, she looked at Edward for a moment, and then threw herself, weeping, into his arms. The fire flashed in his eyes, he grasped her tight, and wrenching a bayonet from a soldier, he struck it deep into her breast. Dashing her on the floor, he spurned the lifeless body with his foot. "Now, I am ready," said he; "soldiers, lead on."

The morning of her husband's elopement, Mary was found by her domestics, cold, and almost lifeless, and with her mind trembling on its very verge: the stroke was so unexpected, the blow so severe, that body and mind almost sunk beneath the shock. At length, however, the skill of physicians in some degree restored health to her frame, but there was a fixed sorrow in her eyes, which betokened a broken heart; she never spoke nor smiled, but wandered up and down her chamber like one forlorn—her only pleasure seemed to be in weeping over her child.

One morning she was awakened by a confused noise and hum which seemed close beneath her window. Starting from her bed, she glided to the window, and opened the window-shutter. Looking out, she perceived that the street was crowded with people, except a passage in the middle, which was guarded by soldiers. Every window, too, was choked with females and children, and even the roofs and chimney-tops of the lofty houses had afforded a perilous footing to many, more adventurous than prudent. Mary looked on with a vague feeling of terror. There is, indeed, something sublime in the ap-



pearance of a multitude; to see such a vast assemblage of beings wedged together like a living-mass,—to see them heaving to and fro like the billows after a storm, and with almost the same resistless force; and then to hear their shrieks and groans; and to think that the mighty mass is perhaps trampling on some helpless wretch! The eyes of the multitude were directed to the further end of the street, where there was erected a scaffold, painted black.

For a short time all was quiet enough; at length, however, the town-clock struck,—there was a pause,—and then the large bell began to toll with deep and measured tones. Instantly there was a stir among the crowd, the mass heaved violently to and fro, and each one seemed leaping on tiptoe, and endeavouring to see beyond his neighbour; and a sort of confused stifled murmur arose, as if each one was speaking to himself. "There he is!—poor fellow!—eh! sirs!" and such like exclamations reached Mary's ear, and she stretched involuntarily still farther forward. The mournful procession was approaching slowly down the street, and though she wished to retire, she could not draw her eyes from it. It came slowly on, and now the magistrates in their robes were passing the window, and now several other officials, and now the victim

drew near. He was sitting bound on a wretched sort of cart or hurdle, drawn by an old worn-out blind horse. He seemed to look stedfastly on the crowd; but as his back was to the horse, Mary could not see his countenance. As the cart passed the dwelling, his frame seemed agitated, and he looked wistfully up to the window where Mary was,—their eyes met,—it was her husband they were leading to execution, and with a shriek she fell to the floor! Poor Edward! his face flushed, and a tear started to his eye,—he tried to wipe it away, but his arms were bound to the cart, and he could only hold down his head.

When Mary recovered from her swoon, she eagerly ran to the window. The crowd seemed dispersing, for the deed was done; her husband was hanging by the fatal rope, his head reclined upon his breast, and his body slowly vibrating in the air. Edward Morland, the infidel, had expiated his crimes on the scaffold.

Mary Douglas is still living, but, alas! she is the inmate of a mad-house. Her daughter has been privately brought up by relations. She believes that her parents both died when she was young, and is ignorant of the crimes of her father, and the misfortunes of the infidel's wife.

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#### THE TRAVELLER.

##### No. I.

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Travel drains the grossness of the understanding,  
And renders active and industrious spirits:  
He that knows men's manners, must, of necessity,  
Best know his own, and mend them by example:  
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,  
Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded.

Beaumont & Fletcher.

MR EDITOR,

FROM the title of this paper, (should you deem it worthy of appearing in your *melange* of amusement and instruction,) it is very probable that you and your readers may form very different conclusions concerning its contents, and both equally erroneous. You will perhaps expect an elaborate article on the politics of the Newspaper distinguished by

that appellation, which, although now only, as it were, its surname, is, I believe, that by which it is best known—a circumstance not uncommon; as we are in the habit of saying, Bacon, Shakespeare, Washington, Fox, and Pitt. There are, indeed, some instances of the opposite practice; two of the most remarkable are, Macedonia's madman and the Swede,

neither of whom are ever mentioned by their surnames. But this (as an Irishman would say) is digressing from my path, before I have entered upon the road. While you, Mr Editor, have been thinking of the Globe and Traveller Newspaper, your readers are perhaps expecting something of the Traveller light coach, licensed to carry four inside and six outside passengers, exclusive of guard and driver. If so, permit me to set you so far to rights, as to inform you that both are wrong.

I am, Sir, a Traveller, according to the definition of our great Lexicographer; and, according to the fashion of the day, I intend presenting the public with some of the incidents which occurred during my peregrinations, and propose making your Miscellany the vehicle of communication. It may perhaps be objected, that the title I have affixed is too vague and indefinite; that I ought to have said where I travelled, that the reader might have the alternative in his choice, either to accompany me, or enjoy a nap in his elbow-chair.

This, I acknowledge, is the general practice; but travellers are now so numerous, and the publication of their journeyings so common, that a Trip to Paris, or a Tour on the Continent, when advertised in the Newspapers, excites no more attention than Goss's Works, or Warren's Blacking; for, since the invention of steam-boats, and the cheapness of posting, have increased the rapidity of motion, and reduced the expense, every whipper-snapper of an Attorney's clerk after term-time, or newspaper-reporter when Parliament rises, crosses the Channel, dances to Paris, probably to the field of Waterloo,—passes a week or two, or, should his ways and means prove adequate, perhaps a month,—returns and publishes an octavo volume, to inform his countrymen that they speak bad English in Flanders,—that the German and Scotch Highlander both talk in a guttural and disagreeable manner—and that the Parisians are better skilled in making fricassées than in cooking beef-steaks: even some who have extended their journeyings to the New World, afford little information, either new or important.

From this censure, however, there are some splendid exceptions; among which are Captain Hall's Voyage to South America, and a Tour in Germany, by an anonymous author. Of these, the first for accurate observation, candid reflection, and unaffected, perspicuous detail, would afford delight to the reader, were South America of as little interest to him as China or Kamtschatka; and the second displays a profundity of acute thinking, on the manners, institutions, and political economy of the country, which cannot fail of affording both pleasure and information. But I am no reviewer, neither do I wish to build my own reputation on the ruin of another's; I am merely a traveller, and that in a beaten track; yet I have the vanity to think I may present to the reader some things which have escaped the observation, or have had less attraction for my predecessors.

Some travel as Antiquarians, decyphering inscriptions, and sketching old ruins; some as Natural Philosophers, plucking flowers, collecting shells, or hammering rocks; while others observe the breed of sheep and black cattle, and note the modes of culture in the countries they traverse. My propensity is different from all these; I like to study the human character, and to examine its lights and shades in the different gradations of society. Like the bee, I love to ramble from the garden to the heath, and although often on the wing, sometimes prefer the wild flower of the glen to the gay blossom in the parterre.

The *poeta nascitur non fit* of the Roman bard is, in my opinion, of general application to mankind in their different pursuits, being an innate propensity, which, if indulged, becomes a ruling passion; for my rambling propensities were, I am told, obvious even in my infant years, when it was nothing uncommon for me to give my nurse the slip, and cause much alarm to my parents, till I was found seated beside some old woman tending her cow, or probably laid on a green hillock, holding a *tête-à-tête* with a pedlar-boy, or perhaps a gray-headed beggar-man. Ever since, I have felt the keenest and most exquisite plea-



sure in seeing new faces, and making discoveries of character; for which purpose, like young Rapid, I “keep moving.” Although I have not yet been beyond the bounds of our own “tight little island,” this has not arisen from want of curiosity, but what I conceive prudential motives; for, to parody the advice of the poet, I have resolved

To let each foreign clime alone,  
Till I have seen and known my own;

and this were perhaps worthy of consideration by those who have travelled longer, and to a greater distance. With respect to the comparative utility of our labours, it is not my province to judge: in one particular I may, however, venture to affirm, that I am a better patriot; I spend my income in my own country; and if I have not enriched either myself or the British Museum, with Athenian marbles, I have loaded the mantel-piece in my parlour with shells and buckies from the Bullers of Buchan; and have presented one friend with a fragment chipped from the window-sill of John o’ Groat’s house, and another with wood for a snuff-box from the stool which Jenny Geddes flung at the Dean’s head in the Church of St. Giles’ nearly two centuries ago. If I have never gathered bays at the tomb of the Mantuan Bard, I have in my garden a fine luxuriant tuft of mountain daisy, the original plant of which, I, kneeling, dug from the grave of Coila’s favourite bairn: I have never seen the Pantheon of Rome, nor the Parthenon of Athens; but I have visited Melrose Abbey by “fair moonlight,” and also Roslin Chapel; and, for the Pass of Thermopylæ, I have seen that of Killiecrankie. If I have never seen the clustered isles in the Ægean Sea, I have sailed amidst those of Loch Lomond: instead of the Falls of Niagara, I have seen Corra Linn; although I never saw the source of the Nile, I drank the King’s health from that of the Forth, at the back of Benlomond; and although I cannot boast of having dreamed on Parnassus, I have made rhymes, and drank mountain-dew, on Mount Battock: I am also satisfied that the snow which I have seen on Bennevis

is as white as that on Mount Blanc; and tell those travellers who talk of the Appian way, that I have trode the parallel roads of Glenroy.

But enough of boasting; although I must entreat you to bear with my egotism a little longer: I make this request with the greater confidence, as when I begin to relate my travels methodically, I shall by no means be the principal figure in the piece, and shall seldom appear in the foreground; and as we generally wish to know something of those with whom we associate, I shall enter a little more particularly into my own character.

There is so much of eccentricity about me, that some consult me as an oracle of wisdom, while others shun me as a giddy, hare-brained fool; and I believe, more than one of my relations have had thoughts of applying for a statute of lunacy against me. My father was a man of that property and rank in life which enabled him to keep good company; and he kindly furnished me with an education, which enables me to make a respectable figure in any class of society, where I may happen to be placed. He paid the debt of Nature just as I had attained my majority, having lived many years a widower. I was his only child, and found myself in possession of a fortune more than adequate to my wants, and, what may appear strange, equal to my wishes. Hence, I had neither inducement nor inclination to fatigue either body or mind with the drudgery of law, to which I had been bred by a prudent and indulgent parent. I am still young, blessed with good health and a muscular frame, that can endure no ordinary share of fatigue, and am, consequently, well adapted for the course of life I have chosen—namely, seeing the world, or rather the dwellers therein, with whom, if my health continue, I hope to be still better acquainted; for, as I said before, my motto is, “keep moving;” yet my motion is neither rapid nor equable. This irregularity, united with my inclinations, makes me change my mode of travelling very frequently. When I come into a fine country, I do not like to be hurried over it in all the rapidity



which a stage-coach with four horses can carry me : still less does it suit me to sit squeezed in the inside of such a vehicle, either with purse-proud taciturnity, or useless and unceasing loquacity ; they do indeed serve as figures to treasure up in memory, for my sketches of life ; but there is so little interesting about either, that I am soon tired of contemplating them.

As my delight is to see life in all its varieties, it is nothing uncommon to see me in the inside of a coach for one stage, and the next on the top : on the day following, I may, perhaps, bestride some broken-winded hack-horse, or, what is still more probable, be found footing it along with my wardrobe on the walking-stick across my shoulder, with all the simple dignity of a peripatetic philosopher. It is nothing uncommon for me to breakfast with a country clergyman, when I can, if necessary, quote from the ancient fathers, or old Acts of Assembly,—even venture an opinion on some disputed text ; or, what is still more likely, enter into a discussion concerning the fairs of the year, or something connected with the Tiend Court : I may perhaps leave the manse, and, if a horse is offered me by the squire, join the fox-hunters, leap a five-barred gate, and, thanks to a good constitution, can, if there is no avoiding it, sing a Bacchanalian song, wash down my roast beef with a couple of bottles of old port, without going giddy to bed, or feeling an attack of the night-mare during sleep, and rise hungry as a hawk for breakfast next morning. But this is only a matter of necessity, never of deliberate choice : I rather prefer an early retreat from a party of hard-drinking revellers, if I happen to be set with such, and, after a walk of a dozen of miles, probably take up my quarters for the night in the village inn ; the more readily, if I there find any company to my liking ; although it must be acknowledged, I sometimes make mistakes in that respect, by forming my opinions too hastily ; however, when this happens, and my retreat becomes impossible by any other means, although of a placid disposition, I am not afraid to wrestle a fall, or box out the dispute with any

ploughman in the country : among those of a better, or at least a higher station in society, I can always display that dignity, which convinces them that I am not to be insulted with impunity ; and I have exhibited proofs, that, without any great hazard to my person, I might risk a tilting match with Rolland himself. I know as much of Italian as to be able to compliment a lady on her performance of a sonata, and turn the leaves of her music-book at the proper moment ; although I prefer hearing a country lass warbling “ Roy’s Wife,” or “ Jessy the Flower of Dumblane.” I can dance a quadrille, or waltz with a young lady in an assembly, and have supported a character in a fancy-ball ; but I frankly own, that I feel far greater pleasure in attending a penny-wedding, or a farmer’s maiden feast, (*Anglicè*, harvest-home) where, according to our national proverb, I can either dance or hold the candle ; for, after having footed over Scots reels and strathspeys with some of the bonniest lasses in the barn, I sometimes, like Dairsie Latimer, take the fiddler’s seat, and allow him to rest his fingers or shake his feet, if so inclined, till some blithe black-eyed maiden again invites me to the floor. On occasions of this kind, although I often find sweet simplicity and rural loveliness, I have also discovered the rustic coquette and the village prude, both of which I never fail to mortify before parting. I generally carry a German flute in my pocket, and, in a fine evening, seated on the banks of a streamlet, or sauntering in the shady wood, I wake the echoes around me.

In a word, although, like other mortals, I have my preferences and liking, I can suit myself to the company in which my rambling eccentricities happen to place me ; but even in that which is the most agreeable, I soon languish for variety ; *toujours perdrix* would kill me with ennui. But whether walking abroad, or mingling among my fellow-mortals, I find that the simplest objects, and those which have least receded from nature, always afford me the purest and most lasting enjoyment : I prefer the castled cliff, the wildly picturesque, and the rudely sublime,

to the splendid mansion, extensive park, and trim parterre: and in society, I find more pleasure in the hearty grasp of a ploughman's horny fist, who frankly bids me welcome to his fireside, than in the half-extended finger, or frigid, ceremonious tone of hollow-hearted politeness, which says, "I am glad to see you," when the eye gives the lie to the tongue: I also prefer even boorish rudeness to sneaking servility; for though the one may be awkward and unpolished, the purpose of the other is to deceive and betray. In like manner, the glowing blush of an artless village-maiden, and the childish simplicity of unsophisticated nature, are more pleasing than the formal, unmeaning smile, or the languid affectation of fine sentiment and exquisite sensibility.

I commonly spend the winter in our Modern Athens, and take my departure whenever the cry of "Caller oysters" ceases, or my ears are regaled with the more musical call of "Three bunches a penny, bonny caller radishes," whichever of the two first happens: and I continue in the country, or provincial towns, while I see a corn-sheaf in the fields, or an unthatched stack in the barn-yard. Although I form a general plan of my tour before leaving home, yet it is liable to numberless interruptions, from contingencies which I cannot foresee, and over which I never attempt controul; so that I turn and double like a hunted hare approaching her form; or, as the ill-natured mill-horse, straight-forward plodder would say, if witty enough to find the simile, like a Will-o'-wisp skipping in a bog; for, if tired and disgusted, I dart forward like a shooting-star; and, on the other hand, when much pleased, like the corn-craik in a clover field, I continue to linger with delight. Riding or walking, perhaps resolved to proceed straight forward, should I fall in with a companion to my liking, if his way lie to the right or left, no matter which, I am off at a tangent, from a path to which it is probable I forgot to return.

This is the fourth season of my annual excursions, in which I have had several curious adventures, and met some characters as eccentric as myself, which is saying a great deal.

From a retrospect of the past, I might furnish some singular and interesting sketches of character; but my present excursion, like the fields around me, promises to be fruitful; I shall therefore, at present, relate the adventures of an evening which I spent, lately, at nearly a hundred miles distance from Auld Reekie, in what direction it is not my inclination to say, and there will probably occur reasons to you and the attentive reader why such a disclosure would be improper.

One day, I had walked a score of miles over a country which offered nothing interesting; and when my mind is unemployed, my body always gets sooner fatigued: I halted at a village inn, where I knew a stage-coach stopped in passing, ordered dinner, and bespoke a seat in the coach; but was informed I must wait its arrival, to see if there was any room, and if so, I had the first chance. The inn, or rather ale-house, was small, and I found the parlour which I occupied was the only room in the house where guests were received, except the kitchen. Before I had begun my solitary meal, an old man was ushered in beside me, seemingly very much fatigued. He appeared to be acquainted with the landlady, saying, "Now, Christy, get me a beef-steak as soon as possible." Christy replied, with much apparent respect, "Lackaday, Sir, the hindmost bit meat within the door is upon the brander for the gentleman beside you." "Well, I must get something else. Have you any eggs?" "No a shell, Sir; I can give you excellent butter, and good auld cheese—a wee hard, but unco tasty." "Butter I never eat, and I am afraid it will be an unequal conflict between my toothless gums and your old cheese." "Bring in the steak the moment it is ready," said I; "you and I shall eat together, Sir."

"You are very kind, especially as you know not the quantity to be produced," said my companion. "I hate an unsocial meal," said I; "and half the quantity, with good company, will do me more good than the whole eaten alone."

Our savoury meal was brought in; but, it must be acknowledged, was calculated to whet rather than satiate the appetite; however, it was flanked



with butter and cheese, to which I pretended a liking, for I saw the old man was hungry. He observed my complaisance, and made a handsome apology for thus taxing the politeness of a stranger; at the same time, keeping his eyes fixed on my face, with a look so penetrating, yet complicated, that I felt it impossible to divine his motive, for what I considered as almost impertinence.

However, I had now both leisure and inclination to make reprisals, by scrutinizing his person and appearance. From the thin, gray hairs which shaded his temples, I concluded that he had passed his grand climacteric; although the freshness of his complexion, and the brilliancy of a fine and benevolent eye, might have made him pass for ten years younger; his voice was soft and mellow, with a rapidity of utterance, which implied a sanguine mind and warm imagination; he was dressed in plain, but fine black, with his linens peculiarly neat and clean; and I supposed him to be a clergyman, especially as his manners and conversation exhibited the scholar and the gentleman—characters not always united.

When Christy came in to clear the table, he told her that he wished a seat in the coach which was now soon expected; she informed him that he had again been anticipated by me, for that I had bespoke the first chance. "Well, no matter," replied he; "I hope there will be room for both; I must trust to good luck; in the meantime, let us have a jug of toddy." I now discovered that he was a most interesting companion, with a considerable share of eccentricity, which rendered his company still more agreeable to me; and when the coach arrived, I was surprised to find how imperceptibly an hour had passed away. Upon inquiry, there was only one seat to be had in the coach, at which the old gentleman seemed sadly disappointed, as he expressed himself anxious to get forward and too much fatigued to proceed on foot. "You shall not be disappointed," said I, "for I am an excellent pedestrian, and can walk to the next stage without the slightest inconvenience." He was about to make some apology, but I

insisted that he should take the seat, without a word more upon the subject. Again he fixed his keen eye upon me, as if he would have penetrated my heart, and said, "Well, I accept your kind offer; will you favour me with your address, and say where you intend stopping at —?" "I am a stranger, and wish to lodge in a decent and respectable inn," said I, giving my address. "Permit me, then, to recommend the Plough," said the old man, pressing my hand, as I assisted him into the coach. I also started immediately; the distance was something more than a dozen of miles, and I arrived in less than an hour after the coach. My quondam companion observed my arrival from a window of the Plough, and met me in the lobby, seizing my hand, with, "Welcome, my dear Sir, come this way." Tea was ordered, and my friend, as I shall now call him, appeared in great flow of spirits. After we had regaled ourselves with the refreshing beverage, he inquired whether I intended passing the night here; and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, he should do so too, although he had intended going forward, but had altered his mind, and now proposed walking out, that he might shew me any thing remarkable, as I was a stranger; but it began to rain, and we sat down to amuse ourselves within doors.

An odd volume of a Magazine was lying on the table, which my friend took up, and after glancing carelessly over it, began to turn its pages with some attention; at last he threw it aside, with an air of displeasure, and as if it had suggested a topic for conversation, said, "Ay, ay, the world is still as speculative and credulous as ever—not fewer than forty new patents recorded in that volume, exclusive of many announcements of discoveries in Nature and Art. What do you think, Sir?—how long shall it yet be before we reach the pillars of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra*, when mind shall become omnipotent over matter?"

"I am doubtful about that ever being the case," said I, "or, I should rather say, that it is impossible to happen in the world, as it would, in my opinion, make man approach nearer to the Great First Cause than



is compatible with his present existence."

"Right, Sir; quite right!" cried he, with energetic warmth; "but the world seems to think differently, otherwise men would not be such gulls as to have their pockets picked by knavish pretenders and impostors, and their judgments biased and duped, in swallowing the foolish reveries of dreaming visionaries, who believe themselves philosophers. Of the forty patents to which I alluded, I dare be sworn not one will be worth as many farthings to any human being except the patentee. Instead of approaching the perfectibility about which Godwin, and others of his school, raved, we are retrograding, and that with accelerated motion. In former ages, juggling and imposture were practised only by those who wished to promote priestcraft, or by professed conjurors and dealers in deception, for the amusement of the mob; and the dreams of enthusiastic visionaries were confined to monks in their cloisters. Now, it is far otherwise; we have knaves and fools in every rank and station in life. Learning and Philosophy are employed as specious snares for deceiving mankind; men of talent and education deliberately become knaves, trusting in the credulity of their unsuspecting brethren for success in their nefarious designs, and they are seldom disappointed. There are also others, who muse and study till their brains are added: these first deceive themselves, and then most deliberately set about deceiving others, by promulgating theories and systems which have no foundation, except in their own perturbed and crazy imagination. They, although innocent when compared with the former class, are equally, if not more mischievous in society; for, imposed upon by their shew of philosophic knowledge, blended with metaphysical jargon, we give them credit for wisdom which they do not possess; and, witnessing the propriety of their conduct, and the strict morality which regulates their actions, we entertain no suspicion of wilful deception, and thus rely upon their crude reveries as the result of profound research and patient investigation."

The speaker paused; not that he

seemed to have closed his vituperation, but because the animation with which he had spoken had almost rendered him breathless.

At a loss to conjecture what had produced this philippic, I hesitated about a reply; but having no dislike to a little good-humoured disputation, I wished to draw him on gently, till I should discover something more of his mind and feelings, and therefore replied, "Why, I believe there have been knaves and fools, simplicity and credulity, in all ages; but I am inclined to think, that we have not more rogues than formerly, when we consider our increased trade and population; and, compared with the past, the reign of Ignorance may now be pronounced at an end. Knowledge diffusing her still-increasing light, which I hope has not yet nearly attained its meridian splendour."

"Such, young man, is the dream of youth—a dream from which some never awake; and to my shame I acknowledge, that I have too long slumbered in the delusive hallucination, and my waking has been, alas! too late to make atonement for the past, or be of use for the future; for I had arrived almost at the end of my journey before I listened to the voice of Experience. But I repeat, that still one-half of the world is employed in deceiving the other; some by digging pit-falls and setting snares; others in pursuing phantoms, glittering in all the gaudy hues of the rainbow, and endeavouring to allure their fellows in the chace; while we daily see the thoughtless multitude stumble in the pit-falls, or get entangled in the snares set for them; or, not less to their sorrow, stand in stupid astonishment, as the airy bubbles they have been so eagerly pursuing burst before their dazzled eyes."

Still more at a loss with my companion, I said, "You speak so metaphorically, Sir, that I am not sure if I rightly understand your meaning; but I am still inclined to believe the present age pre-eminently distinguished for intellectual improvement; and you surely must admit, that, during the time you have been in the world, Reason, Literature, Science, and Philosophy, have made rapid progress. We have now

justly exploded and renounced the foolish pursuits of our ancestors, such as Alchemy and Astrology; we no longer dread the incantations of Witchcraft, nor are under alarm about the influence of invisible spirits haunting our steps for the purpose of disturbing our peace, or counteracting our intentions."

He replied, "True, Sir; I grant that Literature, Science, and Philosophy, have flourished, and are still flourishing; but I deny that Reason has extended her empire: although we have no longer confidence in the transmutation of metals, or the influence of the stars, we still believe in as ridiculous absurdities; and if we have shaken off our fears of witches and disembodied spirits, we are still influenced by the visionary dreams of imagination: I myself am at this moment a striking evidence of what I assert, for I feel it impossible to look in your face without again giving credit to the specious but delusive theories by which I have already been fatally deceived."

I now considered my companion as insane, "with method in his madness;" and was about to reply, that I might make farther discoveries, when we were both surprised by a sudden noise on the street; and, looking from the window, saw a crowd assembled, which was still augmenting, among which we heard the hysterical cries of a woman. We both rushed down stairs, and soon learned that it was a legal ejectment of a poor family from their tenement, their landlord having pointed their furniture for the rent, and it was now carrying out to be sold by public auction. We began to remonstrate with the landlord about this want of feeling, but he replied, that they had amused and deceived him with fair promises. The woman, who was a poor, squalid figure, with a sickly-looking child in her arms, both covered with rags, replied, that her husband had gone to some friends in the country, but had been able to obtain only a guinea, which was the balance of their former rent, but the landlord had refused taking less than the whole. The husband, a tall, gaunt-looking man, who seemed the victim of hunger and nakedness, burst through the crowd, and, at-

tempting to sooth his sobbing partner, said, "I cannot procure another shilling—let him do his worst, we can but die." I inquired what they owed, and learned that they were two guineas deficient. The landlord of the Plough was standing by, and, in answer to our inquiries, informed us, that they were wretchedly poor, but honest, and of good character; that he believed the husband had been often out of employment, and, when working, at very low wages; they had had much sickness, and more than once death in the family. I now stepped up to the landlord, and urged him to take the proffered balance, but he was inflexible. The auctioneer began to read aloud the articles of sale, at which the poor woman burst into a fit of bitter crying. It was too much for my feelings; I called the husband, put a couple of guineas in his hand, bade him pay his rent, and carry in his furniture. "I take the rent because it is due," said the landlord; "but the house is let to another, and they must remove." "Will you permit them to stay for this and the following night, if I give you security that they shall then remove?" said my companion. A reluctant consent was obtained; when my friend said to the husband, "Carry in your furniture, and then call for me at the Inn here."

We returned to our parlour, where we were soon followed by both husband and wife. The woman was nearly as extravagant in her joy as she had been in her grief, and could only cry when endeavouring to express her gratitude. My companion asked the husband some questions, and receiving satisfactory answers, inquired if he had any objections to remove to the country. "Oh, Sir, I will go any where—do any thing I can for bread to my family." "Very well, I will find you a home and employment; you are my servant, and there is your arles," (*Anglicè*, earnest-money,) presenting the astonished child of poverty with a guinea. "Get ready to start on the morning after next; I shall send my cart for your furniture. But perhaps I am too rash; I ought to have inquired what terms you expect, and made a regular bargain." "Oh, Sir, I will



trust to your goodness, of which you have given me proof; and I am sure I shall do my best to please you." The poor woman now sobbed aloud, and my venerable friend said, "You must not come to me in rags; but there is little time; however, take this to get a frock for your infant;" and he slipped another guinea into her hand, saying, "Now go home and make ready."

I saw the old man's eyes scintillate with delight, as he gazed on the departing couple: when they were gone, he said, "We shall now, I think, have a cheerful supper, and enjoy sound sleep; for we have been engaged in a work of mercy, to which you led the way."

If what I already knew of my companion was puzzling, many of his expressions at supper were still more so. When sipping our glass of toddy, he said, "You doubtless think me a strange character; and, I must confess, I have the same opinion of you. When introduced to your company, at the village ale-house, the expression of some features in your face struck me as very peculiar, and indicating no slight degree of a quality not very common in the world; but having, by dear-bought experience, been taught the truth of the Latin adage, *Fronti nulla fides*, I resolved not to be too hasty in my conclusions. Your conduct to me, in two instances, fully justified the recommendation which Nature had stamped on your countenance; but still I considered these as too equivocal, for they might spring from politeness, without any innate propensity; but when I saw you give two guineas to relieve a distressed family, I set that down as a true criterion, that Nature's hand-writing might for once be trusted, although she has often deceived me."

"Oh, you are a physiognomist," said I, "and having been deceived in some of your opinions, now rail against the hand-writing of Nature, where probably the fault was your own, in not reading it right." "No, Sir; I am not now, although I once was a physiognomist; but I believe I am still a fool, and begin to entertain serious doubts whether I shall ever become wise. You have heard me rail against knaves and fools, the

visionary ravings of dreaming enthusiasts, and the blind credulity of their disciples. When I relate to you a few incidents in my life, you will think it no wonder although I execrate both the world and myself.

"I was born heir to a fortune, which, if not splendid, was such as to give me both rank and distinction in the country; and without having ever kept an extravagant establishment, or indulged in habits of dissipation, I have reduced that fortune to less than half its original value. From my earliest years I was sanguine, and consequently credulous. My mother perhaps fostered this propensity in my mind, for she had some very peculiar religious notions, especially about the Millennium, the commencement of which she hoped to see; and as she was often talking of this subject, which she described in most glowing language, it made a strong impression on my warm imagination; and as I grew up, I heard of every new discovery in Nature, or invention in Art, with most romantic delight, believing that the world would soon become a paradise of felicity.

"Having a strong desire for travelling, my father indulged me with a tour to the Continent, under charge of a tutor too complaisant ever to interrupt my day-dreams, or demolish my air-built castles. During my stay on the Continent my father died, and the shock of his death had such effect upon my mother, as almost to deprive her of locomotive power: I was much attached to both my parents, and the news affected me exceedingly. Mesmer and his animal magnetism was then the rage, both in France and Germany; I hurried home, carried my mother to Paris, and put her under the charge of that arch-impostor, believing his assertions that he would restore the use of her limbs: we were deluded by his sophistry and unintelligible jargon till death defied him; and I brought home her dust, to deposit it beside that of my father.

"I spent some time in London, and shall not particularize many instances, in which I was duped by cunning knaves, who knew how to practise on public credulity. The only instance in which I made a suc-



cessful stand against the temptations of novelty, in a magical and attractive disguise, was in the licentious quackery of Dr Graham. I visited his Temple of Health,—purchased a bottle of his Divine Balm,—and regaled my different senses with the seductive blandishments which he had so artfully placed in the portico of this magical temple, expressly dedicated to sensual pleasure; and had I been more of a voluptuary, it is probable I should have paid his demand of fifty guineas, to pass a night in his Celestial Bed, in the Holy of Holies, as he profanely termed the interior of this palace of lascivious delight, the approaches to which were in the highest degree fascinating to the senses and the imagination; however, I had firmness enough to content myself with a view of the vestibule. Having returned from the Continent, without seeing Switzerland, I visited that country of romantic landscape. Lavater was then propagating his doctrine of physiognomy; I waited upon him; we were soon intimate, and I became one of his most devoted disciples and admirers. Unlike Mesmer and Graham, he was no empiric, but a most amiable and fascinating enthusiastic visionary, who had reduced his reveries into a regular system, and by the influence of his eloquence and simplicity of manners, succeeded in establishing the deception by which he himself had been deceived. I returned to Scotland as firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrine, as I was of my own existence, and internally decided upon the character of my friends of both sexes with a confidence of which I blush at the recollection.

“Although not insensible to the charms of woman and the influences of love, I had formed a picture in my imagination, for which I searched with ceaseless assiduity; and at last discovered a young lady, who seemed the very *beau ideal* of that perfection my fancy had imaged; I wooed, won, and married her, and believed myself the happiest of mortal race. If ever Nature had indexed angel in a human face, it was in that of my adored partner, every feature of which illustrated the doctrine of Lavater. Basking in unclouded

bliss, I now calculated upon perpetual felicity; and, eager to promote public prosperity, I employed my wealth and influence for the good of my country. I took shares in different commercial and manufacturing speculations, recommended by those who understood both theory and practice much better; I also advanced money to ingenious, but poor men, for enabling them to take out patents for discoveries and inventions, to enrich themselves, and do honour to their country. In a word, my pride was to assist obscure merit, and promote the prosperity of my country; while connubial love constituted my paradise of felicity, which wanted only one thing to make it perfect—we had never known the bliss of being parents; and had Graham’s Temple still existed, it is most probable we should have visited it in quest of that pleasure.

“In the third year after our marriage we were visited by a cousin of my wife’s, a lieutenant in the navy: I had never before seen the young man; but his countenance now struck me as the exact counterpart of the face which I considered the most perfect of Nature’s works, while the intelligence of his mind and propriety of his behaviour confirmed my most favourable conclusions. I believe I should have formed an attachment to him, although he had been an utter stranger; but, considering the connection, my friendship was commensurate. He continued with us for some months; and as there was appearance of war, I advanced him money to purchase a captain’s commission. His gratitude was expressed in a style which rendered him still more endearing, and I could not think of his departure without painful anticipation. I had just received the sum-total of my half-yearly rents, and intended to lodge it with my banker next day, when a distressing accident to a most intimate friend called me suddenly away to a considerable distance. I was absent four days, and, on my return, found that my wife and her cousin had eloped together, in a few hours after my departure. I will not attempt to describe my first feelings; had the parties been within my reach, it is probable I should have immolated both to out-

raged love; but a little reflection cooled my mind. I sought not to pursue, being determined never to take back pollution to my arms, and having no wish to have his blood on my head. A reluctance to give greater notoriety to my *misfortune*, but which the world falsely calls the *shame* of the injured husband, prevented any appeal to the justice of my country. The faithless woman had carried away every gem and trinket with which I had presented her, also all the ready-money which I have mentioned, and I heard nothing of them for some time. To close the painful tale, they lived a short while in guilty pleasure. He deserted her, joined his regiment, went abroad, and fell on the field of battle; and she, after degradation disgraceful to woman, became a follower of Joanna Southcote. I made an annuity be regularly paid to her, without her knowing from whence it came, and she died more than twelve years ago.

"Although thus deceived by physiognomy, and now thinking of it only with disgust, I directed my studies to absurdities equally ridiculous, and among others, that of judging a man's character by his handwriting. I was weak enough to form friendships on this ideal foundation; and in more than one case found cause to repent my credulity. For one young man who stood at the head of this class, I became security to a large amount; he forged a bill on me, discounted it, and eloped to America; another gentleman whom I had saved from bankruptcy, merely from seeing a specimen of his writing, and whom I subsequently supported till he acquired a fortune, snatched the cup from my lip, by marrying an amiable woman, whose heart I believed I had gained, and foolishly confided to him the secret of my attachment.

"I have been twice duped by pretended discoveries of the perpetual motion; the first time by a mason, and the next by a watchmaker: one was a fool, and the other was a knave; and had I not been completely stultified, I ought to have seen through both of them, before I had been swindled out of my money, and exposed to the ridicule and contempt

of your worldly wise men. I have scores of petitions and applications from indigent schemers and projectors, soliciting my patronage, in every variety of style, from that of mean, cringing servility, and disgusting flattery, up to forward and boastful impudence: among these, I became acquainted with a poor rustic, whose letter pleased me, and his subsequent conduct exhibited such manly independence, that I should feel pleasure in introducing you to his acquaintance. Since the reduction of interest at the banks, I, almost daily, am pestered with proposals for new joint-stock companies, where the risk and the profits are represented as bearing the same proportion to each other, as a minnow does to a whale.

"Shall I reveal to you what I consider my most egregious folly? It is nothing uncommon for an old man to fall in love with a young woman; but it was ridiculous, or something worse, in me, not to take warning by past experience, and still to form my opinion of character on visionary reveries. I had now renounced my pursuit of the absurd theories of knaves and fools, having made a journey to London, to visit Perkins, and paid five guineas for a pair of his metallic tractors, which I soon found to be most impudent quackery; but this by the bye. When Gall and Spurzheim broached their system of craniology, I entered with great spirit on the subject, and soon became as sincere a proselyte as I had formerly been of Lavater's system; and I scanned the configuration of every human head in my household with a philosophic eye: among others, that of my dairy-maid (who was always bareheaded) particularly arrested my attention; without using the technicals of the system, her head indicated the presence of every good quality, and the absence of every thing vicious. On account of these imaginary virtues, I fell in love with Susan, and to make "assurance doubly sure," assailed her virtue with flattery, and the more powerful seducer, gold; she resisted every temptation, burst into tears, and threatened to leave the house. Anxious to possess such a treasure, I made a declaration of honourable

love, and offered my hand, which, after some delay, was accepted. I furnished her with money for the wedding-clothes, and the happy day was fixed, when I one day saw a glance pass between my bride-elect and the stable-groom, which alarmed me not a little. I pretended a journey for some days,—returned at an unseasonable hour,—found my worst fears confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt,—and the system of Gall and Spurzheim as fallacious and visionary as that of Lavater, although I was lucky enough to make a more timely escape. In three out of four of my pecuniary speculations I have never

realized a shilling, and in many the capital is irretrievably lost.

"I could tell you much more, but I begin to get drowsy: your face has revived many old impressions, and I must yet be better acquainted with you. Promise to breakfast with me to-morrow, that I may sleep more soundly."

I assented, and we parted for the night. If this specimen of an eccentric Traveller meet your approbation, you may again hear from,

Mr Editor,

Yours respectfully,

AMBULATOR.

#### SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

June 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As I flatter myself that my letters are not unwelcome to you, I suppose you will have been beginning to think me a negligent correspondent. In my last, I promised to give you some account of the people among whom I now reside, and some description of this part of the country: now, you know, it was not in my power to do that till I had passed some time here, and made my observations upon the place and the people. I am chiefly afraid that my time has not permitted me to become sufficiently acquainted with either, and that, consequently, my descriptions will prove but uninteresting. I shall proceed, however, and give you all the information in my power concerning every thing which I can think you would care to know.

I have yet a companion who shares my toils by day, and my lodging by night; who amuses me when I can get him into a proper mood, (for he is rather of a saturnine disposition,) and when I am not disposed for amusement, sits for an hour or two with imperturbable patience, and goes calmly to bed when the time comes that he should wind up his watch. He is not, certainly, such an one as I should have chosen for a companion, but he is such as fate has provided for me, and I must therefore make the best of him. His figure is very ungainly—I might say clumsy.

Though he rather inclines to tallness, his height is lost by a habit of stooping, and adds little to his personal appearance. His body is remarkably full, round, and strong made, but borne upon a pair of thin, lank, and somewhat crooked limbs, the left of which, bending outward from the knee, and the right following it, makes his gait rather awkward. His body is surmounted by a head not less singularly shaped. I have seen few of a more curious form; its circumference is not much less than common, but its crown is extraordinary low, and almost flat from a very little above the commencement of the hair on his short, round forehead. His face is broad across the cheek-bones, tapering very much and suddenly to the top of the forehead, and in like manner downward to the point of the narrow chin, till it almost resembles two equilateral triangles placed on the opposite sides of the same base. His eyes are little, grey, and sleepy, and his nose short and snubbed; forming, upon the whole, a droll, stupid, good-natured kind of face, and, so far as I have seen, such is really his character. With such a companion I cannot be at a loss for amusement, whenever I am inclined for it, either in hearing his odd stories, or in teasing him. He affects to be, or rather to have been, a favourite with the fair sex, though I should conceive that such pretensions are not very well founded, as I cannot allow myself to think



that any woman would be familiar with such a being any farther than for her own amusement.

My landlord and lady are a very decent and respectable pair, both rather advanced in life, considerably wealthy, and quite inclined to make a proper use of their means of rendering life easy and comfortable. The latter, Mrs D—, is a stout, healthy, active woman, apparently about fifty years of age,—intelligent in all that belongs to the management of her household affairs, and incessantly alert in conducting them. She takes little rest to herself when any thing of importance is on hand, and allows her servants none; but when she has seen that all is as it should be, she appears to think that it is no more than right to reward their exertions and her own, with what she calls “something comfortable,” which, I find, means something good to eat and drink. There is nothing peculiar about her person meriting or requiring a particular description; I shall therefore proceed with my landlord, Mr D—.

His age cannot be less than sixty, and upwards, yet his state of health is very regular and good, agreeing happily with his lively, cheerful disposition. In person, he is rather under the middle size, but shews the remains of a well-made, active form, which continues to bear him up stoutly against the increasing weight of years. His hair, thin, and entirely white, covers a forehead high, but not very broad, and a pair of thick shaggy eye-brows, finely arched, overhang his merry, sparkling, light-blue eyes. The lines of his face have been so long and so constantly drawn into the expression of good-humour, that the very wrinkles and furrows about his eyes and mouth are those of a person smiling. His hearing is not very acute, and he makes it appear worse than it really is, in order to gain him a little time to form a sportive reply. The only thing about him which I am inclined to dislike is his continual hunting after opportunities for making jests: whatever is said he contrives, if possible, to make it a subject for mirth, or an opportunity of saying a good thing, or what he reckons one. It often happens that

I perceive what he is in keen search of, before he gets it uttered, and I then feel more inclined to laugh at him, than at his *jest*. Sometimes he disgusts, rather than amuses me, with his would-be wit. If I happen to be admiring the beautiful colours gleaming upon the summits of the towering hills, and on the edges of the broad massy clouds, in a fine evening, and make any remark to him concerning the gorgeous crimsoned drapery of heaven, &c., he commonly replies by some far-fetched or coarse attempt at wit; proving to me, that, though a pleasant, kind-hearted man, he has little or no taste for the “sublime and beautiful” of Nature, and I cannot help feeling mortified, if not angry with him. In short, I should suppose that he has had but stunted opportunities of cultivating and expanding his mental powers; at least so it would appear, for though clever in his own way, his range of subjects is very limited. Even in his foible, he possesses no great compass; and in a short time, one gets quite acquainted with all his range of pleasantries, so that they begin to appear like a tale too often repeated, and one, too, scarcely worth repetition. After all, in spite of these objections, I must call him the most agreeable person hereabout, and it is but doing him justice when I do so. His chief amusement is playing with a little spoiled boy, a grandson of Mrs D—’s, by a son whom she had in a former marriage. The old gentleman is as fond of the little fellow as if he were his own lineal descendant, and certainly does all that any grandfather could do to spoil the boy completely by indulgence. In this he has indeed been amply successful, for the little urchin is as peevish, self-willed, and passionate, as you can conceive any over-indulged imp to be. It is highly amusing to see the contests that occasionally take place between the two, and which generally terminate in the boy’s obtaining the victory. The pleasant old gentleman often tries to avoid the combat, by putting the boy upon some other notion, or in some way giving a contrary direction to his fancy. With this view it is no unfrequent custom of his to take the little fellow upon his knee, and chant some

old ballad, or some such thing, till he forgets what he was contending for, thus giving another proof of the powers of song. Some of the ballads with which he soothes his pettish grandson possess a tolerable degree of merit, and he generally can repeat them entire, and goes through a full recital, though often of a considerable length. Indeed his style of singing is not very difficult in its execution, being pretty much the same as the chant which some of our old precentors use. I have got copies of several of his ballads, by means of hearing them frequently, and using my pencil, according to my custom, and I here send you one of the most entire. It appears to have been founded upon some tradition of the country, as Howard is a very leading name here. Aglionby, also, was once a name of considerable consequence, but I believe the ancient family of the Aglionbys is now extinct. With respect to the reality of the incidents related, I could obtain no satisfactory information.

### Young Howard.

THE sun shone out; the deep blue sky  
Was cloudless, calm, and bright,  
And over hill and valley stream'd  
Pure floods of living light.

But brightest fell the peaceful beams  
On Eden's banks so fair,  
And play'd on the eye and the blushing  
cheek  
Of a fond and a youthful pair.

The priest had clos'd the sacred book,  
The holy knot was tied,  
And young Howard had clasp'd the  
trembling hand  
Of his gentle, blushing bride;

And gaily over dale and down  
Rode the gallant company;  
The warrior's plume, and the maiden's  
robe,  
Tossing and floating free.

The sky-lark pour'd his sweetest song,  
High soaring through the air,  
And the mavis woke the echoing woods  
Till they seem'd the joys to share.

And all that met them, lord or clown,  
Or knight or lady gay,  
Stopp'd, gaz'd, and bless'd the comely pair,  
As they hasten'd on their way.

So light to the ground young Howard leapt,  
When they reach'd his castle door;

And gently from her milk-white steed  
In his arms his bride he bore.

"These stately tow'rs, these shady groves,  
These gallant men were mine;  
But tow'rs, and groves, my lovely  
bride!  
And their owner, all are thine.

"The reaving Scots thou need'st not  
fear,  
Though bold their deeds may be;  
A thousand gallant hearts are here  
Would bleed for sake of thee.

"Oh, still thy fluttering, throbbing heart,  
And cast thy fears aside,  
And smile again with thy wonted smile,  
My own, my lovely bride!"

The lady smil'd, the lady blush'd,  
And rais'd her moisten'd eye,  
Then gently sunk in Howard's arms,  
With soft untroubled sigh.

Her fair mild cheek leant droopingly  
Upon his heaving breast;  
While to his full and swelling heart  
The beauteous maid he prest.

Her graceful, light, aerial form,  
So delicately fair,  
She seem'd a rose-bud scarcely blown,  
Bent with the dewy air.

The youth so stately and so bold;—  
We ne'er again may see  
A pair like Howard, brave and young,  
And Jane of Aglionby.

Days, weeks, and months, with downy  
wings  
Unheeded o'er them flew;  
And every passing day more blest,  
And happier they grew.

When twenty little weeks and four  
Had swiftly glided by;  
Her cheek a thoughtful paleness wore,  
And pensive grew her eye.

And oft by Howard's side would she  
At close of evening rove,  
To breathe the sweet and balmy gale  
Soft sighing through the grove.

It chanced, one evening, as she gaz'd  
O'er the far western sky,  
Sudden the fiery beacon blaz'd  
Upon her startled eye.

From hill to hill the signal shone,  
A fierce, portentous flame;  
Wildly the warden's bugle rung,—  
Fast mustering warriors came.

The lady mark'd the spirit wake  
In Howard's kindling eye;  
Clung to him close in terror,—wept,  
And heav'd the moaning sigh.

With kindly cheering words, he strove  
To soothe her timid heart ;

Sadly she rais'd her weeping eyes,—

“ Oh ! say not we must part !

“ Go not, my Howard ! do not go,  
To meet the bloody Scot ;

Oh ! stay and guard thy own lov'd home ;  
My Howard, leave me not !

“ For should'st thou go, with daring heart,  
To yon dread field of gore,  
I know—I feel within my soul  
I ne'er shall see thee more.”

“ Sweet lady ! cease thy sad complaint !  
I grieve to say thee nay ;

But when the warden's horn is heard  
Behind I may not stay.

“ Ne'er has a Howard shunn'd the field  
When rung the wild war-cry ;  
And ne'er shall it be said of me,  
' A Howard fear'd to die.’

“ But why thus darkly think of death ?  
Full oft this gallant blade  
Through stubborn ranks of Scottish spears  
A gory path has made.

“ Nor will it fail its master now :—  
Then dry these fruitless tears ;  
My safe return shall banish soon  
Thy dark, foreboding fears.

“ Sweet lady ! sigh not—weep not so !  
I cannot see thee grieve !  
Life—all but honour I would give  
Thy sorrow to relieve !

“ I love thee, lady ! dearer far  
Than all on earth below ;  
Nor would I cause thee an hour of grief  
For all that life can bestow.

“ But what were life, were honour lost ?  
A dreary sunless day !  
Loudly the warden's bugle sounds,—  
I cannot, must not stay !”

She sobb'd, she moan'd, she rais'd her  
eye  
Fill'd with the gushing tear ;  
Low murmurs on her pale lip died,  
Stifled by woe and fear.

One tender melting gaze he cast—  
A gaze of love and grief ;—  
Shuddering of anguish o'er him past,—  
He shook like aspen leaf.

Her soft fair hand he gently press'd,—  
The war-note rung again,—  
His steed he mounted,—wildly spurr'd,  
And vanish'd o'er the plain.

The fearless foes in battle meet ;  
No bloodless game is play'd ;  
The borderer's spear is dyed in blood ;  
Deep hews the warrior's blade.

Now, merry England ! hold thine own !  
Arouse thee to the fight !

'Tis hardy Scotland braves thy pow'r,—  
She knows not fear or flight !

Young Howard, like an eagle, cleaves  
Resistless through the throng :  
The wild war-tempest wilder grows  
Where'er he sweeps along.

Fierce Armstrong sinks beneath his  
blows ;  
Stern Jardine feels his force ;  
But gallant Maxwell's weighty brand  
Arrests the warrior's course.

Fell was the stroke ; the hapless youth  
Sunk bleeding on the clay ;  
The startled steed toss'd high his mane,  
And wildly rush'd away.

The Scots prevail'd ; their bloody bands  
Loud rais'd the slogan yell ;  
Onward the plundering foray sped,  
Fast over field and fell.

And all unheeded, where they fought,  
The dead, the dying lay ;  
The wounded feebly from the field  
Crept as they might away.

Long had the trembling lady stood,  
With anxious heart and eye,  
Bending her dimm'd and tearful gaze  
Where rose the wild war-cry ;

When Howard's well-known battle-steed  
Burst on her startled view,  
With blood-shot eye, and gore-stain'd  
side,—  
Her warrior's fate she knew.

Past rush'd the steed ; the lady's eye  
In frantic horror gaz'd ;  
Then one wild, heart-bursting cry  
Of agony she rais'd.

Keen, eager pangs shot thrillingly  
Through all her quivering frame ;  
And 'mid the bitter throes of death  
She bore a mother's name.

Her little babe scarce saw the light,  
Scarce for a moment tried  
To raise his feeble, plaintive wail,  
Then with his mother died.

Slow pass'd the sorrow-laden hours,  
In deep and silent woe,  
Till down the purpled western skies,  
The sun was sinking low ;

When weakly, slowly, dragging on  
In feebleness and pain,  
Wounded and weary, Howard sought  
Alone his halls again.



No welcome from a dear-lov'd voice  
 Drop'd sweetly on his ear ;  
 Dark fears rush'd on his throbbing heart,  
 Though he wist not what to fear.

Keen anguish curdled in his blood,  
 When o'er them bending low,  
 The widow'd, childless father stood  
 In utter, hopeless woe.

One long, long lingering gaze, he took,  
 With filmy glazing eye ;  
 The blood gush'd from his opening  
 wounds,  
 As rose the bursting sigh.

Beside his lifeless wife and child,  
 He, faint and dying, fell ;  
 His last breath murmuring, sigh'd the  
 name  
 Of her he lov'd so well.

They made a grave for this gentle pair ;  
 They made it deep and wide ;  
 They placed the babe in the lady's arms,  
 And young Howard by her side.

With respect to the rest of the people in the house I can tell you little. They appear to rise in the morning, because the sun has risen ; —to go to work, because something must be done before breakfast-time ; —to resume their work, because, without working, they could have no just claim for a dinner ;—and to go to bed, because night has come. In short, eating, and wearing away the time between meals, appears to be their whole and only pursuit in life, and that, indeed, for which alone they think life was given. As to making any use of their reason, and those higher faculties which characterise man as a thinking animal, they seem to have no conception of any such a thing. Much of their conversation and manners is so gross and rude, that it quite disgusts me, and causes me wish and sigh for the society of those from whom I heard nothing but what tended to make me wiser or better. I will not deny that they have a plain, blunt manner ; but their bluntness seems to me the effect of stupid, thick-headed insensibility. Perhaps, however, I judge them harshly, as I confess it is not yet in my power to form concerning them an impartial and unprejudiced opinion. With regard to their peculiarities of speech,—their wrestlings,—their pony, foot, or sack races, and I know not how many other pe-

culiar customs, I cannot give you much information, as I am yet, in a manner, but a stranger among them.

There are some good-looking young women in the neighbourhood : but I am already quite sick of describing the persons and manners of men, women, and children ; therefore, instead of wearying myself, and you too, very likely, with any more of it at present, I will tell you a little about the appearance of the country, or rather conduct you in fancy through my haunts in our little corner of it.

My present residence is near the banks of a small, gentle, clear, winding rivulet, scarcely of sufficient size to deserve the name of a river, yet large enough to form a number of pools sufficiently deep to swim in. The greater part of its course is through a level tract of meadow-land, and its banks in many places are elegantly fringed with willows. In one place, after sweeping round a bending corner, of the deepest, richest green, and stealing quietly away, half-hid by the overhanging willows, it deepens and darkens into a gloomy, and almost stagnate pool, of considerable depth, and still more formidable appearance. A little below this is a gravelly ford, over which it hastens away with a lively purling sound, as if glad to escape from the dismal blackness of the pool ; and a few yards farther it leaps over a considerable ledge of rock, which stretches quite across it, forming no contemptible waterfall. The pool I have just mentioned is noted for a singularly well-authenticated ghost-story. As the circumstance in question happened only a few years ago, and has not yet lost its popularity, you may perhaps not be displeased with a short relation of it, which, I assure you, I have obtained from the most authentic source.

A short time ago, one of the most respectable and wealthy farmers in the neighbourhood was observed by his relations to have sunk into a deep, settled melancholy ; and from some expressions which he had used, they judged it prudent to keep all sharp-edged instruments out of his way, and to leave him as seldom alone as possible. It happened, however, that, one day, something of more import-

ance than common had occupied their attention, and the old gentleman was for a time forgot. The first thing which roused them from their neglect was, that no one could tell any thing about him, neither where he then was, nor where he had been last seen. A diligent search was immediately commenced, and continued for two or three hours with fruitless anxiety. At length, one young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, going to water his horses at the ford above-mentioned, imagined he saw something half-floating in the pool, and, upon going nearer, discovered it to be the body of the unfortunate man. It was immediately taken out of the water; but life had been long extinct. His walking cane was stuck into the bank just opposite, and his hat hung on it, as if to point out where the body would be found, and close beside it, on the soft sand, the marks of his knees were distinctly visible, as if he had been engaged in prayer before he committed the fatal act.

These circumstances, and the observations to which they gave rise, were suppressed by his relations as much as possible, yet not so entirely but that they continued to furnish a subject for conversation and whispered remarks among the country people. Scarcely had the affair begun to sink into oblivion, when it received a fearful revival, by means of a strongly-confirmed report, that the old gentleman's ghost had been several times seen near the place where the body was discovered. Many were the wild and wonderful stories which were told and believed about the apparition. Some of the young men, however, who pretended to be wiser than their companions, affected to disbelieve the whole of the accounts, and upon all occasions turned the relaters of such tales into ridicule. None was more intent upon this method of treating the current opinion than the young man who first discovered the body, but his scepticism received a sharp reproof. He was in the habit of sending a boy with the horses to the ford every evening, while he was otherwise employed at home. This the boy had been accustomed to do with great pleasure; but about that time he

began to hesitate, as if unwilling, and at last fairly refused to go any more, declaring that he had seen the ghost several times, and that the horses had also been frightened, and become unmanageable.

Neither fair words nor threatenings were of the least avail; the boy's heart was seized with an over-mastering fear, and the young man was obliged to go himself. For a few nights, all was well enough; but one evening, (I have the account from himself,) he happened to be a little later than usual;—the sun was set, and the western sky was of a dusky iron colour, with a deep reddish-brown intermingled among the black masses of clouds that were fast closing over the faint remains of day-sky; all around was covered with a gathering, silent gloominess; he was gazing upon the high-piled, towering clouds, and the horses had begun to drink, when on a sudden they started, plunged, snorted, and rushed backwards from the river with such violence as nearly to dismount him. Upon looking towards the river, in search of the object which seemed to terrify the horses, he beheld a little, thin, old man, coming towards him from the pool, and at once recognised the likeness he bore to the drowned person. He instantly rode homewards; but as the road was steep and difficult, could make no great speed: the apparition came close to his side, and accompanied him almost to the stables, so that he had sufficient time to observe it completely, at least as far as his agitated condition would permit. Its appearance was the same as that of the body when first found, in all respects, except the face. The head was bare; and the long, thin, grey-hair hung in a dripping, matted manner about its neck: its knees were soiled with sand and mud, and its gait was a pensive, stooping slouch, such as that of the old man had become; but the face was indeed awful! The forehead was more deeply furrowed than it had been, and strongly knitted together in the centre, in the manner of one who struggles to suppress a groan extorted by acute pain: the eye-brows were drawn up into pointed arches, so as to give a wild stare to the dead, gleaming, stony eyes: the nostrils were expanded,



and the upper lip slightly raised, just enough to shew the teeth, closely and strongly clenched: the whole face bore a horrible expression of mingled agony and wrath, and struck a mortal terror to the heart of the young man. It kept gliding on beside him, never withdrawing its fearful gaze from him, and keeping his straining eyes rivetted upon it by some unaccountable fascination. Several times did the frightful vision appear to him, and generally displaying the same ghastly and terrific expression of countenance. Latterly, however, it became more horrific, and its whole features seemed darkened, and writhed into a malignant fierceness; and as its gleaming eyes glared upon him, he felt as if they seared him to the soul. But just when its appearances were most frequent, and the whole country was in a terror about it, a report was circulated that it had been spoken to, and that of course it would be seen no more; and accordingly it has ceased to terrify the good people from that day to this. That it *was* seen, many very creditable people maintain, some of whom aver that they themselves saw it;—that it has been spoken to and *laid*, they all believe, though no one pretends to know either by whom it was accosted, or what were its communications, and all agree that it *now* no longer appears. The young man who gave me the foregoing account assured me, that, till he saw the apparition himself, he was firmly persuaded that all such stories had no better foundation than mere imagination and foolish credulity; but that he now cannot resist the evidence of his senses. I only repeat to you what I have heard: I give you my authority, and I leave you to believe it or not, as you feel inclined. You may laugh at it when seated snugly at your own fireside: it would not be advisable to do so here.

There is another little streamlet, of smaller size, which flows past our house, and joins the former at a short distance; upon its banks I most frequently take my evening's stroll. It has its rise among the little heights to the westward, and, after a short course among some flat, uninteresting fields, it struggles through a rugged rent in a slightly elevated ridge of

land, which you might traverse in all directions but one, without conjecturing that it contained a little glen of its own, with rocks, hanging bushes, a brawling stream, and all the other characteristics of a mountain pass, in a diminutive, indeed, but still in a distinct form. At the entrance of this little dell the banks on each side are composed of bare rocks, shivered and rent from top to bottom, and as perpendicular as the sides of a quarry. Soon after, the one retires, sloping backward, while the other, directly opposite, follows and juts out in such a manner as to give an idea of the one fitting into the other; but a little farther the gap becomes wider, and the bottom is heaped with considerable masses of loose rock, betwixt which the stream twists, and bursts, and recoils, and insinuates for itself a difficult passage, till, after struggling through two or three places such as I have described, it precipitates itself over a jagged precipice, into a deep black basin of scooped rock, from which it soon escapes, and winds slowly away to meet and join the larger stream formerly mentioned.

In the little ravine, I have chosen several seats and places of a particularly romantic cast, for my temporary stations of solitary musing; and almost every evening I spend a little time scrambling among the broken crags, or reclining beneath some of their jutting pinnacles, indulging in that delicious state of mind in which one allows thought to rise and follow thought in a vague, undirected manner, till fancies, reveries, and dreamy speculations, float dim and indistinct before the imagination, like fantastic clouds and mists gliding over the grey skies of evening. Such are among the most pleasant hours of my life; for indeed life to me does not abound with enjoyments. I have not, cannot have a comrade or friendly companion; I am quite a lonely being. It never was my disposition to be familiar with many: even in my school-boy days there were but few with whom I cared to associate in any thing of an intimate manner: but now I find none endued with any thing like kindred feelings; and that shyness and reserve, which was always natural to



me, is becoming daily more and more powerful, till I almost fear that, in a short time, my heart will be quite chilled and dead to all sympathetic feelings. There are now but few things in which I take any delight; receiving a letter from a friend,—writing to one—alas! I have but one,—reading a favourite author,—and indulging my fancy in its wildest reveries, as I roam, in the growing obscurity of twilight, among my favourite romantic haunts. My thoughts, fancies, and feelings, are all confined within my own bosom,

except when I take the opportunity of sending you a few of them, making the nearest approach in my power to social intercourse. The cause of this loneliness of heart I will explain to you in my next letter, as this, even in my own opinion, is of sufficient length; I wish you may not think it too long.

I am growing very anxious to receive a letter, a close-written large sheet, from you. Do favour me soon, and give me an account of all things, particularly what regards yourself.—I am, &c. M.

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### The Death of Pan.

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Plutarch mentions, that, in the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary voice was heard near the Æschinades, in the Ionian Sea, which exclaimed that the great Pan was dead.

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WEEP, weep, Arcadia! with thy thousand rills,

Thy sunny fountains, and Faun-peopled groves;

Go, hush the song along thy vine-clad hills  
Where Dian with her band of Oreads roves;

The hour has come—the fatal shaft is sped,

The god of hills, and groves, and song, is dead!

Died he in Thessaly—in Tempe's vale—  
Or by the crystal waves of Hippocrene?

Or does Olympus listen to the wail  
Of all his Satyrs? and, each pause between,

Do viewless voices, sighing from the woods,

Swell through the air, and float along the floods?

Or died he lingering in his own lov'd land,

Among the vales where to Sinoë's care  
He first was given, ere yet his infant hand

Had learn'd to modulate the tuneful air

Upon the rustic pipe, and charm the swain

With many a wild and long-remembered strain?

Ah! yes; he died in Arcady; and now,  
Mute is the music of the Grecian skies;  
No more along the purple mountain's brow—

No more where sunny dale in verdure lies—

No more—no more by old Alpheus' shores,

His skilful reed pours out its sweetest stores.

Weep, Fauns and Dryads, in your green retreats!

Weep, ye Sileni, by your grotts and caves!

Weep, mountain nymphs, through all your airy seats!

Weep, gentle Naiads, by your murmuring waves!

Who now, as through the mazy dance ye tread,

Will, through his flute, the soul of music shed?

Weep, ye Arcadian girls! and, from your brow,

Unbind the festive wreath of summer flowers;

Ah! what avails their sweetest fragrance now?

He comes no more—as once, in happier hours—

To hold his rural court in mead and grove,

And tune your hearts to melody and love.

Farewell! farewell! the unforgotten days  
Of light and purity, which Greece once knew;

No more—no more the god of gladness strays

Along his favourite haunts;—bright times, adieu!

The hour has come—the fatal shaft is sped—

The voice of song is o'er—the Sylvan King is dead!

H. G. B.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. V.

THE Fifth General Assembly met, according to appointment, on the 25th of December 1562, in the Old Council House, Edinburgh; and John Knox "callit upoun Godis name for the assistance of his holie spirit."

The First Session seems to have been occupied with the case of Robert Cuming, schoolmaster of Arbroath. The Superintendent of Angus and Mearus had complained that he infected the youth committed to his charge with idolatry—by which is probably to be understood, that he retained and expressed some favour for the Popish doctrines. The particulars of the case are not recorded, but Knox (*Hist. of Ref.* p. 323,) tells us that sentence was pronounced against him. The progress of Reformation in Scotland was very much promoted by the teachers of youth, and several of the most distinguished Reformers seem to have received the knowledge of the truth when at school. The Church, when it was established, took a vigilant and tender care in the education of youth. In the First Book of Discipline, it was provided, "that every several Kirk should have one schoolmaster appointed;" and this seems to have been the origin of parochial schools. Long before this period, schools had been erected; and so early as 1496, it was enacted, that all Barons and Freeholders should put their eldest sons to the schools at eight or nine years of age. But the plan of establishing a school in every parish seems to have originated with the Reformers. In Catholic times, schools were only to be found attached to Cathedral Churches, and the more richly endowed religious houses. Perhaps the person whose case has led to these remarks, was originally connected with the Abbey of Arbroath, and had not been sufficiently acquainted with the doctrines of the Reformers. His case, although it be the only one specified, seems not to have been singular; for Knox tells us, that, during this Assembly, it was a subject of general complaint,

that improper persons were permitted to be schoolmasters.

In the Second Session, which was not held till the 28th of December, trial was taken of Superintendants and Ministers, agreeably to the order which had been laid down in the last Assembly. It was concluded that the names of Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers, with the dates of their entering upon office, should be presented to the Lords appointed for the modification of stipends, in order that they might receive payment quarterly; and in the event of any Minister, Exhorter, or Reader, dying, it was ordained that his executors should receive the stipend for the time he had served, and that his successor, in like manner, should be paid *pro rata servitii*. As burghs, in Popish times, had been burdened with the maintenance of the Priests, it was thought reasonable that they should now contribute to support the servants of the Protestant Church: and the Comptroller requested such Commissioners of burghs as were present, to signify to him, within a reasonable time, what could be done in this matter.

In the Third Session, it was ordained that all persons serving in the ministry, who had not been admitted according to the order appointed in the First Book of Discipline, should be inhibited from the exercise of their function. This Act was declared to comprehend Exhorters and Readers, and to have force against those called Bishops, as well as others. It was ordered to be published by Superintendants and Commissioners, throughout their respective districts, and copies of it were to be affixed to the doors of the principal churches. Those who contemptuously continued in the ministry, after being thus inhibited, were to be proceeded against by censure, to excommunication.

The remainder of this Session was occupied in making arrangements for the supply of vacant churches. Mr Alexander Gordon, who had been Catholic Bishop of Galloway, and

Mr Robert Pont, were put upon the leet, for the Superintendanship of Dumfries. In the meantime, as was mentioned in the sketch of the Fourth Assembly, Gordon received a commission to admit Ministers, Exhorters, and Readers, and to do such things as were usual in the planting of churches. Mr George Hay, Mr John Row, and Adam Heriot, were put upon the leet for the Superintendanship of Aberdeen. A commission was given to Mr John Hepburn, Minister of Brechin, to preach throughout Murray, and to send such persons as he might find qualified to be Ministers, Exhorters, or Readers, that they might be tried and admitted to their respective offices by the Superintendent to be appointed for Aberdeen. David Forrest, whose sufficiency for the function of the Ministry was well known, was solemnly charged to enter upon it; and he and Mr Patrick Cockburn were proposed for the Superintendanship of Jedburgh. Those arrangements, however, seem not to have been quite agreeable to the Lords of Secret Council; and, in the following Session, the Assembly remitted the nomination of the persons to them.

The case of Mr Archibald Keith, Minister of Logie and Balmerinoch, which is omitted by Calderwood, but inserted in the Buik of the Universal Kirk, was discussed in this Session. His stipends were not sufficiently paid, and the Assembly decreed, that, unless he were satisfied upon this point, he should be translated from these churches to some other. It was provided, however, that he should not remove according to his own pleasure, but that the church to which he should repair should be appointed by the Assembly. This power of translating Ministers was, in the Fourth Session, delegated to Superintendants, and a majority of the Elders and Ministers within their bounds. It was also ordained that Superintendants should indict their Synodal Conventions twice a-year, in April and October; and that sufficient advertisements should be given to particular churches, that the Ministers, with their Elder, or Deacon, might repair to the place appointed, and consult upon the common affairs of the pro-

vince. This seems to have been the origin of our provincial Synods, of which the constitution and time of meeting still correspond with the first appointment. In this Session, Knox received a commission to repair to Jedburgh, and investigate a slander which had arisen against Paul Methven, Minister of that burgh. This case occupied the attention of several succeeding Assemblies; but it may be as well at once to collect and state the particulars of it. Methven had been one of the earliest and most zealous of the Reformers. He is mentioned by Calderwood, (*Large MS. Vol. p. 286.*) as preaching along with Harlaw, Willock, and Douglas, in 1555. In 1558 he was summoned, with others, to appear before the Queen Regent; and, in the same year, he was ordered to attend a Convocation of the Popish Clergy. He was outlawed for not appearing, but continued lurking about Dundee and Perth; and, as the Reformation advanced, resumed his preaching with great fervency and success. In the First General Assembly he was appointed Minister of Jedburgh, where he remained till a rumour of his having committed adultery arose. He at first denied the crime, but the evidence against him becoming clear, he fled. Knox, and the Elders who were joined in commission with him, according to their instructions, reported the case to the Session of Edinburgh; and Methven, for his crime and non-appearance, was excommunicated and deposed. He gave in a representation to the next Assembly, and promised to undergo any punishment which might be appointed. This representation was favourably received; and it was agreed that the Lords of Council should be spoken to in his behalf. In the meantime, he seems to have resumed the functions of the Ministry in England, whether he had retired. This was resented by the Assembly, as a contempt of the sentence of deposition which had been passed against him. He gave in another representation, expressing his desire to be reconciled to the church, and requesting that the particulars of his case should be erased from the record. The Assembly professed their willingness to receive him, upon his shewing



suitable signs of repentance, but refused to blot or mutilate their minutes. Methven did not appear till the Assembly in June 1566, when it was concluded that he should be received to public repentance; the form to be regulated by a committee, and to be inserted in their records. No mention is made of him after this; but Wodrow, in his *Life of Methven*, seems inclined to believe that he was absolved by the Assembly, and returned to England. After inserting the leading particulars of this case, Knox assigns two reasons for noticing it: I. That they who stand may take heed lest they fall; for at the commencement of the Reformation, no one was reckoned more fervent or upright than Methven; and, II. To shew the superiority of the Protestants over the Papists, who openly tolerated and committed such crimes.

In the Fifth Session, which was held on the last day of December, Commissioners were appointed to ascertain what causes should come under the decision of the Church; and all Ministers, except the Superintendants, and those whom they should nominate, were prohibited from judging in cases of divorce. These Commissioners were also instructed to do their endeavour, that all markets held upon the Lord's Day should be abolished. So early as 1469, it was statute, "that the incasting and out-casting of tenants should be deferred till three days after Whitsunday and Martinmas," lest the devotions of the people should be disturbed. It was also ordained that no fairs should be held on solemn days; and that labourers should only work till four o'clock on Saturday, and other festival evens. But the abuses which these enactments were intended to correct, seem to have continued. The Reformers, when they abolished all festival days, might have expected a more solemn observance of the Sabbath. It was some time, however, before the people could be brought to give up the liberties to which they had been accustomed; and, for many years after the Reformation, things were commonly done on that day which were quite inconsistent with the authority and usefulness of its institution. In illustration of this, it may be mentioned, that Spotswood

and Law, who were afterwards Archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, were accused of playing at foot-ball after sermon with their parishioners; and that Porterfield, who was Minister at Ayr about 1590, used frequently to go out on the afternoon of the Lord's Day to see the shooting with bow and arrow, which was a common exercise at that time.

In this Session, it was also concluded, that the order laid down in the Book of Geneva should be uniformly kept in the ministration of the Sacraments, the solemnization of marriages, and the burial of the dead. The Book of Geneva was originally drawn up for the use of the English Congregation in that place. It was adopted by the Reformers in Scotland, and called the Book of Common Order. An edition of it was put forth about this time at Edinburgh, and it has been reprinted in the *Phoenix*, and in *Dunlop's Collection of Confessions*. The order for burial is very brief, and merely directs that the Minister, if he be present and required, may repair to the church, if it be not far off, and make some comfortable exhortation to the people, touching death and the resurrection. The order of marriage is more minute, and requires that the banns be proclaimed three several days, and that the parties present themselves, before sermon, in the face of the congregation, when the Minister, after a suitable admonition, shall proceed to declare them married persons. The form of administering the Sacraments differs in no material point from that which is at present observed among us. In this Session, it was agreed that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be administered four times a-year in burghs, but only twice a-year in country parishes; and the Superintendants were appointed to confer with the Lords of Secret Council as to the means of furnishing the Elements. Knox received a special commission to make supplication to the Queen for support of the poor. As he had opened the First Session with prayer, so he again "made invocation of the name of God," and the Assembly dissolved.

No formal motion seems to have been made upon the subject; but it

is mentioned, both in Calderwood and the Buik of the Universal Kirk, that during the Assembly great complaints were made "that Ministers lacked stipends." The Comptroller, the Justice Clerk, and the Clerk Register, required that these complaints should be specially laid before them, in order that they might obtain redress. And as the manses were in many cases set in tack, or otherwise occupied, so that Ministers could not conveniently reside at their churches, it was proposed that all such manses should, in the first instance, be annexed to the crown, and that thereafter the complaints of Ministers, upon this head, might be heard and answered. It was also complained,

"that idolatry was erected in diverse places;" and some thought that another supplication upon this subject should be presented to the Queen. When it was said that no answer had been given to the former supplication, it was answered, that, since the meeting of last Assembly, the state of the country had been too much disturbed to allow her Majesty to attend to this matter; but it was hoped, that, before the meeting of Parliament, which was to be held in May, such measures would be taken as would satisfy all reasonable men. The Assembly seem to have placed some reliance upon the expectation which was thus held out, and the point was not insisted on.

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### Retrospection.

Is there a heart which delights not to cling  
To the objects it lov'd in its youth's  
early spring?

The glen or the mountain, the lake or  
the stream,

Remember'd like phantoms that flit  
through a dream.

Though friends have been false, or though  
hope has betray'd,

Though our life led us on through af-  
fliction and shade,

Though the visions of childhood have lost  
all their charm,

Though the mind be less buoyant, the  
bosom less warm;—

Yet still 'tis a joy—a joy hallow'd by  
tears—

To look back through the vista of life's  
banish'd years,

To recall once again those far happier  
hours,

When our sky was all sunshine, our  
earth was all flow'rs;

And we love to connect with those days  
of bright hue,

The scenes where we revell'd, the  
friends whom we knew;

We love to believe that there still is a  
spot

Where old ties and old pleasures have  
not been forgot.

Our heart wings its flight over mountains  
and seas,

To the village, and streamlet, and  
clump of green trees,

Where with life in its morn, and with  
health in its prime,

We fasten'd new wings on the light  
foot of time.

Ah! were we but near them—those scenes  
lov'd so well,

What a change would we find! what  
a tale would they tell!

The tempest of grief, and the calm of de-  
spair,

And the dark gloomy silence of death  
hath been there.

Light hearts have been broken that dreamt  
not of guile;

Bright eyes have grown dim, and fair  
lips lost their smile;

And the young and the lovely, on whose  
sunny brow

Shone the garland of myrtle,—ah!  
where are they now?

They are gone,—and you look for their  
coming in vain,—

To the haunts of lost years they return  
not again;

On the ocean of life they are tost to and  
fro,

With a dark sky above them, and wild  
waves below.

Then roam on, thou wanderer! and only  
in dreams

Revisit thy mountains and lov'd native  
streams;

Then fondly your eye on the vision may  
dwell,

Ere the gloom of reality ruin the spell!

## A LOVER'S THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."—*Moore*.

"O amour, amour, amour, amour! Pauvre Polichinelle, quelle diable de fantaisie l'es-tu allé mettre dans la cervelle?"—*Molière*.

I QUESTION very much whether I shall be able to write with my usual good sense upon this most interesting and serious subject. Love is a passion, which, from the days of Sappho down to those of Miss L. E. Landon, has been celebrated above all others for exercising the most despotic sway over human actions and character. The being, perhaps, never lived who did not at one period or other of his existence experience the full force of its influence. It is the passion which supplies the materials of history, gives interest to the pages of romance, and breathes new fervour into the inspirations of poetry. It is the passion by which a mortal may be raised to the skies, or an angel pulled down to the earth. On one hand, we find it giving rise to all the miseries of separation, all the wretchedness of inconstancy, and all the agonies of jealousy; on the other, we trace to it the source of the purest and highest pleasures of which the human mind is susceptible, and in comparison with which even the happiness that results from the attainment of well-merited glory is of small account. Such happiness is, in its very nature, personal and selfish, and so are all the enjoyments of mortality, except those which spring from love. It is to this very circumstance that it owes its superiority, for, as Madame De Stael has well remarked, "il n'est pas un moment où d'avoir vécu pour un autre, ne fût plus doux que d'avoir existé pour soi."

But gently, my good Pegasus, gently. You are in the clouds already. A little less declamation, if you please, and somewhat more common sense. Will you have the goodness to tell me, thrice excellent reader! what love is? "Good Heavens!" I hear you exclaim, with the silver softness of "sweet eighteen," casting, at the same time, one of your archest and sunniest smiles on the happy youth who sits beside

you, "good Heavens! can he ask such a question?" The gallant St. Preux, to whom your words are addressed, flinging into his tones the gentle melody of a shepherd's pipe upon the mountains, whispers tenderly, "Forgive him, Amelia; he has never seen *you*." The blushing Amelia casts her bright eyes upon the ground, and her heart, "*fra tanti palpiti e tanti*," convinces her that *she* at least knows what love is.

I once thought so too, Amelia. But I was mistaken, and so are you, fair maiden. A man may be in love for twenty years,—nay, for all his life, and yet not have the most distant notion of the sort of person he has to deal with. Cupid is a very Proteus. The Cameleon never assumes so vast a variety of hues as he can do. Besides, there are a thousand impostors abroad, no more like the true son of Mars and Venus "than I to Hercules." They are pseudo-pretenders to the name of Cupid, born of Nox and Erebus, or of the Apothecary Mercury and the frail virgin Diana. It is often very difficult to detect these false deities. They puzzle even a connoisseur;

"Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him."

But sooner or later the counterfeit is discovered. Much good blacking is sold for Warren's, but you may depend upon it, unless that great man's signature is on the bottle, your boots will never have the true polish. Thus many a little urchin, abundantly blind, and with a quiver sufficiently full of arrows, will venture to attack you as you move through your own sphere of society; but be of good heart; you are in no danger. The true conqueror of conquerors but rarely sends a shaft from his omnipotent bow. He who rides on the dolphin's or lion's back, and breaks



in pieces the thunderbolts of Jove, is a proud but generous tyrant. It is but seldom that he condescends to assert his power over the breast of man. But when he does,—*sauve qui peut*. The burning of Moscow was a mere joke to the flame he kindles within; but of this more hereafter.

It is Moore, I think, who tells us that "love is heaven, and heaven is love." It may be so, the more especially as we know for certain that "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage;" a ceremony which, if it were allowed to take place, would of course render the poet's intelligence erroneous. But let this be as it may, (although I hope the time will come when we shall all have an opportunity of ascertaining its truth,) it is at all events indubitable, that to be *in love* is to be at the height of all earthly felicity. *In love!*—how can any dull pen write the words without breaking forth into the enraptured language of enthusiasm and delight!

"They lov'd; they were belov'd. Oh, happiness!

I have said all that can be said of bliss,  
In saying that they loved!"

Among which of the wilds of Kam-schatka, in what desert of Otaheite, shall I find a barbarian rude enough to deny a truth so simply but powerfully expressed? Where is the being so dead to all the finer feelings of humanity, as to confess that his heart is without the chord that vibrates to the touch of love, and spontaneously discourses "most eloquent music?" *In love!*—Does not the phrase spread a halo of immortal light round the imagination? Does it not conjure up before us, in bright array, all the fairest scenes of Nature? Does it not awaken a long train of almost more than mortal associations? Does it not transport us to the woods, and streams, and sunny skies of Greece, and place us in the midst of the Naiads, and Oreads, and Sylvan Fauns? Does not Pan pipe beside us in the grove, whilst the white garments and flowery chaplets of Arcadian girls glitter among the trees, and all is song, and dance, and smiles? But why travel back into ancient times? Who is there who will turn his back up the stream of life, and visit the

fairy haunts, through which he himself has sailed, that will not again call into birth the thrill of awakened emotion which love produced—long dormant, perhaps, but never entirely forgotten? Does he not see that he has left behind him moments of delight, such as he may never again experience? Does he not remember bright eyes that once gazed on him in all the confiding tenderness of early years, and light hearts, whose every pulse beat in unison with his own? Then it is he feels what a store of wealth there is in the fresh and joyous bosom of youth, and, sighing, he confesses that neither the lofty aspirations of ambition, nor the dazzling splendour of success, compensate the loss of the first wild witcheries of young and innocent existence. Once more, once more, he exclaims, give me back the gay morning of life;

"Its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best light."

But this is knowledge which experience alone can give; and the constantly recurring hope, that the future will excel both the past and the present, long postpones the time when the discovery is made. Many, too, flutter about from flower to flower, always imagining that the next will be fairer and sweeter than the last. Such men know not that love is a grave, a deep, an absorbing passion, and that when it once takes possession of the heart "*sedet, aeternumque sedebit*." They know not that love has nothing to do either with blue eyes or auburn hair, and that a girl who is merely (in their own phrase) "*a glorious girl*," can never inspire it. They think themselves in love when their pulse is at a hundred instead of sixty. They forget that this may be ardour; it may be fire; it may be the rate at which the blood should flow in preparation for "burning sighs" and "lava kisses"—any thing, in short, but *love*. Yet it is all the love with which they are acquainted. Like a wisp of straw, it blazes away most heroically, and is consumed in its own flames. But let me not blame too severely, for I was myself, for a long while, as ignorant of the matter as the worst of them.

I was not fourteen when I first took it into my head to fall in love. Before that period, I had read my way through half-a-dozen circulating libraries. Every thing that bore upon its title-page the name of tale, novel, or romance, I had greedily swallowed. I stuck at nothing. With the most delightful indifference to all the beauties, either of composition, taste, or judgment, I had plodded on, page after page, chapter after chapter, and volume after volume, through a whole Bodleian of works of fiction. The common amusements in which boys find so much delight were to me without interest. A match at foot-ball or cricket had no charms to win me from "The Mysterious Freebooter," or "The Castles of Athlin and Dunblane." Neither angling nor skating had power to charm me from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or "The One-handed Monk." Nay, all school learning appeared to me contemptible. What was Horace and Virgil, when compared with "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "St. Hillary the Crusader?" Hellen of Troy, and Dido of Carthage, were they for a moment to be put in competition with "Julia Rosenberg," or "Anna, Countess of Castle Powell?" Neglecting, therefore, all other attainments, and having my mind, in consequence, pretty tolerably endued with all the precious lore of sentimental milliners, it is not to be wondered that I thought, a little sooner than usual, of turning my knowledge to some account, and of advancing from theory to practice.

Yet, before descending to particulars, let me not dismiss, with nothing but a sneer, those days of early romance, and unsophisticated, harmless, unhesitating credulity. Alas! the stern truths of reality force themselves but too soon upon the mind. Too soon must we turn from that which might or should be, to that which is;—too soon must we grapple with the world, and see the rainbow visions of youth "evanishing amid the storm." In the pride of its awakened energies, the mind may rejoice to break through the mists of error by which it was surrounded. Too soon will it find that it was only through the medium of these very mists that the creations of the ma-

terial world were seen arrayed in the fairy colours of enchantment. It is true, that the "Mysteries of Udolpho" have now ceased to charm; the "Black Forest" possesses no longer its wild attractions; and one of the common-place houses in George-Street or Charlotte Square holds a higher place in my esteem than the Castles either of Athlin or Dunblane. But shall I say that I am therefore happier? Do I find in the speculation of a Locke or a Stewart, or in the sober histories of a Hume or a Robertson, greater delight than I did of old in the wonderful imaginings of a Radcliffe or a Lathom? Oh no! Give me back the days when I believed in all things wild and strange, as firmly as I now do in political jobbing and religious hypocrisy. Ah! "These—these were the times," as Dame Quickly said to Goldsmith, when the fancy was ready to take for granted every thing it wished to consider true. I have sailed along the shores of Languedoc,—I have descended in the valleys of Switzerland,—I have sat in the solitary chateau,—I have gone out to the glorious fight with the scarf of my Adelaide for a banner,—I have mingled in the battle,—I have returned victorious,—I have been met with smiles,—I have revelled in the bosom of love;—and after all this, oh, ye heavenly muses! must I open my eyes upon the world,—must I move along the streets,—must I be jostled by every unidea'd mechanic,—must I eat, and drink, and sleep, like the other animals around me,—must the cherished source of my happiness drop away like an icicle in the sunshine? Am I indeed an author,—one of that nameless tribe who write in Magazines, and whose lucubrations live but for a month, and are then forgotten for ever? It is even so; and not being able to change the course of Nature, the sooner I bring this digression to a conclusion the better.

I fell in love, as I was saying, at fourteen, that is, I *thought* I fell in love. It was, of course, no more love than it was the typhus fever. I had gone to visit my uncle in the country, and when there, I had been guilty of a sonnet. Being the first effort of the kind, it was, of course, addressed to the moon, but, somehow or other,



I had contrived to introduce in the two last lines a very complimentary allusion to the "fair Matilda,"—the name, as it happened, of my uncle's only daughter. Nothing was farther from my intention than that Matilda should see this *opus inaugurale*; but, in spite of my precautions, she did accidentally get her hands upon it, and being about as good a judge as I was a writer of poetry, she scrupled not to declare that it was the sweetest thing of the sort she had ever read. Many a deep blush did her praises cost me, for in those days blushes were with me more frequent than smiles. Matilda was three years older than I. But she was very pretty, and very good-natured. She laughed, indeed, too much; but then her teeth were the finest I ever remember to have seen. The flattery she bestowed upon me was not, I believe, meant as such; and, though I myself felt secretly convinced that it was somewhat extravagant, I could not bring myself to like it the less on that account.

Of all sorts of praise, that which comes from the lips of women is the most intoxicating. The commendations obtained by youth from experienced age,—the applause bestowed upon the courageous soldier on the field of battle,—the loud acclamations that ring in the ear of the successful orator,—the delightful words of approbation and encouragement that flow so sparingly from the cautious pen of the critic, and shine before an author's eyes like sunbeams,—all are nothing when set in competition with the soft accents of indulgent woman. No one thinks of her capacity to judge, but, satisfied with having afforded her pleasure, he dreams not of inquiring whether his talents are fit for higher things. Preferring, both to military renown and sovereign power, the compliments paid him by Cleopatra, Antony lost the dominion of the world. Had Antony been a writer of sonnets, as I was, he would never have thought of contending for it.

When I returned to town, Matilda still reigned paramount in my imagination. I had written more sonnets, and Matilda had given them yet higher praise. Besides, I had saved her once from the menaced at-

tack of a bull,—I had helped her over at least a dozen stiles, and about as many ditches,—I had once stood beside her, under a tree, during a thunder-storm,—and twice, when her horse had become unruly, and would have run off with her, I had succeeded in stopping him. If all this was not enough to make a reasonable man in love, I know not what was. True, I had never "told my love," and true, also, Matilda had not the most distant idea of its existence. But what then? In the very spirit of romance, I said to myself, that time would, sooner or later, effect the denouement. And so it did, for in about three months afterwards—"Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!"—Matilda was married to a biped of the name of Ogilvie, who, by the help of a bit of red cloth, and the honourable title of Captain, had made an irresistible impression on her heart; and yet I never heard that he had written a sonnet in his life.

This was a blow which it cost me some little time to get the better of. Yet, after all, I must confess that it was a wound given to my vanity, not to my heart. It rather shocked my confidence, too, in the truth of romance. It was against all rule. Here was a tale of true love brought to a most unsatisfactory conclusion, before you had got to the middle of the first volume. I could not comprehend it. It made me melancholy; and for more than six weeks many a bright eye smiled on me in vain.

But a youth of fifteen is not exactly at the age when he can shut himself up against all the allurements of beauty. On the contrary, it is from that period, till he reaches his seventeenth or eighteenth year, that he entertains nobler and more exalted notions of the sex than he has ever done before, or will ever do again. I say of the sex, for it is of the sex he thinks, and not of individuals. To him the term "woman" comprehends all that is best and fairest in human nature. He studies the descriptions of the poets, and he does not suspect them of exaggeration. His belief is founded on faith: he knows not that a very few years of experience will make him an infidel for ever.



For my own part, the time is not so long past that I should have forgotten already the day-dreams of an Arcadian world—a new Saturnian age—in which I once indulged. I have been a dreamer, in truth, from my youth upwards. Glorious thoughts have passed through my fancy; thrilling hopes have for a moment started into life, and, like the bubbles that glance in the mountain-stream, have passed away again as things that never were. Is it not thus with thousands? Who is there who have gazed upon the golden clouds of evening,—the blue depths of the starry sky,—the short-lived rainbows of spring,—the gentle undulations and little rippling waves of a summer sea,—the flowers that decorate the glade or mountain with their bells and blossoms,—the glittering streams,—the waving fields,—the green or yellow woods,—and, above all, who is there who has watched the ever-varying expression of “the human face divine,” without experiencing within him emotions undescribed, and without a name, but, nevertheless, instinct with immortality, and, though soon forgotten on earth, destined to be again awakened in heaven?

For three years after the loss of Matilda, the worship which I paid at the shrine of female excellence was as orthodox as Venus herself could have desired. I never once took it into my head to doubt the existence of those perfections which women were universally described as possessing by all the authors I had ever consulted on the subject. To have questioned their accuracy would have made me miserable. My brain was enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of romance and poetry. I lived in an ideal world of my own, and I have never lived so happily since. My heart was the most susceptible one I ever knew. I never went to a public place or a private party,—I never walked along the streets, or sauntered through the country, without seeing a face which I devoutly believed had made an indelible impression on my affections. Its influence sometimes continued unimpaired for a whole week. The course of these attachments was generally this: At the theatre, for example, a young

lady in the stage-box caught my attention; she was dressed, not showily, but tastefully; instead of a belt of diamonds, her dark hair, parted across a brow whose purity rivalled the Parian marble, was decorated only with a wreath of roses; a world of soul beamed from her face; and I would have looked upon the man as a semi-barbarian, guilty of high treason against the sovereign power of beauty, who would have hinted that there was another being equally lovely through all the creation. If the play was a tragedy, I watched her weep,—if a comedy, I basked in the sunshine of her smiles. Next day, after a sleepless night, I hurried from street to street, from square to square, fondly hoping that she might pass me either on foot or in a carriage; or that, if neither of these events took place, I might at least catch a glimpse of her at a window. My wild-goose chase commonly ended where it began. During the second day, I wandered through the fields, writing sonnets to the unknown. On the third, I meditated on the hard-heartedness of Fortune, and thought of the happiness which *might* have been. On the fourth, I dined out, and the lady who sat next me at table was the goddess I had seen at the theatre; I of course talked with no one else. On the fifth, I recollected that she had spoken of nothing but quadrilles, the Author of *Waverley's* last novel, and Moore's songs. On the sixth, I began to doubt whether her face was so expressive as I had thought, and felt satisfied that she had no romance in her composition. On the seventh, I burned some of my last sonnets, and considered it indisputable, that light hair, studded with brilliants, was far superior to the darkest ringlets enwreathed with roses.

The time, however, was now at hand when “a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams.” I was in my twentieth year, and notwithstanding all that I had written and thought about love, I had never yet known what it was. But now my feelings became concentrated, as it were, into a narrower focus. I felt the necessity of singling out some one particular object, on whom my whole heart might be bestowed. I felt that there,

was something wanting to my happiness, and I was determined to surrender my freedom in good earnest, and with all possible expedition. The mere transient emotions excited by a beautiful face satisfied me no longer. I panted after something *ignotum immensumque*.

Reader! I always make it a rule to speak the truth when I am speaking to you. Listen to me, therefore, when I confess, that, for the last five years, I have been roaming about the world, looking for a woman to fall in love with, as the ancient philosopher did for an honest man, and that, like him, I have not been able to find one! "Why, then, you must be tolerably difficult to please," is the idea which will in all probability first occur to you. But, my dear reader, you were never more mistaken in your life. Nobody can accuse me of being hypercritical. I have, on the contrary, been, since a boy, remarkable for what the French call an "ame sensible," and I must have already satisfied you that no man was ever more willing to become the ready worshipper of the sex than I was. To speak sincerely, then, (although it costs me no little effort to commit the fact to paper,) it is the sex that has deceived me, not I who have deserted the sex. Solomon, we are told, had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, and yet we well know that he pronounced the whole—"vanity and vexation of spirit." Far be it from me to compare myself with Solomon, either in this or any other respect; yet I may be permitted to say, that I too have had some experience in the way he mentions, and, like him, I have come to the conclusion so feelingly expressed in the old Scotch song:—

"O! waly, waly, love is bonnie  
A little time when it is new;  
But it grows auld, and waxes cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew."

The haze in which romance had involved me has at length blown by. The false glare has disappeared, and I can now view objects in their true light. This can never be done during the young luxuriance of fancy. The imagination that sees *castellos en Espagna* even in the shepherds' huts,—that builds palaces among the

clouds of an April sky,—that gathers music from the babbling of the brook or the sighing of the breeze, may well discover a paradise of charms blooming around the steps of beauty. But the hut of the shepherd is inhabited only by himself and his sheep,—the clouds of the air dissolve in rain, or vanish into vapour,—the brook is dried up by the summer sun, or swollen into a torrent by the winter flood,—and the paradise around the steps of beauty withers away with its imaginary flowers, for the breeze swells into a tempest, and strews all its blossoms in the dust.

It were needless to detail the gradual progress of that disenchantment which, sooner or later, overtakes every heart. There are two contending powers abroad in the world,—the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of truth. The one reigns supreme for the first eighteen or twenty years of existence; the other assumes the ascendancy for all the remaining period of life. Under the sway of the first, we spend one long day of sunshine; under that of the second,

"The heart is chill'd and scar'd, and  
taught to wear  
That falsest of false things—a mask of  
smiles,  
While every pulse throbs at the memory  
Of that which has been."

The boasted advantages of experience all end in this. They force us, no doubt, to know the truth; but those truths are many of them such, that it were happier for us could we remain ignorant of them for ever. Among other things, they lead us to this conclusion, that woman, taking the species *en masse*, such as education, and other circumstances, have made it, is more than twenty degrees lower in the scale of creation than man!

I know to what this declaration exposes me. I already hear the epithets ringing in my ear, with which he who ventures upon such ticklish ground is sure to be assailed. I am fully aware of the power possessed by the enemies I shall thus create, and I recollect that every *Erinny* is *faeminei generis*. But still I can say with King Lear, "blow, winds, and crack your cheeks," for I have taken



my position, and not all your fury shall drive me from it. Be it recollected, however, that I speak of women in general, and not of those splendid exceptions which, I shall not deny, may be occasionally met with. Neither would I go the length of Diogenes, who, when he saw a woman hanging upon a tree, sarcastically observed, that it was the best bearing tree he had ever seen. On the contrary, I am more inclined to agree with Menander, when he says *ταμῖον εὐστῆς γυναικὸς γυνή*,—a noble minded woman is the very exchequer of virtue. The question is, where are those exchequers to be found? That they do exist is indisputable; but as they are the richest, so they are the rarest jewels in the cabinet of Nature. The habits, the education, the prejudices, the desires, the fears, the hopes, the very physical constitution, of by far the greater proportion of the species, preclude the possibility of their ever becoming companions worthy of a man who has properly cultivated his intellectual capacities, and raised his mind to that standard which it is always capable of attaining. I know that I shall be asked what I mean by "companions worthy of a man;" and all the train of domestic duties, all the little comforts and elegancies of life, which, in their aggregate, form so essential a part of happiness, will be pointed out to me as the exclusive department and work of woman. And what then? Granting the argument its full weight, to what conclusion does it bring us? Is it indeed all that can be said for the sex, that they possess the instinct common to the female of every description of animal,—a wish, namely, to make their own habitations as snug as possible, and to secure food and safety for themselves and offspring? What else does this declamation about domestic happiness mean? A man marries, and he finds that his breakfast, dinner, and supper, are prepared at more regular hours, and in a style of superior excellence. His coffee is clearer, his mutton is juicier, and his salmon is more delicately broiled. His clothes, too, are always in good repair, and his whole exterior assumes a more orderly and pleasing

aspect. Then come his children, all of whom are nursed, and dressed, and washed, to admiration. The whole economy of his household goes on like clockwork, and every one declares that he is one of the luckiest beings in the four quarters of the earth, for he has *such* a wife! Now, there can be no doubt that all this is very agreeable; but does the husband, blessed with so enviable a partner, obtain, after all, a "Roland for his Oliver?" All the weightier cares of the establishment devolve upon him; he it is who must procure the raw material—money—which his wife converts into those necessities already enumerated; he it is who must bear the brunt of hard contact with the world, who must mingle in the bustle of life, and look to nothing but his own exertions for success; he it is who must direct and form the minds of his offspring, and who, having superintended the long course of their education, must introduce them to the world in those capacities in which they seem best calculated to shine. In all these matters his wife is of but little use, nay, is only too often a hindrance. And that he is himself sensible of this truth, the fact sufficiently testifies. Who is there among a thousand who looks to his wife as the sole—I may even say the chief source of his felicity? What man, upon whom nature and cultivation have bestowed an ardent spirit, an enlightened mind, a warm imagination, a heart of sensibility, and a virtuous ambition,—what man like this who does not find it necessary to wander far from home, in order to gratify the noblest aspirations of his genius? He must gain glory on the field of battle,—he must stand first in the senate of his country,—he must climb the steep of Parnassus, or he must wander among the groves of Academus. If his acquirements are less numerous, and his ambition, in consequence, less lofty, still the domestic circle is too narrow. He must amass wealth; he must visit foreign lands; he must become a prophet in his own country—a councillor and potentate in his own town.

These are remarks which the immense majority of married men feel to be true, whether they will ac-



knowledge it or not. With a very few exceptions, they apply alike to all, even those who are esteemed the most fortunate in their matrimonial connections. As to those women whose temper and propensities render them scarcely fit for society, and who yet contrive to win the affections of some fond fool, an ancient divine has well compared them to a grave; for, as every grave has its *hic jacet*, so, when you link yourself to such a woman, *hic jacet*, you may write, the wisdom of Solomon—*hic jacet* the valour of David—*hic jacet* the strength of Sampson.

With these facts ever before us, surely there is but little romance in the notion that love—such love, I mean, as alone deserves the name—pure, changeless, and undying—can ever become a commodity much known in the world; till the mind of woman, susceptible, perhaps, of still greater advancement than that of man, shall be made to undergo a training in every respect different from that which seems to be at present established. When, boldly asserting the innate strength of her intellect and powers of native feeling, she has broken through the trammels in which policy and prejudice have so long involved her, and given to herself thoughts, and sentiments, and wishes, and opinions, more congenial to what are entertained by those who arrogate to themselves the title of “lords of the creation,”—then, and not till then, will the springs of genuine, and, comparatively, more than mortal happiness be opened. Then will woman cease to be the plaything of an hour,—the dancing, singing, or talking puppet, with which man condescends to while away a portion of his useless time. Then will the fashionable drawing-room, the glittering assembly, aye, even the noisy concert, lose their charms. Then will the insipid, frivolous, heartless tattle, that comes flowing out in such incessant streams from the fairest lips in the universe, be heard no longer. Then, at last, will woman prove that she has a soul; and man, feeling and rejoicing in her celestial influence, will look upon all other possessions as contemptible and worthless, when

placed in the balance with the love of such a heart as her's.

Alas! this is a consummation as yet far off, but there is still one consolation remaining. There are even now in the world beings such as those to whom I allude. It has, indeed, been said, that *all* women know more of love than man. This, from the reasons I have adduced, is evidently impossible. Women, it is true, from the very imbecility of their minds, easily become attached; but is attachment synonymous with love—the sublimest passion of our nature—the only one which makes us independent of all the world, and lifts us, as it were, out of the sphere of mortality? But the exceptions to which I have alluded seem to justify what I have said of the capabilities of the female intellect, and the intensity with which the sex may feel. Such of the sex as circumstances have happily enabled to meet man upon his own ground, to encounter him with his own weapons, have uniformly equalled, if not excelled him. There is a superior delicacy in the female mind, consequent, probably, upon the greater delicacy of her body, which would seem to fit her for appreciating, (*cæteris paribus*,) even more than man, all the finer impulses of love. Sappho's odes, *ἡς Ἀφροδίτην*, and *ἡς κορὴν*, or *ἰταίαν*, are themselves worth all that either Anacreon or Ovid have written on the same subjects. In like manner, Madame De Stael's Corinne, for depth of profound feeling, and pure, unalloyed passion, excels immeasurably Rousseau's boasted Heloise. Our own Mrs Hemmings, too, has infused into her poetry a chaste beauty, a genuine pathos, and a richness of sentiment, which Moore himself has at least never surpassed. I could mention another authoress, no less deservedly celebrated; but the praise which has been already heaped upon her makes me tremble for her future fame. If she can soar above it uninjured, her own immortality is secured, and, what is of far greater consequence, the flowery garland of glory will be for her devoid of thorns. That such may be the case is the ardent prayer of one who, though he knows her

only in her works, and will, in all probability, never know her otherwise, will yet never cease to esteem, with, perhaps, a too romantic enthusiasm, the name and productions of L. E. L.

I must now bring these wandering lucubrations to a close. I have spent many of the best years of my life as a *lover*, but I have already said, that I now feel that I never really *loved*. There are times when these reflections make me smile, and others when they prompt me rather to weep. I have had thoughts of giving notice, by public advertisement, that I have a heart either to sell or let, and that entrance may be had immediately. But hearts are so frequently sold now-a-days, that I begin to think there would be no bidders for mine. This consideration drives me to a more serious view of the subject; and I sigh to think that the brightest of all dreams—the dream of youth—should be passing over without having been gladdened by those rays which shine but once, and whose radiance is remembered for ever. A Spring without flowers would be a season more melancholy than even Winter itself; and must not the spring-time of life be melancholy, too, if it is wasted in a search after that which cannot be found? Is love, indeed, the beau-ideal of the poet's fancy? Is it vain to look for it in real life? Is it like the fabled

Asphodel, a plant that blossoms only in Elysium? Or has it been—*may* it be found in the world? Is it within the compass of human possibility that the bliss which it bestows may be gained, and yet is all the earth deprived of it? and can the circumstances which contribute to its formation never be all assembled together? Oh! surely, surely there are hearts which would understand each other; and yet chance, space, human nature, and the arbitrary laws of society, irremediably separate those who would have loved through life and death; and the same omnipotent causes link your existence with one who either does not understand you, or who is unworthy of your affections! It is this that makes me sad. I feel that I am capable of loving, and not altogether unworthy of being beloved. But years roll on, and I am still alone; there are none near me whose minds assimilate with my own, and if

“There’s a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
When two that are knit in *one* heavenly tie,  
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die,”

it is a bliss which I, at least, seem never destined to know.

H. G. B.

### The Tombe of Harrold.

THE battelle had bene foughte and wonne  
Onne Hastyng’s bloudie feeld,  
Where forced was Goddwyn’s gallaunt  
sonne

Hys croune and lyfe to yeilde.

Where lie the Normans spear atte  
lengthe

The Saxon bowe was broke,  
And Englaunde, rekklesse of hyr strengthe,  
Receevd the conqueror’s yoke.

Colde onne the lande hee couthe nott save  
The vanquish’d Harrold laie,  
Tille hee allowde the kynge a grave,  
Who refte hys croune awaie.

Thee soughte the feeld where foe onne foe  
Were stretchedde inne bloudie trimme;

Wythe hatredde gravedde onne eche bolde  
browe,  
Thoughe everiche eye was dymme.

And manie a prowde and mannlie face,  
Upturnedde, laie festyrnye there;  
And feytres love had lovedde toe trace,  
Nowe gorie gashes bare.

Botte nott monge all the heepes of sleyne,  
Norr ynne the feeld arrounde,  
Couthe hee who there hadde closedde hys  
reynne,  
Couthe Harroldes corss bee founde.

Yett soughte hym manie a lorde and  
knyghte,  
Who shared hys blytheste hours,

Hadde crossedde hys launce ynne my-  
 mikke fyghte,  
 And dancedde ynne ladys bowra.  
 Botte vainlie freendschypes serchinge  
 eie,  
 Corss afterre corss turnedde ore ;  
 None couthe the mannlie lookis descrie,  
 Whyche Ryal Harrold bore.  
 And muste the warriour tomblesse lie,  
 Onne thys hys latest feeld ?  
 Can none devyse a means wherebie  
 Hys corss maie bee reveeledde ?  
 " Yes, whatte evenne freendschyppe failes  
 toe fynde,  
 Love's keene glaunce can dyscover ;  
 Go, bringe Elgiva toe the feeld,  
 Toe seeke hyr lyflesse lover.  
 " The swanne-neckedde mayde, forr soe  
 the fayr  
 Stille Harrold lovedde toe name ;  
 And oh, ytts smooth, softe, dazzyng  
 arche,  
 The cygnett's well myghte schame.  
 " Those eyes thatte onne hym stille were  
 turnedde,  
 As flowers unto the skie,  
 Alone can telle hym fromme the deid  
 Thatte strowne soe thychkly lie."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Weepyng, thatte mayden soughte the  
 feeld,  
 And shudderredde ore the deid ;  
 And as eche myrk face was reveelde,  
 She schooke wythe doubte and dreid.  
 Botte as fromme corss to corss she  
 passedde,  
 Norr yett the kynge descryde ;  
 A strugglinge hope arose atte laste,  
 Thatte Harrold hadde nott dyde.  
 Tylle stretchedde uppone a Normanne  
 knyghte,  
 As pillowedde toe hys reste,  
 Wythe woundes and gore dysfiguredde  
 quyte,  
 And glaive alle firmly pressede  
 Ynne hys red ryghte hand, she behelde  
 The loser of the stryfe ;  
 The fountyn whence hyr joye hadde  
 welledde,  
 Hyr summe of love and lyfe.

Lyche snowe hurledde downe fromme  
 mountyn-syde,  
 She flunge hyr onne hys breste ;  
 And oft hys wounds, thatte gapedde soe  
 wyde,  
 Wythe hyr colde mouthe she pressedde.

" Yes, yes, these are the lovelie lipps  
 Soe oftenne pressedde toe myne,  
 And these the eyes thatte couthe eclipse,  
 Alle others ynne their shyne.

" Can I mistake thatte forme, deare one,  
 Whose syghte was alle mie joye,  
 Whose memoire dyd, whanne thou wert  
 gone,  
 Alle absent hours employe ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Theie layde hym ynne hys earlie tombe,  
 Where Waltham's cloysters ryse,  
 Whye maydens wepte hys lucklesse  
 doome,  
 And warriours wypedde their eyes.

Theie sighedde and wepte, and wente  
 their waye,  
 Fame, power, and wealthe toe queste ;  
 Botte one remaynedde toe wepe and  
 praye,  
 Whanne gonne were alle the reste :

Thoughe fayre, she soughte the cloysterrs  
 gloom,  
 Thoughe younge, she neverr rovedde ;  
 Botte wepte and wytheredde onne the  
 tombe  
 Of Harrold, whom she lovedde !

Thenne saye nott woman's love, lyke  
 yonne  
 Bryghte cloudd atte sonnesette schyn-  
 inge,  
 Wyll fade whanne fortune's daye is donne,  
 True love neer knows declyninge.

No ! as thatte sweete and gentill flower,  
 That, closedde throughout the daye,  
 Flynys onne the myrk and lonelie hour  
 Ytts fragranci awaye ;

Soe, fromme the wretch, bie fatts op-  
 pressedde,  
 Thoughe alle besyde maie sever,  
 Deare woman lies nott wythe the reste,  
 Botte dearlier loves thanne ever !

G. B.



## VOYAGE D'UN JEUNE FRANÇAIS EN ANGLETERRE ET EN ECOSSE, 1823.

THERE is something exceedingly amusing, in observing how objects, with which we have long been familiar, affect a foreigner who visits them for the first time. To be sure, one half of the amusement is derived from the *malice* of detecting the blunders into which every one who undertakes to describe a country from a flying visit of a month or two, will inevitably fall,—of observing how things, which are too common to excite a thought with us, are unto him “a beauty and a mystery,”—and how oddly, in his descriptions, the most trivial and important subjects are blended together, as if they were all equally new, important, and incomprehensible. It is not easy to avoid smiling, when we find an elaborate description of an English mail-coach prefacing a discussion on the policy of the British Government; or a splendid picture of Bath followed by a complaint on the subject of an underdone beef-steak. Sometimes, however, more useful information may be gleaned from the impressions of foreigners, on the subject of our country, and its manners and institutions. It is an old remark, that strangers see many things which escape the notice of those who have lived among them from their infancy; and Mr Adolphe Blanqui's performance is no bad illustration of this position, since he has had the good fortune to observe many things which we may venture to say no Englishman, since the days of Alfred, has been lucky enough to discover.

Had a translation of this work, in any given language, been picked up in the deserts of Arabia, the traveller would have required only to turn to the first and last pages, to discover that it was written by a Frenchman. A Frenchman would no more think of writing a book of travels without an apostrophe to France at the commencement and the conclusion, than he would of leaving or entering a room without making his bow. The author muses thus with himself as he sails out of the harbour of Havre: “Oh! qu'alors elle paraît grande et chère à tous les cœurs bien nés! avec quel or-

gueil on songe, en la quittant par l'embouchure de la Seine, qu'elle étend ses bras puissans jusqu'aux bords du Rhin, jusqu'aux sommets des Alpes et des Pyrénées!” And thus he hails the dirty town of Dieppe, on his return to the land which had the good fortune to be honoured with his birth: “Salut! douce terre de la patrie, toi qui porte les êtres que j'aime, et qui me vas rendre une sœur chérie! Nous venons de visiter le séjour de l'industrie et de l'opulence; nous avons parcouru des villes brillantes, des provinces fertiles, des routes magnifiques: mais nous n'avons trouvé d'aussi aimable que toi.”

M. Adolphe Blanqui informs us, that one intention of his work is, to cure the French of the bad habit they have got of *pitying* their poor English neighbours, without knowing them. How far he may be successful in this particular we do not pretend to inquire, though we think it likely that his own work may excite some feelings of that kind among English readers: but we confess we can conceive greater misfortunes than to be the object of a Frenchman's pity,—an emotion with which he is apt to regard every created being who is not born between the 42d and 51st degrees of north latitude. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have some vague notion, we believe, that all the rest of the world is tributary to them, and the Kubo of Japan never doubts for a moment that all the other sovereigns in the world only exist in the light of his countenance. Nobody would seriously think of dispelling this “*gratissimus error*” of the descendants of Fo, or their continental imitators, by any appeal to argument. We shall not, therefore, discuss the matter with our young Frenchman, who, to do him justice, is by no means a bad specimen of the national character. He is vain, superficial, and pert enough, no doubt; but he does not, like many of his countrymen, pervert the truth to gratify a preconceived dislike to our country. He seems to have intended to set down things as he found them; and if his book is any thing but a correct picture of the

state of Great Britain at the present moment, it is to be attributed, not so much to any wilful misstatement, as to the hasty and erroneous impressions which a tour of a few months in England and Scotland must inevitably leave on the mind of one educated in another country, amidst other habits, speaking another language, and apparently incapable of comprehending that of the country he was visiting and describing. He is, however, frequently amusing enough, and possesses, in a considerable degree, the talent in which few Frenchmen are altogether deficient, that of painting with liveliness and vivacity.

Our author left France by Havre, and almost fell a victim to sea-sickness on his passage to England. This disorder he conceives to be a kind of punishment sent from Heaven for the sins of mortals. He is kind enough to communicate, for the benefit of unfortunate voyagers, the most approved remedy against its attacks, which consists in reclining in a horizontal position, the head leaning a little backwards, and avoiding tea and all such infusions. The sailors, it seems, roasted their beef-steaks "*impitoyablement*" close to his nostrils, and the sight of a plate of salt-beef, "*sanglant et degoutant de graisse,*" which circulated in his vicinity, threw him "into actual convulsions;" a catastrophe which suggests to him the device of having the ceremony performed at a distance from sick passengers. He gets on shore at last at Southampton, and complains bitterly of the number of "shillings" he was compelled to disburse before he was placed, with his baggage, in the "*Auberge du Joli Vin,*"—an asylum, by the bye, which we never happened to meet with in Southampton.

He criticises the dinner severely; and as he makes a point of describing his head-quarters at all places, we fear the Aubergiste of the "*Joli Vin*" (assuming the existence of such a person *in rerum naturâ*) may be a sufferer by the review. The liquids seem to have met with a larger measure of approbation. These are divided into three classes,—"*porter,* which is strong beer, properly so called,"—"small beer, or petite

bierre,"—and "*ale,* which is something between the two, and superior to both." The subject of the dessert he postpones to the chapter on Bath, that he may be enabled to treat the subject in all its bearings. The remainder of the chapter on Southampton is occupied with an account of a tea-drinking at Mr William Oke's, a long account of the Gazo-meter, and a critique on "*God save the King.*"

He was petrified with astonishment next morning at the sight of the Bath Coach. Indeed we are inclined to suspect, from the account which he gives of the matter, that he never did acquire any distinct or satisfactory notions, as to the nature and properties of the leathern convenience. This is the description:

Notre surprise fut extrême lorsqu'il fallut monter en voiture, ou plutôt sur la voiture qui partait pour Bath. La moitié des voyageurs étaient déjà installée sur une *impériale* fort élevée, sans que nous eussions pu deviner par quel mécanisme ils y avaient été hissés. Le premier arrivé s'empara de la première place, quel que soit son rang d'inscription au registre, et l'on court risque de faire route à reculons, lorsqu'on ne s'élance point avec agilité jusqu'à la cage des voyageurs. Cette cage s'appelle *outside*, côté de dehors, et s'élève immédiatement au-dessus de l'*inside*, côté du dedans, lequel répond à l'intérieur de nos voitures. En avant et en arrière de l'*inside*, toujours sous l'*impériale*, deux énormes coffres sont destinés au bagage et fermés à clef; le tout est soutenu sur quatre roues d'une légèreté d'autant plus effrayante que, les places de l'intérieur n'étant pas constamment occupées, à cause de la cherté du prix, qui est double de celui de l'*outside*, tout le poids de la voiture se trouve dans la partie supérieure.

L'*outside*, he is of opinion, is very pleasant in fine weather, but disagreeable during a shower of rain; and he observed, that when this happened, people were in the habit of wrapping woollen handkerchiefs round their necks, and pulling up the capes of their greatcoats.

Between Salisbury and Warminster, the Frenchman had a conversation in Latin with a young Oxford student, who, like himself, occupied the *outside* of the mysterious vehicle. The Oxonian must have been a wag,



for ever and anon he pulled out a pocket Horace, and illustrated the scenery through which they were passing by analogous quotations. The Author, however, never suspected the possibility that he might be quizzing him, for he seems to have been beyond measure delighted by the incident, and remarks, "Avouons qu'on éprouve un certain charme à devenir tout à coup, grâce aux Romains tant maudits, citoyen dans une contrée étrangère!"

He saw nothing remarkable at Warminster, but the number of placards desiring people to "take notice," and threatening all offenders with imprisonment. He is of opinion that, if literally carried into effect, it would be impossible to move in any direction without incurring half-a-dozen penalties.

The description of Bath is rather lively. Pulteney-Street attracts his enthusiastic admiration; and the splendour of the city altogether delighted him. But, alas! these feelings were destined to receive a formidable shock on his arrival at the *Elephant and Castle*. The roast beef was underdone! M. Blanqui hangs up the unhappy waiter *in terrorem*.

Assis autour d'une table, couverte de pommes de terre et de bœuf sanglant, nous nous consolons de l'absence de la patrie en parlant de sa gloire et de ses douceurs, lorsque le garçon (*waiter*) a paru, tenant dans mains un dessert d'une espèce nouvelle: un énorme cornichon flanqué de quatre; ou cinq oignons crus, avec du cresson pour litière; des gâteaux de plomb (*plumb cakes*) trop dignes de leur nom, et du fromage, dont la population était originaire, disait-il, de Chester. A la vue de ces préparatifs d'empoisonnement, nous avons déserté la table, et couru chez le docteur Gibbs, dans Queen's Square.

The translation of *plumb cakes* is nearly as felicitous as the joke which it is intended to introduce.

Bristol he did not like—and the sight of the Hibernia Steam-packet lying in the harbour inspired him with the thought of visiting Ireland.

Accordingly he set sail, followed by an admiring crowd; but "Dis aliter visum est," and a tremendous storm (that is, tremendous to our author, who raises the waters like Launcelot Gobbo himself) drives them back, to the infinite amusement of the rival steam-vessels, into the harbour of

Bristol. It was during this awful scene that M. Adolphe Blanqui had an opportunity of hearing, for the first time, "ce celebre *Goddam*," which he had been taught by the French jokers to consider as characteristic of the English. He seems to have thought it no joking matter, however, this time, and observes drily, that if it be always pronounced in the same tone, the effect would be by no means ludicrous. The sailors turned pale with terror at the sound, (rather an uncommon effect of this ejaculation,) and the manœuvre, whatever it was, was performed in the twinkling of an eye (*en un clin d'œil*).

The unfortunate issue of his nautical adventure seems to have cured the young Frenchman of his fancy for visiting Ireland; "cette malheureuse Irlande si peu connue et si mal jugée;" and accordingly he proceeded to Liverpool and Birmingham. His description of the latter, and its vicinity, which he compares, happily enough, to the plain of the Cyclops, is amusing:

La richesse et l'industrie de Birmingham s'expliquent par le voisinage de la plaine de Wednesbury et de Wolverhampton, qu'on pourrait appeler, sans métaphore, la plaine des Cyclopes. La terre n'offre plus aux regards qu'une végétation stérile et sauvage, et le ciel, qu'un aspect nébuleux et noirâtre. Le sol est tout cicatrisé par les mines, et dominé par des milliers de hideuses pyramides quadrangulaires, d'où sortent, pendant le jour, des nuages de fumée, et des torrens de flammes pendant la nuit. Les routes sont pavées de scories et couvertes d'une poussière noire, qui, s'attachant au linge, aux vêtements et à la peau, donne aux habitans du pays une physionomie désagréable. La plaine est entr'ouverte de distance en distance, par des fosses profondes, bordées de charbon et de produits d'une apparence volcanique. De longues colonnes de fumée, se balancent comme des vagues, au milieu d'une atmosphère calme et vaporeuse: si quelquefois un vent léger s'élève, ces colonnes sont balayées sur-le-champ, et alors on n'aperçoit plus qu'une aigrette blanchâtre à la cime des pyramides. Tout est feu et fumée, enclumes, marteaux, pompes et fonderies; et les cyclopes de cette plaine valent bien ceux du Mont-Etna; car on les a vus, pendant vingt ans de guerre, fabriquer à toute l'Europe des armes contre nous. Quinze mille fusils par mois sortaient de leurs terribles fournaies: sans compter les bombes, les



boulets, et les armes blanches. Les enfans et les femmes y travaillaient jour et nuit, et multipliaient innocemment les instrumens de destruction qui produisent tôt ou tard l'esclavage des peuples. Au milieu de cette brûlante activité, dont le spectacle sévère n'est pas sans tristesse, les habitans semblent ignorer qu'il est des douceurs dans la vie ; qu'un petit jardin, une pelouse, des fruits, une maison propre et commode, font le bonheur de leurs compatriotes à dix lieues de distance ; ils respirent sans cesse un air embrasé, et, tout entiers à leurs mines, ne songent guère si la surface de la terre est bonne à quelque chose.

Pour la première fois, dans cette plaine, j'ai commencé à comprendre l'industrie Anglaise. Depuis l'île de Wight jusqu'à Bromsgrove, Bristol excepté, tout semble annoncer plutôt un peuple de pasteurs, un peuple ami des champs et des jardins : on a beau regarder autour de soi, on n'aperçoit que des détails, que des habitations de riches consommateurs, sans concevoir quelle puissance invisible travaille à l'œuvre continuelle de la production. Mais, ici disparaît l'incertitude sur la nécessité de ce commerce immense d'exportation, qui force les Anglais à couvrir la mer de leurs vaisseaux ; et les milliers de pyramides qui hérissent la campagne de Wednesbury, révèlent une partie du secret de cette nation rivale de la nôtre. Nulle part, en France, les exploitations ne sont fondées sur une base aussi large ; nulle part l'horizon n'est limité dans un espace de cinquante lieues carrées par un appareil aussi vaste et aussi imposant. Dans le silence et l'obscurité des nuits, l'incendie qui rayonne de tous les points de la plaine, produit sur le voyageur Français une impression profonde : à la vue de ces lieux où l'on forgeait naguère des foudres contre sa patria, il maudit les vicissitudes de la fortune, qui a fait succomber un grand empire sous les efforts de quelques millions d'insulaires ; et, ramené, par la pensée, sur la terre natale, s'il se rappelle des feux plus terribles..., les larmes succèdent à l'admiration, et la besoin de la vengeance à la douleur des souvenirs.

We must make short work with the route to Glasgow. He pays his compliments to Scotland, on entering, in an apostrophe, as usual ; and the combination of names, which he has chosen to characterise our country, is sufficiently amusing :

Salut, noble terre de Wallace, de Bruce, et de Robertson, terre classique de la franchise et de l'hospitalité ! puissent tes bons habitans conserver toujours l'antique

simplicité de leurs pères, et se souvenir que le Français furent jadis leurs frères d'armes !

What an affecting appeal ! We really feel not a little remorse at the thought of having said any thing ill-natured of a person who pays us so flattering compliments.

M. Adolphe Blanqui indulges in some reflections on the impropriety of allowing the system of irregular marriages at Gretna-Green, the number of which annually amounts to about eighty. He very gravely proposes, that the privilege, which he is pleased to suppose that Gretna possesses, should be suppressed, being of course quite ignorant that the validity of the marriages celebrated there arises from the difference of the laws of the two countries, and not from any happy exemption in favour of *that* village, which owes its good fortune to the circumstance of its being the first on the Scottish Border. Annan has nothing remarkable, but it is the birth-place of the Rev. Edward Irving, and M. Adolphe Blanqui favours us with a sketch of his biography, and with his own opinions as to his character. His estimate of the physical and mental qualities of that colossal preacher seems pretty correct, for, in fact, M. Blanqui seldom hazards any very formidable proposition on any subject whatever. Mr Irving's countenance, he thinks, "is rather imposing, though he squints prodigiously ;" and his talents, he thinks, considerably superior to that of the French field-preachers of the present day. His style is not strictly correct ; and his picture of the dying libertine, in one of his sermons, not quite equal to Massillon ; but, on the whole, he is not an ordinary man, and M. Blanqui rather thinks that his sermons may produce an epoch in English literature, if he avail himself properly of all the good advice which has been expended upon him.

At last he got fairly landed in Glasgow. His first visit is to the College. Dr Towers, the Professor of Midwifery, introduced him to his colleagues, "dans la grande salle de reunion." His picture of the Professors is quite primitive, for the oldest of them was habited in a *plaid*, and was reading the Edinburgh Re-

view, and shaking his head all the time:

L'un d'eux, le plus âgé des tous, envelopé dans son *plaid*, lisait la *Revue d'Edimbourg*, en secouant sa tête octogénaire: il s'est empressé auprès de nous de la manière la plus aimable, et lorsque le docteur Towers eut prononcé la formule ordinaire de présentation: M. B., jeune voyageur étranger, "Oui, Monsieur, me dit en Aglais ce respectable vieillard, nous sommes tous voyageurs; il faut nous bien recevoir ici-bas; car nous devons tous nous revoir ailleurs, un peu plus tôt, un peu plus tard." Ces laborieux philosophes passent ainsi leur vie au milieu des douceurs de l'étude, sans être jamais troublés par les misères du présent et les inquiétudes de l'avenir.

After leaving this Utopian residence, he visits the usual *sights* of Glasgow and its vicinity. Nearly a whole chapter is occupied with the account of his reception at the "*chateau de Carntyne*," the house of a gentleman to whom he had the good fortune to be introduced, and who really seems to have treated him with great kindness, and to have displayed a degree of patient forbearance towards his absurdities, which deserved the very splendid eulogium bestowed by the Frenchman. We should conceive, however, that those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," would not altogether relish M. Blanqui's system of paying off his obligations to them on the score of hospitality, by a draft for the amount in printed compliments. Mr William Oke and Dr Gibbes little suspected that they were thus to be made immortal by their visitor.

During his stay at the *chateau*, he prosecuted his inquiries into the state of British literature. The result is most satisfactory. Robert Burns, he thinks, occupies the first rank among Scotch writers. He has "sung the beauties of Scotland, the pleasures of shepherds, and the misfortunes of Mary Stuart." "After him, Sir Walter Scott occupies the highest place, or rather he shares it with him, for how could the Scotch be insensible to the merits of the historian of Waverley, of the Puritans, of Rob Roy, the Lady of the Lake, and the *Prison d'Edimbourg*." Lord Byron, he thinks, does not occupy so high a place with us as either of

the other two; and he does not know whether to ascribe this to national prejudice, or to a reluctance on our part to pay homage to talent where it is disjoined from virtue. These authors, with Oliver & Boyd's account of the Royal Visit, seem to have bounded M. Blanqui's English studies. The latter he has evidently read with great attention, for he criticises it severely; and seems to think, that, in the enthusiasm occasioned by the Royal visit, he has found an apology for all the extravagancies which French mobs display at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances.

We cannot follow him in his trip to Dumbarton and the lakes. At Dumbarton, however, he seems to have been made the subject of one of those jokes with which our western neighbours are accustomed to take with silly strangers. He was told it had been thought of at one time as a prison for Napoleon, and as our young Frenchman is a Buonapartist *à l'outrance*, nothing more was wanting to make him commit himself. He raves about the beauty of Dumbarton, and gratifies his readers with a splendid moonlight lithograph of the place. His concluding reflections on Buonaparte's probable train of thought in such a situation, is quite characteristic. We observe that every Frenchman thinks himself entitled to rave about Ossian:

"Tout le monde sait que, lorsque la Sainte-Alliance, depuis vingt ans en travail, eut accouché d'une victoire, ("one victory!") Head of Confucius, but this is great!) effrayée de son prisonnier, elle se hâta de le confier aux Anglais: ceux-ci avaient songé d'abord à l'enterrer tout *vis à Dumbarton*; mais ils réfléchirent que sa présence gênerait la navigation de la Clyde, et, comme il eût été odieux de le tuer en Europe, on trouva plus commode de le faire mourir en Afrique. Nous avons su, depuis, quelle terrible conformité régnait entre Dumbarton et Sainte Héléne! Ces vieux crânes, bâtis pour un autre siècle, forment un contraste aussi frappant avec le costume moderne des soldats, que le nom de Wallace avec celui de Napoléon. Quelles pensées seraient donc venues assaillir cet illustre captif, lorsqu'il aurait mesuré du regard les champs parcourus par Wallace, et que le vent d'Irlande lui aurait apporté les grandes images des enfans d'Ossian!

On peut bien pardonner à un Français



d'avoir un moment arrêté ses pas devant une forteresse destinée à devenir célèbre dans l'histoire de son pays. Et puis, ce rocher basaltique était le Balclutha d'Ossian; de là, *peut-être, les ames des héros s'élançaient dans le sein des nuages*; (very probable, we think.) de là, par un attrait plein de douceur encore, elles veillaient au salut de leur patrie."

Then follows a tirade about Elysium, Styx, and the Infernal Regions, which might be very fine indeed, if we could understand it.

Edinburgh was next honoured with a visit, and his account of the Northern Capital displays all that extent of information and originality of remark which characterise the volume generally. The high character which Edinburgh enjoys as a literary city, he thinks, is owing principally to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Annual Register*. The fish-market is supplied with such a vast variety of specimens, that it forms a favourite rendezvous for students of natural history; and the *Poissardes*, from being constantly consulted on the subject, have taken it into their heads that they are very great naturalists, and plume themselves not a little on their importance. For this piece of information also we suspect he has been indebted to some friend from the west, and his students of natural history will be found, we fear, on examination, to be nothing but a troop of veteran gourmands cheapening turbot.

It was impossible to be in Edinburgh without visiting Sir Walter Scott. To be sure he had no introduction, but what Frenchman was ever daunted by such an obstacle?

Quand les étrangers visitaient Athènes, ils couraient voir tout d'abord Socrate et Platon: notre première visite était due à l'auteur des *Puritains* et de *Waverley*; mais il venait de partir pour la campagne.

"A la bonne heure" we should think, when such visitors were at hand. Blanqui was quite surprised to find, on his arrival at No. 39, Castle Street, that the door bore the modest inscription of "Sir Walter Scott, Baronet." Did the man expect to see "Author of *Waverley*, the *Puritans*, and the *Prison d'Edimbourg*?" His hand shook a little as he rung the bell.

Au premier coup de la sonnette que...

femme est accourue, fidèle gardienne de la demeure du poète; son air honnête et doux nous a semblé d'un bon augure, car j'ai souvent entendu dire qu'on pouvait juger sans erreur de l'accueil du maître par celui des domestiques. Elle nous a introduits dans le salon de réception avec un sourire de remerciement et de joie pour cet hommage que nous venions de si loin rendre à son maître; elle a répondu à toutes nos questions avec une sagacité et un à-propos remarquables, comme si elle prenait sa part de notre visite à Sir Walter Scott. Un volume de *Guy Mannerling* était ouvert sur la table au milieu d'une foule de papiers qu'il nous en a coûté beaucoup de respecter: sur le revers de l'un d'eux, nous avons exprimé le regret que nous causait l'absence de l'auteur. La bonne servante nous engageait vivement à faire le voyage d'Abbotsford, où nous devons trouver Sir Walter Scott au sein de sa famille, dans un charmant hermitage. "Allez, Messieurs, disait-elle; mon maître est toujours enchanté de recevoir des Français: vous lui ferez plaisir, et vous verrez que ses filles parlent aussi bien votre langue que la leur."

Blanqui was much tempted to venture, but his better genius interfered, and he excuses himself on the ground of want of time; on which he moralizes thus:

Toujours l'homme est retenu sur la terre par quelques motifs de dépendance; et les plaisirs de l'ame ne sont pas plus exempts de mélange que les jouissances du cœur.

Edinburgh appeared quite deserted to him, after this incident; and after treating us with a chapter on Highlanders, borrowed from Colonel Stewart, he resumes his route to England. Nothing remarkable occurred on his journey to London, except that he was charged two guineas for his bed at York, having unfortunately invaded the town during the Musical Festival. We see nothing so amusing in his account of London as his visit to the Menagerie in the Tower. He paid his money, and grumbles very much at the disappointment of receiving no value for it. The lions were very poor indeed. But he found some consolation in a metaphysical speculation on the question, "For what purpose Nature had created a bo-constrictor?"

Quels monstres la nature a créés là! Dans quel but? Qui me dira le bien qu'elle fait sur la terre?



As he receives no answer to this question, the snakes are declared useless; and, flattered with his success on this point, he propounds a similar inquiry, touching the utility of the beef-eaters, who were acting as his ciceroni.

Qui me dira aussi pourquoi ces ridicules hallebardiers nous accompagnent? Est-ce que nous avons besoin d'eux pour traverser des cours où il n'y a personne? Sans doute on ne craint pas que nous emportions un canon, ni une caisse de fusils, ni les beaux instrumens de torture de la flotte invincible, ni les joyaux de la couronne, *qui ne se voient qu'au travers d'une grille de fer*, (who knows but the beef-eaters may have taken him for a second Colonel Blood.) Sommes-nous des Parlementaires qui se présentent dans une place assiégée, ou des étrangers qui viennent visiter un établissement public?

The only answer which the inexorable beef-eater made to this appeal was, to demand a douceur of a shilling for showing him the spot where Lady Jane Gray and Anne Boleyn were beheaded.

Of the state of English literature, or politics, he seems to be profoundly ignorant; but he has the good

sense to say nothing about them; an example which it would be well if other travellers, "foreign and domestic," as the journals say, would more frequently imitate. He visits the theatres, however, walks over the Parks, peeps into Westminster Abbey, and performs the other visits of ceremony, which a residence of a few days in London enables a man to accomplish. He then sets off for Brighton, and closes his book with a compliment to France.

We do not know how the book may do in France, but we have seldom seen one in which, with so little that is actually false or disagreeable, there is such a complete absence of any thing that can be of the slightest service in conveying to the French an idea of the actual state of England. Except the outside of towns and public buildings, he seems to have seen absolutely nothing; and, with the assistance of Forayth's Beauties of Scotland, the Picture of London, and a common road-book, might, have manufactured his tome equally well, without having ever quitted the Marais, or endangered his person in the Hibernia steam-boat.

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MARGINAL NOTES TO MR ROGERS' "HUMAN LIFE."  
(First Edit. 12mo.)

Page 8.—"A FEW short years—and then these sounds shall hail," &c. &c.

The idea of the ringing of bells attending each particular epoch of life, is most simple and beautiful. There could not possibly have been a more appropriate commencement for a poem like "Human Life."

Page 16.—"Long with his friend, in generous enmity,  
Pleading, insisting in his place to die."

Mr Rogers is an admirer of Dryden, and not unfrequently copies his very faults. The first line of a couplet should never terminate with a syllable that *must* be pronounced short, as does the one above. Dryden and Rogers commit this repeatedly. A trisyllable ends a verse occasionally in a very pleasing manner, but then it must be the last line of a couplet,—as, a little below:

Page 17.—"Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky,  
To him shine out as 'twere a galaxy."

And here, as it is cited, I will remark, that the expression "*shine out*" (which form has sometimes been censured) is perfectly classical. See *Æsch. Prom.* 1119. (*Ed. Blomf.*)

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ἐλίκας δ' ἐκλάμπουσι  
στεροπῆς ζάφυροι.

Page 18.—"Making night beautiful."

Similarly saith Shakspeare:

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"What may this mean?  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous?"—*Hamlet*.

Page 31.—"Then come those full confidings of the past."

This is a golden line. Those of Mr Rogers' readers, who are under the influence of the tender passion, will find in it food for much agreeable meditation.

Page 33.—"Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

In the second edition, 12mo, Mr R. here inserted the following lines:—(I quote from memory.)

"Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,  
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,  
To fireside happiness and hours of ease  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

Page 35. ————— "with gentle violence."

So Coleridge:

"The gentle violence of joy."—*The Kiss*, p. 44.

I have seen the expression elsewhere.

Page 36.—"These, with unequal footsteps following fast."

—————"sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis."—*Virgil*.

Page 46.—"Under the beech tree."

In the 2nd edit. 12mo, Mr R. altered this to "elm-tree."

Page 48. ————— "In autumn at his plough."

An elegant allusion to a well-known historical fact.

Page *ib.*—"Met and solicited, behold him now."

Here, in 2nd edit. 12mo, several lines were added. They are the following:—(I quote from memory.)

"Quitting the humbler scene his fathers knew,  
The scene that Wisdom loves and Virtue too;  
She who subsists not on the vain applause,  
Misjudging man now gives, and now withdraws.

"'Twas morn; the sky-lark o'er the furrow sung  
As from his lips the slow consent was wrung,  
As from the fields his fathers till'd of old,  
The plough they guided in an age of gold,  
Down by the beech-wood side he turned his way:  
And now behold him, in an evil day,  
Serving the state again, &c."

Page 49. ————— "To his hearth again,  
Again with honour to his hearth restor'd."

Mr R. seems to delight in this kind of repetition. See last line, p. 31—11th l. p. 38—11th l. p. 41—13th l. p. 42—3d l. p. 48—4th l. p. 49—7th l. p. 49—3d l. p. 50—12th l. p. 56—11th l. p. 59.

Page 50.—"The humblest servant," &c.

In the 2d. ed. 12mo. Mr R. substituted the word "lowliest" for "humblest." There is a refined accuracy in this alteration, for the term "humble" is most properly applied to the *habit of mind*, and "lowly" to *condition*, or *station*.

Page 52.—"Years glide away untold—'Tis still the same,  
As fresh, as fair, as on the day it came!"

Rogers, even in his "Human Life," appears as the Poet of Memory. This is one instance of it; and the observing reader may select numerous others from the pages of that interesting poem.

Page 53.—"The village-clock strikes from the distant tower."

Is not the sound in this line remarkably suited to the sense? Several similar examples are to be found in the poem.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the classical reader of Βῆ δ' ἄκων κ.τ.λ., τριχθα τετραχθα κ.τ.λ., ἄντις ἐπειτα κ.τ.λ., procumbit humi bos, ære cire viros, amica luto sus, &c. &c. Our minds are palled early enough with those trite, however beautiful, passages.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

The celebrated Ugo Foscolo is preparing for publication a *Treatise of Italian Classical Poetry*, which is to consist of 20 vols. 8vo.

Mr Bliss has in the press a *Practical Treatise on Fruit Trees*, from the Nursery upwards; with a description and enumeration of all the best Fruits now in cultivation; a full definition of the Apple-fly, commonly called the American-blight, which causes the canker in Apple-trees, and its effectual Remedy.

Mr C. C. Western, M.P., has in the press "Practical Remarks on the Management and Improvement of Grass Land, as far as relates to Irrigation, Winter-flooding, and Draining;" and likewise a new edition of "Remarks on Prison Discipline," with plates; and an Appendix, containing a description of the Plans of a Prison to contain 500 persons; with a Copy of a Bill to render persons possessed of personal as well as real property, liable to serve on Juries for Counties; and an explanatory Statement of its objects and provisions.

Three volumes of *Legal Ana*, with curious portraits and engravings, will be published in November, under the title of "Law and Lawyers." It is intended to serve as a popular appendage to the Law library, with reference to the history, biography, and anecdote of the profession.

Mr George Downes, author of *Letters from Mecklenburgh and Holstein*, has just ready for publication a volume of poems, entitled "Dublin University Prize Poems," with Spanish and German Ballads, and other pieces.

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The Confessions of a Gamester.

Mr W. T. Brande has in the press, a *Manual of Pharmacy*, in one volume 8vo.

Early in the ensuing year will be published, in one volume 4to., *Joannis Miltoni Angli De Doctrina Christiana, Libri duo* posthumi, nunc primum Typis Mandati, edente C. R. Sumner, M.A. At the same time will be published, uniform with the above, a *Treatise on Christain Doctrine*,

by John Milton, translated from the original by Charles R. Sumner, M.A., Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Worcester. This important and interesting posthumous work of Milton, and the translation, are now printing at the Cambridge University press.

The first volume of the *Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.*, on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, with additional notes and cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq., Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

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The *History of Origins* will shortly be published in a neat portable volume, comprehending a collection of antiquities, historical facts, customs, political and social institutions, and national rites and peculiarities.

Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, has completed his *Monumenta Authentica Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ*. This work will extend to eight volumes folio, and contains above five thousand Papal Letters, besides other precious documents, almost as numerous, of letters from our Kings and Queens, transcribed from the Autographs, from the time of Pope Honorius III. A.D. 1216 to a recent period. The whole are faithfully copied from the authentic register of the Vatican, and none of them have been hitherto published. Such articles as have correctly appeared in Rymer and our historians are omitted in the present work.

The *Sisters of Nansfield*, a tale for young women, by the author of "the Stories of Old Daniel," &c., is in the press.

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Travels of General Baron Minutoli, in Lybia and Upper Egypt, are announced.

The History of Italy, from the fall of the Western Empire to the extinction of the Venetian Republic, is preparing by George Perceval, Esq.

A History of the French Revolution, by A. Theirs and Felix Bodin, will speedily be published in London.

A Chronological History of the West-Indies is announced; by Capt. Thomas Southey, R.N.

Letters of Horace Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris, are printing.

A display of the Commercial Power of Great Britain, by Charles Dupin, is in the press, under the direction of the author.

The Rev. Dr Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the

press a work on the question relative to the author of the "Icon Basilike," in two Letters to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A History, Directory, and Gazetteer of the County Palatine of Lancaster, is in the press.

The Emigrant's Note-Book and Guide, with Recollections of Upper and Lower Canada during the late war, by Lieut. J. C. Morgan, will soon be published.

Sermons and Charges, by Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta, with Memoirs of his Life, are preparing. By H. D. Bonney, 8vo.

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## PART VIII.

*Plate VIII.* View of the Corpora Striata, Thalami, Pineal Gland, Corpora Quadrigemina, and the Tentorium.—*Plate IX.* View of the Corpora Striata, Thalami, Pillars of the Fornix, Anterior and Posterior Commissures, Pineal Gland, Corpora Quadrigemina, Inferior Cornu of Lateral Ventricle, Cerebellum, with Division of Superior Longitudinal into two Lateral Sinuses.—*Plate X.* View of the Basis of the Brain, with the different Cerebral and Cerebellic Nerves, together with the Branches of the Internal Carotid

and Vertebral Arteries.—*Plate XI.* View of the Interior of the Basis of the Skull lined with the Dura Mater, showing its Duplicatures, the Pituitary Gland, and the emergence of the various Cerebral and Cerebellic Nerves; and also the entrance of the Internal Carotid and Vertebral Arteries, with the different Sinuses.—*Plate XII.* View of the Basis of the Brain, to illustrate the course of the Medullary Fibres.—*Plate XIII.* View of the Superficies of both Hemispheres, representing the various convolutions.—*Plate XIV.* Perpendicular Section of the Cerebrum, Cerebellum, and Medulla Oblongata, illustrating the course of the Medullary Fibres, the Fifth Ventricle, the Third Ventricle, the Iter a Tertio ad Quartum Ventriculum, the Commissura Magna, the Commissura Anterior, Commissura Posterior, the Fornix, the Velum Interpositum, the Vena Magna Galleni, the Torcular Herophili, the Superior Longitudinal Sinus, and the Internal Carotid Artery, with some of its branches.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Important events have taken place in this country since our last publication. Louis XVIII. is dead, and is succeeded by his brother, the Count d'Artois, now Charles X. of France. The demise of Louis, which had been long predicted, took place on Thursday, the 17th ult. Notwithstanding of his age, and the accumulation of his bodily infirmities, he seems to have lingered out to the last struggle of expiring nature, and according to the French papers, to have been perfectly conscious of his approaching death, which he met with great mental firmness and resignation. Charles X. is nearly 67 years of age. The following are the other members of the House of Bourbon, of the male sex, in the order of their succession to the French throne :

1. Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angouleme, (now Dauphin,) born August 6, 1775.
2. Henry, Duc de Bourdeaux, son of the Duc de Berri, born Sept. 29, 1820.
3. Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, born October 6, 1773, who married Maria Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily, by whom he has male issue—
4. Ferdinand, Duc de Chartres, born Sept. 3, 1810.
5. Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours, born Oct. 25, 1814.
6. Francis Ferdinand, Duc de Joinville, born August 14, 1818.
7. Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Penthièvre, born January 1, 1820; and
8. Henry Eugene, Duc de Aumale, born June 16, 1822.

Of that illustrious branch of the Bour-

bons, the House of Conde, there is but one individual remaining, Louis Henry Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, born April 13, 1756, who is the ninth in the succession to the French Crown.

On Wednesday, 23d, the remains of Louis XVIII. were removed in great funeral pomp from Paris to St Denis. The coffin was deposited in the Chapel of St Louis, where it will remain for some time before it is interred. The throng was immense in the streets leading from the Tuileries towards St. Denis, but though the gens d'armes were not employed as usual, order and decency prevailed. On the Monday following, the new King made his public entry into Paris. He was attended by a grand cortege and vast concourse from the barrier, where he had the keys of the city presented to him, with an address from the Municipality, to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where he was addressed with a profusion of pious incense, by the Archbishop of Paris and his clergy, and thence to the Tuileries. He received upwards of 400 petitions on his way, and being on horseback, conversed familiarly with several of the petitioners.

The death of Louis has caused no alteration in the French ministry, and Charles has declared his intention to change nothing of what was established by his predecessor. The first act of his government, namely, a decree abolishing the censorship of the press, has given the highest satisfaction throughout the country, and the people augur from this liberality on the part of the sovereign, a long continuance of prosperity and peace.

**SPAIN.**—Before the late desperate attempts made by the Constitutionalists upon the Spanish coast, Ferdinand was so fully sensible of the little popularity which he had acquired, and of the total impossibility of maintaining himself without foreign aid, that he applied for a prolongation of the residence of the French troops in Spain. The request was of course granted, and the Marquis of Talaru and Count d'Ofalia having been appointed Plenipotentiaries by both Governments to discuss and fix the terms and period of this new occupation, it was settled that it should extend to the 1st of January 1825; that the number of troops should remain the same as before, 45,000 men, and that, besides the places formerly holden by the French, they should garrison the cities of Saragossa and Cordova. The consideration which Ferdinand pays, or undertakes to pay, for their assistance, is 2,000,000 francs per month. The Convention to this effect was signed on the 30th of June, and the ground on which the delay is demanded and conceded is stated in the preamble to be, "because his Catholic Majesty conceived that, in order to have time to complete the organization of his army, a prolongation of the residence of the French troops would be useful."—There is no doubt, after what has lately happened, that this application will not be the last.

The miserable state of Spain seems to be greatly aggravated, by the late abortive attempt at its liberation. The fury of the party whom the French maintain in power, has been raised to a pitch hitherto unparalleled, and seems verging on a system of open massacre, similar to that lately carried on by the Turks against the Greeks. A mandate, issued by the Minister of Police, appears absolutely to authorise such a course, since they look more like orders for a general massacre than instructions to officers of the civil power for a strict performance of their duty. "Henceforth," says he, "let every one tremble, who, in serving my orders, does not act according to my proper spirit. Religion and the King! these are the august and truly sacred objects, whose defence, stability, and glory, are entrusted to the Police: treason and crime are the horrible monsters, whose absolute extermination is our principal duty. To aid and to protect, with all our force, the loyal defenders of the Sovereign; to seek his enemies everywhere; to follow them wherever they endeavour to hide themselves; to introduce ourselves into their most secret caverns, and persecute them to their total

extermination; these are the means of arriving at the desired end. Unhappy he, who, from this day henceforward, separates himself from this path a single step, a single line! The stroke of a thunderbolt from a dark cloud is not more speedy than the castigation which will overtake him!" This system is not yet downrightly acted upon; but still executions, sometimes with and sometimes without the forms of law, are multiplied in every quarter of Spain. The national militia, once supposed the bulwark of the monarchy, are disbanded, and obliged to deliver up their arms; and their place is attempted to be supplied by a body called the Royalist Volunteers, composed of the most furious zealots of the faction; but even these are not presenting themselves in great numbers.

**RUSSIA.**—The Emperor of Russia has, by an Imperial ukase, ordered a levy of two men out of every 500 persons in his dominions, which, taking the whole population at fifty millions, will produce 200,000 recruits. The manifesto issued on the occasion says, that this force is intended to replace the vacancies occasioned in his armies and fleets by the "ordinary diminutions," and the retirement of the soldiers who had completed their time of service.

**GREECE.**—We have of late received various and contradictory accounts from this quarter, from which it is difficult to collect the real state of affairs. It appears, however, to be established beyond doubt, that, in the beginning of August, the Greeks had encountered the Turkish squadron, under the command of the Captain Pacha, whom they had entirely defeated, destroying one ship of the line, one frigate, several corvettes, and a number of smaller vessels. The Egyptian expedition against Greece sailed from Alexandria on the 3d August; and the Greeks were fitting out a squadron of 100 vessels, for the purpose of attacking it.

#### ASIA.

**EAST INDIES.**—The latest advices from Bombay are to the 21st of June, which bring some interesting accounts of the progress of the war against the Bir-mese. It appears they have been compelled to evacuate Assam, their recent conquest. On the 8th March, the British troops entered Gowhatty, the capital, and seem to have been generally received as deliverers. The enemy had, during the preceding night, evacuated the whole of their stockades in and adjoining to Gowhatty, and retired, as was reported, to Roosah, to join a considerable body of



Burmese at that place. A few loaded iron guns, a pair of colours, and a dead body, dreadfully mutilated, were found in the place. The Burmese, it was said, had, the day before their retreat, blown fourteen Assamese chiefs from the cannon's mouth. The British expedition directed against Rangoon, the principal sea-port of the Burmese, succeeded in its object, and took possession of the place after no great resistance from the forts and batteries; but the Burmese continued to make a resistance in the neighbourhood in small detached parties. On the other hand, the Burmese had gained some successes on the side of Chittagong, where there was a very small Company's force to oppose them; and two large ships belonging to Bombay had been ordered to proceed from Madras to Chittagong, with troops to meet the enemy in that quarter. The opinion prevails at Bombay that, from the plan of resistance adopted by the Burmese, although the issue of the contest could hardly be doubtful, its duration would be much greater than had been at first anticipated.

#### AFRICA.

**CAPE COAST.**—Dispatches have been received from Cape Coast Castle, dated the 13th and 18th of July, announcing the highly gratifying intelligence that the Ashantees were signally defeated in a general action on the 11th of July. It appears that their temporary success had raised their hopes of conquest to the highest pitch. The barbarian Sovereign, Assai Tootoo Quamina, with whom Mr Dupuis negotiated, is dead. His brother, who succeeded him at the moment of victory over the late Sir Charles McCarthy, resolved to march down to the coast immediately, with an overwhelming force, and drive the English into the sea. He came accordingly with an army of 18,000 men; but before he made his attack, in full confidence of his approaching triumph, he sent a taunting message to the Castle, telling them, that though they might raise their walls, and strengthen their fortifications, nothing should prevent him from overthrowing and destroying them. With savages like himself these menaces might have produced some effect in the way of intimidation, but on the English garrison they were of course wasted. Vigorous preparations were made for resistance, and, when the enemy appeared in force under the walls, all was ready for his reception. After some days, during which his purpose seems to have varied, a general attack was commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued

until six in the evening, when the barbarians fell back in disorder, having sustained a very heavy loss. Our black auxiliaries fought with great bravery, though it was necessary to drive them to their post at the point of the bayonet. The battle was fought within three quarters of a mile from the shore. On the 12th and 13th some skirmishes took place with detachments of the enemy, in which they were again defeated with loss. One of the first results of our success was, the release of Mr Williams, who had so long been detained a prisoner by the Ashantees. After the defeat the Ashantee army broke up, and dispersed in every direction. The King revenged himself for his discomfiture by beheading four of the Chiefs, whom he had retaken after they had deserted from him. The British loss is very trifling. One officer only is killed, Lieutenant Swanzy, of the Royal African corps, and seven rank and file are wounded. The unorganised force of negroes in our service lost a total of 102 rank and file killed, and 440 rank and file wounded. Lieut.-Col. Sutherland, who commanded the British forces on the day of the victory, came home with the dispatches in the *Thetis* frigate. The charge had therefore devolved on Colonel Grant.

#### AMERICA.

**MEXICO.**—The rash enterprise of Augustin Iturbide, the discarded Emperor of Mexico, to disturb the existing Government of that country, has terminated in his capture and death. It appears that he landed with a few followers, at Soto la Marina, on the 15th of July last; and the official Gazette of Mexico gives an account of his apprehension on the 19th, which was immediately followed by his execution the same evening, at six o'clock, at the city of Padilla, without any other ceremony than that of reading to him a decree of Congress of the 28th April, putting him without the pale of the law, and providing for his instant death, should he ever be found within the Mexican territory. What he had expected or contemplated only appears from a proclamation issued on his landing, in which he says, he does not return as Emperor, but as a soldier and a Mexican, in order to contribute, by his counsel and his sword, to the preservation of the liberty and independence of the state, against the designs of the mother-country and the Holy Alliance. The Mexican Congress, however, had evidently given him no credit for his professions, and he seems to have made no sort of provision to proceed in defiance to opposition, but to have run

blindly on his fate. He does not appear to have mustered any adherents; but to have been quietly taken and shot, almost as soon as he landed. The sudden extinction of this enterprise by the American rulers displays an energy and vigilance which will greatly commend them to foreign powers, and will pave the way for the recognition of their independent authority.

The Mexican Government, to shew their moderation, have brought forward a proposition in Congress for settling a pension of 8000 dollars on his widow, who, with two of his children, was the sharer of his calamitous expedition, and almost the spectatress of his death.

PERU.—If the Royalists in Peru had continued united, they might have prolonged the struggle; their dissensions, however, have put the cause which they support in a fair way to be speedily altogether ruined. Intelligence concerning the affairs of that country that can be depended upon, has been brought by the *Lion* schooner, which sailed from Carthagena on the 2d of August, bringing letters and papers from Santa Fe de Bogota to the 20th of July. These papers contain two dispatches from Bolivar, one dated Huanchas, the 12th of May, and the other the middle of the same month. The first fully confirms the defection of Olaneta and his army from the Spanish

cause, to adopt that of the Independents, which had been previously reported in this country from various quarters. It appears that Caratalla, whom he had previously defeated, and made prisoner, was a Spanish General, sent against him by the Viceroy, La Serna. The junction of Valdez with the Viceroy, which the success of Olaneta had rendered necessary, would lay Lima open to the advance of Bolivar. The second dispatch expressed a confident expectation, that, after having been joined by the reinforcements on their way, Bolivar would be able to put an end to the campaign before the close of the month. His force, at the above date, is stated in the private letters from Carthagena at 14,000 men; and it was supposed that in a few days after he would be joined by considerable reinforcements from Panama. About 4000 more troops, under the command of General Valisco, were to sail from Carthagena on the 4th ult. for Chagres, and thence to proceed by way of Panama to Peru. One of the letters by the *Lion*, dated Bogota, July 19, states that the President Bolivar, resolved to set an example of devotion to the national cause, had sent to Congress an offer to surrender up to the use of the Republic the income of 30,000 dollars which had been assigned to him by an act of Congress.

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## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

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HOUSE OF LORDS.—*June 10.*—The Bishop of Raphoe presented a petition from the parish of Kilmore, and signed by all the inhabitant householders, praying for a law to enable them to provide for their poor by a *voluntary* assessment.—This is, we believe, the first step that has been taken towards a legal provision for the Irish poor.

The Irish Insurrection Act was read a third time; Earl Darnley and the Marquis of Lansdown admitting its necessity, while they lamented and deprecated the policy which rendered such a measure necessary. Lord Holland opposed the measure altogether, but did not divide the House.

The Earl of Liverpool moved the second reading of the Irish Tithes Bill. The Earl of Kingston opposed it, as unduly favourable to the Clergy. The Bishop of Limerick vindicated the Irish Church in a long and very able speech. He exposed the exaggeration of its wealth which had been put forth, advisedly asserting, that no Bishop in the South of

Ireland (the only part with which he was acquainted) enjoyed an income of £5,000 a-year, while the average of their emoluments was below £3,000. He denied any knowledge of the existence of one non-resident clergyman, possessed of a living in the arch-diocese of Cashel; pointed out the fallacious appearance of pluralities, of which so much had been said, by showing that, in one case, the pluralist incumbent of an union of six parishes derived but £260 a-year from them all. He then proceeded to contrast the advantage which the country derived from the residence and expenditure of the Clergy, with the evils produced by the almost universal absence of the Lay Proprietors. Lord King ridiculed the Right Rev. Prelate's defence of the Irish Church, as by much too complete. Bill read.

15.—The Scotch Judicature Bill was passed.

The order for hearing counsel against the Equitable Loan Bill was discharged, upon a division, by a majority of 26 to 17. The Bill was then ordered to be read a



second time, by a majority of 17 to 14. In the twofold discussion which led to these divisions, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, and the Earl of Lauderdale, warmly opposed the measure, the Earl of Hardwick alone speaking in its favour. The Earl of Liverpool professed to approve of the principle of the measure, but declared that he saw many objections to the details.

The Bankrupt Laws Amendment Bill was read a third time.

The Lord Chancellor alluded to the difficulty of the subject, and adverted to the new clauses which had been added; the most important is the one empowering the commissioners to sign a bankrupt certificate, notwithstanding the dissent of perverse creditors.

Lord Holland brought in a bill to enable the Duke of Norfolk and his Deputy to execute the offices of Earl Marshal and Deputy Earl Marshal of England, without taking the oath of supremacy. The Bill was read a first time.

The Irish Clergy Residence Bill was read a third time, Lord King having unsuccessfully attempted to superadd a clause disqualifying all incumbents, non-resident during six weeks, from suing for tithes.

Upon the committal of the Marine Insurance Bill, the Lord Chancellor gave notice, that he should propose, either in the shape of additional clauses or of a supplementary measure, certain protections for the creditors of the new joint companies. The principal of these he explained to be, the enrollment of the names of the proprietors, the continued liability of the persons originally enrolled, and the power reserved to the creditor to sue *any two* proprietors whom he might think proper to select for that purpose. Their lordships had a conference with the Commons in the Painted Chamber upon the Vagrant Act, which was agreed to, the clauses objected to by the Lower House being given up.

21.—The Earl Marshal's Qualification Bill was read a third time and passed, *sub silentio*.

Earl Bathurst moved the third reading of the Slave Laws Consolidation Bill. The Earl of Westmorland objected strongly to a clause, which proposed to forbid the transmission of slaves from island to island; a clause which, he said, might prejudice the slaves as much as their owners, by confining within inconvenient limits an overgrown population. He moved that the Bill should be recommitted, to get rid of this clause. Earl Bathurst defended the clause as indispensable to protect the slaves from the most

cruel violation of their natural ties. The Earl of Rosslyn supported the amendment. The Marquis of Lansdown declared that he looked upon the clause in question as the great recommendation of the Bill. The amendment was negatived, and the Bill read a third time and passed.

On the motion of Lord Bexley, the Marine Insurance Bill was read a third time and passed.

24.—The Marquis of Lansdown expressed some surprise, that, notwithstanding the intimation of an intention to recognize the Independent Government of South America, given by Ministers at the commencement of the Session, Parliament was to be permitted to separate without any thing having been done in the matter. The Earl of Liverpool explained, that Ministers were merely waiting the arrival of proper information from the Commissioners who had been sent to South America.

Lord Holland then brought under the notice of the House the protest of the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Abingdon, to consider of which he had had the House summoned. He spoke at great length, to show that that part of the Protest which ascribed the passing of the Earl Marshal's Qualification Bill to a surprise, was unfounded, and succeeded in proving that the measure was not unexpected, that it was not introduced until some time after five o'clock, and that the attendance of members, when it passed, was considerably greater than it was afterwards, when a penal law of great severity was agreed to. In conclusion, he moved a resolution declaratory of the foregoing facts. The Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Abingdon defended their conduct; the latter, however, explained that he was not disposed to adopt that part of the protest which ascribed the passing of the Earl Marshal's Bill to a surprise. The Lord Chancellor observed, that though the passing of the Bill might have been moved after five o'clock, its being taken out of its proper place among the orders of the day would have the effect of a surprise. His Lordship proposed some amendments explanatory of this circumstance, which, with the Resolution proposed by Lord Holland, were agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 18.—Mr Calcraft moved the repeal of the leather-tax, which he designated as an impolitic and unproductive tax, only producing £.300,000.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, not because he did not admit the force of the objections that had been urged, but because he thought that, if there were



£300,000 to spare, there were many taxes much more objectionable than the leather-tax. Lord Althorp, Sir J. Newport, Mr L. Maberly, Sir N. Colthurst, and Mr Maberly, severally supported the motion. The motion was eventually lost by the small majority of 71 to 55.

*Scots Parochial Stipends' Act.*—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving that the House should resolve itself into a Committee on the above Act, took occasion to observe, that, a few years ago, the Legislature passed a bill for raising the stipends of the Scottish inferior clergy to the sum of £150 per annum.—There was, however, in the Act which had been passed to ameliorate their situation, a provision that had a very bad effect. The law which provided for the amount of the salary, provided also that a portion of it should be levied according to the price of grain. The Act was passed in the year 1809-10, when, as every body knew, the price of grain was very high. The average value of every living was fixed on the price of grain at the period when the demand was made, and no other. The consequence was, that grain being then high, the value was raised to a considerable amount; but when that article fell in price, as it had since done, the value became proportionably less; and there was no provision whatever in the Act authorising a renewed valuation. Therefore the money collected was at present very inadequate to raise the revenue of several small livings to £150 per annum. To remedy this defect, it would be provided by the bill which he meant to introduce, that the amount of stipend should be regulated by the average price of corn every seven years. There was another point also to which the new measure would have reference. The sum granted by the former Act, to keep up those stipends, was £10,000 a-year. That sum was not quite adequate to effect the proposed object. He should therefore call for £2000 per annum additional. That this sum should not be an expense to the public, he meant to move for the repeal of part of another Act, which granted the sum of £10,000 a-year for the purpose of building manses. That Act had been in force for three years, but it was never found practicable to apply the money thus voted. Therefore this sum of £30,000, which had been granted for three years, would meet the additional £2000 a-year which it was necessary to call for. The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded by moving a series of resolutions conformably with the above statement, which were agreed to.

21.—Numerous petitions against the Beer Duties' Bill continuing to load the table of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer this evening stated, that, although he was quite satisfied that the scale of duties was founded on a just principle, still, as it met with much opposition in the House, and in consequence of the feeling against it, he should propose that it be excluded, but as to the other portion of the Bill which concerned the retail of Beer, he should feel it his duty to retain it.

Mr Hume presented the Report of the Committee on the Combination Laws, Artisans, &c. founded on the great body of evidence collected by them. It directs the Chairman, Mr Hume, to move for leave to bring in various Bills, which that Hon. Member gave notice he should do last night.

The House was afterwards occupied with the Committee on the Bill for the importation and exportation of wool. Mr S. Wortley divided the House upon the export clause, which was, however, carried by a majority of 180 to 20; an amendment proposed by Sir E. Knatchbull, reducing the duty from 2d. to 1d. per pound, was carried on a division.

25.—Mr Lambton presented a long petition from Mr Buckingham, Editor and Proprietor of the *Calcutta Journal*. The petition stated, that the Marquis of Hastings had found a censorship in India, and abolished it. He, however, was frequently offended by Mr Buckingham's political criticism in the *Calcutta Journal*, and as frequently admonished him to be more careful, under pain of being sent out of India. Mr Adam, the temporary Governor, soon after the Noble Marquis had left India, executed the deportation of Mr Buckingham. This was the main point of complaint. Mr Wynn, the President of the Board of Control, contented himself with saying, that Mr Buckingham had, in January last, commenced proceedings, in order to bring the subject to a judicial issue, and that therefore Parliament ought not to interfere. Mr Hume gave an account of a proposition made by twenty-three out of twenty-four Directors to Mr Canning, when President of the Board of Control, to rescind the Marquis of Hastings' Act, and restore the censorship, which Mr Canning kept locked up until he left office. He thought it a misfortune for India that Mr Canning did not go to that country as Governor-General. Mr Canning admitted the locking up of the proposal of the Directors, and withholding the assent of the Crown; contrasted the regulations of the Marquises of Wel-

lesley and Hastings, and highly eulogized Lord Amherst. He said he should as soon believe that Lord Amherst had become a tiger, as that he had turned a tyrant. It would be the most extraordinary physical phenomenon he had ever heard of. Mr Denman maintained that an amiable private man might become an oppressor when he got into power. Mr Adam had been his schoolfellow, and a most gentle and amiable youth he had been, yet the act here charged against him, and made out by his own defence, was utterly unjustifiable. Mr Buckingham had taken his advice professionally. His advice had been, not to attempt judicial proceedings, and Mr Buckingham had now abandoned all idea of bringing the case into a Court of Justice. Mr Astell, Sir C. Forbes, and Sir Francis Burdett, had spoken at length before Mr Canning had risen. Sir Francis recommended a distinct inquiry into this subject, besides the more general inquiry into the state of the press in India, which Mr Lambton had given notice of his intention to move early in the next Session. Mr Lambton declined moving for an inquiry. His object was publicity. There was no division, after the discussion, upon the presentation of Mr Buckingham's petition.

27.—Several petitions were presented; among them was one from a Mr Blount, of Staffordshire, a Roman Catholic gentleman, complaining of the circulation, in his neighbourhood, by a Doctor Bell, of a theological work called "The Protestant's Catechism," in which were contained many unjust imputations upon Roman Catholics. The petition added, that this work had at first been drawn up for the Protestant Charter Schools in Ireland, but it was quickly suppressed, on account of its illiberal testimony; and it was now circulated under the sanction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Mr Peel expressed regret that any thing calculated to wound the feelings of the Catholics had been disseminated; and admitted the correctness of the statement, that "the Protestant's Catechism" had, on account of its offensive tendency, been discontinued in the Irish schools.

Mr Hume then moved for returns of all the persons committed on criminal charges to the different gaols of England and Wales, during the year 1823, with the names of the committing Magistrates. He stated that his object was to warn Magistrates against rash committals; and entered into a long calculation, to show the disparity between the proportion of convictions to committals in different dis-

tricts, a disparity which could only be explained by the hypothesis, that, in the places where the proportion of convictions to committals was least, Magistrates were somewhat careless of the grounds upon which they committed. Mr Peel opposed the motion as invidious, and tending to lower the Magistracy in the opinion of the public. He vindicated the general honour and justice of the unpaid Magistracy, and made a specific defence for some of the stipendiary Magistrates, whom Mr Hume had attacked on a former evening. Mr Denman supported Mr Hume's motion. He ridiculed the practice of complimenting the Magistrates whenever any allusion was made to them. Sir E. Knatchbull, Mr H. Sumner, Mr Curwen, Lord Stanley, Sir C. Burrell, Mr Dickenson, and Mr Lockhart, opposed the motion. Mr Hume proposed to withdraw it for the present, but Mr Peel refused to listen to any term of compromise; and on a division, the motion was rejected by a majority of 81 to 8.

28.—Counsel were heard against the Marine Insurance Bill, and after some discussion, the second reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 51 to 33.

On the third reading of the Irish Clergy Residence Bill, Mr Hume proposed a clause, disabling every benefited clergyman from the recovery, by action or otherwise, of tithe for any year during nine months of which he had not resided upon his benefice. Sir J. Newport seconded the motion. Mr Goulburn opposed it, as imposing a pecuniary penal restriction upon a body of men who were entitled to admiration and support. The motion was rejected without a division, and the Bill passed.

31.—Mr Plunket presented the petition of the Catholic Association, and spoke at some length in its recommendation; to one passage only—a passage reflecting in the grossest manner upon the hierarchy of the Established Church—he objected; but his objection only went to the impolicy of introducing polemics into a political petition.

Mr Brownlow then presented a petition, signed by a number of freemen and freeholders of Dublin, complaining of the seditious and inflammatory conduct of "the Catholic Association" (the body whose petition Mr Plunkett had just presented.) The Honourable Member then entered into a detail of the proceedings by which this body had laboured to exasperate the Catholics of Ireland against their Protestant fellow-subjects, against the Church, the Magistracy, and even the heir to the throne, and alluded somewhat pointedly to a very prevalent opinion



among the best informed persons in Ireland, that this association confided in the favour of the Lord Lieutenant, and more particularly in the connivance of the Attorney General, who, though he had been found so prompt to visit with the thunders of the prerogative the "bottle-throwers" in the theatre, had patiently looked on for months at the illegal and incendiary practices of this association. In conclusion, Mr Brownlow begged to explain, that he had been misrepresented as having, on a former evening, reprobated, the Orange institution—such was not the case; he was himself an Orangeman, and though he disapproved of the unnecessary processions, which had sometimes produced disorder, he would never cease to admire the principles of the institution. Mr Plunket defended his forbearance towards the Catholic Association, of the legality of whose proceedings he refused to say any thing. He was, he said, an enemy to left-handed justice; and having refused to give an opinion upon the legality of the Catholic Association, he at once pronounced the Orange Society illegal; and promised to prosecute Mr Brownlow, if he were satisfied of that gentleman's connection with it. The debate was prolonged to a great length.

The Game Bill was thrown out, on the motion for the third reading, after a short debate. The amendment, to read the Bill that day six months, was proposed by Sir John Shelly, and carried by a majority of 120 to 103.

June 1.—Mr Brougham brought forward the subject of the late Missionary in Demerara, Mr Smith, and after a masterly speech, concluded by moving, "That a humble address be presented to his Majesty, representing that this House, having taken into its most serious consideration the papers laid before them, relating to the trial and condemnation of the late Rev. John Smith, a Missionary in the colony of Demerara, deem it their duty now to declare, that they contemplate, with serious alarm and deep sorrow, the violation of law and justice which is manifested in these unexampled proceedings, and most earnestly praying that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to adopt such measures, as, in his Royal wisdom, may seem meet, for such a just and humane administration of the law in that colony, as may protect the voluntary instructors of the negroes, as well as the rest of his Majesty's subjects, from oppression." Mr Wilmot Horton defended the proceedings of the Governor and Military Tribunal of Demerara, by a repetition of the charges alleged against the deceased Missionary. Sir J. Mack-

intosh followed in support of the motion, which Mr Scarlett opposed, on the ground that it was too strongly worded. On the suggestion of Mr Canning, the debate was then adjourned, Dr Lushington being in possession of the House. The subject received an unexpected interruption on Wednesday night; in the progress of some business of inferior interest, it was discovered, at six o'clock, that there were but thirty-one members in the House, when an adjournment of course took place. On Thursday evening, the resumption of the debate was fixed for Friday next, the Whitsun holidays in the meantime intervening.

3.—Mr Hume presented a petition from some persons of Stokesley (Yorkshire), complaining of the restriction imposed upon free discussion by the prohibition of works upon disputed points of theology. The Honourable Member for Aberdeen professed his concurrence in the views of the petitioners. Mr M. A. Taylor animadverted, with some severity, upon this claim of license for blasphemous publications. Mr Hume characterized these animadversions as cant and hypocrisy. Mr Taylor indignantly repelled the imputation of cant, of which he had the utmost abhorrence; but he said there was a wide difference between a repugnance to cant, and an indulgence to blasphemy. Mr W. Smith and Sir R. Wilson supported the prayer of the petition. The petition was ordered to be printed, as was another to the same effect, from a person named O'Neill.

The Marine Insurance Bill was read a third time and passed, after a short but lively debate, in which the measure was attacked by Alderman Thompson, Sir F. Ommaney, Mr Robertson, Mr T. Wilson, Mr Plummer, Mr Grenfell, and Sir C. Forbes; and defended by Mr Buxton. There were four several divisions; upon which the measure was approved by majorities of 33 to 22—33 to 12—37 to 12—and 30 to 7. The second division was upon a whimsical proposal by Sir F. Ommaney, that the act should not come into operation until the year of our Lord 2000.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland presented a petition from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, praying that the House might not sanction the Bill which had been introduced for the regulation of paupers in Scotland. The Learned Lord observed, that this petition came rather late, as the Bill was already withdrawn; but he hoped that, after a strong opinion expressed against it by so numerous and respectable a body as the petitioners, the Hon. Member



(Mr Kennedy) would not again introduce the measure next Session. Mr Kennedy said, he could not let slip this opportunity of stating, that, on the only occasion on which he had delivered his sentiments fully on this subject, they had been misrepresented and garbled in the accounts which went forth to the public. The petition was ordered to be printed.

4.—A message from the Lords announced that their Lordships had passed an Act, dispensing with the taking of certain oaths by Mr Erskine, previously to the passing of an Act for the restoration of the title of the Earl of Mar, of which his ancestor had been deprived; and they prayed the concurrence of the Commons; after a few observations from Mr Peel and Mr Brougham, in favour of the Bill, it went through all its stages, and was passed.—In moving the commitment of the Transportation of Offenders' Bill, Mr Peel took occasion to explain, that the provisions of the measure before the House were directed to render much more effectual the punishment of transportation, by empowering the Crown so to class offenders, after their removal to New South Wales, that the greater criminals should have a considerable additional punishment still to undergo.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having moved that the Report of the Committee on the New Churches Bill should be brought up, Col. Davies and Mr Leicester opposed the grant. Some other Members spoke shortly, and the motion was carried by a majority of 42 to 9.

10.—Mr Brownlow called the attention of the House to a petition against the Catholic Association, which he had presented on a former night; and Messrs Canning, and Horace Twiss, expressed their unqualified disapprobation of the proceedings of that body.

11.—*Breach of Privilege.*—Mr Gourlay.—Shortly after the meeting of the House, as Mr Brougham was passing through the lobby, he was assaulted and struck across the shoulders by a person, whom the Learned Gentleman recognised to be a Mr Gourlay, whom he had seen about three years ago, when he applied to him (Mr B.) to present a petition to the House from him. He now addressed him, and exclaimed, "You have betrayed me." To what act of his this could apply, he (Mr B.) could not conjecture; but from what he had heard of this person, and of his conduct at different times, he was inclined to credit what had been reported of him, namely, "that he was at times deranged." Under these circumstances, he left the matter to be

dealt with as the House might determine. Mr Secretary Peel agreed in the opinion given by the Hon. Member for Wincelsea of the state of Mr Gourlay's mind. Mr Hume thought there was no room for doubt on the subject. He adverted to the eccentric conduct of Mr Gourlay, on various occasions, and especially to his perseverance, for several weeks, in labouring with common paupers, breaking stones upon the public roads. Mr Wynn thought, if Mr Gourlay was in this state, he ought not to be at large. Mr Canning, in an under tone, observed, that on a common case, the House would have had the offending party to the bar, to have heard what he had to say in his own defence; but it appeared useless to do so on the present occasion. He suggested, that the most expedient course for the House would be to continue him in custody, until inquiry could be made. Mr Brougham said, that, as far as he was concerned, he wished no steps to be taken against the individual; to him (Mr Brougham) there could be no personal hostility, as for three years there had been no sort of communication between them. Mr Canning then moved that Mr Gourlay do stand committed. This motion was agreed to.

In consequence of the report of the physicians, appointed to visit Mr Gourlay, he was subsequently placed under restraint; and at the prorogation of Parliament, being discharged from confinement, he was immediately apprehended under a warrant of the Bow-street Magistrates, and, after a long examination, was committed to the House of Correction, with directions that every attention should be shown to him.—Here the unfortunate gentleman still continues.

The debate in the case of the unfortunate Mr Smith of Demerara was then resumed. Dr Lushington opened the discussion with a review of the evidence, which he analysed with great skill. He contended that it clearly proved Mr. Smith to have had no idea of an intended revolt, and consequently to have been guilty of no misprision of treason. He showed that the unfortunate Missionary was not the cause of the disturbance which took place among the negroes, but that the real causes were these—the exacting from them excessive labour—the subjecting them to severe punishments—the restraining them from religious worship—and the withholding from them a knowledge of his Majesty's benevolent instructions for their good. Dr Lushington fully admitted the respectability of Mr Wray's character as a civil Judge, but ex-

posed, with great force, the impropriety of that gentleman's conduct as a Member of the Court Martial; and he concluded with a spirited peroration, claiming for all classes of his Majesty's subjects in Demerara the protection of English justice.

Mr Tindal, on the other hand, delivered an able argument on the Dutch Law, by which he stated misprision to be equal in guilt to treason, and observed, that under that law the planters would have been Mr Smith's judges; from which considerations he inferred, that the trying of the prisoner by Martial Law was favourable, and not prejudicial to him.

Mr J. Williams maintained that Martial Law was in truth no law at all; and deprecated the sanction of the House being given to an act of gross injustice, under colour of whatever law it might have been perpetrated.

The Attorney General said, that he himself might not have come to the same conclusion as the members of the Court Martial, but that there was no ground to think their judgment malicious or corrupt; and, without some such motive, they would not deserve the strong cen-

sure conveyed in the motion of Mr Brougham.

Mr Wilberforce defended the character of Mr Smith, whom he said he must ever regard as a martyr to the faithful discharge of his duties as a Christian teacher.

Mr Canning professed not to be sufficiently versed in the Dutch Colonial Law to know how far it might justify the sentence passed on Mr Smith, but he thought the conduct of that individual, if not highly criminal, yet certainly blameable, in not revealing to the Local Authorities all he knew of the intentions of the slaves. He disclaimed, on the part of Government, all indifference towards the interests of religion, and gave full credit to Mr Brougham for the manner in which he had brought the subject before the House; though he thought the censure which was called for by Mr Brougham's motion not justified by the circumstances of the case.

Mr Denman followed at some length.

Mr Brougham then replied, and the house divided, when there appeared—For the motion 147—Against it 193—Majority against the motion 46.

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## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

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### SEPTEMBER.

*Bursting of an internal lake in Yorkshire.*—On Thursday the 2d instant, within four miles of the village of Haworth, near Keighley, Yorkshire, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, a part of the high lands, on the moors, opened into chasms, and sunk to the depth of five or six yards in some places, exhibiting all over a ragged, chinky appearance, and forming two principal concavities, the one full two hundred, and the other not less than six hundred yards in circumference. From these issued two immense volumes of muddy water, which, uniting at the distance of one hundred yards from their sources, constituted, for about two hours, an overwhelming flood, generally from thirty to forty yards in width, sometimes sixty, and seldom less than three or four yards in depth. This dark slimy mixture of mud and water followed the course of a rivulet, overflowing its banks for twenty or thirty yards on each side, and to the distance of six or seven miles from the immediate eruption. All this way there was deposited a black morish substance, varying from three to thirty-six inches in depth, and mixed, occasionally, with sand and rocky fragments, pieces of timber, and uprooted trees, that were

borne along by the impetuous torrent. This heavy and powerful torrent entirely broke down one solid stone bridge, made huge breaches in two others, clogged up and stopped four or five mills, laid flat and destroyed whole fields of corn, and overthrew to the foundation several hedges and walls. It also entered some houses, greatly to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants. At the time of the eruption, the clouds were copper-coloured, gloomy, and lowering; the atmosphere was strongly electrified, and unusually close and sultry; and there was loud and frequent thunder, preceded by much zigzag lightning, peculiarly glaring and vivid. An hour before there was scarcely a breath of air stirring; but the wind quickly rose, almost to a hurricane, and after blowing hard from six to eight o'clock, sunk again into a profound calm; at which time the heavy rain, which had continued all the while, ceased, and, with the exception of a few floating clouds, the sky was nearly serene. On the 6th, the river Aire, at Leeds, continued to present the most extraordinary appearance, being exactly of the colour of the grounds of coffee. All the fish in the river were poisoned, and the woollen manufactures, dye-houses, &c. upon its banks are com-



pletely at a stand. It was some time before the waters of the river could be used for any culinary purpose. The village of Haworth is about 2½ miles from Leeds.

11.—*Oyster Banks*.—The Magistrates of Edinburgh have for time immemorial permitted the fishermen of Newhaven to fish the oyster-banks belonging to the city gratis; with a restriction, however, on the price charged in the Edinburgh market. At one period of the season they were not allowed to charge more than 2s. a hundred, and at another period 1s. 6d. For the present season, the Magistrates have let their oyster-banks to the same fishermen at a rent of £.50, with this single condition, that the oysters drawn from them shall be exposed to sale in the markets of Edinburgh and Leith; leaving them at liberty to take whatever price they may bring in the market. We have no doubt that the new arrangement will benefit the fishermen.

16.—On Friday, workmen began to take down the statue of King Charles II. in the Parliament Square, Edinburgh, previous to its undergoing a thorough repair, after braving wind and weather for upwards of one hundred and sixty years. There is no record by whom, or at whose expense it was erected. It was not till Monday afternoon that every thing was in readiness to remove the statue from the pedestal, which was done with every possible care. For half an hour the ponderous weight of horse and man, supposed not less than five tons, hung suspended in the air, owing to the tackle not working freely; every thing at length going right, the statue was laid on two bags of matting on the top of strong sloping timbers, on which it slid down to a bed of sand in a wooden inclosure prepared for its reception. When the statue was within two or three inches of reaching its recumbent posture on the slips, the ring in the church wall, through which the guy ropes were passed, gave way, and caused considerable alarm, but no accident occurred. A great crowd attended, among which a gentleman had his pocket picked of £.13.

20.—*Operatives of Glasgow*.—Since the abolition of the combination laws, the cotton-spinners and other workmen about Glasgow have formed themselves into associations, and many of them have endeavoured, by various acts of outrage and violence, to compel their employers to accede to any regulations they chose to dictate; but hitherto their unlawful doings have only brought evil on their own heads. On the 16th, two of the weavers, named Allen and M'Both, were tried before the justices of peace of Glas-

gow, for a conspiracy against Mr Peter Hutchinson, manufacturer, "to root him out of the trade" by a system of intimidation. They were found *Guilty*, and sentenced to imprisonment for 30 days. Mr Hutchinson, when sentence was pronounced, begged that the culprits might be discharged without punishment, and his agent, after the court had broke up, repeated to them and their agent his desire to pass from the execution of the warrant. The answer returned was, "that they had no objection to be discharged, provided Mr Hutchinson would admit that they were innocent, and that the association to which they belonged had done nothing unlawful." As Mr Hutchinson, however, was not prepared to make these concessions, the men were sent to jail.

*Associate Synod and Mr Fletcher*.—The United Associate Synod of Seceders from the Church of Scotland assembled in Edinburgh, on Tuesday, and, next day, took up an appeal from the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, Minister of the Albion Chapel, London, from a decision of the Associate Presbytery of London, refusing to put into distinct propositions the charges which they had substantially adopted against him; and also a reference of the whole cause by the Presbytery, in respect to the *fama* against Mr Fletcher, that he had violated a promise of marriage, which he had plighted to the daughter of a highly-respectable member of the Secession Church; and also a complaint to the Presbytery, against Mr Fletcher, by several of his elders, that he had dispensed the Lord's Supper in opposition to the will of the Session. A long discussion ensued, at the close of which the Synod came to the following decision:—"Find it proved by Mr Fletcher's letter, and by his confession, particularly in the Court of King's Bench, that he has been guilty of the breach of promise of marriage, aggravated by the duplicity of his conduct, and by assertions of innocence, which, in direct opposition to his confession, he has frequently repeated, and by the calumnious charges he has preferred against the family of which the lady is a member, and against others who took a most friendly interest in this business; and that in dispensing the Lord's Supper in opposition to the deed of the Session, he has acted in a manner subversive of the order of the Presbyterian Church; and that his offence in this case is aggravated by the charges which he preferred against the members of his Session; and that, for these offences he is liable to censure." The Synod then proceeded to give judg-



ment with respect to the censure which should be inflicted, and after long reasoning, agreed, "that, for the offences of which he had been found guilty, he shall be suspended from the exercise of his office, and from church-fellowship, until next meeting of Synod; and that he shall be summoned to attend said meeting, in order that he may be rebuked at the bar of this Court, and that he may be farther dealt with as they shall see cause, according to the rules of the Church: and the Synod hereby suspends Mr Fletcher, and appoints accordingly, with certification." It appears, that when this sentence was intimated to Mr Fletcher, those friends of his who are proprietors of the Albion Chapel, encouraged him to resist the decree of the Synod; and on Sunday the 25th, when a deputation, from that body demanded possession of the pulpit, it was refused, and Mr Fletcher performed the service as usual. On the Wednesday following, a public meeting of the members of the Albion Chapel took place, when resolutions, censuring the conduct of the Synod Court, and expressive of a determination to support Mr F. were carried unanimously. Next Sunday, Mr Fletcher intimated to his congregation, that he had been advised by some friends in Edinburgh, who dissented from the Synod's opinion, to petition that body to review their sentence. This advice, he said, he intended to follow, and if at their next meeting they refused to withdraw their decree, he would then make his bow and leave them.

**AUTUMN CIRCUITS.—Jedburgh, September 4.**—There were only two cases for trial at this court. William Burton, watchmaker in Dunse, for breach of trust, in appropriating to himself two watches which had been left with him to repair, was sentenced to ten months imprisonment in the jail of Greenlaw. Four men, Quin, Docharty, M'Callum, and Wilson, were tried for stealing two guinea-notes from James Davidson, mason in Ancrum, at St. Boswell's fair, and found guilty. Quin to be transported for seven years, and the others confined eighteen months in the Castle of Jedburgh.

**Dumfries, September 8.**—James M'Arthur, mariner, accused of murder, was outlawed. Christopher Edgar and William Edgar pleaded *guilty* of stealing a horse in the parish of Dalry, and were sentenced to seven years transportation. The younger culprit is a mere boy, grandson to the elder. William Galbraith, Daniel Galbraith, and Patrick Doyle, three ragged illiterate lads, and

all very young, part of a gang of thieves, pleaded guilty of various acts of house-breaking. Doyle was sentenced to seven years banishment, and the two Galbraiths to eighteen months imprisonment in Dumfries Jail. Patrick Jose pleaded guilty to housebreaking, and was sentenced to seven years transportation. Wm. Richardson was accused of assaulting Thos. Morrison. It appeared Richardson threw a stone at a dog. Morrison challenged him for it, on which Richardson knocked him down and kicked him. The lad was soon after taken to the Infirmary, where he died. It appeared, however, that he died of Typhus fever, and had been complaining before the assault. The Depute Advocate, in consequence, departed from the principal charge, and the panel was found guilty of the assault, and sentenced to be fined in £40, and find security to keep the peace for three years, under a penalty of £200.

**Ayr.**—The Court opened here on Monday the 13th. John Johnston, accused of the murder of Mr Dow, was outlawed. John Watson pleaded *guilty* of house-breaking and theft, and was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. In passing sentence on the prisoner, Lord Meadowbank said, if he had been led to understand that transportation was a gentle punishment, he was grossly mistaken. It was now in the power of the Government, not only to increase or diminish the severity of it, according to the merits or demerits of the offender, but they might send him to other quarters than that to which criminals had for some time been transported from this country, where the labour is exceedingly severe, and where it is only performed by persons in a state of slavery; or, if they chuse, they might detain him at hard labour in this country. Catherine Linton, convicted of abstracting £23.8s. from a seaman, and Janet Frew, convicted of abstracting £47 from another person, were sentenced to seven years transportation. May M'Luhain, M'Kean, or M'Quon, was convicted of stealing a silver watch, and sentenced to six months imprisonment. On Tuesday — Lundie was placed at the bar, charged with committing the crimes of rape and incest on the body of his own daughter, a girl of fourteen years of age. The Jury having been impanelled, the Court was cleared. Two witnesses were examined; one of whom said, the facts to which she spoke took place winter was a year. The crimes charged being libelled as committed last winter, the Crown Counsel gave up the case, and the Jury returned a verdict—*Not Proven.*

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Sept. 2. Mr George Smith ordained Assistant and Successor to his father, the Rev. Jos. Smith, Minister of the Parish of Birsie.

4. The Rev. Thomas Nelson presented by the King to the Church and Parish of Little Dunkeld.

7. The Rev. Mr Hart of Paisley was unanimously elected Minister of the Old Relief Chapel, Shiprow, Aberdeen.

16. On the presentation of his Grace the Duke of Portland, Mr George Smith was ordained Minister of the second charge of the Low Church Parish, Kilmarnock.

— The Rev. Thomas Grierson ordained Minister of Kirkbean.

23. The Rev. Mr Hoyes inducted Minister of the Town and Parish of Forres.

— The Rev. Alexander Stewart, late Minister of the Chapel of Ease in Rothsay, admitted to the pastoral charge of the Parish of Cromarty.

## II. MILITARY.

Brevet. Major M'Donald, 91 F. and late Port. Serv. Lieut.-Col. in the Army

4 Sept. 1817.  
Capt. Bentley (Staff Capt. at Chatham) Major in the Army 4 June 1814.

12 Dr. Lieut. Pallisar, Capt. by purch. vice Crauford, Cape Corps 12 Aug. 1824.

15 Ensign England, from 77 F. Lieut. do. Troop Serj. Major Chettle, Quart. Mast. vice Jenkins, h. p. 9 Sept.

1 F. Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 58 F. Lieut. vice Smith, cancelled do.

5 Ensign Hill, Lieut. vice M'Kensie, dead do. 8 June

15 J. W. King, Ensign 12 Aug.  
Ensign Thorold, from 58 F. Ensign vice Maunsell, h. p. 63 F. rec. diff. 9 Sept.

17 Lieut. Peevor, Capt. vice Rotton, dead do. 2 do.

Ensign Boscawen, Lieut. do. do.  
St. G. L. Lister, Ensign do. do.

18 T. C. Graves, Ensign vice Young, 20 F. 12 Aug.

19 Ensign and Adj. Tydd, rank of Lieut. 2 Sept.

20 Ensign Young, from 18 F. Lieut. vice Church, dead 12 Aug.

26 Ensign Babington, Lieut. vice Roberts, dead do.

R. J. E. Rich, Ensign do. do.  
Ensign Lowth, from 48 F. Ensign vice Thorold, 15 F. 9 Sept.

39 Bt. Lieut. Col. Lindesay, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Col. Sturt, ret. 12 Aug.

Bt. Major Macpherson, Major do. do.  
Lieut. Caldwell, Capt. do. do.

Ensign Leckie, Lieut. do. do.  
G. C. Borough, Ensign do. do.

42 Ensign Raynes, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ensign vice Clark, h. p. 81 F. 2 Sept.

48 ——— Ward, from h. p. 83 F. do. paying diff. vice Lowth, 38 F. 9 do.

50 Major Wodehouse, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Harrison, ret. 2 do.

Capt. Custance, Major do. do.  
Lieut. Serjeantson, Capt. do. do.

Ensign Foy, Lieut. do. do.  
G. Deedes, Ensign do. do.

60 Serj. Major Liddele, from 2 F. 2d Lieut. and to act as Adj. 19 Aug.

62 Ensign Power, Lieut. by purch. vice Spiller, ret. 2 Sept.

Gent. Cadet Cotton, from R. Mil. Col. Ensign do. do.

71 Ensign Connor, Lieut. vice Coates, dead 19 Aug.

Ensign Seymour, Ensign do. do.  
Capt. Seymour, Major by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Fitz Gerald, ret. 26 do.

72 Lieut. Markham, Capt. do. do.  
Capt. Lord E. Hay, from Staff in Ionian Islands, Capt. vice Ebhart, Staff Capt. Chatham. 27 do.

Ensign Frith, Lieut. 26 do

72 F. H. Godfrey, Ensign 28 Aug. F. 1824.

73 Major Bamford, from 97 F. Major vice Cameron, h. p. York Chass. 12 do.

74 Ensign Ansell Adj. vice Ramsden, res. Adj. only 17 do.

77 J. Lomax, Ensign by purch. vice England, 12 Dr. 19 do.

79 Lieut. Brown, Capt. by purch. vice Marshall, prom. 29 July

Ensign Maule, Lieut. do. do.  
T. Crombie, Ensign 12 Aug.

82 Lieut. Mortimer, Capt. vice Field, dead 9 March

Ensign Greene, Lieut. 12 Aug.

J. Trollope, Ensign do. do.  
Lieut. Grey, Capt. by purch. vice Hogg, ret. do.

Ensign Close, Lieut. do. do.  
P. Le P. Treneh, Ensign do. do.

93 Lieut. Straith, Capt. vice Yorke, dead 26 do.

Ensign Mayne, Lieut. do. do.  
C. Henry, Ensign do. do.

97 Lieut. Dickens, Adj. vice Straith, do. do.  
Major Paterson, from h. p. York Chass. Major, vice Bamford, 13 F. 12 do.

Rifle Brig. Lieut. Boileau, Capt. by purch. vice Hallen, ret. 2 Sept.

2d Lieut. Frampton, 1st Lieut. do. Gent. Cadet E. L. Gower, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. do.

2 W. I. R. Ensign and Adj. Carry, rank of Lieut. 6 Aug.

Ensign Sutherland, Lieut. vice Dunn, dead 7 do.

E. E. Nicolls, Ensign do. do.  
Staff Serj. Major Whitty, Quart. Mast. vice Hughes, Lieut. 26 do.

2 Vet. Bn. Ensign Stewart, from h. p. 27 F. Ensign vice Edgelow, ret. list do.

— Shaw, from h. p. 31 F. Ensign vice Raynes, 42 F. 2 Sept.

2 Vet. Co. Ensign and Adj. Ward, from h. p. 27 F. vice Walker, ret. list do.

Vet. Corps } Capt. Mackenzie, from h. p. York at Newf. } Light Inf. Vol. Capt. 25 July

Lieut. Abbot, from h. p. 1 W.L.R. Lieut. vice Campbell, cancelled 2 Sept.

R.E.I. V. C. Mills, jun. Maj. vice Raikes, res. 13 Aug.

## Unattached.

Maj. M'Laine, from 21 F. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by p. vice M. Gen. T.W. Kerr, ret. 9 Sept. 1824.

## Garrisons.

Lieut. Col. Belford, of late 3 Vet. Bn. Fort Major of Dartmouth Castle, vice Wright, dead 12 Aug. 1824.

## Staff.

Capt. Bentley, of late 1 Vet. Bn. Staff Capt. at Chatham, vice Dalgety, ret. list. 19 Aug. 1824.

Bt. Ma'or Ebhart, from 72 F. Staff Capt. vice Jarvis, ret. list. 26 do.

Capt. Brutton, from 82 F. Sub. Inspect. of Militia, Ionian Islands, vice Lord Hay, 72 F. 27 do.

## Ordnance Depart.—Royal Engineers.

1st Lieut. Clavering, from h. p. 1st. Lieut. vice Hayter, dead 22 March 1824.

Gent. Cadet St. A. Molesworth, 2d Lieut. 28 Aug.

## Medical Department

Assist. Surg. Reid, from h. p. York Light Inf. Vol. Assist. Surg. vice Caldwell, can. 18 June 1824.

Hosp. Assist. Young, Assist. Surg. vice Law, dead 14 Aug.

E. J. Bulteel, Hosp. Assist. do. do.

## Exchanges.

Bt. Colonel Ross, from Cape Corps with Lieut. Col. Hutchinson, h. p.

Bt. Major Tonson, from 84 F. with Capt. Colomb, h. p. 37 F.

## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

| 1824.    | Wheat. |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Quar. Loaf. | Potat. p. peck | 1824.    | Oatmeal. |       | B. & P. Meal |       |
|----------|--------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|----------|----------|-------|--------------|-------|
|          | Bls.   | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |                |          | Bls.     | Peck. | Bls.         | Peck. |
|          |        | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | d.          | d.             |          | s. d.    |       | s. d.        |       |
| Sept. 22 | 621    | 21 0 30 0   | 25 9    | 21 0 26 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 16 0 19 0   | 8           | 8              | Sept. 21 | 290      | 1 3   | 75           | 1 0   |
| 29       | 471    | 21 0 30 0   | 26 3    | 25 0 28 0   | 16 0 19 0   | 18 0 20 0   | 8           | 8              | 28       | 437      | 1 3   | 85           | 1 0   |
| Oct. 6   | 490    | 21 0 32 0   | 29 0    | 25 0 30 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 8           | 8              | 5        | 430      | 1 3   | 82           | 1 0   |
| 13       | 508    | 23 0 32 0   | 29 3    | 28 0 32 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 16 0 21 0   | 8½          | 8              | 12       | 443      | 1 3   | 90           | 1 0   |

## Glasgow.

| 1824.    | Wheat, 240 lbs. |             |             | Oats, 264 lbs. |             | Barley, 320 lbs. |             | Bns. & Pse.  | Oatmeal<br>140 lbs. | Flour,<br>280 lbs. |       |
|----------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|---------------------|--------------------|-------|
|          | Dantzic.        | For. red.   | British.    | Irish.         | British.    | English.         | Scots.      |              |                     |                    |       |
|          | s. d. s. d.     | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.    | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.      | s. d. s. d. | Stirl. Meas. | s. d. s. d.         | s. s.              |       |
| Sept. 25 | —               | —           | —           | 24 0 30 0      | 27 0 29 0   | 20 0 20 6        | 27 0 28 0   | 25 0 30 0    | 16 0 21 0           | 15 0 20 0          | 46 47 |
| 30       | —               | —           | —           | 24 0 30 6      | 25 0 19 6   | 20 0 20 6        | 27 0 28 0   | 25 0 32 0    | 16 0 21 0           | 15 0 20 0          | 46 47 |
| Oct. 7   | —               | —           | —           | 25 0 31 0      | 15 6 19 0   | 20 0 20 6        | 29 0 30 0   | 32 0 35 0    | 17 0 22 0           | 15 0 20 0          | 46 47 |
| 14       | —               | —           | —           | 26 0 32 0      | 15 6 19 6   | 20 0 20 6        | 34 0 50 6   | 34 0 38 0    | 18 6 23 0           | 15 0 20 0          | 46 47 |

## Haddington.

| 1824.    | Wheat.      |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Beans.      | 1824.       | Oatmeal.    |             |
|----------|-------------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|          | Bolls.      | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |             | Per Boll.   | Pr. Peck    |
|          | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. |
| Sept. 24 | 848         | 18 0 30 0   | 25 0    | 17 0 25 0   | 15 0 21 0   | 16 20 6     | 16 0 20 6   | Sept. 20    | 16 0        | 17 0        |
| Oct. 1   | 778         | 17 6 30 0   | 25 11   | 20 0 27 0   | 16 0 22 6   | 17 21 6     | 17 0 21 6   | 27          | 16 9        | 18 0        |
| 8        | 842         | 21 0 29 0   | 26 7    | 21 0 28 0   | 15 0 21 0   | 17 21 0     | 17 0 21 0   | Oct. 4      | 16 3        | 17 0        |
| 15       | 865         | 20 0 32 0   | 28 0    | 24 0 30 0   | 17 0 21 0   | 17 21 0     | 17 0 21 0   | 11          | 15 6        | 16 6        |

## Dalketh.

## London.

| 1824.    | Wheat, per qr. | Rye.        | Barley.     | Oats.       |             | Beans.      |             | Pease.      |             | Flour, 260 lb. |             | Quar. Loaf. |
|----------|----------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|-------------|
|          |                |             |             | Fd & Pol.   | Potat.      | Pigeon.     | Tick.       | Boiling.    | Grey.       | Fine.          | 2d.         |             |
|          | s. s. s. s.    | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s.    | s. s. s. s. | d. d.       |
| Sept. 20 | 42 65          | 28 34       | 27 35       | 17 24       | 21 28       | 30 43       | 33 36       | 40 43       | 55 35       | 50 55          | 42 50       | 8 9         |
| 27       | 42 66          | 28 34       | 30 44       | 18 23       | 20 27       | 40 44       | 31 37       | 42 48       | 32 34       | 50 55          | 42 50       | 8 9         |
| Oct. 4   | 44 66          | 30 35       | 34 48       | 16 24       | 20 28       | 42 46       | 30 39       | 44 46       | 32 34       | 55 55          | 42 50       | 8 9         |
| 11       | 45 68          | 31 35       | 55 50       | 17 25       | 21 29       | 44 48       | 38 42       | 46 48       | 52 34       | 55 60          | 45 55       | 9 10        |

## Liverpool.

| 1824.    | Wheat. 70 lb. | Oats. 45 lb. | Barley. 60 lb. | Rye, per qr. | Beans, per qr. | Pease, per qr. | Flour.       |             |               | Oatm. 240 lb. |             |
|----------|---------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|---------------|-------------|
|          |               |              |                |              |                |                | Eng. 240 lb. | Irish.      | Amer. 196 lb. | Engl.         | Scots.      |
|          | s. d. s. d.   | s. d. s. d.  | s. d. s. d.    | s. s.        | s. s.          | s. s.          | s. s. s. s.  | s. s. s. s. | s. s. s. s.   | s. s. s. s.   | s. s. s. s. |
| Sept. 21 | 5 6 8 9       | 2 7 3 5      | 3 10 4 9       | 36 38        | 32 40          | 32 40          | 46 49        | 58 48       | 20 23         | 25 35         | —           |
| 28       | 4 6 8 9       | 2 5 3 2      | 3 10 4 10      | 35 38        | 35 40          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48       | 23 23         | 28 30         | 27 30       |
| Oct. 5   | 4 0 9 0       | 2 9 3 2      | 3 10 4 10      | 35 38        | 36 42          | 30 44          | 45 50        | 44 48       | 23 23         | 28 30         | 27 30       |
| 12       | 4 0 9 0       | 1 6 3 2      | 4 0 5 6        | 35 38        | 36 45          | 32 48          | 45 50        | 44 48       | 23 23         | 28 30         | 27 30       |

## England &amp; Wales.

| 1824.    | Wht.  | Rye.  | Barley | Oats. | Beans. | Pease. | Oatm. |
|----------|-------|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|-------|
|          | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d.  | s. d. |
| Sept. 11 | 54 6  | 29 1  | 30 10  | 22 7  | 35 4   | 35 1   | —     |
| 18       | 53 11 | 29 7  | 31 5   | 21 11 | 35 4   | 54 6   | —     |
| 25       | 55 2  | 31 8  | 33 1   | 21 5  | 36 10  | 36 3   | —     |
| Oct. 2   | 56 5  | 30 10 | 33 1   | 20 8  | 37 10  | 37 6   | —     |



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

| 1824.   | Ther.          | Baro.            | Attach.<br>Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                       | 1824.    | Ther.          | Baro.          | Attach.<br>Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                       |
|---------|----------------|------------------|------------------|-------|--------------------------------|----------|----------------|----------------|------------------|-------|--------------------------------|
| Sept. 1 | M. 51<br>A. 64 | 29.702<br>.750   | M. 63<br>A. 63   | SW.   | Dull, but fair<br>and warm.    | Sept. 16 | M. 48<br>A. 60 | 29.894<br>.899 | M. 61<br>A. 60   | SW.   | Fair, with<br>sunshine.        |
| 2       | M. 57<br>A. 71 | .735<br>.725     | M. 70<br>A. 72   | SW.   | Foren. warm.<br>rain night.    | 17       | M. 49<br>A. 59 | .965<br>.982   | M. 62<br>A. 63   | SW.   | Fair, sunsh.<br>very warm.     |
| 3       | M. 57<br>A. 65 | .745<br>.728     | M. 70<br>A. 68   | Cble. | Dull, warm,<br>rain night.     | 18       | M. 50<br>A. 60 | .775<br>.714   | M. 63<br>A. 61   | S.    | Day dull.<br>rain night.       |
| 4       | M. 51<br>A. 69 | .512<br>.426     | M. 66<br>A. 65   | SW.   | Fair, with<br>sunshine.        | 19       | M. 47<br>A. 55 | .749<br>.858   | M. 59<br>A. 59   | SW.   | Foren. dull.<br>aft. sunsh.    |
| 5       | M. 45<br>A. 55 | .272<br>.204     | M. 62<br>A. 60   | SW.   | Rain morn-<br>day fair.        | 20       | M. 40<br>A. 44 | .632<br>.691   | M. 49<br>A. 52   | SW.   | Dull, with<br>showers.         |
| 6       | M. 45<br>A. 51 | .126<br>.150     | M. 57<br>A. 55   | Cble. | Thu. & light<br>aftern. rain.  | 21       | M. 15<br>A. 50 | .725<br>.904   | M. 54<br>A. 56   | E.    | Morn. h. rain<br>day showery.  |
| 7       | M. 48<br>A. 54 | 28.999<br>29.271 | M. 60<br>A. 59   | SW.   | Morn. h. rain.<br>day showery. | 22       | M. 49<br>A. 55 | 30.116<br>.194 | M. 56<br>A. 57   | E.    | Fair, with<br>sunshine.        |
| 8       | M. 46<br>A. 50 | .313<br>.464     | M. 55<br>A. 52   | Cble. | Cold, with<br>rain.            | 23       | M. 46<br>A. 53 | 29.975<br>.989 | M. 56<br>A. 55   | NE.   | Dull, but<br>fair.             |
| 9       | M. 41<br>A. 47 | .305<br>.419     | M. 51<br>A. 53   | Cble. | Dull, but<br>fair.             | 24       | M. 45<br>A. 50 | .922<br>.976   | M. 54<br>A. 54   | E.    | Dull, fair,<br>foggy even.     |
| 10      | M. 39<br>A. 57 | .484<br>.414     | M. 55<br>A. 59   | E.    | Fair, with<br>sunshine.        | 25       | M. 35<br>A. 54 | .684<br>.684   | M. 55<br>A. 52   | Cble. | Foren. h. shrs<br>hail, cold.  |
| 11      | M. 48<br>A. 59 | .352<br>.175     | M. 61<br>A. 60   | Cble. | Day fair,<br>h. rain night.    | 26       | M. 32<br>A. 43 | .760<br>.440   | M. 50<br>A. 53   | NE.   | Morn. frost.<br>rain night.    |
| 12      | M. 47<br>A. 57 | .206<br>.475     | M. 60<br>A. 59   | Cble. | Fair, with<br>sunshine.        | 27       | M. 30<br>A. 40 | .272<br>.279   | M. 44<br>A. 43   | NE.   | Morn. frost.<br>snow on hills. |
| 13      | M. 47<br>A. 55 | .556<br>.620     | M. 59<br>A. 60   | SW.   | Dull, with<br>sh. rain.        | 28       | M. 28<br>A. 34 | .458<br>.553   | M. 42<br>A. 41   | NE.   | Morn. frost.<br>day cold.      |
| 14      | M. 47<br>A. 63 | .280<br>.645     | M. 63<br>A. 59   | SW.   | Shry most<br>of day.           | 29       | M. 29<br>A. 39 | .475<br>.315   | M. 42<br>A. 43   | E.    | Morn. frost.<br>day showery.   |
| 15      | M. 47<br>A. 59 | .628<br>.750     | M. 61<br>A. 60   | SW.   | Dull, with<br>showers.         | 30       | M. 33<br>A. 51 | .192<br>28.999 | M. 49<br>A. 52   | S.    | Rain aftern.<br>and night.     |

Average of rain 1.666 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle of September till the end of that month there was little interruption to harvest operations, and a great breadth was cut down and secured, in good condition, by the 30th. On the evening of that day a heavy rain fell, which was followed by still heavier rain on the 1st of the present month. Loud winds, on the 2d and 3d, was hurtful to standing oats, and much of the best grains were beat out, but a considerable quantity was carted to the barn-yard on the 3d and forenoon of the 4th. On the afternoon of that day a shower fell; the 5th was misty and warm. The temperature continued high, with almost incessant warm rain, till the 9th. Loud winds prevailed on the 10th, 11th, and, on the 12th, snow showers were frequent, the temperature approaching to frost at night, and very low throughout the day. This morning, the wind, which had been for some time easterly, shifted to the north-west; a shower of snow fell in the morning, and it has continued warm ever since. The quantity of grain still exposed in the northern districts will account for being so minute in the above statement of the weather. In the early districts, the ground, with very few exceptions, is clear, and some potatoes are got up. In the higher districts, the greater part is cut, but much remains in the stock, and some has sprouted. By recent accounts from the remote Highlands, a great part of the crop is still standing, and much has been whitened by frost. The crop, as far as it has been secured, is abundant. Oats were universally thin; where they have been threshed out, the return is far beyond expectation; but the return at the meal-mill is various, according to the nature of the soil on which they grew. Fallow wheat was, for the most part, sown by the end of September, and the braid is regular. Much clover-ley, bean-stubble, and potatoe-ground, still remains to be sown with wheat. Turnips have improved by the late rains, but still the return is light.

Notwithstanding the importation of foreign oats, the price has not yet fallen much, and wheat and barley rise in price.

Good new wheat brings from 26s. to 28s.; good barley nearly the same. Oats from 16s. to 19s. Cattle are in request, and prices are improved.

*Perthshire, 12th October 1824.*

*Course of Exchange, London, Oct. 12.*—Amsterdam, 12: 3. Ditto at sight, 12: 0. Rotterdam, 12: 4. Antwerp, 12: 4. Hamburg, 37: 2. Altona, 37: 3. Paris, 3 days sight, 25: 30. Bourdeaux, 25: 60. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 153½. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35¼. Gibraltar, 47¼. Genoa, 44¼. Lisbon, 50¼. Oporto, 50¾. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9¼—Cork, 9¼ ½ cent.

*Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.*—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3=17=6.—New Doubloons, £.3=15=0.—New Dollars, £.4=10¼.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 00 00

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from September 22, to October 13, 1824.*

|                          | Sept. 22. | Sept. 28. | Oct. 6.      | Oct. 13.     |
|--------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------------|--------------|
| Bank Stock.....          | —         | —         | —            | 235½         |
| 3 ½ cent. reduced.....   | —         | —         | —            | —            |
| 3 ½ cent. consols.....   | 94½       | 95½       | 95½          | 95½          |
| 3½ ½ cent. do.....       | —         | —         | —            | 102½         |
| 4 ½ cent. do.....        | —         | —         | —            | —            |
| Ditto New do.....        | 106½      | 106½      | 106½         | 107½         |
| India Stock.....         | —         | —         | —            | —            |
| — Bonds.....             | 85        | 85        | 87           | 94           |
| Exchequer bills.....     | 44        | 43        | 47           | 50           |
| Consols for account..... | 95½       | 95½       | 95½          | 96½          |
| French 5 ½ cents.....    | 100 f. c. | —         | 101 fr. 50c. | 103 fr. 25c. |

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of Aug. and the 20th of Sept. 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.**

Anderson, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, master-mariner.  
 Barlow, R. Claremont-place, New-road, bill-broker.  
 Bartlett, A. and R. Bristol, ship-builders.  
 Carter, J. Downing-street, victualler.  
 Cato, W. W. Little, and W. Irving, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers.  
 Duncombe, J. jun. Little Queen-street, bookseller.  
 Ellison, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Foster, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.  
 Grist, J. Midhurst, Sussex, bricklayer.  
 Harvey, H. S. Oxford-street, hosier.  
 Hatfield, W. and J. Morton, Sheffield, cutlers.  
 Hazard, D. Hackney, merchant.  
 Helm, G. Worcester, linen-draper.  
 Hewett, J. Mitchern, butcher.  
 Hirst, G. Manchester, clothier.  
 Hopkins, G. and J. St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, timber-merchants.  
 Humble, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.  
 Hyde, N. Nassau-street, Soho, jeweller.  
 Isley, J. Wyfold, Court-farm, Henley-upon-Thames, farmer.  
 Jackson, E. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothier.  
 Jackson, J. Gerrard-street, Soho, picture-dealer.  
 Johnson, R. Burslem, earthenware manufacturer.  
 Jarvis, W. G. Penton-place, Newington Butts, coal-merchant.  
 Jones, R. Westbury Leigh, Wilts, clothier.  
 Jones, W. Ratcliff Highway, grocer.  
 Lees, J. Mathbank, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.  
 Lewis, T. C. and C. Beran, High Holborn, linen-draper.  
 Liddard, W. Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, coal-merchant.  
 Lond, T. Dover, corn-dealer.  
 McCormick, J. Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, victualler.  
 Manley, D. Southampton-row, Russel-square, wine-merchant.  
 Mardall, W. Water-lane, Tower-street, brandy-merchant.  
 Marah, W. and Co., Berners-street, bankers.  
 Mayell, W. Exeter, jeweller.  
 Morris, J. jun. Stingo-lane, St. Mary-le-bonne, stage-master.  
 Nicholls, R. Ruthen, Denbighshire, druggist.  
 Parker, W. Oxford-street, ironmonger.  
 Peck, J. Andover, linen-draper.  
 Peel, J. Rochdale, shoe-dealer.  
 Perks, J. Monkton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer.  
 Pennan, A. Batson-street, Limehouse, master-mariner.  
 Poor, J. Wapping, Bristol, victualler.  
 Richardson, J. Manchester, cooper.  
 Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, cloth-manufacturer.  
 Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist.  
 Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wine-merchant.  
 Scrivener, H. H. Scrivener, jun. and J. Wilson, Kentish-buildings, Southwark, hop-factors.  
 Simmons, A. Strand, tailor.  
 Smith, J. R. North Audley-street, upholsterer.  
 Smith, T. Derby, nail-manufacturer.  
 Stott, S. and J. Road-lane, Spotland, Lancashire, woollen manufacturers.  
 Tappenden, T. Cumberland-street, Middlesex-hospital, victualler.  
 Walthew, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.  
 Want, G. S. Skinner-street, cabinet-maker.  
 Wilkins, S. Holborn-hill, stationer.  
 Wooding, M. Duckett-street, Stepney, baker.  
 Woollett, J. Queen's-Head Inn, Southwark, tavern-keeper.  
 Wren, J. Great Titchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter.

# ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced September 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

## SEQUESTRATIONS.

Buchanan, John, miller at Glenmill  
Combe, George, tenant at Redheughs  
Fife, John, cotton-spinner in Johnston  
Finlayson, Robert & Alexander, merchants and fish-curers in Lybster  
Gilmour, William, spirit-dealer in Paisley  
Hodge, Wm. flesher and cattle-dealer in Glasgow.  
Honeyman, Robert, lately miller and coal-merchant at Port-Allan, Perthshire  
M'Gregor, John Murray, merchant in Leith  
M'Robie, James, mason and builder in Paisley  
Murdoch, Patrick, merchant in Hamilton  
Orr, Andrew, bookseller in Cupar, Fife.

## DIVIDENDS.

Brown, James, ship-builder in Perth; by P. West, accountant in Edinburgh

## DIVIDENDS.

Cowan, R. & Sons, grain-merchants in Glasgow; by Allan Fullarton, agent there  
Douglas, William, merchant in Glasgow; by J. Walker, merchant there  
Hamilton, John, & Co. Greenock, and William Hamilton & Co. Liverpool; by C. Campbell, 87, Great King-Street, Edinburgh  
M'Ewan, James, rope-maker in Perth; by Lawrence Robertson, banker there  
Robertson, John, (deceased) mason and wright in Glasgow  
Shannon, Stewart & Co. Greenock, and Shannon, Livingston & Co. Newfoundland; by J. Dunlop, writer in Greenock  
Williams, & Hughes, canal-contractors; by the trustee, 54, St. Andrew's-Street, Edinburgh.

# BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

1824. April 7. At the Retreat, near Auringabad, the Lady of D. S. Young, Esq. Madras Medical Establishment, and Surgeon to his Highness the Nizam's cavalry brigade, a daughter.  
July 28. At Concordia, Tobago, the Lady of Dr Kennedy, a daughter.  
Aug. 3. At Florence, the Lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchanames, a son.  
20. At Holkham, Norfolk, Lady Anne Coke, a son.  
22. At Beaufort Castle, the Hon. Mrs Fraser, of Lovat, a daughter.  
25. At Park House, Mrs Gordon of Park, a daughter.  
27. At Eldon Hall, the Lady of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, a son.  
— At No. 1, Fettes Row, the Lady of Captain Pearson, R. N. of twin sons.  
29. At Dean House, near Edinburgh, the Lady of General Sir Thos. Bradford, K.C.B. a daughter.  
30. In Queen-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Archibald Campbell, Esq. a daughter.  
— At 26, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Morison, a daughter.  
31. At Pittencreeff, Mrs Hunt of Pittencreeff, a daughter.  
— At Invermoriston, the Lady of James Murray Grant, Esq. of Glenmoriston and Moy, a daughter.  
— In Connaught Place, London, the Lady of Walter S. Davidson, of Inchmarlo, Esq. a daughter.  
Sept. 1. At Braigal House, Kent, the Lady of J. D. Boswell, Esq. of Wardie, Captain in the royal navy, a son and heir.  
2. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Stair Stewart, Esq. of Physgill and Glasserlin, a son and heir.  
3. At Leven Bank, Mrs Balfour, a son.  
6. At Dun, the Lady Anne Baird, a daughter.  
6. At Dumbarnie House, Mrs Craigie, of Dumbarnie, a son.  
9. At the Dowager Viscountess Duncan's, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Dundas, a son.  
11. At Stobo Castle, the Lady of Sir James Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart., a son.  
— Mrs John Brougham, Edinburgh, a daughter.  
12. At Dundee, the Lady of Dr John Maxwell, a son.  
— The Countess of Minto, a daughter.  
13. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Menzies, 42d Royal Highlanders, a son.  
— At Crescent, Perth, Mrs George Seton, a daughter.  
14. At Kirkcaldy, Mrs J. L. Cooper, a son.  
15. At Ruehill, near Glasgow, the Lady of Major Stephenson, 6th dragoon guards, a son.  
18. At Ramornie, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, a daughter.

Sept. 20. At Frankland, Mrs Murray, a son.  
— At Sandyford, Mrs Wm. Murray, of her fifth daughter and fifteenth child.  
23. Mrs Patrick Robertson, a daughter.  
Lately. At her residence, at Tunbridge Wells, the Right Hon. Lady Cochrane, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

1823. Nov. 5. At Montreal, Roderick Matheson, Esq. Paymaster late Glengarry light infantry, to Miss Mary Fraser Robertson, daughter of Captain Robertson, of Inverness.  
1824. Aug. 17. At Glasgow, Thomas Paul Macgregor, Esq. late Lieutenant in the Bengal auxiliary cavalry, eldest son of Col. J. A. P. Macgregor, Auditor-General of the Bengal forces, to Miss Katherine Livingstone, eldest daughter of William Livingstone, Esq.  
18. At Parkhead, near Perth, Mr Wm. Bruce, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of Robert Morison, Esq.  
20. At Dublin, Anthony P. Marshall, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Frances, fourth daughter of the late Smollet Holden, Esq. of Dublin.  
27. At Merton Hall, Wigtonshire, James Haldane Tait, Esq. Captain royal navy, to Miss Marion Yule, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Yule, Esq. of Wheatfield, near Edinburgh.  
— At Traprain, James Murray, Esq. to Clarissa, daughter of the late Rev. George Goldie, Athelstoneford.  
30. At the manse of Crailing, Mr Robert Strachan, London, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the Rev. David Brown.  
— At Heatherwick House, East Lothian, Samuel Anderson, Esq. wine-merchant, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Milnes, Esq. and niece to Lieutenant-General Hardyman.  
31. At Dolls, Stirlingshire, William Haig, Esq. Bonnington, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Philp, Esq.  
Sept. 1. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Lieut. Colonel Allen, of the late 23d lancers, to Miss Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Campbell Mitchell, niece to Lady Fletcher, of Ashley Park, and Lady Leith.  
2. At St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London, Lord Elliot, only son of the Earl of St. Germaine, to the Right Hon. Lady Junima Cornwallis, third daughter of the late Marquis Cornwallis.  
— At Bonnington, John Adair, Esq. of Genoch, Wigtonshire, to Christina, eldest daughter of the late John Haig, Esq.  
— At the manse of Daviot, the Rev. Henry Simson, minister of Chapel of Garioch, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Shepherd, minister of Daviot.  
5. At Kirkmichael, James Crawford, Esq. M.D.,



to Ann Whiteford, eldest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkmichael.

Sept. 6. At Symington Lodge, Alex. Wardrop, Esq. of Madras, to Jessie, third daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect, Edinburgh.

— At Glasgow, Daniel Emile Patrice Hennessy, Esq. eldest son of Patrice Hennessy, Esq. banker, Brussels, to Catherine, only daughter of John Knox, jun. Esq. Glasgow.

7. At Cowie, Stirlingshire, Mr John Forrester, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Macnab, Esq. distiller.

11. At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, John Mitchell, Esq. M. P., to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliot, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.

13. At Comely Bank, by the Very Rev. Principal Baird, Mr Robert Kirkwood, engraver, to Bathia, youngest daughter of Robert Dunbar, Esq. Tax Office.

14. At Edinburgh, John Gibson, jun. Esq. W. S. to Charlotte Ellen, eldest daughter of John Gordon, Esq. Salisbury Road.

15. At London, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Digby and Viscountess Andover.

— At Dalton, Dumfriesshire, John Hannay, Esq. W. S. to Miss Eliza S. Kennedy, only daughter of the late J. Kennedy, Esq.

— At Leith, Mr John Niven, merchant, to Mrs Mary Spalding, widow of Dr Alex. Spalding, Port Maria, West Indies.

16. At Stafford-Street, Edinburgh, Major-General Hamilton, to Mary Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Bower, Esq. of Kincardrum.

— At Bolton Percy, in Yorkshire, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, George Baillie, junior, Esq. eldest son of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswoode, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Mr Archdeacon Markham.

21. At St. Andrew's, Mr John Buchan, writer, St. Andrew's, to Ann, daughter of Mr Alex. Thomson, merchant there.

— At Glasgow, Mr Ebenezer Bow, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Jane Brown, only daughter of the late Mr William Brown, merchant there.

27. At Lanark, Thos. M. Moffat, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh, to Miss Jessie Finlay Boyd, daughter of the late Mr James Boyd, of Kingon's Knowe, Lanark.

#### DEATHS.

1823. Sept. 1. At Madras, in the East Indies (on his way home to Britain,) Thomas Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company at Nellore.

1824. March 21. Off Cape Coast Castle, of fever, Mr Charles Hope Hunter, Midshipman, H.M.S. Driver, second son of the late Rev. William Hunter, minister of Middlebie, aged 20 years.

April 23. At Cuba, Wm. Farquharson, youngest son of Charles Farquharson, Esq. of Watling's Island, Bahamas.

May. At Buenos Ayres, Captain Peter Sheriff, of the Antelope, second son of the late Mr Thomas Sheriff, shipmaster, Dunbar.

June 21. At Jamaica, after a few day's illness, Alexander Cunningham, Esq. son of the late William Cunningham, of Cairncurran, Esq.

July 4. At Demerara, John Macintyre, Esq. late merchant in Liverpool.

20. At New York, of remittent fever, Mr Ebenezer Richardson, of Glasgow.

Aug. 2. At Marseilles, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, the celebrated German philologist, Frederick Wolf, in his 68th year.

15. At Burnside, George Roger, Esq. of Burnside, in the 70th year of his age.

18. At Lochbuy House, Mrs M. Laine, senior.

21. Near Roine, Mrs Erskine, relict of John Erskine, Esq. eldest son of the late Mr Erskine of Cardross.

— At Burnstick, on the estate of Brooch, in the neighbourhood of Castle Douglas, Henry Alexander, aged 103 years. He recollected quite well the troubles in this country in the year 1745, and frequently recounted an anecdote of his mother having dug a hole in the yard, and carefully hid her butter pig in it, lest it might fall into the hands of the Highlanders.

22. At Dundee, suddenly, Mr William Walker, writer, aged 67 years.

Aug. 23. At Paris, Lady M. Arbuthnot Ogilvy, aged three years and five months, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlay.

— At Bilbo Park, parish of Logie Buchan, James Perry, Esq. surgeon, in the 63d year of his age.

— At Milburn, Miss Jean Welsh, in the 79th year of her age.

— At Blairlogie, Stirlingshire, Miss Emilia Husband Baird, daughter of the Very Rev. Dr G. H. Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

24. At Busby, Mrs Macfarlane, relict of the late Malcolm Macfarlane, Esq.

— At the house of his son in the Vale of Neath, aged 72, the Right Hon. Valentine Lewis, Earl of Dunraven.

— At Duntrune, Mrs Stirling Graham.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, North St. Andrew's Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Douglas, late of the Advocate's Library, aged 87 years. He was admitted into the Advocate's Library in the year 1786, which situation he held for 36 years, much to his own credit and to the satisfaction of the members of that learned body, by whom he was much respected.

— At Cadiz, Mrs Hamilton of Dalzell, Lanark-shire.

25. In the parish of St. Mary, Castlegate, York, Elizabeth Eglin, a poor widow, in the 102d year of her age. Her mother lived to be 103 years old, and her grandmother attained the still greater age of 104.

— At Inverness, Catharine, eldest daughter of Colonel M'Pherson.

26. In Argyle Square, Edinburgh, Janet, the wife of William Wallace, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Bankhead, South Queensferry, Captain William Gordon, second son of the late James Gordon, Esq. of Rosiburgh.

27. At Ayr, John Aitken, Esq. late bailie of the burgh of Ayr.

— In his 90th year, Mr Nathaniel Stevenson, merchant in Glasgow.

— At Seggie, parish of Leuchars, at the advanced age of 99 years and four months, Jean Mavor, widow of David Melville, late labourer, Kincaele.

29. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Cumming, Esq. of Riga.

— At Edinburgh, James Butter, Esq. W. S.

— At St John's Hill, Edinburgh, in the 22d year of his age, James Sutherland Bruce, son of the late Mr William Bruce, banker in Edinburgh.

— At Ann-Street, St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Spalding, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Spalding Gordon, Esq. of Holm and Shimmers, and relict of James Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, W. S.

30. At Gowally, Perthshire, Agnes, second daughter, and, at Greenock, on the 30th, Michael Boston, fourth son of the late Rev. Dr Alexander Simpson, Pittenweem.

— At Dublin-Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Bell.

— At Ayr, Mr George Hendrie, son of the late Dr Hendrie, Kilmarnock.

— At Brighton, in the 75th year of her age, the Hon. Mrs Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose, and sister of the late Earl of Seaforth.

— At Craigleith Hill, Elizabeth Grahame, youngest daughter of Mr William Bonar.

— At Lanark, Vere Wilson, relict of William Thomson, Esq. of Castle Yett.

— At the house of the Earl of Airlay, in Paris, Mrs Clementina Graham, relict of the deceased Gavin Drummond, Esq. of Forth Street, Edinburgh.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Christie, wife of Thomas Christie, Esq. eldest son of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire.

Sept. 1. At Tarbes, south of France, Bryan, third son of Captain Hodgson, R. N.

— At Tranent, Mrs Alexander Allan, in the 81st year of her age.

— At Denburn, near Aylth, Mr David Donald, surgeon.

— At Wentworth House, the Countess Fitzwilliam.

— The Rev. John Sim, A.B., of a gradual decay of nature. He was in his 78th year, being born in the year 1746. He was a native of Kincardineshire. He had been the intimate friend of Sir W. Jones, Day, Mickle, and many other emi-

ment literary men of that period. In 1773 he succeeded his friend Mickle as Corrector of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and entered St Alban's Hall in that University. In 1806 he published a complete edition of Mickle's works, and prefixed to it an interesting memoir of the deceased Poet. During the latter years of his life he performed no clerical duty, but lived retired, amusing himself with literature till within a few days of his death.

Sept. 2. At the age of 84, the Rev. Dr Robt. Macculloch, of Dairies, known to the public as author of a much-esteemed work, in two volumes, on the Prophecies of Isaiah. His name will be long held in affectionate remembrance by his parishioners, with whom he was connected, in the relation of pastor for upwards of fifty years; and to whom he was endeared, not more by the soundness of his pulpit ministrations than by the practical illustration of them which his life exhibited. He was a clergyman of the old school, and exemplified in his clerical deportment not a little of the conscious dignity for which it was distinguished. He received, it is said, his first religious impressions when attending a sermon by the celebrated Mr Whitefield. His discourses were not only highly popular among his own congregation, but, until age enfeebled his faculties, attracted considerable numbers from the neighbouring parishes. They were formed on the model of the older divines, whose solemn energy and evangelical union the admirers of orthodoxy triumphantly contrast with the unsubstantial graces of those beautiful moral essays, which, under the designation of sermons, have issued from the school of Blair. He devoted, while strength permitted, a portion of every day, during winter as well as summer, to exercise in the open air; which, with the strict regimen that in other respects he observed, was probably the means of extending his life beyond the usual boundary. Of such traits in his character as may be deemed peculiar, two may be mentioned—first, that he formed a code of laws for the regulation, even to the minutest circumstance, of his domestic concerns; which the dread of his rebuke (which it is said was no easy thing to bear) disposed all concerned to yield the most implicit obedience to; and, secondly, that, twelve years previous to his decease, he had ordered the coffin in which he was interred to be prepared, for the purpose of aiding, by a striking sensible image, those solemn meditations on his latter end which he was in the frequent practice of indulging.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Lees, precentor of the High Church of this city. He had been ill for some time, but was out the day he died. As a bass and glee singer he was much admired. He was a native of Lancashire, and was a plain, inoffensive, honest man.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Hannah Blackwell, late Housekeeper at Marchmont House, in the 91st year of her age. She dressed the late Lady Marchmont for the Coronation of his late Majesty, George the Third, and was present at that august ceremony. She retained her mental faculties till the close of her long life.

3. At Northampton, aged 87, Dr William Kerr, physician there.

5. At East Grange, Mr David Ker, son of the late James Ker, of East Grange, Esq.

6. At Old Aberdeen, Isabella, daughter of the late George Seton, Esq. of Mounie, and wife of Dr Skene Ogilvy, senior minister of Old Machar.

— At Pendreich, near Lasswade, aged 27 years, Mrs Margaret Melrose, wife of Mr James Macleish, merchant, Edinburgh, much and justly regretted; also, at No. 12, Montague-Street, on the 12th current, Helen, their daughter, aged four months.

— At Edinburgh, Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Chatto of Mainhouse.

— At his seat, Linstead Lodge, in the county of Kent, the Right Hon. John Roper, Lord Teynham. His Lordship dying unmarried, is succeeded by his first cousin, Henry Roper Curzon, Esq. eldest son of the late Hon. Francis Roper.

— At No. 16, Minto-Street, Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Robertson, widow of the Rev. James Robertson, late minister of Ratho.

Sept. 7. At Wallbury, in Essex, in the 45th year of her age, Amelia, wife of Joseph Grove, and eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-General Goldie, of Goldie Lea, near Dumfries.

— At his seat, Sydenham, Kent, in the 67th year of his age, Andrew Laurie, Esq. of the Adelphi, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster, and County of Middlesex.

— At Musselburgh, Mr John Thom, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Southfield, by Auchtermuchty, Mr William Couper, late upholsterer in Edinburgh.

— At Kincardine O'Neil, Patrick Henderson, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs John Jeffrey, daughter of Dr James Hunter, St. Andrew's.

9. At Balerno, near Currie, Mr John Logan, paper manufacturer.

— Lord Viscount Hampden. His Lordship had enjoyed his title only a few days, and is succeeded in the entailed estates by George, Earl of Buckinghamshire.

— At Cally, Dumfries-shire, aged 100 years, Mrs Grace Cantley, relict of the deceased Mr Richard Cantley, gardener there. She was scarcely ever known to be confined by sickness till within a short time previous to her death, and enjoyed a very contented disposition.

— At Aberdeen, in his 21st year, James Massie, Esq.

10. At Portobello, Mrs Margaret Pringle, widow of John Pringle, Esq. surgeon, R. N.

11. At Craigend, John Morison, Esq. of Craig-end, aged 79.

— Mr William Andrew, writer.

— In the island of St. Croix, Dr James Hill, of Dumfries, on the eve of his return to his native country.

— At St. John's, Ayrshire, Margaret Isabella, youngest daughter of David Ramsay, Esq. W. S.

12. At Cokstream, James Bartie, youngest son of Captain A. D. McLaren, Berwickshire militia.

— At his seat, near Southampton, after a long and severe illness, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart. in his 73d year.

13. At his house, Canongate, Edinburgh, Henry Prager, Esq.

— At the house of his nephew, near Aberdeen, Dr John Bate, physician in Montrose. Dr Bate practised with great zeal, ability, and success, for the long period of fifty years, having settled in Montrose in the year 1773. His conduct was marked by the most benevolent disinterestedness—he looked only to the welfare of his patient, and too little to his own interest.

— At Dalkeith, Mr Alexander Innes, watchmaker, aged 67 years.

— At Glasgow, John Preston, Esq.

14. At Crooks of Kirkcconnel, Mary Ann, daughter of Robert Maxwell, Esq. of Breoch, aged 17.

16. At the manse, Falkirk, after a long illness, Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Wilson, minister of Falkirk.

— At Auchtermot manse, Mrs Moffat, Kirkcaldy.

— At London, aged 79, Lieut.-General Andrew Anderson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on their establishment of Bombay.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Stevenson, relict of Mr Henry Watson, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Mount Melville, Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of John Whyte Melville, Esq. aged 12 months.

— At Grandholm Cottage, in the 7th year of his age, James Martin Lindsay, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, 8th Highlanders.

18. At Daldowie, Miss Bogle of Daldowie, in her 80th year.

19. Mr Archibald Grahame, writer, Glasgow.

21. At London, the well known Major Cartwright. He left his lodgings at Hampstead about a fortnight ago, on account of the illness which terminated in his dissolution. The taper of life might in him be said to have burned to the socket; his disease was old age. If he had lived to the 24th, he would have completed his 84th year.

22. At King-Street, Leith, Jane, daughter of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant there.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

NOVEMBER 1824.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.



# HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

| <i>Days.</i> | <i>Morn.</i> |    | <i>Even.</i> |    | <i>Days.</i> | <i>Morn.</i> |    | <i>Even.</i> |    |
|--------------|--------------|----|--------------|----|--------------|--------------|----|--------------|----|
| Dec. 1824.   | H.           | M. | H.           | M. | Dec. 1824.   | H.           | M. | H.           | M. |
| W. 1         | 10           | 3  | 10           | 33 | Fr. 17       | 11           | 56 | —            | —  |
| Th. 2        | 11           | 3  | 11           | 30 | Sa. 18       | 0            | 25 | 0            | 48 |
| Fr. 3        | 11           | 57 | —            | —  | Su. 19       | 1            | 14 | 1            | 36 |
| Sa. 4        | 0            | 22 | 0            | 46 | M. 20        | 1            | 58 | 2            | 19 |
| Su. 5        | 1            | 7  | 1            | 29 | Tu. 21       | 2            | 39 | 2            | 58 |
| M. 6         | 1            | 52 | 2            | 13 | W. 22        | 3            | 15 | 3            | 32 |
| Tu. 7        | 2            | 35 | 2            | 58 | Th. 23       | 3            | 50 | 4            | 8  |
| W. 8         | 3            | 18 | 3            | 39 | Fr. 24       | 4            | 24 | 4            | 40 |
| Th. 9        | 4            | 3  | 4            | 26 | Sa. 25       | 4            | 59 | 5            | 16 |
| Fr. 10       | 4            | 49 | 5            | 12 | Su. 26       | 5            | 33 | 5            | 51 |
| Sa. 11       | 5            | 57 | 6            | 2  | M. 27        | 6            | 12 | 6            | 32 |
| Su. 12       | 6            | 27 | 6            | 53 | Tu. 28       | 6            | 55 | 7            | 20 |
| M. 13        | 7            | 24 | 7            | 54 | W. 29        | 7            | 49 | 8            | 20 |
| Tu. 14       | 8            | 27 | 9            | 1  | Th. 30       | 8            | 55 | 9            | 33 |
| W. 15        | 9            | 39 | 10           | 13 | Fr. 31       | 10           | 11 | 10           | 46 |
| Th. 16       | 10           | 49 | 11           | 24 |              |              |    |              |    |

## MOON'S PHASES.

### Mean Time.

|                     | D.  | M. | H.            |
|---------------------|-----|----|---------------|
| Full Moon, ...M.    | 6.  | 3  | past 10 morn. |
| Last Quart, ...M.   | 13. | 26 | — 7 morn.     |
| New Moon, ...M.     | 20. | 25 | — 10 morn.    |
| First Quart, ...Tu. | 28. | 7  | — 0 noon.     |

## TERMS, &c.

### Dec.

- 10. Salmon fishing in Forth and Tay begins.
- 21. Shortest day.
- 25. Christmas day.

\* \* The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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NOVEMBER 1824.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A SCHOLAR.

1. *Did the Scottish Generals and Commissioners at Newark, by and with the authority of the Scottish Parliament, sell Charles I. to the English Parliament, for the sum of Four Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling?*

Mr HUME says, (*History of England, Chap. LVIII.*) Yes.—I say No; and I think it will not be difficult to prove a negative. When Charles I. formed the resolution of leaving Oxford, and flying to the Scottish camp at Newark, his affairs were reduced to the lowest ebb; his army had been totally routed at Naseby,—Bristol had surrendered,—the West had been subdued by Fairfax,—and Montrose, after a series of brilliant but unprofitable victories, had been defeated by David Lesley at Philiphaugh: in a word, the Royalist cause seemed utterly ruined. It was in these circumstances that, listening to the advice of Montreville the French Ambassador, and recollecting that, in all the disputes about settling the terms of peace, the Scots had uniformly adhered to the milder side, and endeavoured to soften the rigour of the English Parliament, Charles made the unfortunate experiment, the issue of which has been supposed to entail an indelible stain upon our country.

Now, the question to be disposed of is this: King Charles, having thrown himself into the hands of the Scots, who had formed an alliance with the English Parliament, and marched an army of twenty thousand men to their support, and who, consequently, were as much the King's enemies as the Parliament,—what course ought they (the Scots) to have pursued, when the Parliament insisted on the surrender of the King's person into their own hands? In answering this question, we may safely put altogether out of view the fine writing of Hume and others about "romantic generosity," and the glory the Scots would have acquired by maintaining and defending the King's person against his enemies, their allies. A great cause was at stake: Charles had attempted to subvert the religious and civil liberties of Scotland: that nation had taken up arms in defence of both, and had marched to the assistance of the English, who were engaged in the same struggle: fortune had favoured the popular side: and the King, reduced to extremities, had thrown himself on the mercy of those he judged the least implacable of his enemies. But, *because* his Majesty thought proper to adopt this step, is it for an instant to be supposed that the Scots should have abandoned all the advantages which had been purchased at the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure,—deserted the men they were bound by the faith of treaties to support,—made common cause with their inveterate enemies, the Cavaliers,—and turned their arms against those with whom they had embarked in a common struggle for all that is most dear and valuable to society? Who in his senses can dream, that men, who had taken up arms in defence of their religion and liberty, would so stultify themselves as far as consistency is

concerned, and perjure themselves as far as the faith of treaties is concerned, and betray their country, and the cause with the defence of which they were entrusted, *because* an appeal was made to their "generosity" by an unfortunate Prince, when he had no longer the means of carrying on the war he had begun, in support of unlimited prerogative? Yet, had the Scots persisted in maintaining the custody of the King's person, they would have been involved in all this inconsistency and guilt, as well as in a contest the most absurd, unnatural, and pernicious; they would have been traitors to their country, and to the principles they had sworn to defend; for which they would have had, in return, the enviable compensation of being pronounced by Tory historians a nation capable of "fits of romantic generosity," and being branded for ever as drivelling and warring idiots, who embarked in a great cause to-day, and betrayed it, in a "fit of romantic generosity," to-morrow.

But further: the Scots were not principals in the war; they were merely the allies of the English Parliament; and though, viewing the matter generally, Charles was as much the King of Scotland as of England, yet, having put himself in the hands of the Scottish army, *upon English ground*, he was undoubtedly comprehended within the jurisdiction of that kingdom, and could not be disposed of by any foreign nation. Nay, the Scots themselves were at this moment comprehended within the same jurisdiction, and consequently could not, in that situation, assume the rights which it might have been competent to them to exercise, had the transaction taken place within their own frontier. But waiving this objection altogether, and admitting that, in point of right, both parties were on a footing of the most perfect equality,—in other words, that there were two parties, having each a co-ordinate vote in regard to the disposal of the King's person; it is evident that two equal and antagonist claims could only be adjusted by negotiation, which presumes that one of them must give way to the other; and that, as far as the general question is concerned, it was immaterial, in point of justice or right, whether the Scots retained the disposal of the King's person, or entrusted it into the hands of his English subjects, who, on many grounds, had a preferable title to their allies.

This brings me to what constitutes the peculiar feature of the case. Hume says, that the only expedient which the Scots could embrace, "if they scrupled wholly to abandon the King, was immediately to return fully and cordially to their allegiance, and, *uniting themselves to the Royalists in both kingdoms, endeavour, BY FORCE OF ARMS, to reduce the English Parliament to more moderate terms;*" but he admits that this would have been a measure "full of extreme hazard," and would have overturned "what, with so much expense of blood and treasure, they had, during the course of so many years, been so carefully erecting:" in other words, it would have been tantamount to an abandonment of the Presbyterian religion, which they were bound by the Solemn League and Covenant to maintain, and to which the whole nation was ardently attached,—it would have been a most glaring act of perfidy towards those allies whom they had taken up arms to support,—it would have been a sacrifice of public liberty, which the fortune of war had enabled them to wrest from a despotic king and a slavish court,—in brief, it would have been equivalent to a combination with their old and inveterate enemies, against their old and tried friends, for the restoration of that unlimited prerogative of which the Royalists were so much enamoured, and which the friends of liberty had suffered and bled so freely to restrict within due limits. It seems, therefore, even by Hume's showing, that the surrender of the King was inevitable, and that the Scottish Commissioners and the Scottish Parliament would have been either madmen, idiots, or traitors, or rather a happy combination of all the three, had they hesitated about the course which was so clearly pointed out for their adoption. But now comes the *gravamen* of the charge. All these reflections, we are assured, occurred to the Scottish Commissioners, who, nevertheless, "resolved to prolong the dispute, and to keep the King as a pledge for those arrears which they claimed from England, and which they were not likely, in the present dispo-



sition of that nation, to obtain BY ANY OTHER EXPEDIENT." In the whole compass of English History, I defy any man to produce an assertion more gratuitous, malevolent, and unfounded, than that contained in the words here printed in italics and capitals, namely, that in the present disposition of the English nation, the Scots were not likely to obtain the arrears due to them "BY ANY OTHER EXPEDIENT" than detaining and huckstering about the surrender of the King's person! As the whole opprobrium of the transaction hinges upon this insidious clause, it will be necessary to give it a little of our attention.

In the *first* place, when the Scots invaded England in 1640, the condition upon which they lent their aid to the English malcontents was, that their army should be paid and supported by their allies; and when a precarious peace was patched up by the Treaty of Rippon, in which neither party was probably sincere, not only was this condition fulfilled, but £.300,000 were voted by the English Parliament as a "fit proportion for the friendly assistance afforded, and the losses sustained by our brethren of Scotland," (*Journals of the Commons, Feb. 3, 1641.*) At this time the Scots had *not* the King in their hands, and could not, therefore, make use of the "*scandalous expedient*" of detaining his person, in order to secure "their wages." If, therefore, the English Parliament in 1641 not only paid the arrears due to the Scots, but voted them a gratuity of £.300,000 for their "friendly assistance," over and above their just claim,—upon what ground can it be asserted that they would have acted differently in 1646, even had the King never quitted Oxford, and had the Scots been in the same situation as in 1641? Mr Hume has offered no proof of his allegation, that, "in the present disposition of the English nation," the Scots were not likely to obtain the arrears due to them, by any other expedient than detaining the King as a pledge; but as the whole controversy turns upon this point, it surely required to be supported by some authority. It is doubtless at all times easier to assert than to prove, and few things I know of are more annoying than to be called upon for authorities when there are none to produce. In this predicament stands Hume's false and malicious averment, which supposes, that, had not the King imprudently put himself in the hands of the Scottish leaders, the English would have sent their army back to Scotland without paying them sixpence of what they had expressly stipulated for. *Why* he should presume, or *how* he could know, that the English *intended* to be guilty of a proceeding so dishonest in itself, and which must have converted their Scottish allies, by whose means they had gained some of their proudest triumphs, into dangerous and implacable enemies, I must leave to the ingenuity of his readers to determine. But,

In the *second* place, it is not too much to presume, that a force of 20,000 men, with arms in their hands, had an argument for the fulfilment of the conditions stipulated in regard to their pay and arrears, infinitely more conclusive than the possession of all the crowned heads in Christendom. It is, therefore, perfectly monstrous to suppose that so powerful an army would have been refused payment of what was justly due to them, if they had not *fallen in with* an opportunity of committing an act of treachery, by *selling* the person of their Sovereign; or that the English Parliament would have *dared* to be guilty of conduct equally inconsistent with the principles of sound policy and common honesty. The men who at this time governed England were unquestionably dark and gloomy enthusiasts; but there was method in their madness; the most absurd delirium in theory was strangely blended with consummate prudence in council, and vigour in action: and no man, acquainted with the history of the times, and the characters of the men who figured in them,—I mean on the Parliament side,—will ever be induced to credit an allegation so extraordinary, as that they *intended* to cheat their allies out of their arrears of pay, and that they were only induced to fulfil their engagements by an anxiety to get the King's person into their hands. Yet this is substantially Hume's assertion, the incredible absurdity of which will appear in a still more striking light, if the reader will only give himself the trouble of imagining what consequences

would have ensued, had the Parliament carried their fraudulent intentions into effect, and thereby thrown the whole force of their allies into the Royalist scale.

In the *third* place, having already shown that the Parliament honourably acquitted themselves of their obligations to the Scots in 1641, and that it would have been worse than madness—a sort of *felo de se*—had they entertained the remotest thought of acting differently on the present occasion, it is evident that the arrears *must* have been paid, even had the King never quitted Oxford, and therefore that these arrears can, by no force of construction, be viewed as the price of an act of baseness and treachery; for if they were to be so considered, the Scottish Commissioners must have been singularly deficient in that *prudence* which is generally supposed, on the south side of the Tweed at least, to be characteristic of their country. It has never been pretended by any Royalist Historian that the sum they received was *more* than the arrears actually due to them; and if, therefore, they *sold* their King for what they would unquestionably have got had the King never put himself in their hands, they were guilty of an act of the most gratuitous and unparalleled wickedness, and exhibit a solitary instance, in the history of mankind, of treachery committed without a motive, and without the hope of reward. But it is proper to attend to the *amount* of these arrears. After some discussion, they were fixed at £.400,000, one half of which was to be paid immediately, and the other at two subsequent instalments. Now, in 1641, the Scots, who were only about a twelvemonth in England, received £.300,000 in name of arrears; whereas in 1646, after more than three years of hard service, they agreed to take £.400,000 in lieu of all demands. Very moderate traitors these same Scots must have been, verily!

In the *fourth* place, the negotiation regarding the arrears, and that for the surrender of the King's person, being contemporaneous, the Royalist Historians have artfully represented them “as one and the same,” and thus succeeded in giving a colour of plausibility to the charge. This is the *misfortune* of the case. Hume says, “*common sense*” requires that both transactions should be considered as identical. It is somewhat strange, to find him referring to “*common sense*,” which, when it served his purpose, he could treat with the coolest derision; but if for “*common sense*” here, we read “the charge against the Scots,” we will come somewhat nearer the truth; for unless both transactions are regarded as virtually and substantially the same, the accusation falls to the ground. Upon what ground, then, is it asserted that the settlement of the arrears was made a *condition* of delivering up the King? “*Common sense* requires” that it should be so, says Hume. But what has “*common sense*” to do with a matter which must be determined either by the evidence of documents, or by reasoning from all the circumstances of the case? “The English, *it is evident*,” he adds, had they not been previously assured of receiving the King, “*would never have parted with so considerable a sum* ;” but it is matter of historical fact, that, in 1641, they “parted with” a sum nearly as “considerable,” and that in compensation for only a year's service, during the greater part of which the Scots had received £.850 *per diem*, in name of pay. Hume's argument, if it may be dignified with that name, falls, therefore, to the ground; and from the whole of the foregoing reasoning, no less than from the declaration of the English themselves, it is manifest that the transactions were completely distinct, and that it is only by wilfully confounding them, by flourishes about “*common sense*,” and boldly declaring that to be “*evident*” which is the very thing requiring to be proved, that any sort of plausibility has been given to a slander the most unjust and undeserved which has ever been embodied in the pages of history.

Lastly, it is not difficult to account for the anxiety of the Scots to settle their pecuniary concerns with the English at this time. It was now known that Vane had over-reached them in the Treaty concluded at Edinburgh in 1642; that the Parliament never intended to establish Presbytery in England, as the Scots, in their simplicity, had been led to believe; that the power had fallen into the hands of the Independents, who were inimical to



that, and to every form of ecclesiastical polity; and that matters were likely to be pushed much farther than the Scots, who still adhered to the principle of a limited monarchy, could go along with. They had taken up arms against the King, because, in virtue of his prerogative alone, he sought to overturn, at once, the religion and liberties of their country; but it had never entered into their heads to subvert *funditus* the whole fabric of the monarchy, and erect a commonwealth in its stead. Hence, they were anxious to withdraw from an alliance which was likely to lead to results they had never anticipated—results which they were bound by the Solemn League and Covenant to oppose; and with this view they availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to effect an adjustment of their claims, that they might be at full liberty to pursue the course pointed out by their duty to God and their country.

These considerations, which it is hoped will serve to expose the utter fallacy of Mr Hume's allegations, are strikingly confirmed by subsequent events. The Scots, it is evident, had no suspicion that the English would ever dare to take away the King's life; for, two years after, they entered into a solemn engagement to deliver him from imprisonment, and marched into England an army of nearly 40,000 men in support of his authority; and when he was put to death, they instantly proclaimed his son,—sent commissioners to bring him home to Scotland,—caused him to be solemnly crowned at Scone,—fought the battles of Dunbar and Worcester in his cause,—and even after these defeats maintained a long and persevering struggle against Cromwell and the regicides, whom they cordially detested. Is it conceivable, that the men who acted this part, and who, in fact, employed the money they had received from the English Parliament in raising forces for the King when his life was in danger, could have been guilty of the baseness ascribed to them by Hume and other Royalist Historians? Is it credible, if the Scots had sold their King to destruction, that they would have made such an effort to save him? Is it credible that, had they been hostile to the monarchy, or in any degree attached to regicide principles, they would have proclaimed Charles II.,—fought the battles of Dunbar and Worcester,—exposed their country to all the miseries of war,—and, notwithstanding the whole power of the Usurper, kept the royal banner unfurled almost till the very moment that Monk began his march to England? Let these events be taken in conjunction with the preceding reasoning in answer to Hume, and I will venture to say, that altogether they form as strong and convincing a demonstration of the falsehood and injustice of "the reproach" so frequently thrown in the teeth of the Scots, "of selling their King and betraying their Prince for money," as it is possible to conceive beyond the pale of the exact sciences, and in a question where moral evidence alone can be employed.

But by whom, let me ask, is this "reproach" most frequently cast in our teeth? By the English. They say we sold our King\*. Well; what then?

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\* When the above remarks had been brought to a close, my attention was accidentally directed to the following passage in SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE'S *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of King Charles II. A.D. MDCLX*, printed at Edinburgh 1821; which has afforded me the liveliest satisfaction from the coincidence of opinion it exhibits in regard to the transactions at Newark and Newcastle. The Lord Advocate of Charles II. and James VII. will not be suspected of any partiality or tenderness for the men who then governed in Scotland.

"The Parliament of Scotland, [which met at Edinburgh on the 1st of January 1661,] taking to their consideration how much and how unjustly this kingdom was injured, by an aspersion cast upon it for the transactions at Newcastle in anno 1647, at which time the King was delivered to the Parliament of England; which was called, in some histories, A SELLING OF THE KING; did, by an express act, condemn and reprobate all that treaty, and declare that the same was no national act, but was only carried on by some rebels, who had falsely assumed the name of a Parliament. Nor wanted there many, even in that Parliament, who protested against all that procedure, and who had the courage and honesty to cause register that protestation. And I must here crave leave to expostulate with our neighbours of England, for inveighing so severely against our nation for delivering up their



They bought him. They accuse us of "*betraying our Prince for money.*" Be it so. They paid the price of the act of *treachery*; and surely they who *hire* treason are little better than the *traitors*; for wherein does the suborner of false testimony differ from the perjured witness? or in what respect is he who sets on a bravo better than the miserable tool he employs to execute his vengeance? But it is clear that the Scottish Commissioners, in delivering up the King into the hands of his English subjects, (who pretended that they had the best right to the custody of his person, because he was upon English ground,) had not the remotest idea that these same English meditated an act of regicide; and, therefore, their guilt, if guilt it must be called, is absolutely nothing in comparison of that of the *purchasers*, who paid £.400,000 that they might be enabled, first to imprison, and thereafter murder one of the most accomplished and gallant princes who ever wore a crown! Verily the English should cautiously avoid stirring up the remembrance of a subject where recrimination is so easy and so effective, and where, go the main question as it will, there is a moral certainty that they will come off only second best; nor would it be an improper wish, on their part, that the memory of this unhappy transaction, as well as of the tragedy which followed, were buried in the tomb of all the Capulets.

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2. THEORY OF THE COLONIZATION OF ITALY, by a *Led Captain of the Nineteenth Century*; being a *crumb from a Great Man's table*.

*Sub Rosâ* the Captain delivereth himself thus:—"The Greeks who colonized Italy were *Goths* themselves, and they found *Gothic* tribes in possession of that country,—these Gothic tribes had many ages *before* (they "*colonized Italy?*") driven the *original Celts* beyond the Alps; and if this man had known any thing at all of Greek, or Latin, or Gothic, he would have known, that *every monument that has descended to us, of the LANGUAGE of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, PROVES that these tribes were Gothic tribes who had attained different degrees of PROGRESS in polishing their Gothic dialects*—some of them acting upon the *same principles* which guided the Greeks in the work of polishing their Gothic dialect, and others upon *very nearly the same principles* that have conducted the refinement of the Gothic dialects now in use over the greater part of the *European world*."

The reader will have the goodness to give his attention for a moment to this "*clear, complete, and satisfactory theory*" of the colonization of Italy. "*The Greeks who colonized Italy were Goths,*" says our literary Bobadil.

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*King*; SEEING HE WAS ONLY DELIVERED UP TO THEIR PARLIAMENT, WHO FIRST IMPRISONED AND THEREAFTER MURDERED HIM; whereas, how soon EVEN OUR REBELS discovered their design, they carried into England a splendid and mighty army for his defence; and when his murder came to their ears, they proclaimed his son their King, and sent Commissioners to treat with him, and bring him home to Scotland; and WHEN HE WAS ARRIVED, THEY DID CONTRIBUTE THEIR LIVES AND FORTUNES FOR HIS SAFETY. And albeit some bigot Presbyterians did use him unkindly, out of too much kindness to their own principles; yet even these did VERY GENEROUSLY oppose CROMWELL, and SUCH AS HAD MURDERED THEIR KING; as is clearly the attack made by General Major Montgomery at Musselburgh, and by the Remonstrators at Linlithgow. They fought also two battles for him at Dunbar and Worcester, and suffered the greatest hardships imaginable. After which, first the Earl of Glencairn, and then the Earl of Middleton, did keep the fields under his displayed banner; nor did ever his Majesty want some Scottis to stand in arms for him in Scotland, till it pleased God, in return of this loyalty, to make them the great instruments of encouraging General Monk in his bringing home the King; having offered to assist him with their lives and fortunes against Lambert, and having contributed three months' cess per advance for payment of his armies. And so remarkable was our loyalty to the world, and amongst strangers, that his Majesty was always called King of Scots; and it was believed and presumed in all places where our nation travelled, whether in England or beyond sea, that a Scot was still a Royalist." pp. 25-27.

This is, no doubt, a mere assertion, and, as such, might fairly enough be answered by a counter allegation, that "the Greeks who colonized Italy" were *not* Goths, any more than they were *Cree*s or *Cuffres*. But I shall not treat the Captain in so scurvy a fashion, especially as, with the help of Jomandes, (*De Rebus Geticis*,) and other ancient historians and chroniclers, a pretty accurate opinion may be formed in regard to that great people who broke the Roman power, sacked the Capitol, and reigned in Gaul, Spain, and Italy. It appears, then, that the Gothic writers themselves deduced the first origin of their nation from the great Scandinavian peninsula; that many vestiges, which cannot be ascribed to the arts of popular vanity, attest the ancient residence of the Goths in the countries beyond the Baltic; that, as early as the Christian era, and as late as the age of the Antonines, the Goths were established towards the mouth of the Vistula, in that rich province where the commercial cities of Thorn, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic, were long afterwards founded; but that there is not a shadow of evidence, in the whole of ancient history, that a single Goth landed in Italy till the third century of the vulgar era! Nay, the first considerable occasion in which history mentions that people is A. D. 250, when Decius, who had been lately raised to the purple, was summoned to the Banks of the Danube, by a formidable invasion of the Goths, in attempting to repel which he lost both his army and his life. (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, I, 331-341.) But the settlement of the Hellenic Colonies in Magna Græcia dates from the century in which Rome was founded; and before their arrival, five successive immigrations of Illyrians, Iberians, Celts, Pelasgians, and Etruscans, (two of which, the Pelasgians and Etruscans or Tyrrhenians, were unquestionably of Greek origin,) may be clearly traced by the light of ancient history, and the help of such monuments as have escaped the ravages of so many ages. Of these five different races or tribes, the Etruscans rose to the greatest eminence in wealth, power, and refinement, and were in possession of part of Italy at least a thousand years before the building of Rome: so that if the *Greeks* who first colonized Italy were *Goths*, the Captain has discovered the existence of these same Goths fully two THOUSAND YEARS before history makes the slightest mention of their name, or of any circumstance by which they can be distinguished! If, however, it be alleged, that he refers only to the settlement of the Hellenic Colonies in Magna Græcia, his blunder, in point of chronology, is *one half* less; for, upon that hypothesis, he is only about *a thousand years* in error, which, of course, is a mere trifle. The alleged identity of the Greeks and Goths is disposed of by the same argument; and, in fact, no one but this presumptuous ignoramus ever supposed that the Greeks were of Scandinavian origin; in other words, Swedes and Norwegians.

But further: "the Greeks who colonized Italy were *Goths* themselves, and they found *Gothic* tribes in possession of the country;" that is, the Greeks who colonized Italy were Scandinavians, and they found Scandinavians in possession of the country which they (the Greeks) colonized; and, what is still more wonderful, "these Gothic (or Scandinavian) tribes had many ages before driven the original *Celts* beyond the Alps!" The only semblance of an idea that glimmers through the haze of "this man's" ignorance is, that the *Celts* were the *Aborigines* of Italy, and that they were "driven beyond the Alps" by the Scandinavian tribes in possession of that country BEFORE the arrival of the Greeks who colonized it, and who were also Scandinavians. Now, if Bobadil chooses to assert that the *Celts* were the *Aborigines* of Italy, I, who am a Celt myself, shall not contest the point with him; but most certain it is, that these *Celts* were NEVER "driven beyond the Alps" either by Goths or Greeks; that, on the contrary, they retained possession of the Great Plain of Northern Italy, afterwards called Cisalpine Gaul; that they waged many long and bloody wars with the Romans; and that, when vanquished by the arms of the Republic, they were not expelled "beyond the Alps," but united, in the form of a province, to the territory already subject to Rome.



Again: "If this man had known any thing at all of Greek, or Latin, or Gothic, he would have known that every monument that has descended to us of the LANGUAGE of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, PROVES that these tribes were Gothic tribes, who had ATTAINED different degrees of PROGRESS in polishing their Gothic dialects." By his natural propensity to deal in vague generalities, and loud thumping assertions, the Captain seems to imagine that he will either dumfound by his dogmatism, or at least shroud his ignorance in the cloak of his presumption. But neither of these shall serve his turn on the present occasion. He says, "that every monument that has descended to us, of the language of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, proves that these tribes were Gothic tribes." Now, I will call his attention to three of these "monuments:" the first is *Linguae Oscae Singulare Specimen*, found at Avella, and published at Rome in 1774 by Paperius; the second is a fragment of the Volscian dialect, discovered on a tablet of bronze at Veletri, anciently one of the principal cities of the Volscian territory, in the year 1784; and the third is the *Tabulae Eugubinae*, a remnant of the language of the Umbri, contained on seven tablets of brass, disinterred at Gubbio so early as the year 1444. If, then, as the Captain asserts, "EVERY monument that has descended to us, of the language of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, proves that these tribes were Gothic tribes," surely the three monuments of the Oscan, Volscian, and Umbric, here mentioned, will, *a fortiori*, prove his position with threefold strength of evidence. I therefore challenge him to prove, by an analysis of these fragments, that the Oscan, Volscian, and Umbric, were Gothic, and that the Oscans, Volscians, and Umbrians, were Goths; and I hereby pledge myself, that I shall come forward with a counter analysis, and comparison of these dialects with the Gothic, to prove a negative,—which is offering more than I think could reasonably be desired. For the Captain's comfort, I beg to inform him, that Paperius will aid him with the first, Lanzi with the second, and Bourguet with the third; that if he knows any thing of Greek, or Latin, or Gothic, he never had a fairer opportunity, or a more direct challenge to astonish the world with his acquirements as a linguist and antiquary; and that, till he descend fairly into the arena, I must take the liberty to believe, "that every monument that has descended to us of the language of the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans," is about as familiar to him as the writings of Confucius or the Zendavesta. Common prudence, however, will, I am satisfied, induce him, in the meantime, to leave to its inevitable fate the egregious nonsense he sets down about some of "the Italian tribes conquered by the Romans, acting upon the same principles which guided the Greeks in the work of polishing their Gothic (i. e. Scandinavian) dialect, and others upon very nearly the same principles that have conducted the refinement of the Gothic (i. e. Greek, i. e. Scandinavian) dialects now in use over the greater part of the European World!

Such is "the clear, complete, and satisfactory theory" of the colonization of Italy and of "European languages" proposed by this redoubted Bobadil, who asserts in substance, that the Greeks originally sprung from the inhospitable wilds of Sweden and Norway; that Odin was worshipped in Greece and in Italy many ages before the founding of Rome; and that the Pelasgi, the Tyrrhenians, and the Hellenes, were tribes of the same race which latterly overturned the Roman Empire, and poured its barbarous myriads over the fertile regions of the South of Europe, though history exhibits not a single trace of its existence prior to the Christian era, and only some faint indications till the era of the invasion under the Emperor Decius: or, to speak more correctly, such is the stuff with which the poor fellow's mouth has been crammed by the North-of-Italy man, who, discovering that the Captain had a huge swallow, appears to have amused himself (the wicked dog!) with this barefaced experiment on his voracious credulity. In disgorging these indigestible crudities, however, the Captain has unavoidably garnished them with some of the natural filth of his own stomach, which, as the reader perhaps knows, is subject to a monthly eructation of foetid atrabilious matter of the most nauseous and revolting de-



cription. But this was to be expected, because it is the result of an instinct as incurable as that which makes "the dog return to his vomit again, and the sow that was washed to wallowing in the mire."

It appears, also, that Captain has a deadly feud against the *Celtic*, of which he assures us, no doubt from his *own* intimate knowledge of that ancient idiom, there is not one vestige to be detected in the Latin language; and he extends his wrath to the Teutonic, which he proscribes without mercy. *Buille sgach crough ghun oain a' leagadh*. Now this is certainly presumptuous in him, especially as the late Dr Alexander Murray, who probably knew Latin and Greek as well as the Captain, and the Celtic and Teutonic a little better, says expressly (*History of European Languages*, I, 150,) "that the Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and CELTIC, resemble one another,"—of which resemblance he gives a number of very striking examples; while in various parts of the same work, (see particularly Vol. I. p. 340, and Vol. II. pp. 51, 228, 229, *et seqq.*) he demonstrates analytically the affinity of the most ancient dialect of the Greek to the Teutonic, as well as of the latter to the Celtic; all which languages, in fact, originally sprung from one common source. Nor is this opinion peculiar to Dr Murray. Horne Tooke, (*Diversions of Purley*, Part II. c. iv.) declares, that "great part of the Latin is the language of our northern ancestors grafted on the Greek," and that "to our northern languages the etymologist must go for that part of the Latin which the Greek will not furnish." The chief of these "northern languages" were of course the Teutonic and Celtic. Now both these languages have been shown to be of Oriental origin; one striking proof of which is the analogy that prevails between them and the Oriental tongues, in the manner of considering *time*,—or, in other words, in the tenses of the verb, and in the use of nearly the same consignificatives in the formation of adjectives and substantives. Some of the French, and nearly all the great German Philologists, have maintained the same theory: see HEYNI *Opuscula Academica*, Vol. V. pp. 57, 211. *Mithridates*, B. II, § 448. BARTOLOMEI *De Latini Sermonis Origine et cum Orientalibus Linguis Connexione*, p. 9, which is only a digest of the *Memoirs and Observations* of KLEUKER, &c. &c. &c. Ruhnkenius informs, in his *elogue* on Hemsterhuys, that that celebrated scholar, in the course of his researches into the analogy subsisting between the Greek and Latin languages, discovered, that though the Latin could, by decomposition, be shown to be substantially the *Æolic* form of the Greek, still there remained a *part* which appeared to have a *foreign origin*, and which must be sought from a different source.

The Captain begs to be excused from explaining his Græco-Gothic theory above set down, in his own inimitable jargon, and feels a reasonable alarm at the possibility of "throwing pearls to porkers." He is right. It would be no easy matter for him to explain what he neither *does* nor *can* understand, because it is downright mystification and nonsense; and as to his "pearls," as he modestly calls them, it is but honest in him to have a care of what is *not his own*. He knows, and I know, *where*, and from *whom* he got what he calls "pearls," and what every body who knows any thing of the subject must pronounce to be the most inconceivable piece of drivelling absurdity that was ever crammed down the throat of any man *compos sui*; and he knows, moreover, that, from the quarter here pointed at, he gathered the low and disgusting anecdotes which he is so eager to publish, with the view of vilifying and depreciating the memory of men whom the sacredness of the grave cannot shelter from his revilings, because he can now insult them with impunity. But let that pass—*sub Rosâ*! He should be cautious, however, how he takes matters connected with History, Antiquities, or Literature, upon trust, even when his Mentor is the North-of-Italy man; and above all, he should never name authors (*Herder* and *Adelung* for example) of whose works he is grossly ignorant, when he takes it into his head to colonize Italy with *Goths*.

3. *Were the CRUSADES productive of any advantages calculated to counterbalance the immediate evils which flowed from them?*

At the time when Peter the Hermit preached the first Crusade, Europe was sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition. The barbarians who overturned the Empire of the West had succeeded in establishing the system of feudalism on the ruins of ancient institutions; the spirit of liberty, in which genius lives, moves, and has its being, was utterly extinguished; the useful as well as the liberal arts had either perished in the wreck of Roman greatness, or been lost in the Cimmerian darkness which succeeded; and Christianity, which, in a purer form, might have preserved men from falling into the depths of ignorance and barbarism, had degenerated into a species of paganism more odious and revolting than that which it had destroyed, and contributed rather to brutalize than to enlighten the minds of its votaries. The monuments of ancient genius, which had escaped the destructive rage of so many revolutions, were buried in monasteries, and other religious houses, where they were no longer understood or valued; and whence, had the case been different, they could have radiated no light, even to render the surrounding darkness visible: science was swept away in the general ruin; and the debasing absurdities of judicial astrology were all that remained of the Astronomy of the Greeks. In the Lower Empire, the progress of luxury had kept pace with the decline of knowledge and of art, and was fostered by a superstition whose empire is most firmly established in the utter debasement and prostration of the human mind; all power was in the hands of catamites and priests; cruelty, the resource of weakness, terror, effeminacy, and superstition, was the only instrument of government constantly resorted to, yet always ineffectual; and society was sunk into an abyss of ignorance, sensuality, and misery, to which the history of the world presents not a parallel.

With the single exception of sensuality and voluptuousness, the Latins were as ignorant, credulous, degraded, and barbarous, as the Orientals; and even this exception does not hold in favour of the inhabitants of Italy, who rivalled the subjects of the Eastern Empire in all the vices by which they were distinguished. But the Franks, and other nations, who now acknowledged Rome as the spiritual mistress of the world, were remarkable for an impetuous, enthusiastic, and romantic valour, ever ready to break forth at the first hope of adventure or achievement. The nature of feudal tenures and knight service, which they had brought with them from their woods, tended to foster a warlike spirit; while their leisure, occupied in martial exercises, in which they delighted, or in the labours of the chase, to which they were passionately devoted, preserved their bodies robust and vigorous, kept alive the spirit engendered by their rude institutions, and prepared them, not only to endure the fatigues of war, but to display those qualities of high daring and enterprize, which, in the eyes of the world, atone for all its miseries, and shed a halo of glory around the darkest of its crimes. Religion, too, mingling with these tendencies, which it rather strengthened than repressed, gave birth to the system of chivalry, which, in its turn, produced the age of romance, and imparted to the manners and habits of men a degree of polish and refinement, blended with a lofty sentiment of honour and gallantry, which made it imperative to brook no insult, and to brave every danger, in order to succour the helpless, or relieve the distressed. The service of the knight was devoted to the cause of God and his mistress, to whom he vowed equal fidelity; a strange alliance was established between religion and love; and a pair of bright eyes on earth served as lode-stars to guide the knight in that career of daring and enterprize, the reward of which, the church assured him, was to be the beatitude of Heaven.

In such a state of things, the success with which the Crusades were preached, and the enthusiasm with which the brave in every country flew to arms, to deliver the Holy Land and the Holy City from the Infidels, ceases to be matter of astonishment, even though we must at the same time



regard these wild expeditions as the most memorable instances of human delusion which the history of the world exhibits. But what will not the superstition of a barbarous age, aided by religious and martial enthusiasm, prompt men to undertake? What prodigies may it not enable them to accomplish? But let me endeavour to contrast a few of the evils with some of the advantages which flowed from these singular expeditions.

1. One of the evils attending the Crusades was, the superstitious veneration shown to those who returned (and few comparatively did return) from the Holy Land. Men who had stood on Mount Calvary, who had visited the Holy City, who had entered the Holy Sepulchre, and who had touched the wood of the true Cross, were received and considered, not as saints, but as demigods, entitled to a species of worship rather than homage; and this spirit was fostered by the marvellous tales of perilous adventure and heroic achievement in Palestine and Syria, with which these heroes of the Cross filled the ears and fired the enthusiasm of their auditors. Not only did they spread the contagion wherever they went, and hurry on the youth, ambitious of the reverence they saw paid them, to rush to the glorious contest, but they strengthened and rivetted the force of superstition at home, and enabled the spiritual tyranny which had been already established over the human mind to enlarge and consolidate its baneful dominion. Thousands upon thousands, inflamed with the ardour thus communicated, and impatient to share in the spoils of the East, were precipitated to a premature grave, and the day of regeneration and of light was removed to a greater distance.

2. Another evil, nearly allied to the preceding, was the traffic in relics which was thus established, and which afterwards became a source of revenue to the priesthood, and of gross imposture towards the people, who, as usual, were the dupes of all parties. While their ears were filled with tales of wonder, their pockets were picked by the reciters. But the clergy soon contrived to secure the monopoly of this lucrative trade; first, for its direct and tangible advantages; and secondly, as a powerful means of strengthening and consolidating the dominion of superstition. The refuse of the church-yard and the charnel-house were set up to sale, and found ready purchasers. Faith long kept up the demand, and the priests took care that the supply should not fail, while rotten bones and decayed timber were to be had for love or money. This traffic necessarily engendered a system of falsehood, and gave rise to that legendary superstition, which, though it served its purpose for the time, was destined, in a more enlightened and propitious age, to supply one of the strongest arguments against that disgusting superstition which it had been invented to support.

3. The Crusades destroyed the little commerce which had previously subsisted between Europe and the countries on the shores of the Mediterranean. The hostile and unprovoked attacks of the Crusaders on Egypt and Syria, the channels by which the productions of India were then imported to the West, with the ravages they committed wherever they went, necessarily destroyed all intercourse of a commercial nature, leaving only an insignificant traffic, by way of barter, with the inhabitants of the Greek islands in the Archipelago. It has been said, indeed, that the Crusades opened up the way to a trade with India; but this is wholly without foundation; for the total extermination of the Infidels would not have secured this trade to the Christians, while the Arabs, the mortal enemies of the Christian Religion and name, remained masters of the desert. If, therefore, the productions of India afterwards found their way to Europe, it was only after time had abated the fierce passions engendered by these extravagant and destructive expeditions.

4. But while the nature and objects of the Crusades proved injurious to commerce, the vast and incessant emigration to that devouring vortex, the East, arrested the progress of industry at home. The lands were suffered to remain uncultivated, and the rich vineyards of Burgundy and Champagne were overgrown with grass. In the successive paroxysms of the crusading mania, the cities and the country had been abandoned by their



inhabitants ; industry was paralyzed by this mighty delusion ; the wildest fanaticism possessed every head and every heart ; and the countries to the South of Europe, deserted by their inhabitants, were reduced to all the misery and desolation which generally follow pestilence and war.

But great as these evils undoubtedly were, the advantages which resulted from these fanatical expeditions more than overbalanced them.

1. Though the Princes of the West had encouraged the emissaries of Rome in preaching the Crusades from no political or designing motives, they were enabled to turn them to account, by humbling the power of their great barons and vassals. Most of these had either fallen in Palestine, or ruined their fortunes in the Holy War. Their power was consequently broken, and an opportunity offered for raising up a countervailing force, sufficient to prevent it from recovering the shock. Of this opportunity, the Sovereigns of Europe gladly and promptly availed themselves. The independent jurisdictions of the nobles were destroyed, or so materially abridged, as to be no longer formidable to the Crown ; and certain privileges and immunities were granted to corporations of merchants, who, it was foreseen, would make common cause with the Sovereign who protected them against the barons, by whom they had been long oppressed, and held in a state of the most degrading thralldom. From this time the commons began gradually to rise in wealth and importance. Their industry prospered in proportion to the security they enjoyed ; their influence grew apace as they advanced in wealth ; in process of time they were able to lend money to the barons on mortgage ; and from this moment commenced that gradual subdivision of property, which, from the very nature of things, would have gone on steadily, had it not been afterwards arrested by the pernicious principle of entails. Recognized as an element in the constitution of society, and employed by the Crown to counterbalance the power of the nobles, it soon became necessary to admit the representatives of the commons into the Great Council of the Nation, and to profit by their knowledge, as well as to consult their interest. Hence arose, in the course of succeeding ages, the different political systems of Europe, all of which have been formed on the same original principle, more or less developed, in proportion as circumstances were more or less favourable. And to the Crusades this salutary change may be clearly and indisputably traced.

2. Another advantage which flowed from the Crusades was that proud sentiment of chivalrous courtesy and honour, which has laid the foundation of all that is most valuable in modern manners, bestowing upon them a degree of polished elegance and high refinement, to which the Greeks and Romans, even in the zenith of their renown, were utter and absolute strangers. "Between the age of Charlemagne," says Gibbon, (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. XI. p. 36, octavo edition,) "and that of the Crusades, a Revolution had taken place among the Spaniards, the Normans, and the French, which was gradually extended to the rest of Europe. The service of the infantry was degraded to the plebeians ; the cavalry formed the strength of the armies ; and the honourable name of Miles, or soldier, was confined to the gentlemen who served on horseback, and were invested with the character of knighthood. The dukes and counts, who had usurped the rights of sovereignty, divided the provinces among their faithful barons : the barons distributed among their vassals the fiefs or benefices of their jurisdiction ; and these military tenants, the peers of each other, and of their lord, composed the noble, or equestrian order, which disdained to conceive the peasant, or burgher, as of the same species with themselves. The dignity of their birth was preserved by pure and equal alliances ; their sons alone, who could produce four quarters, or lines of ancestry, without spot or reproach, might legally pretend to the honour of knighthood ; but a valiant plebeian was sometimes enriched and ennobled by the sword, and became the father of a new race. A single knight could impart, according to his judgment, the character which he received ; and the warlike sovereigns of Europe derived more glory from this personal distinction than from the lustre of their diadem. This ceremony, of which some

traces may be found in Tacitus and the woods of Germany, was, in its origin, simple and profane ; the candidate, after some previous trial, was invested with the sword and spurs ; and his cheek or shoulder was touched with a slight blow, as an emblem of the last affront which it was lawful for him to endure. But superstition mingled in every public and private action of life ; in the Holy Wars, it sanctioned the profession of arms ; and the order of chivalry was assimilated, in its rights and privileges, to the sacred orders of the priesthood. The bath and white garment of the novice were an indecent copy of the regeneration of baptism : his sword, offered on the altar, was blessed by the ministers of religion ; his solemn reception was preceded by fasts and vigils ; and he was created a knight in the name of God, of St. George, and of St. Michael the Archangel. He swore to accomplish the duties of his profession ; and education, example, and the public opinion, were the inviolable guardians of his oath. As the champion of God and the ladies, (I blush to unite such discordant names,) he devoted himself to speak the truth ; to maintain the right ; to practise *courtesy*, a virtue less familiar to the ancients ; to pursue the Infidels ; to despise the allurements of ease and safety ; and to vindicate, in every perilous adventure, the honour of his character. The abuse of the same spirit provoked the illiterate to disdain the arts of industry and peace, and to esteem himself the sole judge and avenger of his own injuries, and proudly to neglect the laws of civil society and military discipline. Yet the benefits of this institution, to refine the temper of barbarians, and to infuse some principles of faith, justice, and humanity, were strongly felt, and have been often observed. The asperity of national prejudice was softened ; and the community of religion and arms spread a similar colour and generous emulation over the face of Christendom. Abroad, in enterprise and pilgrimage,—at home, in martial exercise, the warriors of every country were perpetually associated ; and impartial taste must prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic games of classic antiquity. Instead of the naked spectacles which corrupted the manners of the Greeks, and banished from the Stadium the virgins and matrons, the pompous decoration of the lists was crowned with the presence of chaste and high-born beauty, from whose hands the conqueror received the prize of his dexterity and courage. The skill and strength that were exerted in wrestling and boxing bear a distant and doubtful relation to the merit of a soldier ; but the tournaments, as they were invented in France, and eagerly adopted both in the East and West, presented a lively image of the business of the field. The single combats, the general skirmish, the defence of a pass or castle, were rehearsed as in actual service ; and the contest, both in real and mimic war, was decided by the superior management of the horse and the lance. The lance was the proper and peculiar weapon of a knight : his horse was of a large and heavy breed ; but this charger, till he was roused by the approaching danger, was usually led by an attendnat, and he quietly rode a pad, on a palfrey of a more easy pace. His helmet, his sword, and his greaves and his buckler, it would be superfluous to describe ; but I may remark, that, at the period of the Crusades, the armour was less ponderous than in latter times ; and that, instead of a massy cuirass, his breast was defended by an *han-buk*, or coat of mail. When their long lances were fixed in the rest, the warriors furiously spurred their horses against the foe ; and the light cavalry of the Turks and Arabs could seldom stand against the direct and impetuous weight of their charge. Each knight was attended to the field by his faithful squire—a youth of equal birth and similar hopes ; he was followed by his archers and men-at-arms, and four, or five, or six soldiers, were computed as the complete furniture of a *lance*. In the expeditions to the neighbouring kingdoms or the Holy Land, the duties of the feudal tenure no longer subsisted ; the voluntary service of the knights and their followers was either prompted by zeal and attachment, or purchased with rewards and promises ; and the numbers of each squadron were measured by the power, the wealth, and the fame of each independent chieftain. They were distinguished by his banner, his armorial coat, and his cry of war ; and the most ancient families of



Europe must seek, in these achievements, the origin and proof of their nobility. In this rapid portrait of chivalry, I have been urged to anticipate the story of the Crusades, at once an effect and a cause of this memorable institution."

3. The last advantage I shall notice as resulting from the Crusades was, that, notwithstanding the prodigious madness to which they were indebted for their origin, and the furious hostility with which the Holy War was carried on, the persons engaged in it were almost unconsciously made acquainted with the manners, customs, and institutions of other nations, and their savage minds informed with the elements of useful knowledge. This knowledge would not be buried in monasteries and cloisters, like the remnants of ancient literature and philosophy, but would be diffused, by the thousand tongues of Fame, through the great mass of society; and, while it gratified the gaping curiosity of ignorance, would tend to raise the ideas of those to whom it was communicated; to give them juster notions of their own manners, customs, and institutions, and to keep alive the spirit of enterprize which the Crusades had engendered, directing it, at the same time, into a less dangerous and more beneficial channel. Ignorant and superstitious as mankind then were, this knowledge, received at a time when there was a general heaving and stirring among the nations, must have given a new impulse to mind, and prepared the way for improvement. With the knowledge of Oriental manners, a taste had been formed for Oriental luxuries, which, when the rage of hostility abated, men would seek to gratify: commerce would thus follow in the wake of war and devastation, and, by its gentle, healing influence, soften the miseries and repair the ravages committed by religious frenzy on the one hand, and barbarian fury on the other. The productions of the East always have been, and always will be, highly valued in the West; and hence the circumstances of society lead to the inference justified by facts, that though the Crusades, in the first instance, annihilated the little commerce which had hitherto been carried on between Europe and the countries of the Levant, they at the same time prepared the way for a more enlarged and beneficial intercourse, which was destined to take place when the tide of religious frenzy had ebbed, and the selfish principles of mankind regained their ordinary ascendancy. The history of the Republic of Venice fully illustrates what has now been said.

Perhaps the humane reader, who traces the progress of these expeditions, the offspring of the wildest delusion, and marked throughout by famine, disease, slaughter, and acts of the greatest cruelty which the most sanguinary ferocity could devise or perpetrate, and who calls to mind the myriads upon myriads that madly rushed forward, under the banner of the Cross, to die by the sword of a barbarian enemy, or perish under the influence of a pestilential climate, with all the other nameless calamities and privations they endured, and the misery which they left behind, as well as that which they caused or suffered before them—will be of opinion, that no incidental and doubtful benefits could ever compensate such dreadful expenditure of human life, to say nothing of the desolation which fell upon some of the fairest portions both of Europe and of Asia. It is sufficient for us, however, that every event in this world evolves a certain portion of good, which it is always instructive to contemplate, and useful to point out to the consideration of others.

S. E.

P. S. The above hasty and imperfect observations, written many years ago, are little more than mere jottings or memoranda, to aid the recollection, and serve as a basis for a more enlarged and complete view of the results which I conceive the Crusades to have produced: but I have been deterred from making any alteration, by the announcement of "*TALES OF THE CRUSADERS*," by the Author of *Waverley*, whose splendid and versatile genius will, doubtless, body forth and represent the prominent features of that memorable age.



# Walks in Edinburgh.

By Dick Peppermint.

## Walk IV.

Ah ! who can boast he never felt the fires,  
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
And the soft heavings of the living snow ?

*Mickle's Camions:*

Musing at evening by my cottage fire—

No, I am thinking of a happier hour,  
Of former seasons, when I would retire

At twilight, like a wild bird to its  
bow'r,

To dream, perhaps, of the delicious strain  
That should salute the rising morn again.

Musing at evening in my lonely room,

Lonely and small, beside the hawthorn  
boughs

That fill'd the grate, where, in the win-  
ter's gloom,

The fire blaz'd brightly, and the sparks  
flashed

As naturally as mankind are born

To trouble, which poor Job was doom'd  
to mourn :

Sweet hawthorn boughs, with roses here  
and there

Among them, placed by Annet's taste-  
ful fingers ;

Annet, fair girl ! who, with peculiar care,  
Prepares my coffee, fries my steak, and  
lingers

Most busy about nothing—fond to hear  
Me prattle nonsense in her pretty ear :—

Musing at evening in my lonely room,

A tap came gently to the door—a tap  
From woman's hand—and, in her May-  
morn bloom,

Fair Annet enter'd, with a handsome  
cap,

With handsome gown, that none became  
her better—

And in her hand she held a handsome  
letter.

Now, this is most confused and stupid  
writing—

Then why attempt it ? I shall tell thee  
why ;

Because these dolts that choose to be in-  
diting

In imitation of Don Juan, try

Such foolish things—and I the same  
essay,

To prove that I can ape as well as they—

Yet 'twill be seen by every man of taste,  
By every man of critical sagacity,

That I no model have before me placed,  
Nor, with becoming folly and rapacity,  
Like very many modern poetasters,  
Stol'n from the treasures of some gifted  
masters.

I'm no disciple of the epic Milton,  
No blind idolater of verses blank :  
I don't, like Ossian, put a Highland kilt on,  
And rave gross nonsense upon Clutha's  
bank ;

Nor fill, like Parson Young, with skulls  
my room,  
And hoot my song, like owlets, from a  
tomb.

I do not take great Darwin's noisy trum-  
pet,

And blow thee deaf with its monoto-  
nous sound ;

Nor try, like Swift, to make the muse a  
strumpet,

That would the ears of modesty a-  
stound ;

Nor chant, like Gray, who clothes his  
neck in thunders,

The wondrous wonder (Johnson says) of  
wonders.

I—plague upon this panegyric pen !

It is not meet to praise one's own poor  
noddle ;

I sing as Nature bids—in spite of men,  
Who give us critic-laws not worth a  
bodle—

Who in strait-waistcoat-maxims would  
confine us,

Like Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus.

“ O come, blest Spirit ! whatsoe'er thou  
art,

(To quote the fervent wish of Robert  
Bloomfield,)

Thou kindly warm, that hoverest round  
my heart,”

Whether I find thee in a bean or broom-  
field,

'Mong country boors, or in the city throng,  
O come, be thou inspirer of my song !

Yet bards from other bards may take a  
hint,

As Burns from Ferguson and Ramsay  
did,

As Scott from Coleridge, and (perhaps  
not meant)

As Byron from the loud and martial  
tread

Of the "Great Minstrel's" Pegasus, and  
eke

From Crabbe's stout parson-horse, not  
over sleek:

As Campbell did from Rogers, though he  
woke

A louder music—as from Dryden,  
Pope;

But sure each pilfering cranium should be  
broke,

That steals both thought and manner,  
with a hope

Of being poet—not, alas! a true one—

Like those who follow Wordsworth and  
Don Juan.

Like—faith, I do not choose to tell  
their names,

For I am not a pugilist, like Cribb,

Nor am I fond of duellistic games;

And if they chanced to break my leg  
or rib,

(As Socrates would say) where's the re-  
sort?

We cannot bring an ass before a court.

She held a letter in her hand—fair Annet

A handsome letter on the table laid,

And smil'd and simper'd—but I really  
cannot

Her meaning tell, unless the love-ripe  
maid

Might think, perhaps, it was a billet-doux  
From some sweet damsel, lovely, fond,  
and true.

"We shall receive no letters in the grave,"

Says Doctor Johnson—how he found  
this out

Is more than I can guess—what witness  
gave

The evidence? None—it remains a  
doubt:

From Klopstock's widow I have letters  
read,

Address'd to him long after he was dead.

And I have read—bless me! what I have  
read—

Letters by pious Mistress Rowe from  
hell;

Oh, Lady! thy enthusiastic head

Has been in fearful blaze, as thou canst  
tell,

Before thou couldst imagine that thy  
cranium

Was such an awful place as Pandemo-  
nium.

'Tis strange to muse upon a handsome  
letter

Before we open it—at least for me,

And kindred bards;—perhaps I am a  
debtor,

Perhaps in dread of jail—Lord! it  
may be

From David Twist the tailor—devil take  
it!

And can the fellow think I should go  
naked?

It may be from the baker—Robert Crust—  
Curse on his impudence! can he sup-  
pose

That I should live on nothing? I shall  
thrust

His nonsense in the fire—lo, there it  
goes

Into oblivion! no, 'tis out again,

A happier thought comes brightening o'er  
my brain.

It may be from a patron—oh, delightful!  
Some man of title, honour, wealth, and  
pow'r,

Who having heard that fortune has been  
spiteful

To me, melodious bard! comes like a  
show'r

Of summer over me, to bid me raise

My head among the worthies of our days.

It may be from that girl—the fair un-  
known—

To tell me that she swoon'd beneath  
mine eye

Of radiant light—expir'd, too, with the  
tone

Of my lip's music—pugh! she would  
not die

By such blunt arrows—let me then unfold  
The letter that is trembling in my hold.

"My dearest Peppermint,

I've got an Order

From Bailie What's-his-name, to see  
the Jail,

And Bridewell too, sweet Poet of the  
Border;

If thou accompany us, thou wilt not  
fail

To meet two pretty ladies.

I remain,

Your's most sincerely,

Gilbert Weathervane."

"Two pretty ladies!"—Yes, by Heavens!  
I'll go—

But 'tis a sin to swear—I'll mark that  
down

In my small pocket-book. Ho, Annet,  
ho!

There, brush these boots till brighter  
than thine own

Black brilliant eyes—here fix this glitter-  
ing pin

Of gold—Lord! you have stuck it in my  
skin!

Now that will do—and now arrange that  
frill—

'Tis not in fashion now, but never  
care;

Oh, girl! that breath of thine is fit to kill  
A giant in his mightiness—the air  
Of heaven cannot be sweeter—shut, oh,  
Annet!

Thy cherry lips—or I must—no, I can-  
not—

I cannot shut mine eyes—thou little  
witch!

But I shall shut my dressing-box—put  
on

My blue surtout, and, with my dandy  
switch,

Rush forth to meet these pretty girls—  
and con

My lines that pass along the lips of  
misses,

As soft as silk-threads, and as sweet as  
kisses.

So forth I rush'd—but, lo, when I went  
out,

The moon was struggling through the  
evening gloom;

Unhappy oversight! I wheel'd about  
Again to seek my small and lonely  
room,

Impatient as a lady dress'd for ball,  
Where she intends to kill the dandies all.

Oh, 'tis a painful thing to lie in bed,  
Without the power of sinking to re-  
pose;

There all the miseries that we have had,  
Combin'd against us, like besieging  
foes,

Break down the rampart that surrounds  
the heart,  
And force its joyous inmates to depart.

There all the follies, too, that have been  
ours,

Come glaring round us like unwelcome  
ghosts,

As if commission'd by avenging pow'rs,  
To bear us off to the infernal coasts;  
Each bed-post changes to a devil—all  
The curtains hang round like a dead man's  
pall;

The sheets turn winding ones—the blan-  
kets grow

As damp and heavy as a green grave-  
sod;

O Lord! and who has pow'r to breathe  
below

The increasing weight of such a horrid  
load?

"O Lord, for morning!" will the wretch-  
ed cry,

In fear and perturbation—so did I.

And morning came at last, serene and  
bright,

To chase the phantoms from my thorny  
bed;

And I arose, as any body might,  
With more than customary pleasure—  
glad

Thus to escape from threatening fiends,  
and meet

The human things—that cause my heart  
to beat.

I met my comrade—Gilbert Weathervane,  
In Prince's Street, a lady on each arm;

Oh, reader, how my fascinated brain  
Turn'd round with transport! how the  
current warm

Rush'd from my heart, when in my pre-  
sence shone,

In all her loveliness, the fair unknown!

He introduced me, (while I mov'd my hat,  
And made my bow, and spoke with  
many a blunder,)

As being author of this book and that—  
The ladies look'd at me with no small  
wonder,

For they were from the scenes of rural  
peace,

Where authors are not quite so rife as—  
geese.

I took my station by the fair unknown,  
Her fair right hand her parasol that  
held;

"Oh, happy parasol!" in under tone  
I mutter'd, as my throbbing bosom  
swell'd—

"Oh, happy would my panting spirit be,  
Could I but feel the press that presses  
thee!"

I've heard of snake, with fascinating eyes,  
That fixes mortals firmly as a rock,

Until the cruel animal supplies  
Its empty stomach with a plenteous  
stock

Of nourishing provisions, blood and brain,  
That ne'er shall flow, that ne'er shall  
think again.

So on this day—this bright and beauteous  
day—

I felt the glances of the fair unknown  
Steal from my lips and hands their pow'r  
away,

And make me quite as stupid as a  
stone;

But though the ladies sometimes dream  
of cheating us

With smiles—thank Heaven! they never  
think of eating us.

Few minutes brought us to the Jail's huge  
door,

And its huge porter, with his wooden  
leg:



If Heaven would grant, though never  
done before,

Life to a butt of sherry—as an egg,  
Or as a pea strongly resembles others—  
The *porter* and the *butt* would pass for  
brothers.

Look to the left hand ! there the debtors  
go,

Like birds, not singing-birds, within  
their cage ;

Like ducks and hens, that neither plough  
nor sow,

But spoil the corn-fields, when in hoary  
age

The stalks are drooping—so they are  
pent up,

That rightful owners may both dine and  
sup.

I praise the legislature for our laws,  
For thus confining debtors in a jail ;  
Although their body's absent, and their  
paws,

In place of tools, may grasp an iron  
rail,

Their minds, at least, may linger in their  
shop,

Or hover round the reapers of their crop.

It is indeed a most ingenious way  
To make a debtor pay the cash he  
owes :—

Cut out a fellow's tongue, and bid him  
say

His creed, or any other thing he knows ;  
Pluck out his eyes, and bid him justly  
draw

The features of a man he never saw ;

Lop off his legs, and bid him swiftly run  
Up to the lofty top of Arthur's Seat ;  
Smite off his head, and, when the thing  
is done,

Command his bloodless bosom still to  
beat :

If he obey, the debtors will not fail  
To pay their creditors while housed in  
jail.

But hold, my muse—for statesmen all are  
wise—

In case that thou may'st get a hearty  
*canning* ;

Perhaps a whipping, that, like Spanish  
flies,

May *peel* thy back in spite of thy com-  
plaining ;

Nay, they may tear out even thy heart  
and *liver*,

And cast them in a *pool* to quake and  
quiver.

Look to the right hand ! lo, the robbers,  
thieves,

And murd'ers, too, not much, per-  
haps, at ease !

Like trap-caught rats—a race that oft  
bereaves

The housewife of her butter and her  
cheese ;

Like wild beasts in a showman's caravan,  
Which glare most grimly at spectator,  
man.

And they will all be hang'd, alas ! poor  
wretches !

And sent, without redemption, to the  
devil,

All, all without distinction ; he that fetches  
A loaf off in his hunger, is as evil

As he, no doubt, who arms him with a  
knife,

And strikes it to the bosom of his wife !

So people think now in the present day ;  
So thought not Moses in the days gone  
by,

Who, as all Christian souls believe and  
say,

Receiv'd the Jewish laws from Heaven  
on high ;

But now a human judge, who is partaker  
Of human faults, is wiser than his Maker.

O Sir James Mackintosh ! O worthy Sir !  
Although I don't think thou can'st  
write like Moses,

Yet when the Revolution made a stir,  
Thy pen was powerful, as thy book  
discloses ;

O plead for justice to a worthless crew !  
Should not the very devil have his due ?

While thus I mus'd, I felt a gentle press,  
A woman's gentle press, upon mine  
arm ;

And, lo, the fair unknown, in her distress,  
Had clung to me for shelter, though no  
harm

Was near—" O Master Peppermint, this  
place is

No pleasant sight, with all these horrid  
faces !"

I laid my hand on her's—it trembled—  
bless her !

She pull'd it not away like prudish  
maid ;

I took her hand in mine—" O to possess  
her

For ever"—in my heart I sigh'd or  
said.

In mine I link'd her arm—" What bliss  
to shield her

Through life—and give her all my heart  
could yield her !"

" I calm'd her fears"—like Coleridge,  
mellow bard !

When Genevieve lay weeping on his  
breast—

"And she was calm." The fearful door  
 now jarr'd  
 Upon its hinge, and the huge porter  
 (blest  
 Oft with his liquid namesake, for his hide  
 well  
 Stuff'd with beef is) let us pass to Brid-  
 well.

Bridewell is just a hell—a dreadful sink  
 Of human vice in every human shape,  
 From childhood-imps to wretches on the  
 brink

Of life, for whom the grave begins to  
 gape;  
 But I confess the porters are more civil  
 To strangers, than one would expect the  
 devil.

And—oh! must I disclose the unwel-  
 come truth?

By far the most of these degraded crea-  
 tures

Are women—women in the years of youth,  
 And yet the bloom has left their fallow  
 features,  
 And from their eyes unholy glances dart,  
 To tell the state of a corrupted heart.

The hands that were most ready to re-  
 lieve

A fellow of his money or his watch,  
 Are now most busily employ'd to weave,  
 To sew, to spin—yet, I'm told, they  
 hatch

New vices in this place—I see that they  
 Are more inclin'd, indeed, to sing than  
 pray.

The feet that were most speedy in the  
 chase,

When police-officers cried, "Catch the  
 thief!"

Are now most busy, with an awkward  
 pace,

In treading on a large mill-wheel—  
 yet grief

Appears not in their faces, where you read  
 Of some premeditated evil deed.

And yet 'tis better far than hanging them,  
 If but a few amongst them will repent,  
 And turn good citizens—the fearful flame  
 Had never been, with its destruction,  
 sent

By Heaven on Sodom and Gomorrah, had  
 There been five good men 'mid five thou-  
 sand bad.

I look'd on them, and shudder'd—and  
 my gaze

I turn'd upon the being at my side,  
 The beautiful, the innocent, whose ways.  
 Were those of virtue—virtue that will  
 guide

Her heart to happiness, her soul to glory,  
 When icy death has clos'd her mortal  
 story.

"There is contagion in the eyes that  
 flame

Upon us here—come forth, my fair un-  
 known,

Miss Mary Allandale, (for that's the name  
 She bears among the flowers where she  
 hath blown,)

"Come forth, I pray thee, from this tigers'  
 den,

Where men, though seeming human, are  
 not men—

"Where women—but I won't at present  
 lay

The lash of condemnation on their  
 shoulder."

So forth we came, and took our pleasant  
 way

Along the Bridges; but when I grew  
 bolder,

And felt my tongue could speak, alas!  
 we parted,

And I went lonely home—yet merry-  
 hearted.

#### EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF CIVILIZATION.

(Continued from page 406.)

#### Book I. Part II.

#### Chapter I.

#### Experience—Prejudices.

Two potent dissimilar passions rule by turns in the human breast; the craving for the negative species of enjoyment, consisting in the suspension of all uneasy exertion; and that paramount stimulus to action, the incessant desire of an ameliorated condition. Among individuals, temper and circumstances determine the preponderance of indolence or ambition—the names by which those passions are commonly designated; but the latter never fails to influence in a superior degree the general conduct of civilized communities. Great difficulties, however, are opposed to its due regulation.

Our mental powers are too limited to enable us to judge at once, upon principle, of the best course of action : our sole dependence for direction in this matter is upon *experience* ; and this intellectual deficiency is the source of a peculiar, although a very obvious inconvenience.

An adequate fund of experience can only be obtained after the succession of a long series of events. But the mind is too volatile to await the result of so tedious a process. Before it possesses the legitimate means of arriving at an accurate judgment, it hastens to the employment most agreeable to the imagination of forming conclusions. Such is the origin of those crude opinions which have received the suitable appellation of *prejudices*, and which have had so extensive an influence on the past and present fortunes of the human race.

It hence appears that we are called upon, as we proceed in our inquiry, to advert to two general divisions of the subject of civilization besides those already described. In the history of each separate community there must be a period when a sufficient stock of experience has accumulated for the formation of just rules of conduct ; after which, a further term must pass, during which the prejudices engendered in the course of the accumulation will gradually disappear, and at length leave room for the practical benefits to be derived from the acquired knowledge.

Now the precise mark of the actual termination of *our* sixth era is the possession by the community of the amount of experience included in the first of these periods. The question, What may reasonably be regarded as a sufficient stock ? must be left very much to the judgment of the discerning reader ; and we also leave to the general statistician, or perhaps, more properly, to the minute philosopher, the task of applying the criterion so far developed to the moral and political attainments of existing nations : However near the approximation of one or two happy instances, we apprehend there are yet none in all respects prepared to be measured by such a standard. In the application of the scale, it must be borne in mind that the experience, to be available, must have been made up of important transactions retained in the memory, not known only passively by the senses ; for savages are the witnesses of events, generally, indeed, of minor consequence, but differ from a civilized people in this respect principally in their neglect to render those events subservient to the purposes of social improvement.

Having marked by a definite line the connecting boundaries of the *sixth* and *seventh* eras, the next step in order is to consider the province peculiar to the latter, the forerunner of the eighth and last stage, in the course of which will be realized all that can be accomplished on this side of the grave towards the perfection of the human race.

It may be collected from the preceding observations, that the chief business of the seventh era will be the eradication of prejudice. To what extent this effect will be therein produced will appear in a future chapter, after we have entered into some necessary explanation of our views in relation to those prejudices, and which we propose to class under the following general heads :

1. Religious Prejudices or Abuses.
2. Prejudices affecting Education.
3. Prejudices relating to Social Government.

We understand the whole of these terms in the most extensive sense, so as to render them altogether comprehensive of all the most important interests of life.

## Chapter II.

### *Religious Prejudices or Abuses.*

The influence of religion upon civilization is incontestible. One of the surest marks of difference between a true and a false religion is, that a zealous exercise of the former conduces to social improvement, while the same conduct applied to the latter produces a contrary effect. The reason



is plain: zeal, in connexion with a just cause, is a virtue; in a bad cause, it soon degenerates into a vicious fanaticism, which is fatal to all useful exertion. The Pagan religion, as it was exercised by the Romans, and some other of the nations of antiquity, was as little as possible attended by fanaticism: it offered, therefore, no serious impediment to the advance of its professors to that state of civilization to which heathens are capable of attaining. We have accordingly seen that they actually reached the summit of the fourth stage. The deluded adherents of other false systems of religious faith have never been able, although assisted by an extraordinary accumulation of experience, to advance so far. The Hindoos, the Mahometans, and the believers in other similar superstitions, in the elements of which is mingled a large portion of misdirected zeal, have at no time proceeded much beyond the third era; and it might be easily shown, that if in every instance their present progress is not absolutely retrograde, they have no prospect of ever reaching the point attained by the followers of the grosser system of Paganism,—in the design of which there might probably have existed a smaller mixture of truth, but whose pernicious moral tendency was in some measure mitigated by greater moderation, or indifference, in its practical application.

The same observation applies to those mixed creeds into which a portion of Christianity has been admitted, and which may all, more or less, be considered as false, in proportion to the smaller or greater predominance of that pure element. Islamism, although it has condescended to borrow something from the design of Christianity, has retained little or none of its spirit: it is accordingly almost wholly false. The Oriental Christians profess a faith peculiarly adulterated. In Abyssinia, Judaism, Paganism, and Islamism, have so overpowered the true religion—at no time adequately implanted in a locality particularly unfavourable—as scarcely to leave any thing of Christianity but the name: in other parts, the Greek Church displays but too many traces of the contamination of barbarous tribes. The Roman Catholic religion, in its most corrupt state, was perhaps scarcely less impure; but planted in those regions where the full measure of the fourth era of civilization had been attained during the predominance of the ancient superstition, it possessed greater powers of self-extrication. Before the distinction between the Greek and Roman Churches was known, the barrier of the fifth stage had been passed; and notwithstanding the ignorance and corruption of the subsequent times, much of the true spirit of Christianity survived, to prevent any fatal relapse into barbarism. That spirit, wherever it exists, increases by the force of its own innate powers; and it led to the incipient reformations in religion, which mark the entrance of the sixth era, and the subsequent practical amelioration, if not the complete annihilation of the greater abuses.

The corruptions of Christianity consist, in the first place, of its misapprehension through ignorance, and afterwards of its fraudulent perversion. As it proceeded from the mouth of its GREAT FOUNDER, it was essentially pure, and incapable, by any effort of the human mind, of improvement. It was intended to supersede all previous systems, and admitted only, in common with them, those great moral truths which are engraven on the heart of man, and which the worst superstitions cannot entirely eradicate. But in an ignorant and corrupt age, many of the errors of the darker times were engrafted upon the holy stock; and the sole business of reformation consisted in clearing away the intruding substance, and in restoring the celestial plant to its original state of purity.

How far, and in what instances, success has attended this arduous undertaking, is a question which affects that of the actual degree of civilization attained by the existing Christian communities. Our inquiry does not extend to a disquisition of this nature. The religious abuses to which we would more particularly confine ourselves in this chapter, are those which still adhere to the states wherein reformation has been most successful; where civilization is consequently at this moment at the highest point which, since the reformation of society, it has ever attained.

One of the principal religious abuses remaining to be subdued, is that which is solely attributable to *secular interference*. A blameable want of faith, and a still more criminal desire of converting religion into a political engine, are the sources of this evil. Christianity, built on a rock, and proof against superhuman machinations, is vainly and impiously presumed to solicit or require human support; a religion which has descended from, and still belongs to Heaven, is artfully interwoven with a variety of fragile and fictitious institutions. Hence its danger, when, amidst the common mutations of human affairs, the materials with which it is thus unnaturally connected hasten to their predestined decay.

To be more particular:—What is more current than the political axiom of the indestructible connection of the altar and the throne? And what are these metaphorical terms understood to mean? Under the word *altar*, (an expression itself more applicable to the institutions of Judaism and Paganism than those of pure Christianity,) are comprehended, not only the religion inculcated by the blessed Redeemer, but all the pomp and all the corruptions of a luxurious and ambitious hierarchy, whose usurpations, although we have sufficient reason to know they were foreseen, were not in the most remote degree sanctioned by the great founder of our faith. The *throne*, thus coupled with a term significant both of religion and of the abuses of religion, is not meant to represent the seat or the power of the first civil magistrate, the virtuous dispenser of equal laws, and the faithful, responsible servant, as well as the creature of the people; but it is more often emblematical of an ungovernable despot, the corrupter of the public morals, the despoiler of the property and happiness of his fellow-men, and the plague and scourge of his country.

This simple analysis is sufficient to develop the fundamental vice of an axiom so generally circulated, and upon which are founded some of the higher dogmas of modern politics. Religion is therein the great ostensible object of support; but of all the interests which it proposes to uphold, those of Christianity are the least protected: may we not rather say, that, but for its own indestructible qualities, Christianity would incur the risk of being lost, or crushed under the superincumbent weight of the hostile elements with which it is enveloped; and that, such hypocritical professions notwithstanding, all the real anxiety experienced is directed to the preservation of the false, at the expense of the true religion?

The conclusion is irresistible, and sooner or later it will force itself upon the conviction of the majority of mankind, that civil governments and religions must ultimately stand or fall by their own *separate* intrinsic merits. The chief functions of the true religion relate to interests infinitely more important than any which are exclusively connected with this life. It ministers also, indeed, with a powerful hand, to the due regulation of the present transitory scene; but, averse from all usurpation, it leaves to other appropriate means the peculiar services which, by a divine law, they are destined to perform. It operates by a sure and silent process upon the hearts of individuals, and through that grand source of all human transactions, upon the manners and conduct of society. In this indirect way, it is highly subservient to the ends of good governments, and becomes at once their creator and support.

The more perfect a civil government, the less will it value or rely upon the *outward trappings*—the more will it interest itself in the *practice* of religion. It will leave the external rites and discipline to the judgment of the people, become more and more fitted for the task by the influence of an enlightened system of education,—and it will seek to profit only by those fruits of religion which are favourable to the eternal as well as the temporal happiness of its professors.

How far the fostering protection of the civil power may have been subservient to the early growth of Christianity, is not at present the subject of inquiry. The question is, *Will that protection be necessary at the conclusion of the SIXTH, or at the entrance upon the SEVENTH era?* In that brighter period, far superior to any yet experienced, and deriving its peculiar lustre



from the prevalence of a refined religious system, Christianity could expect nothing but injury from the rude contact of a power wholly incompetent to the care and control of interests of such extraordinary delicacy ; and the very attempt to obtrude its insidious protection would unquestionably be instantly repelled, as too evidently founded upon a principle subversive of the moral freedom of which pure Christianity is the patron, and by which only it can adequately flourish.

The time, then, is to arrive, when religion will cease to form a branch of the science of politics, or the subject of legislative enactments. But will Christianity escape from our grasp when it is no longer under the shield of the wise men of the cabinet and of the law? No! It will be the free and spontaneous attendant upon our steps, and the more welcome to our bosoms, because totally divested of that obtrusive character under which it has too often been presented to us by insidious enemies or imprudent friends. Partaking of, if not constituting, the very essence of TRUTH, it is obnoxious only to injury from the assaults of ignorance triumphing amidst surrounding darkness ; and from such assaults, in the state of society we are now anticipating, it will have nothing to dread.

The teachers of religion will not be the less respectable or respected when divested of the patronage of the civil power : they will rest their claims for consideration upon the same foundation as their Great Master and his Apostles ; but, instead of contending, like them, with the insults and oppressions of an ignorant and perverse generation, they will be cherished and beloved by an enlightened people, conscious of the supreme dignity of their character, and the inestimable value of their office. To these awful and venerable qualifications they will indeed be compelled, more than under a legally-established church, to add the virtues of temperance, of disinterestedness, of industry, of unaffected piety ; but, notwithstanding the self-denial necessary to secure these invaluable gifts, they will reap a benefit at least equal to that of the society, from their attainment.

A legal church establishment is supposed to present a barrier against the influx of numerous heretical opinions. This may be true, so far as respects its operation in a dark age : in more enlightened times, the effect must be the reverse. Amidst the almost infinite variety of current doctrines, only one can be the true one ; and in proportion as light is admitted into the human mind, the probabilities of discovering that jewel without price are increased. Error is supported either by vice or ignorance : as the latter decreases, a gradual approximation towards the true evangelical doctrine, and consequently towards each other, must be effected by sectarians of every denomination. A church establishment, inflexible in its regulations, and obstinately tenacious of its property, even in error, alone refuses its concurrence, because it interferes in some degree, however unimportant, with its antiquated standard of faith and discipline ; and becomes eventually the sole cause of perpetuating that disunion which it professes to be its aim to destroy.

The prejudice most pernicious to religion is that which supposes it to be analogous in its properties with the institutions legitimately placed under the control of the human mind. We are too apt to confound Christianity with the various superstitions commonly included in the generic appellation *religion*, and to consider it as subject to the same arbitrary treatment. A false religion may possibly become a convenient engine of policy ; but the true one can only be so abused, while some portion of the former adheres to it. As knowledge becomes diffused among the great mass of mankind, and as civilization advances, Christianity will vindicate its rights, and disentangle itself from the injurious state of tutelage, within which it has been so long attempted to restrain its free and allotted course : at that time, and not before, will all the terrestrial blessings with which it is fraught be fully developed ; it will then act with irresistible force in the great work of social improvement, and prepare the way for that universal and uninterrupted harmony, which we are taught both by reason and revelation will ultimately prevail over the Christian world.



## Chapter III.

*Prejudices affecting Education.*

Instruction, by a gradual process from insignificant to higher degrees of knowledge, is indispensable to humanity. Created beings of a superior rank probably differ from man in this respect only by the greater strides they are able to take in the progress of improvement. However this may be, the latter is evidently confined in his operations by his peculiar construction. He enters into life endowed with mental powers of considerable magnitude; but, previously to their exertion, his mind itself is so completely a blank, as to afford the best emblem that can be deduced from the animated world of a philosophical vacuum. In this state, Nature is his first instructor. She has granted him organs of sense, by means of which she introduces him to an acquaintance with the exterior universe. The mind thus acted upon, insensibly develops those surprising properties, superior to mere perception, or the lower functions of consciousness, which distinguish the human from the brute creation, and enable the highly-gifted possessor to assume his allotted station in the dignified order of reasoning beings.

It has been wisely ordered, that, Nature having provided the means for, and superintended the first advances in the pursuit of knowledge, the important part still remaining to be performed should be left to the ingenuity and industry of mankind. Of this part, the greater portion is committed to the care of persons connected with the individual by the ties of social fraternity, or of consanguinity,—the lesser to the individual himself. The former, that part for which he is indebted to others, is properly comprehended in the term EDUCATION; but that word, in its usual acceptation, is not sufficiently significant of the extensive province required to be designated. The duties of education are commonly supposed to be exclusively applicable to the culture of mind, and innumerable arbitrary restrictions are attached even to that limited notion. It is plain, however, that in our consideration of this subject, a wider field must be held in view; and that, with the final intention of enlarging and adorning the mind, as the most valuable part of our being, no small share of care and anxiety must also be devoted to corporeal improvement.

The connection between sensation, perception, and consciousness, is so intimate, as to influence in a marked manner, by the preservation and improvement of the one, the fate of the others. Sensation is brought into activity by the agency of the bodily organs, and these latter are immediately affected, in respect to their efficiency, by the health and general condition of the human frame. A regard to habits of order, temperance, cleanliness, and exercise, should enter into the *training* of the tenderest infant: his diet should be composed of the simplest elements; he should be sedulously kept in a state of innocence and estrangement from all violent excitements; his dress should be regulated by no other standard but what may be suggested by an attention to convenience and the maintenance of health.

A little posterior to these salutary regulations, although as nearly as possible simultaneously with them, should commence the direct work of cultivating the mind. The careful removal, every time they may discover themselves, of the seeds of the irregular passions, which are equally detrimental to mental and corporeal improvement, is the earliest duty in this department. The business of directing reflection into the proper channels, of storing the memory with ideas not spontaneously admitted through the senses, and, generally, of enlarging the understanding, follows, and is susceptible of indefinite increase, in point of volume and importance.

For the application of these several points of duty by the parties on whom they may have been devolved, to his personal advantage, every individual, as well if born in the lowest as in the highest station, possesses an undoubted right. One of the strongest grounds of this right is that peculiar helplessness with which he enters into life, under precisely similar circumstances, experienced by those adult members of his family and community, from whom he now justly expects a return of that protection and support of

which they have themselves been heretofore the objects. They altogether inherit, in fact, with their common imbecility, a legitimate claim for its melioration and relief. Hence, to withhold the benefits of a *good education* from the offspring of the humblest parents, is a criminal dereliction of a positive duty, and a sin, not only against religion and the dictates of an enlightened policy, but against our common humanity.

Insisting upon the principle, that those cares which solely tend to the comfort, health, and improvement of the body, should be equally and impartially dispensed to all the members of the community, the peculiar duties appropriated to the cultivation of mind may be allowed to differ, in the degree of their application to the accidental circumstances of the individual to be educated. A well-regulated community is, or ought to be, composed of three prominent classes:—the inheritors or possessors of property, which renders them independent of personal exertion for their support, and to whom will, in the natural course of events, devolve the chief civil functions of the state; the labourers upon capital, either in substance or composed of the more lucrative talents, including the various adventitious resources afforded by fortune; and that larger portion of the society who, more exclusively dependent upon their labour, are simply designated under the appellation of *labourers*, and comprehending the still poorer individuals who are divested of this natural resource, and are consequently frequently indebted for subsistence to the precarious hand of Charity.

Of these three classes, the children of the third, or lowest, should, to the age of three or four years, receive precisely the same education, in respect of food, clothing, and mental cultivation, as those of the first or highest: from this period, to the age of seven or eight, there should still exist no difference between them, so far as respects the concerns of corporeal culture; and to the age of nine or ten, the improvement of the mind might be continued upon nearly the same scale as applied to such of the children of the second class as are not specially educated for what are termed the learned professions. After this, a lower scale of education may, with all justice, and in strict propriety, be pursued, combining with the acquisition of the knowledge less directly useful, the necessary experience and practice of the arts which are to furnish the sources of subsistence.

A system established upon a principle something like this—deriving its existence and support, not from legislative enactments, but the conviction of its utility impressed upon the minds of the majority of the people—could not fail of producing effects highly conducive to the attainment of an order of civilization superior to any which the world has yet witnessed. While it would tend to elevate the poorer members to their just rank in the scale of society, it would improve the health, and foster the amiable qualities of the more fortunate individuals. It would help to consolidate, harmonize, and improve, the whole social mass. Connected, as it must always be understood to be, with the general diffusion of morality and religion, it would infallibly lead to a very extraordinary degree of private happiness and public prosperity.

The prejudices affecting the duties of education have already, of late years, become considerably weakened. The principle is pretty generally recognised, that the existence of one uneducated person in the community is a public misfortune, and that the public prosperity is consequently increased by the delivery of each victim from the abyss of ignorance. This fact exhibits one of those glorious triumphs over prejudice, which are more honourable and beneficial to mankind than all the brilliant achievements of desolating war. Such an improvement has taken place in the general opinion upon this subject, that it is now no longer necessary to employ argument to prove the value of education to the poor, or the policy of bestowing it upon them. We are therefore only anxious that the term should be understood in its due latitude. A mere knowledge of the rudiments of learning is insufficient for the improvement of mind: the *training* to which we before alluded is perhaps still more essential, as an indispensable foundation for the higher attainments; and the object of securing



its universal adoption should equally engage the attention of the numerous benevolent spirits who now, more than at any period since the creation of the world, adorn the great human society.

But however desirable those of sanguine temperament may be for an increased momentum to the progress of improvement, such is the pleasing prospect before us, that the most eager philanthropist may rest satisfied, that, even with the means at present in activity, the great end must ultimately be attained. The advantages of education are not confined to the individuals to whom they are immediately dispensed; they possess powers of self-multiplication. The attainments, however humble, of any individual, are never wholly absorbed by himself, or exhausted in the promotion of his personal interests; they are, sooner or later, in some degree at least, communicated to others. Thus, the useful acquisitions of the lowest mind is a valuable accession to the general stock of knowledge, and therefore of immense importance to the great cause of civilization. We must compare the darkness of former times with the comparative illumination of the present, to confirm the expectations to which this consideration is calculated to give rise. A great part of the living subordinate classes of society possess more learning—infinity more virtue—than the majority of the great personages whose actions fill the annals of history. The time is not very remote, when scarcely one person in a hundred had received the benefit of a useful education: in the present day, the number is increased at least thirty or forty fold. The *one* of the former period imported his knowledge to two of the succeeding age, and these *two*, and their followers, successively increased their numbers, in the geometrical ratio, to the *thirty* or *forty* of our times. The most powerful of the enemies to improvement cannot arrest the progress of the latter, who, with accelerating forces, are hastening to complete the full *hundred*; the operation, apparently, of only a few more generations. When that point shall have been attained, society will, for the first time, exhibit a specimen of pure civilization—an integral machine, disincumbered of its most objectionable members, and beautifully united in all its parts. Then will reason and revelation proceed unimpeded towards their natural pre-eminent stations; prejudice will be tolerated only in a state of innoxious impotence; and wars between neighbouring or distant states, the effects of perverted reason, mistaken religion, and overpowering prejudices, will cease to be known among men.

#### Chapter IV.

##### *Prejudices relating to Social Government.*

Perfect security, in respect to person and property, is the sum of the benefits to be derived by a citizen from the Government of his country. The business of administering this security is materially lightened in that state of civilization when the apprehension of foreign aggression has finally ceased: it still further diminishes in proportion to the prevalence of an enlightened system of education, and the general cultivation of a pure religion. By these powerful means, acts of aggression insensibly decrease in number and violence, and the single resources of the individual become more and more adequate to his personal protection.

In no department of life have men made greater mistakes than in their conceptions of the true nature of government. The name itself by which it is designated has, with reference to the improved system which may confidently be expected hereafter to prevail, been unfortunately chosen. The public guardians rule, indeed, the violators of the laws; but they stand in no other relation than as protectors to the good and peaceable citizen. He remains in the full possession of his natural rights after he has acquiesced in the necessary conditions which secure to him the advantages of society; he is not, in a political sense, *governed* by any person whatever, but lives under the sole direction of his own reason and the laws of his country.

The varieties which have, from the earliest ages, existed in the forms of government, are proofs of the extraordinary prejudices which envelope this



subject. From one or other of these forms, it would not be difficult, if such a minute investigation entered into our plan, to trace the several steps, in the progressive accumulation of facts, when each of those prejudices arose. A despotism, the worst form of government, is evidently the fabric of inexperience, after the fact of the weakness of unassisted man had indeed been fully known, but before the acquired energies and natural rights of a well-regulated community have been sufficiently felt and appreciated. Those energies and rights, gradually and reluctantly displayed, produce events, the tragic struggles of the injured with oppression, which, in the course of time, lead, through the broad road to a less imperfect destiny, to those modified systems which are most prevalent in our own day.

The best form of government can only be secured after the people have attained a high state of moral improvement: all the imperfections of the past and existing systems are attributable to our distance from that necessary standard. In vain would the misguided philanthropist attempt to erect the most sound theoretical scheme of government with the materials which the present attainments of society offer to his hands: instead of advancing the interests of humanity, he would soon discover, that the purer the system he hoped to introduce, the more dangerous and destructive would be the consequences of his well-meant innovations. There is, in short, but one *virtuous* mode of pursuing a revolutionary project—but one course of conduct, by which the spirit which such a project cherishes can be acceptable to God and beneficial to mankind. Reform, to be useful and permanent, must be universal. It must enter into the education, religion, habits, and lives, of the population, as well as into the institutions by which they are bound together as a great community. Success in the former object must infallibly ensure it to the latter; and the most efficient labourers in the work of reform and revolution, are those laudable individuals who are most actively employed in extending the empire of morality and religion.

Before we can acquire a correct notion of the best form of government, we must frame to ourselves the idea of a people very generally virtuous. In doing this, it would be invidious, at least, if not unsafe, to select, as an example, any one of the existing communities of the earth: but in looking towards a state of society perhaps yet uncreated, we must, to be useful, confine our anticipations to what is evidently practicable and probable. We will suppose the case of a well-educated population, in which the lowest classes have not only acquired the first elements of literature, but have been trained, by early habits of decency and sobriety, to a thorough veneration for the admirable precepts of Christianity, and a consequent regard for the sacred duties of morality. We allow enough for the imperfection of human nature, when we admit the existence of many incorrigible spirits, and that the seeds of vice, notwithstanding the predominant power of virtue, are not wholly extinct. We contend, however, for an increasing *majority* of well-disposed persons of the lowest class. Before this point can be attained, a corresponding improvement of the moral condition of the upper ranks (through whose instrumentality the other effect would have been produced) must necessarily have taken place. We have then here a mingled population of rich and poor, the majority of whom pass their lives in subservience to the great purpose for which life has been bestowed upon them—in constantly resisting the inroads of passion, and in preparing themselves, amidst all the innocent enjoyments of the present time, for the sure approach of a more perfect existence.

Such a people cannot long remain, with respect to their moral attainments, in an isolated situation. If vice is contagious, virtue has also, by the blessed ordination of Heaven, its power of increase. Their example must naturally influence the moral condition of surrounding nations; the flame will infallibly spread, and the time will at length arrive, when the majority of the inhabitants of the globe, as well as that of a single community, will have felt and cherished the delightful effects of religion and order.

But while this last result is yet but in course of attainment, what is the form of government which would best befit the society we had first in view?

or, which is exactly the same thing, what is the form of government which it will be sure to adopt? As a state, it would have no immediate interest in the proceedings of distant countries, although a part of its population would be engaged with them in a beneficial interchange of commodities, and, as the guarantee of its own happiness, in encouraging their attempts to emulate its attainments in civilization. The causes and the apprehension of war would gradually expire; and the single duty of the government to be adopted would be, to protect the majority of the citizens from the feeble assaults of the smaller and still decreasing number.

This duty divides itself into the business of enacting laws, and of attending to their execution. A law made after a due accession of experience, and after the prejudices which naturally attended the acquisition of that experience had disappeared, is made once for all; it is permanent, and requires no subsequent revision or alteration: a time may therefore be anticipated, in which the duties of government will be simply executive. As facts accumulate, and prejudices wear away, laws will gradually diminish in number, and their hold upon the heart, or power of self-operation, will proportionally increase. The religion hitherto most encouraged by human institutions, which has invariably been either the false, or an admixture of the false and the true religion, necessarily required support from legislative enactments; but pure Christianity is only vilified and degraded by such insidious patronage. Commerce, and all the multifarious transactions between man and man, can be regulated by positive laws only in a period of comparative barbarism: in an advanced state of civilization, (such a state as we do not yet actually know, but of which we have now a clear prospect,) when the true relations of the individual to his fellow, and to society, are best understood, the full management of his private affairs, when they do not interfere with the rights of others, will be left, unembarrassed by the spirit of monopoly and the principle of arbitrary interference, to his unrestrained control.

How then is the circumscribed duty which remains to Government to be conducted? With the multiplicity of complicated affairs with which it before busied itself will have fled for ever much of its parade, pomp, and other circumstances, extraneous to its proper functions, originally contrived for purposes of ostentation, and indirectly for those of delusion. Institutions and combinations, which were heretofore presumed to be indispensable adjuncts of political rule, will be altogether divested of the pretence of public expediency. They will not, indeed, be violently overthrown—they may even escape any strong marks of that contempt to which, when they are tried by their own intrinsic merits, they are peculiarly obnoxious; but they will gradually fall into disuse, and leave no other vestige of their previous existence save what may be drawn from the antiquated records of ages of imperfect civilization. To answer our question, we must always bear in mind, that, under the circumstances supposed, the majority of the people will have become wise as well as virtuous; for, as the passions are subdued, the due pre-eminence is allowed to the dominion of reason. It will be required that the duty, whatever may be its amount, remaining to be discharged by the Government, should be conducted in the best, as well as the least expensive manner. If, then, wisdom in enacting, in preserving, and in executing laws, is a point to be rigorously exacted, it is evident that it can be sought only, with any probability of success, in approved and selected agents, not among the fortuitous possessors of hereditary distinctions, which are frequently, in the end, as injurious to themselves as they are hurtful or valueless to the society: if the strictest economy in the disbursements of Government cannot be dispensed with without the public sanction of plunder and injustice, simplicity, not idle parade and childish pageantry, must characterise all its arrangements and proceedings.

The best form of government for a highly-cultivated community,—the form of government which it will be sure eventually to adopt—is that in which the guardians of the public laws and interests are drawn from, and selected by the people. It is not our business to inquire into the mode in which that selection should be made: the best mode of making such selec-



tion will naturally suggest itself to the concentrated wisdom of the people, whose previous acquirements shall have impelled them to a serious and sincere consideration of the subject. We deprecate all violent, and consequently premature innovations: we are concerned only in laying down principles, not in building up systems. It will be remembered, that we require, as the indispensable forerunner of any salutary political change, a considerable reformation in the moral and religious practice of the people; and that such a reformation would of itself oppose an impregnable barrier against the injustice and anarchy which, without it, inevitably tread in the footsteps of revolution. Is there, therefore, an individual who is sensible and impatient of the defects of the Government under which he happens to live? Let him, before he presumes to give any other form to his discontent than the innoxious language of remonstrance and complaint, impartially revise his own character and conduct, and labour to render them in all respects conformable to the Christian standard. When he has sedulously attended to and attained the primary object, he will find that he has effectually disqualified himself for the part of a flagitious and reckless agent of sedition and rebellion; but he will, nevertheless, have laid at least one strong stone to the foundation of that superior structure, invested with all the attributes of real magnificence, in the erection of which it is his virtuous and praiseworthy ambition to assist, and which can alone be completed by the general adoption of that unexceptionable rule of conduct to which he has wisely conformed.

But although we are still remote from the chief good, we have the cheering reflection that we are progressively advancing towards it. Some of the principal elements of the *best* Government are already enjoyed by more than one of the nations of the earth: liberty, at least, nearly commensurate with the amount of their moral attainments, is already possessed by more than one people. Those elements, that liberty, are in course of communication to less fortunate societies; and the best energies of the human heart are, under the direction of a benign Providence, in operation to separate them from those deleterious accompaniments which at present prevent the unalloyed enjoyment of their hallowed fruits.

### Chapter V.

#### *Probable Improvements in the Arts and Sciences.*

A very few words are necessary to be said under this head. An essay on the progress of civilization would, however, be incomplete, without glancing at least at our future prospects, in respect to the increase of the most prominent points of human knowledge.

Great and important events depend upon the progress of mind in availing itself of its hidden resources. The discovery of a science is the result of an operation of mind, successfully investigating the laws of Nature: an art is the application by the same agent of the fruits of the discovery to the uses of life. The hand of Nature is *felt* by the whole creation; but it is through reason only that a *knowledge* of its laws can be attained. Every increase of this knowledge is a step which raises us above the meaner animals, and helps us to a nearer approach to that Being whose comprehensive name is *PERFECTION*.

We have no notion of power independent of mind. To the improvement of mind, therefore—not the unconnected minds of select individuals only, but the collective minds of the great social mass, we must look for the exaltation of our species, for the increase of our dominion over material substances, for the attainment of the highest possible degree of terrestrial, perhaps eternal, happiness. Human power, as evinced in the progressive enlargement of mind, is best exemplified by its effects in the extension and improvement of the arts and sciences.

It is unnecessary to adduce evidence of the continued accumulation of the means subservient to the increase of science: history affords sufficient light to enable us to trace it from its infancy; and it would be the wildest



proposition to assert that it has actually attained that point which destroys the hope of further improvement. There is, without doubt, a limit to human ingenuity and exertion; but the infinitely-varied resources of the human understanding remove that limit, by infinite gradations, from our actual contact; we may advance towards it through innumerable ages, but it is not within the scope of thought to conceive the hour when we shall reach it.

Assuming the fact, as admitted, of the continued progression of knowledge, and leaving to time to develop more minutely the improvements yet to be made, we turn with pleasure to the contemplation of those which have been achieved by the knowledge already acquired. Religion, the knowledge acquired by extraordinary means, and the natural sciences, the result of the operations of reason, are equally interested in the retrospect. By their united agency, the ferocity of the human character has been subdued. Discord, the offspring of ignorance and idleness, has disappeared from many of those domestic circles where she would otherwise have reigned with unlimited power: wars among nations are conducted with less fury, are less destructive, and less frequent, than in the darker ages.

To these unquestionable benefits, as most relevant to our subject, we confine our declamation. But if we admit that the causes are in course of increase, shall we deny a corresponding growth to the effects? We trace the diminution of the evil passions,—the occasions of discord among families,—of wars among nations, to the improvement of mind; and we acknowledge the capacity for, and actual tendency of, the latter to further acquisition. We are then led by a chain of necessary consequences to the probability of that eventual state of society which must infallibly fulfil the fondest hopes of the friends of universal and permanent peace.

#### Chapter VI.

##### *The Seventh Stage of Civilization.*

The progress of civilization, from the confines of barbarism to the state exhibited by the most cultivated of the existing communities, was divided, in the first part of this book, into six several eras or stages. Their rapid delineation engrossed our retrospective view of this interesting subject: all that we may reasonably permit ourselves to hope from the future, may be included in two additional divisions.

Our object in the four preceding chapters has been fulfilled, if we have succeeded in establishing the probability of future improvements in the great departments of religion, education, knowledge, and government. We have been anxious to press the conclusion, that our present acquisition of experience, or of accumulated facts, is such as infallibly to produce improvement, varying in degree, at different periods, in proportion as the prejudices engendered in the course of the accumulation decay. We do not hold that the sum of all useful experience is already in our possession; we only assert, and we appeal for support of the assertion to the conviction of every enlightened mind, that the present stock is sufficient to arrest the progress, and to commence the great work of the final subversion of error; all the important results we have anticipated are legitimate inferences from this position. Christianity, perfect in itself, requires only to be freed from the numerous mistaken opinions and ill-judged regulations which embarrass its practice and limit its utility: the world has become sensible of the inconvenience and danger attendant upon an ignorant population; and to derive the full benefit from this fruit of its past experience, it has only to be delivered from the prejudices which too commonly surround the subject of education. The relief afforded to either of these departments will effect the improvement of both, as well as of all others embraced in the general term *civilization*.

We may look for two marked eras in the future history of civilization: one, when a considerable improvement of our present situation shall have been produced in one or a few of the great communities of the earth; the

other, when that improvement shall have been at length communicated to the whole.

The first of those eras, or the period of the partial acquisition, is what we term the SEVENTH STAGE OF CIVILIZATION. Placing ourselves for a moment in the highest rank among existing nations, we may maintain with sufficient confidence, that we are actually near the borders of, if we have not already entered upon, this stage: but we are yet, it must be confessed, very distant from the goal to which it is to lead us. The sign of the attainment of the latter will not be the absolute impossibility of all further advance; but the existence in the highly-gifted community of a *majority* of minds, freed from prejudice, and cheerfully co-operating in promoting the interests of morality and religion. We shall see hereafter how such a state of things will affect the great question of the eventual disuse of war. Amidst all the violence, the folly, the incongruous systems, which still afflict society, who does not feel that we are yet but too remote from this bright epoch in the terrestrial career of mankind? But who that observes, with an eye of intelligence, the progressive increase in the happiness, virtue, and mental accomplishments of the three principal classes of the great social family, will refuse to admit, not the probability only, but the irresistible certainty of its ultimate attainment?

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### *Chapter VII.*

#### *The Last Stage of Civilization.*

The great characteristic of this splendid age of civilization is its universality.

The passage from the seventh to the eighth stage will be incomplete during the existence of one extensive community, whose acquisitions in civilization do not exceed those of the most enlightened nations of our own times. A people arrived at that limit which in the last chapter was designated as the mark of the commencement of the seventh stage, will be indebted for much of their subsequent progress to the corresponding efforts of their neighbours: as the surrounding communities succeed in their attempts to emulate their attainments, they will gradually advance towards the still brighter era before them; but they will never actually reach it, until the whole family of man has passed within the boundaries of the penultimate stage.

This representation is certainly calculated to enhance the value and importance of the glorious era to which we are now desirous of attracting the attention of the reader. But high and magnificent as are the ideas by which it must necessarily be impressed upon our minds, its general features are abundantly simple and evident. As the mark of the seventh stage has been stated to be the existence in the community entered therein of a majority of virtuous and enlightened minds, that of the commencement of the eighth and last is held to be nothing more than the extension of such majority in relation to all the inhabitants of the earth.

Is such a state of things, which, under this single view, is offered to our contemplation, unattainable? Consider the world as divided into separate nations, and these latter subdivided into lesser communities, and lastly into private families: study the history of past ages, not in respect only of the blood-stained transactions of tyrants, or the splendid follies of the restless, ambitious great, but of the conduct and manners of the chief social masses as they have from time to time passed over the transitory scene. Crime and disorder almost universally accompany the melancholy retrospect. Gentleness and peace, so far from characterizing, in any degree, the transactions of public life, have too seldom gained admittance among the humble circles around the family hearth. So much may safely be predicated in a general view of the past: of the present and the future, the prospect is infinitely more cheering. Adopting as our actual state the most forward communities of the sixth stage, what is the actual state of the families of the most intelligent classes? Where discord, vice, brutality, were heretofore triumphant, we now observe the sedulous and successful culti-

vation of all the amiable virtues. In those domestic recesses, at once the emblems and the component parts of the grander associations, virtue and intelligence are very frequently found to inspire the breasts, not only of the majority, but of the whole. Is it difficult to believe, that this favourable change will extend over the larger social scales? and may not even instances be adduced of its actual introduction into some of those minor public communities of which the greatest empires are chiefly composed? If we admit the fact of the progressive advance of improvement, it is impossible to deny the probability of the eventual triumph of the good over the evil principle, by the acquisition of a majority of virtuous minds in any particular nation; and the step from that point to the one indicated as the mark of the last stage of civilization, although necessarily a long one, is equally sure of ultimate attainment.

It is not for the Christian who steadfastly believes the doctrine, founded as it unquestionably is upon the highest class of moral evidence, of the primeval degradation of the human nature, to propagate the impious, and, in a philosophical sense, the irrational notion of the eventual perfectibility of man. To the end of time man will continue to be a weak, an erring, and a dependant creature—deriving every thing, even the virtue and happiness which it is competent to him to attain, from the bounty of his Almighty Creator. But with indelible marks of debility, he is still susceptible of all the blessings and enjoyments which must surround him in the last stage of civilized life. Weakness and dependence, such as necessarily attach to an imperfect nature, are not incompatible with a high range of virtue and improvement: crimes may be infinitely diminished in number and degree, and our mental powers undergo indefinite improvement, without encouraging us to hope for the premature attainment of that superior station which can belong only to a higher order of existence.

There is, in fact, nothing revolting, either to reason or religion, in our anticipations of that pre-eminent degree of civilization which is comprehended in our view of the eighth stage. If we select from any one of the numerous classes of life, high or low, an individual who, with the qualifications indispensable or proper for his particular station, unites nearly all the virtue and intelligence of which he may be capable, or with which his peculiar duties and pursuits may not be incompatible, we shall obtain a perfect specimen of the essential constituents of the era in question. Persons whose conduct and attainments fully answer all the points of this description are at this day to be found in considerable numbers in every rank; and we only contend for the probability of their eventual increase, by the means we have already sufficiently explained, so as to form a decided majority over the less laudable and accomplished parts of society.

The attainment of this point includes the prospect of the simultaneous acquisition of immense improvements in science and the art of government: what is more directly applicable to our present inquiry, it includes the certainty of the final establishment of permanent peace. If knowledge is an essential ingredient of power, virtue is no less indispensable to secure its duration; and the union of those high properties in the better half of mankind must inevitably lead to that state of society in which the dominion of the evil passions will be excluded, and their general influence so far weakened as effectually to prevent the further intrusion of the horrors of war.

Beyond this point our peculiar subject does not require us to direct our view. It is, however, evident, that such is the force of virtue, that after it has once reached the triumphant station to which we have alluded, it can neither continue stationary, nor can its course be retrograde: it will infallibly increase in power, and at length guide the universal Christian world into such a blissful state of moral organization, as may, in its fruits, fully correspond with the cheering prophetic representations of the inspired writers.



*Chapter VIII.**Recapitulation.*

The foregoing outline of the progress of civilization will apply, in all its points, only to those nations whose course has been uniformly gradual, and uninterrupted by extraordinary circumstances. It has frequently happened, that settlements have been made on desolate and barbarous shores, by a people already advanced to one or other of the stages delineated: in comparing their case with the preceding observations, it is evident that we must consider their history, not from the date of their emigration, but as commencing with that of their progenitors in the parent country. Circumstances which draw together, in intimate bands, two separate societies, the one arrived only at an early, and the other at a later stage of civilization, must influence, in an extraordinary manner, the fortunes of the former: in consequence of such contact, some of the intermediate gradations will necessarily be rapidly passed, so as to render their distinctive character imperceptible to a superficial observer. But our general survey is, we trust, sufficiently accurate for the purpose to which it is intended to be subservient in the course of this treatise.

After stating these points in qualification, it may perhaps be scarcely necessary to add, that we would not be understood to insist upon the exclusive appropriation, in every instance, of the several marks indicated to the respective stages into which the grand march of civilization has been divided. Cases may undoubtedly be adduced, in which some of them, particularly those relating to the uses of a circulating medium, may appear to require a different distribution; but it will be readily perceived, that we have principally had in view the simple and unbiassed progress of a people emerging out of a state of absolute barbarism, without reference to the various accessory circumstances which, in the history of every nation, have not failed, more or less, to disturb what we conceive to be the natural order.

There are two opposite theories respecting the order of civilization: one which deduces all the improvements of which the human nature is susceptible from the spontaneous operation of unassisted reason; another, which unites with this agent the more potent influence of religion. The respective advocates of these different systems are the friends of, and the enemies to, the doctrine of a celestial revelation.

They who insist upon the sufficiency of reason, trace the barbarian from a state of absolute darkness, and lead him, by the native power of mind, to one of high cultivation. Christianity, as well as the various heresies which have sprung from it, and the false religion of the Pagan world, are considered, in the gross, under the general name of superstitions, as mere incidents in the affairs of nations: they are acknowledged to influence the tide of civilization; but being supposed to be altogether factitious, and to rest solely on the basis of opinion, are held to be continually subject to a reaction, which may at some undefined period of human history throw society back to the same deplorable state in which religion or (to use the synonymous appellation of this school) superstition first found it.

A more cheering view of this interesting subject is taken by the other party. They consider Christianity as intimately connected with the concerns of life, and regulating, with an omnipotent hand, the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of society. Expanding itself, under various points of view, according to the mental capacity of the beings of whose existence it is the germ and preserver, over innumerable worlds, and through immeasurable space, it assumed with us part of its present distinctive character immediately after an extraordinary event had lowered or corrupted the nature of man. A gleam of the light it at that time afforded followed the wandering tribes, which, subsequently to the great deluge, spread themselves over the face of the earth: more or less assisted or deteriorated by adventitious circumstances, some of those tribes sunk into a state of darkness little less obscure than that attributed to them by the sceptical sect, but always retain-

ing a small spark of the original flame, which, however, was, through their ignorance, frequently diverted to the worst purposes. But it still survived, and, although nearly extinguished, not altogether divested of its energetic property, was assistant to reason in operating the final extrication of the miserable savage. From the first to the conclusion of the fourth era, the travellers in the march of civilization are misled by the false religion to which we before adverted, and which, continually increasing in pomp and influence, is, when left wholly to its own resources, daily farther removed from the true standard.

About the close of that period, the Christian religion was exhibited to the world in the peculiar form in which it is now known to us. The blessed Saviour appeared, and fulfilled his great mission among a people prepared by an extraordinary destination for his reception. The time selected for the stupendous event was when Paganism, and its calamitous attendants, had acquired such strength as nearly to quench the genuine spark of the original revelation, and to threaten, by a chain of inevitable consequences, to drive backward the course of civilization, and afterwards to plunge the world into a state of darkness still more hopeless than that from which it had, to a certain extent, emerged.

A nation which has adopted Christianity by consent of the majority, as a standard of religious faith, has passed into the fifth stage of civilization, and secured itself from the danger of the reaction of the decisive nature to which society is supposed, by the advocates for exclusive reason, to be at all times liable.

By grounding our conclusions upon the basis of Christianity as well as of reason, our prospect is, therefore, cleared of that uncertainty by which it is otherwise obscured. Christianity, a dispensation immediately emanating from God, we are assured by reason, as well as revelation, *must* accomplish all it proposes to perform; and we know from the same source, that none of its mighty and benevolent ends are compatible with the ignorance and depravity of society. Hence the assurance which the enlightened Christian entertains of the continued progression and permanent duration of the general improvement of the world.

To proceed with our summary. The fifth stage is engrossed by the business of establishing a superior religion towards its close, and by the necessary duties attending its purification, or separation from the worst ingredients of the ancient superstition: the various improvements which are characteristic of the sixth conclude at that point which marks the state of the most polished communities of our own times.

The future has been divided into two additional eras. At the conclusion of the first, one nation at least is supposed to be so circumstanced as to possess a highly-improved population, a majority of which are, so far as is consistent with human frailty, decidedly virtuous, and nearly, if not wholly freed from those prejudices which have hitherto impeded the progress of civilization. We have pointed to the inevitable results of such a situation. The simplification of the system of government, and the gradual removal of a variety of useless institutions and customs which at present embarrass society,—the attainment of the highest practicable liberty, together with perfect security of life and property,—the advance of the arts and sciences,—and, chiefly, a considerable alteration and amendment of various anomalous arrangements, which have, from time to time, been adopted in ages of defective experience, for the professed, but questionable, object of promoting the interests of religion.

The last era opens with the universal diffusion of those important benefits, when the degree of civilization to which we are now aspiring shall mark the internal economy of all the nations of the earth. Such a state of things, it is evident, would not only be productive of general happiness, but be conducive to the still further improvement of each particular community. And here it is proper to declare distinctly our firm conviction, grounded, as we humbly but confidently conceive, upon the calm deductions of reason, as

well as the less ordinary source of knowledge providentially placed within our reach, that Christianity, in some of its various legitimate formularies, will eventually spread over the whole habitable globe,—that it will completely supplant idolatry, although shielded in its strongest holds by the most inveterate prejudices,—and that the equally deleterious superstitions which, amidst the gloom of ignorance, have sprung up since the advent of the Messiah, will gradually yield to its superior influence. We cheerfully rest all our hopes of future prosperity upon this interesting point of faith, and candidly admit, that the chief of our most important conclusions are built upon no other foundation.

But we hazard little in thus openly exposing the main-spring of all our flattering expectations. The attention of mankind is daily more and more directed to the evidences of that holy dispensation, and every liberal and enlightened mind is, sooner or later, induced to acknowledge, that CHRISTIANITY and TRUTH are synonymous terms.

*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*

We cannot believe ourselves to exist under the immediate superintendence of an Almighty Being, the author and dispenser of every good,—we cannot fix our hopes of personal durable advantage upon the religion which we receive and cherish as his peculiar and most valuable gift, without feeling the conviction, that a benefit of this high character cannot be for ever partially distributed, but must at length be indiscriminately administered to all the family of man. In vain shall we find arrayed against this doctrine the difficulties and impediments which, to our narrow apprehension, appear to confound our ardent expectations of so great an event: that event is in the hands of an Agent before whom all opposition is powerless, and to the accomplishment of whose designs all circumstances, however unfriendly their apparent tendency, concur with the force of fate.

*(To be continued.)*

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BAY LEAVES; BY T. C. SMITH. EDINBURGH:—CONSTABLE & COMPANY. 1824.

So much poetry, and good poetry, too, is now ushered into the world, only to be forgotten, that if the doctrine of the calculation of chances were to be applied to the subject, the result would present an appalling prospect to the candidates for poetical fame. And yet, with such a prospect before them, and in defiance of demonstration itself, we have no doubt that they could continue to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, pretty much as they do at present, when they are permitted to draw their conclusions for themselves. And the reason of this we take to be, that the noisy pleasure derived from popularity is quite a separate matter from the quiet but seducing enjoyment of composition; that poetry must be, in a great measure, like virtue—its own reward; and that a man may feel very indifferent as to the given number of copies which he may circulate, while he can secure to himself, in the mean time, the plea-

sure arising from “retired leisure,” and the cultivation of all those refined and benevolent feelings which we delight (and surely not in vain) to associate with the study of poetry.

How far this observation may be applicable to the little volume before us we cannot say; but we think it likely, from the appearance of many of the pieces it contains, that in their composition the author thought much more of giving vent to his own feelings, and of refining his taste, and relieving the dryness of other studies and duties by this exercise, than of mere writing for the public. And hence there is something natural, and unaffected, and pleasing about it;—an absence of that artificial excitement, and laboured exaltation of feeling, which are the natural result of a desire to strike and to captivate that callous and “many-headed beast, the town;” and at the same time more care, more correctness, both of thought and versification,



than is generally to be found in those poems which are meant only to meet the eyes of friends, and seldom destined to encounter the notice of any critic so severe as the author himself. The poems, we think, bear a considerable resemblance to those of Mr Alaric Watts, for whom the author seems to entertain a warm admiration.

One or two specimens will enable our readers to form their own opinion of Mr Smith's little volume. The following are entitled Stanzas :

In Memory's dream of other years

What thoughts arise !

Life's buried bliss and woe appears,  
Like rainbows, shining through the tears  
Of summer skies.

Mute is each animating sound—

How silent now !

The curls that Beauty's forehead bound  
Now fling their lifeless threads around  
Death's awful brow !

The laughing cheek's warm sunny glow  
Is dim and pale !

The bright eye answerless !—but oh,  
Grim tyrant, who would look below  
Thy sable veil ?

It were a banquet for Despair

To dwell upon :

Wreck of the beautiful and fair,  
Life's spirit is no longer there,—  
But whither gone ?

No, Memory, no ! thy glowing dream  
Yields no delight.

Avails it aught to know the stream  
Of life was gilded by a beam,  
That *once* was bright ?

Death hurries by on pinion fleet,  
And mars each bliss ;

Dividing friends whose love was sweet,  
Perchance in other worlds to meet,  
But not in this.

Why revel, then, like bird obscene,  
Upon the dead ?

We know too well that they have been ;  
And canst thou from the bosom screen  
That they are fled ?

Past joy is present grief,—a flame  
Which warmeth not.

Past sorrow like the simoom came,  
Our hearts to wither ; and its name  
Were best forgot.

Then break the spell thy hands have  
twin'd

Around my soul.—

Vain wish !—Death only can unbind

That which existeth in the mind,  
And mocks controul.

We are sure our readers must like our next specimen. It is full of poetical feeling and harmonious versification.

Think not, beloved ! time can break

The spell around us cast ;

Or absence from my bosom take

The memory of the past :

My love is not that silvery mist,

From summer blooms by sunbeams kist,

Too fugitive to last—

A fadeless flower, it still retains

The brightness of its early stains.

Nor burns it like the raging fire,

In tainted breast which glows ;

All wild and thorny as the briar,

Without its opening rose ;

A gentler, holier, love is mine,

Unchangeable and firm, while thine

Is pure as mountain snows ;

Nor yet has passion dared to breathe

A spell o'er Love's immortal wreath.

And now, when grief has dimm'd thine  
eye,

And sickness made thee pale ;

Think'st thou I could the mourner fly,

And leave thee to the gale ?

Oh no !—may all those dreams depart

Hope sheds upon a youthful heart,

If now my bosom fail ;

Or leave thee, when the storm comes on,  
To bear its turbulence alone.

Let others change when Fortune flies,

I cannot change like them :

Let others mock the tears which rise,

I can't thy grief condemn.

Though from the tree the bloom has past,

Still fond and faithful to the last,

I'll twine around the stem ;

And share the fate, whate'er it be,

Reserv'd by destiny for thee.

The ivy round some lofty pile

Its twining tendril flings ;

Though fled from thence be Pleasure's  
smile,

It yet the fonder clings :

As lonelier still becomes the place,

The warmer is its fond embrace,

More firm its verdant rings :

As if it lov'd its shade to rear,

O'er one devoted to despair.

Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,

Unchanged by gliding years ;

Through Fortune's rise, or her decline,

In sunshine or in tears :

And though between us oceans roll,  
And rocks divide us, still my soul  
Can feel no jealous fears,  
Confiding in a heart like thine,  
Love's uncontaminated shrine !

To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,  
The dearer far art thou :  
I lov'd thee when thy woes were few,  
And can I alter now ?

That face, in joy's bright hour, was fair,  
More beautiful since grief is there,  
Though somewhat pale thy brow ;  
And be it mine to soothe the pain  
Thus pressing on thy heart and brain.

Yes, love ! my breast, at sorrow's call,  
Shall tremble like thine own :  
If from those eyes the tear-drops fall,  
They shall not fall alone.  
Our souls, like heaven's aerial bow,  
Blend every light within their glow,  
Of joy or sorrow known :  
And grief, divided with thy heart,  
Were sweeter far than joy apart.

We shall quote the opening stanzas of another piece. The imitation of Byron's affecting verses, " There's not a joy that time can give like that it takes away," is perhaps a little too visible, the resemblance in some cases extending to the adoption of particular images, but they display, we think, very considerable powers of language and versification.

Think not because the eye is bright, and  
smiles are laughing there,  
The heart that beats within is light, and  
free from pain and care ;  
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud, ere  
Sol's last rays depart,  
And underneath the *sunniest* smile may  
lurk the saddest heart.

Mirth's sudden gleam may light the cheek  
though joy be far away,  
As blossoms oft adorn the tree that's  
hast'ning to decay :  
It is but as the varying hue of April's way-  
ward hours—  
A sunbeam bursting brightly through,  
when all behind is showers.

For there are pangs the sorrowing heart  
will oft in darkness shroud,  
That lurk within its lonely depths like  
lightning in the cloud :  
As falls our shadow on the path when  
bright the sunbeams glare,  
Whichever way our thoughts are turn'd,  
that darksome shape is there !

Though brightly o'er the hollow cheek,  
the smile—the laugh may break,  
Like bubbles bursting on the breast of  
Acheron's dark lake ;  
They are but outward signs to hide the  
deadly pangs we feel,  
As o'er the lone and mould'ring tower  
the rose is taught to steal.

Mr Smith succeeds very well in that which the Italians call the *test* of a poet, and which the indifferent success of most of our English writers shews at least to be a matter of very considerable difficulty—the composition of the SONNET. He seems to be well acquainted with Italian and Spanish literature, and is aware how much the effect of these little pieces depends on the exact observance of those recurrences of rhyme, which Petrarch, who borrowed them from the Sicilians, has now inseparably associated with the idea of a good sonnet. This one we think is very pleasing and classical. It is addressed " TO A STREAM NEAR VALLS, IN CATALONIA."

Whoe'er thou art, that o'er this stream  
presides,  
Winding its course soft murmuring  
through the vale,  
Accept my thanks ; for with thy crystal  
tides  
This wearied frame does spirits new  
inhale.  
Long may the stream, that now so gently  
glides  
On its sweet banks the laughing Sum-  
mer hail ;  
And, while its willows tremble on the  
sides,  
Catch through their drooping leaves  
the fragrant gale.  
For ne'er did Pilgrim clearer stream sur-  
vey,  
Trickling through mossy grot, or verd-  
ant plain ;  
Nor rill, or fountain, in the blaze of day,  
A hue so bright, or wave so cool retain ;  
Though now I leave thee, never to re-  
turn,  
My memory still shall bless thy lucid urn.

The volume concludes with a frag-  
ment of a Romance of Chivalry in  
the Spenserian stanza, which also  
contains some powerful verses ; but  
we like Mr Smith best in his less  
elaborate, and more occasional com-  
positions.

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A DEFENCE OF THE LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
ON MIRACLES.

(Continued.)

To the Editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

SIR,

HAVING in my last letter refuted the reviewer's charges against the Catholic Church, of subtracting from and adding to Scripture, I shall now proceed, in continuation of my plan, to discuss the remaining topics handled by him; and if, in doing this, I should inadvertently overlook (which I do not anticipate) any of his arguments, I beg you will impute the omission, not to any desire on my part to evade them, as I feel a strong inclination (and I think I shall be successful) to strip the reviewer's reasoning of the flimsy sophistry which covers it.

The first point which occurs to be noticed is the reviewer's assertion, that *some of the doctrines and practices enumerated by him "lead to immoral consequences."* He thinks it "*unnecessary to run over them all, to shew this,*" but, as a sample, he says he "*shall only take the doctrines contained in the mass,*" which the devil, be it always remembered, with a logic more plausible than that of the reviewer, argued against, in order to induce the Father of the Reformation to abrogate, and to whose arguments Luther yielded, as related in the famous conference published by Luther himself, referred to in my late letter! But does the reviewer substantiate his charge? Substantiate, did I say? Why, he does not even *attempt* to draw a single immoral consequence from these doctrines, though viewed by him, as many of them are, through the optics of a fallacious vision. How disappointed must moralists feel at this failure of the reviewer to redeem his pledge, and enlarge their ethical knowledge! That church history which the reviewer boasts of having made "*a favourite study,*" however, falsifies his assertion, by affording a practical demonstration to the contrary, in the holy lives of many of those who figure in its pages, and who gloried in the profession of those doctrines which the worldly wisdom of modern innovators has reprobated. This is not the language of religious egotism—the enemies of the church have acknowledged its truth.

The unwarrantable and hasty assertion of the reviewer naturally suggests the inquiry whether any improvement took place in the morals of those who rejected the doctrines alluded to by him. To obtain a satisfactory answer, we must go back to the period of the Reformation, or shortly after it had obtained a footing, and contrast in the persons of the reformers themselves, and their disciples, the state of morality prior and subsequent to that extraordinary era; for if any real improvement was to be expected by a change of doctrines and practices, we must look to those who adopted the change, to ascertain the state of the fact. The result of such an investigation will, I aver, prove the lamentable fact, that, instead of any such expected improvement, a general dissoluteness of morals ensued among the professors of the *new religion*; and as the salutary restraint of church authority, in matters of faith, had been disregarded, error, which has no limits, succeeded, and religion was disregarded, and the Scriptures were made a play-thing for the fancy of every fool who conceived himself wiser and more enlightened than the whole church! Truly it is not to be wondered at that Deism and Atheism (which, before the Reformation, had scarcely been known among Christians) should have followed from such Gospel liberty. But lest the reviewer, who seems familiar with "*pious frauds,*" should imagine that I am at the "*same dirty work,*" as he elegantly expresses himself, I shall now produce a few *unexceptionable* authorities to corroborate what I have just stated. To begin with the *highest*, that of Luther. "*The world,*" says he, "*grows every day worse and worse. It is plain that men are much more covetous, malicious, and resentful—much more un-*



ruly, shameless, and full of vice, than they were in the time of Popery <sup>1</sup>." Formerly, when we were "seduced by the Pope, men willingly followed good works; but now all their study is to get every thing to themselves, by exactions, pillage, theft, lying, and usury <sup>2</sup>." He again observes, "It is a wonderful thing, and full of scandal, that, from the time when the pure doctrine was first called to light, the world should daily grow worse and worse <sup>3</sup>." Yet this man had himself signalized his revolt, by the commission of a manifest perjury, and afterwards, in conjunction with Melancthon, Bucer, and five other divines, granted a written licence to the Landgrave of Hesse, allowing him two wives at once! The next testimony I adduce is that of Calvin. "Of so many thousands seemingly eager in embracing the Gospel, how few have since amended their lives! Nay, to what else do the greater part pretend, except by shaking off the yoke of superstition, to launch out *more freely* into every kind of lasciviousness <sup>4</sup>." "The greater part of the people," says Bucer, "seem only to have embraced the Gospel, in order to shake off the yoke of discipline, and the obligation of fasting and penance, which lay upon them in the time of Popery, and to live at their pleasure, enjoying their lusts and lawless appetites without controul. They therefore lent a willing ear to the doctrine, that we are justified by faith alone, and not by good works, *having no relish for them* <sup>5</sup>." Capito, a Calvinistic Minister of Strasburgh, says, "All goes to ruin; there is not one Church among us, not so much as one, where there is any discipline. Almighty God gives me light to know what it is to be a pastor, and the wrong we have done to the Church, by our injudicious rashness and indiscreet vehemence, in rejecting the Pope. For our people, now accustomed, and, as it were, brought up in licentiousness, have thrown off all subordination, as if, by overturning the authority of the Popish pastors, we had also destroyed the virtue of the sacraments, and the vigour of the ministry. They cry out to us, 'I know enough of the Gospel; what occasion have I for your help to find out Christ? Go and preach to those who are disposed to hear you <sup>6</sup>.'" The attestation of the learned Erasmus is not less pertinent: "What an evangelical generation is this! Nothing was ever seen more licentious and more seditious. Nothing is less evangelical than those pretended evangelics <sup>7</sup>." On another occasion he says, "Take notice of this evangelical people, and shew me an individual among them all, who, from being a drunkard, has become sober; from being a libertine, has become chaste. I, on the other hand, can shew you many who have become worse by the change <sup>8</sup>." Again, "Those whom I once knew to have been chaste, sincere, and without fraud, I found, after they had embraced this sect, to be licentious in their conversation, gamblers, neglectful of prayer, passionate, vain, as spiteful as serpents, and lost to the feelings of human nature. I speak from experience <sup>9</sup>." What a melancholy picture of the state of religion and morality, after "the pure doctrine was first called to light," is here exhibited! But perhaps the licentiousness and irreligion thus noticed was confined to Germany and Switzerland. Alas! it was not so, for the records of every kingdom where the new opinions prevailed testify the contrary.

Aware of the strength of the evidence he is about to combat, and being, it would appear, rather apprehensive of his success, the reviewer, with excellent foresight, but certainly with little judgment or skill, provides a position for retreat, in the extraordinary anti-historical assumption, that *all* the miraculous events recorded since the Apostolic age are mere delusions or impositions! The utter absurdity of such an assumption is strikingly apparent, by considering the singular consequences to which it would lead. To say nothing of the *direct* denial which it gives to the promise, *unlimited as to time*, of our Saviour, that miraculous signs were to follow those who

<sup>1</sup> Sermon in Post. Evang., 1 Adv.

<sup>2</sup> Sermon Dom. 26, post. Trin.

<sup>3</sup> In Sermon. Conviv.

<sup>4</sup> L. iv. de Scand.

<sup>5</sup> De Regno Christi, L. 1. c. 4.

<sup>6</sup> Ep. ad Farell, among Calvin's Letters.

<sup>7</sup> Ep. L. vi. 4.

<sup>8</sup> Spong. advers. Hutton.

<sup>9</sup> Ad. Frat. Infer. Germ.

believed, (of which the gift of *healing* was one,) it not only leads to the preposterous inference that the *whole* fathers of the Christian Church were either dupes or impostors, (as the *Edinburgh* reviewer, "*philosophically*" considers them,) but turns the truth of all history, whether sacred or profane, into a fable!!! True it is, that false Christs and false prophets were to arise, and shew great signs and wonders, and that false teachers were also to appear, (a prediction which has been repeatedly fulfilled;) but the anti-Christian objects <sup>1</sup> of these lying wonders on the one hand, and the "*fruits*" by which false teachers are to be known on the other, are sufficient securities against deception; and it can no more be concluded that there have been no *true* miracles, because there have been *false* ones, than that there can be no *true*, because there have been *false* teachers. Indeed the reverse of the conclusion is implied by the contrast.

The reviewer even more than insinuates that the false teachers, mentioned in the Gospel, are the pastors of the Catholic Church,—those pastors who have received their mission, by a long and uninterrupted line of succession, flowing from the divine commission of Christ himself, and who have inherited their doctrine from him and his Apostles! Vain idea! which can only excite a smile at its folly, and the sigh of pity at its impiety. The characters, Sir, of false teachers, are sketched too palpably to occasion any mistake as to their identity on the part of those who candidly seek to discover them. Let us then see what those marks are by which false teachers are to be discriminated. In the *first* place, they were to "come in the clothing of sheep<sup>2</sup>;" that is, they were to assume the characters of true pastors, and, under the cloak of Scripture, pretend that errors had crept into the Church, and seek to reform it. Under this mask, they endeavoured to destroy the ancient faith, and every external mark by which it could be recognised; and as a reform in *faith* (which needed no reform) began in error, so reform upon reform has followed, and endless divisions have succeeded—

"As if religion was intended  
For nothing else but to be mended."

These are some of the "*fruits*" by which false teachers were to be known. But, in the *second* place, one of the indelible marks by which they were to be recognised is their *separation* from the trunk or root of unity, the Church. "These are they who separate themselves, sensual men, not having the spirit<sup>3</sup>." "These are murmurers, full of complaints, walking according to their own desires<sup>4</sup>." The beloved Apostle, alluding to these men, says, "They went out from us, (that is, from the communion of the Church,) but they were not of us. For if they had been of us, they could no doubt have remained with us: but that they may be manifest that they are not all of us<sup>5</sup>." Lastly, false teachers were to be known, not only by their resisting the truth, and separating themselves from the Church, but also, like Core, they were to deny its lawful authority, and to assume to themselves the same authority in explaining doctrines, and ordaining, without having the power, a new race of pastors, unknown to the Church. This has been the uniform practice of every innovator, who thereby condemns himself by his own judgment<sup>6</sup>; and "because, by his very appearance as a leader, as the first man of his sect, without being able to name his predecessor, while he thus starts up, he, in reality, pronounces sentence against himself as a manifest innovator, and carries his condemnation upon his forehead<sup>7</sup>."

Now all these characteristics are clearly applicable to the pretended reformers of the sixteenth century. They came in sheep's clothing, but they

<sup>1</sup> Is it anti-Christian to prove the *divinity* of Christ one of the *objects* of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, as stated by the reviewer himself? Our modern *Protestant*-*Arians* would at once answer affirmatively, and say, with the reviewer, that miracles were no longer necessary to prove his *humanity*.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matth. vii. 15.

<sup>3</sup> St. Jude 19.

<sup>4</sup> St. Jude 16.

<sup>5</sup> 1 St. John. ii. 19.

<sup>6</sup> Titus iii. 2.

<sup>7</sup> Bossuet's Pastoral Instruction.



soon shewed the dispositions of ravenous wolves. Look at the rebellions which they excited,—at the bloodshed which they occasioned, and the robberies, sacrileges, and cruelties which they exercised,—at the barbarous laws which they enacted and put in execution against the professors of the ancient faith ;—the property of the Church confiscated, and given to heartless and irreligious ruffians,—estates forfeited from their owners, and heavy pecuniary fines imposed and exacted for not conforming to the new-fangled doctrines,—these proprietors again forced from the abodes of their fathers, and from every thing they held most sacred and dear, and obliged to “ beg bitter bread” in foreign climes ;—churches, which piety had raised to the worship of the true God, on the ruins of Paganism, destroyed or defaced, whose mutilated and crumbling remains still point out their former magnificence and glory,—their sacred ornaments and utensils, the accumulations of ages, and even venerable for their antiquity, either destroyed or made subservient to voluptuousness ;—monasteries, the abodes of virtue, of learning, and of happiness,—the asylums of the care-worn and oppressed,—the refuges of the wearied and faint-hearted traveller,—the store-houses of the poor<sup>1</sup>, pillaged and reduced to ashes,—their pious inmates turned adrift on the world, and made the sport of impiety, and their precious literary treasures given to the winds ;—these were only some of the *practical* fruits of that pretended reformation so highly extolled by selfish historians, who

“ Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
A thorough, godly reformation.”

Such were the means adopted by the modern Apostles to advance, as they impiously pretended, the glory of God, and to plant afresh the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus ! We have already seen the immoral effects of the change, from the mouths of the reformers themselves, and we see the jarring doctrinal systems which still prevail among their successors, some occasionally disappearing, then reviving,—fresh ones springing up, all at variance with each other, and sometimes inconsistent, by their variations with themselves. But it is vain to expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. Let me not, however, be here understood as insinuating any thing uncharitable or reproachful against those men who have derived their mission from the illegitimate source alluded to, or as meaning that no distinction whatever is to be made between *them* and the authors of their errors. Educated in mistaken notions of the one Catholic Apostolic faith, their succession must be regarded as a misfortune, and not as a fault ; but that misfortune can only be excusable when allied to sincerity, and to a firm conviction (however mistaken) of truth. There have been, and there are, I have no doubt, (nay I *know* it to be so,) many among them eminent for their private worth, and (setting their prejudices against the religion of their ancestors apart, and who can say he is without prejudice ?) of a piety and zeal which would do honour to the better cause ; but placed, as some of them are, in affluence, respected for their acquirements, and dazzled by the false lustre of fixed establishments, they can hardly be expected to bestow that calm deliberation so essentially necessary to form a correct judgment of, or to arrive at a just conclusion upon, the most momentous occurrence which ever engaged the attention of mankind ; and they are too apt to suppose, that a possession of 300 years standing can, like prescription in law, complete a title originally de-

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<sup>1</sup> Of all the charges which ignorance or malice have invented against our Catholic ancestors, none have been dwelt upon with a greater degree of gloating delight than that of the alleged voluptuousness of the inhabitants of monastic institutions. Some writers have even given lists (whether correct or not I inquire not) of their provisions, and other articles of good cheer, for the edification of the nation. Poor souls ! perhaps they did not know that one of the fundamental rules of all these institutions was abstemiousness, and that the necessaries of life which they contained belonged chiefly to the poor, for whose use they were gathered and applied. The destruction of the English Monasteries, by the lawless Harry and his myrmidons, paved the way for the introduction of the poor-laws of England, and we now behold the appalling result !



fective, from its having been granted by persons *non habentibus potestatem*, as, I believe, lawyers express it. The mark of *separation* from the Church is, however, too indelible ever to be obliterated, and which no space of time can justify or christianize. The schism of Samaria never lost its original character, although it lasted nearly a thousand years; and as its beginning, and its author, Jeroboam, who made Israel to sin, and withdrew them from the chosen city of God and from his temple, were never forgotten, so the origin of the Reformation, and Luther, its founder, will always be remembered. The same language which was employed by Alexander, bishop of Alexandria, in the fourth century, in opposing the Arian heresy, will always apply to all sects. Let *Nestorius*, Patriarch of Constantinople, acquire a name for himself in the East, and let a wide extent of country glory at this day in being called after him; he shall always be brought back to the point of *séparation*, when himself, and his preacher at Constantinople, were the whole of his party; when no one in his own city could bear him, or condescend to hear him; when one single bishop was opposed to six thousand bishops; when the *part* disputed against the *whole*; when the *branch* contended against the *tree*, and against the trunk from which it had been severed. In like manner, the schism (the Arian) which is seen even now to subsist, shall always be traced back to the Council of *Chalcedon*, and to that time when it was so incontrovertibly said that all the East and all the West were united against him<sup>1</sup>. "Thus was it demonstrated, that, whatever duration schism can possible have, it always begins by a number so small, as to bear no sort of comparison with the multitude of the faithful. Let us take a view of all the other sects that were ever yet separated from the unity of the Church: we lay it down as a fact, that not one of them can be mentioned, which, when traced to its origin, will not be found in that particular period when the *part* contended against the *whole*,—separated itself from the trunk,—changed the doctrine which it found firmly and immemorably established, and which itself professed, as it were, the day preceding<sup>1</sup>!"

But besides the characteristics by which false teachers are to be distinguished, there are certain scriptural marks which point out the true Church, and by which an additional security is thus given against innovators in every age. These marks are numerous, but I propose to treat only of four principal ones, which are so comprehensive as to include all the rest, namely, *unity, holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity*.

1st, The Church is *one*; that is, her members are all united in one common faith, are under the administration of the same sacraments, and acknowledge the same spiritual authority. Being thus "one body and one spirit<sup>2</sup>," and having "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism<sup>3</sup>," she is always "careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace<sup>4</sup>." To insure this unity, our Saviour "gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all meet into the unity of faith," and "that henceforth we be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine<sup>5</sup>." Now, this unity is no where to be found but in the Catholic Church. Although her members compose the great majority of the Christian world, and are scattered over the whole face of the habitable globe, "even to the uttermost parts of the earth," and differ from one another in customs, language, and government, yet they are all united in the same faith, and acknowledge the same spiritual authority. The experience of 300 years has demonstrated that there can be no unity among Protestants; and indeed the leading tenet of Protestantism, of private interpretation, is utterly subversive of it. It is really astonishing to find Protestants deploring this want of unity, when they must have known that a principle founded on *disunion* could never lead to unanimity. Dudith, in his epistle to Beza<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Theod. L. 1. C. 4. Socrates & Theod. L. 1. C. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Bossuet's Pastoral Instruction.

<sup>3</sup> Ephes. iv. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. v. 5.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. v. 3.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid. v. 11, 12, 13, 14.

<sup>7</sup> Beza's Thess. Epist. No. 1.

says, "What sort of people are our Protestants, struggling to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, sometimes on this side, and sometimes on that? You may perhaps know what their sentiments in matters of religion are to-day; but you can never certainly tell what they will be to-morrow. In what article of religion do these Churches agree amongst themselves who have cast off the Bishop of Rome? Examine all from top to bottom, you will scarce find one thing affirmed by one, which is not immediately contradicted by another for wicked doctrine." Dr Wharton, in the preface to his *Polyglot*, is equally pointed. He observes, "that Aristarchus heretofore could scarce find seven wise men in Greece, but that with us scarce are to be found so many idiots; for we are all doctors, all divinely learned; there is not so much as the meanest fanatic or jack-pudding who does not give you his own dreams for the word of God. For the bottomless pit seems to be set open, from whence a smoke has arisen, which has darkened the heavens and the stars, and locusts are come out with stings, a numerous race of sectaries and heretics, who have renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own. These have filled our cities, villages, camps, houses, nay, our churches and pulpits too, and—" but I spare the conclusion. Some learned Protestants, and among the rest Melancthon and Grotius, could see no possible expedient for restoring union amongst Christians, but by acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope. "The Pope's supremacy," says Melancthon, "would tend much to preserve amongst different nations unity of doctrine, so that, were other points agreed on, the Pope's supremacy might be easily allowed." Rivetus, in his apology, observes, that "Grotius is clearly of opinion, as are many others, that Protestants will never be united with each other until they are with those who adhere to the See of Rome, without which no common agreement can be expected; he wishes, therefore, that the rupture now in existence, with the causes of it, were removed, amongst which the supremacy of the Pope *cannot be reckoned*, as Melancthon himself confesses, who even deems the supremacy absolutely necessary for the preservation of unity <sup>1</sup>."

2dly, The Church is *holy*, a point which we all profess to believe in the creed. The royal prophet foretelling this property of the Church says, "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, for length of days <sup>2</sup>." And St. Paul remarks, that "Christ also loved the Church, and delivered himself up for it, that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water, in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish <sup>3</sup>." The vast number of saints who have died in the communion of the Catholic Church, the miraculous powers with which many of them were invested, the holiness of her doctrine, which cannot be attacked but by calumny and misrepresentation, and the practical lessons of piety, such as alms-deeds, fasting, penance, which she inculcates, eminently entitle her to claim this second mark of truth. On the other hand, what holiness can there be in contradictions, or in a system which repudiates, as superfluous and vain, the pious practices I have mentioned.

3dly, The true Church is also Catholic, or universal, as professed in the creed. This catholicity, or universality, is twofold. Unlike the Jewish Church, which was limited to a small space, the Christian Church is to embrace all nations. "Ask of me," says the Psalmist, "and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession <sup>4</sup>." "All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord, and all the kindreds of the Gentiles shall adore in his sight <sup>5</sup>." It was to accomplish this prophecy that our Saviour suffered, and rose again from the dead, and that he commissioned his apostles and pastors of his Church to "teach all nations <sup>6</sup>;" to fulfil which they have been witnesses to him "in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and

<sup>1</sup> Apology, p. 255. See also the first reply, p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> Psalms xcii. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Ephes. v. 25, 26, 27.

<sup>4</sup> Psalms ii. 8.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. xxi. 28.

<sup>6</sup> St. Matt. xxviii. 19.



even to the uttermost parts of the earth <sup>1</sup>." But the Church is not merely universal as to *place*, by being spread over all nations; she is also Catholic as to *time*, having a *visible* existence in every age. "Thy gates," says the prophet Isaiah, "shall be open *continually*: they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought unto thee, and their kings may be brought <sup>2</sup>." Again, the same prophet, foretelling the perpetuity of the Church, says, "Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen all the day and all the night; they shall never hold their peace <sup>3</sup>." Farther: "This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; my Spirit that is in thee, (the Saviour,) and my words that I have put into thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, *nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, FROM HENCEFORTH AND FOR EVER* <sup>4</sup>." Let us now attend to our Saviour's promises as to this perpetual duration of his Church. After asking his disciples what men said concerning him, and receiving for answer, that some said he was John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets, he then puts this question to them, "But whom do you say that I am?" Simon Peter alone, but in name of himself and the rest, answered and said, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." This answer, our Saviour informs him, was not revealed to him (Peter) by flesh and blood, but by his Father who was in heaven; and he from thence takes occasion, not only to announce to Peter the *supremacy* with which he afterwards invested him, but also the perpetual duration of his Church. "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it <sup>5</sup>." Accordingly, in commissioning his Apostles to go teach and baptize all nations, he promised to be with them; and in them he viewed their successors (the "seed's seed") "all days, even to the consummation of the world." As if he had said, "Your mission shall not be unproductive; you shall teach; you shall baptize; you shall form churches throughout the universe: it will be needless to inquire whether the new body, the new congregation, that is, the new Church, which I order you to form out of all nations, shall be visible, being, as it ought to be, visibly composed of those who are to give, and of those who are to receive instructions,—of those who are to baptize, and of those who are to be baptized; and who being thus distinguished from all other people in the world, by the preaching of my commandments, and by the profession of docility to them, shall be still more sensibly discriminated by the sacred seal of a particular baptism, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost <sup>6</sup>." Catholicity and Christianity, therefore, are founded on one and the same principle; and a Church, to be a true Church, must first prove itself *Catholic*. Now, which of all the numerous Churches or sects which have separated from the Catholic Church can claim this mark of truth? Not one. The indelible act of their *separation*, their gradual disappearances and re-appearances—sometimes passing under one name, at other times under another—destroy every claim to universality of *time*, while the narrow limits to which they have always been confined give ample proof that they have no title to universality of *place*. Indeed none of them have ever laid claim to the name of Catholic, but, on the contrary, as they could not do so, have pretended, in direct opposition to the promises, that the Church of Christ had erred or disappeared. Such was the language of the Donatists; but what says St. Austin to them? "The Church has perished, you say—it is no more upon earth. Such is the language of those who are not in it—impudent language! The Church does not exist *because* you are not in it." I would now ask, what Church is it that has existed in every age since Christianity was planted? What Church is it that enjoys the appellation of Catholic? What Church was it that converted the European nations, and these kingdoms amongst the rest, to Christianity? When the unity of the Church was disturbed by the Separatists of the sixteenth century, what Church was it that was then carrying the knowledge of the true God to the remote regions of the East, and announcing the glad

<sup>1</sup> Acts i. 8.<sup>2</sup> Is. ix. 11.<sup>3</sup> Ibid. lxii. 6.<sup>4</sup> Ibid. lix.<sup>5</sup> St. Matt. xvi. 18.<sup>6</sup> Recepta's Post. Institute.



tidings to the inhabitants of the new world? Finally, what Church is it that at the present moment *alone* exists in all countries, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth?—*The Church in communion with the See of Rome.*

*Lastly*, The Church of Christ is apostolical, being built upon the foundations of the Apostles and the Prophets, he himself being the chief cornerstone. But as no man can take the honour of priesthood himself, but he that is called of God, as Aaron was, “so also Christ did not glorify himself to be made a High Priest<sup>1</sup>,” but was *sent* by his Father; and as his Father sent him, so in like manner Christ sent his Apostles, giving them authority to teach and baptize, to bind and to loose, and to appoint assistants and successors to themselves in the ministry. Hence the ordination of the seven deacons by prayer, and the imposition of the hands of the Apostles<sup>2</sup>; and hence the appointment of Saul and Barnabas at Antioch, for the work for which the Holy Ghost had chosen them<sup>3</sup>. One very remarkable circumstance is here to be attended to, which is this, that although St. Paul received an extraordinary mission, yet we here see him receiving ordination by fasting, prayer, and the imposition of hands, being thereby connected with the ordinary apostolical succession. Thus appointed, Paul and Barnabas ordained priests in every church<sup>4</sup>,—thus the former ordained his beloved Timothy, whom he enjoined to stir up the grace of God, which he had received by the imposition of his hands<sup>5</sup>,—and thus he orders Titus to ordain priests in every city in Crete, as he himself had appointed him<sup>6</sup>. In this way has the beautiful chain of apostolical succession been continued uninterrupted and unbroken up to the present day, and will continue till the end of the world. What church or sect is there that exists at present, that has ever existed, or (for the reign of error, I am afraid, is not yet ending) *will ever yet exist*, which can connect itself with this chain, but the one Catholic Apostolic Church from which all have separated? The pastors of that Church can, at the present day, put the same questions to the *new* pastors, as Tertullian did to the Separatists of his days, and with equal propriety, “*Qui estis vos? Quando et unde venistis?*” Or they may ask, in the words of St. Paul, “Did the word of God come out *from* you, or came it only *unto* you?”

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE PEDESTRIAN.  
No. I.

RAIN! rain! incessant—pouring rain! Pshaw! I may gaze out of the window without seeing one ground on which to cherish a hope of cessation,—may descend to the door to examine the horizon, and endeavour to ask the scudding, pelting, pitiless, gloomy clouds, if they mean ever to end their unwelcome and unsparing deluge,—may gaze till my eyes ache, and ascend and descend till my legs rebel,—’tis all in vain! —It is a set-in day of rain, and no prospect of abatement. No sooner does a sunny blink chance, for a moment, to look faintly on the dripping, cheerless scene, than a leviathan of a cloud obscures its slender promise, and again, plash! plash! plash! —the fast-descending drops chill one into despair. Morning, noon, have

passed restlessly away, in the vain expectation of a favourable change offering encouragement to venture on my route. But no!

There now seems to remain nothing for it but to exert my philosophy, and make up my mind to another night’s solitary sojourn at the inn,—the inn of the once resorted-to Mof-fat. I have no better resource,—and what must be, is best cheerfully submitted to. To look out of the window on the deserted street of the village, through which the liquid descent is running in little rivulets,—or to pace my chamber, now venting unavailing wishes for its becoming fair, now indulging in half-fretful ruminating, is not the better way to dissipate my chagrin—to reconcile me to my fate. I will have recourse to

<sup>1</sup> Heb. v. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Acts vi. 3, 4, 5, 6.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. xiii. 2, 3, 4.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. xiv. 22.

<sup>5</sup> 2 Tim. i. 6.

<sup>6</sup> Tit. i. 5.

<sup>7</sup> 1 Cor. xiv. 36.

my pen, and leave my vexation and its source to themselves, to evaporate as they best may.

How short-sighted are the views,—how circumscribed the resolves,—how evanescent the hopes of man, the creature of time, and change, and chance! I could—but must not moralize. Reader, art thou a fox-hunter? Suppose a fine, soft evening, in the month of February, to-morrow's fixture with a "crack pack" within five miles,—certain to find,—a rare country for a run:—"There will be glorious sport to-morrow," exclaims my friend Rideout, as keen and devoted a sportsman with hounds as ever "swished a rasper," "*flew a brook*," or "*led at a five-feet fortification with ditches not to be sneezed at!*" "*Brush*,"—to his head groom,—"*Brush*, have Pleader set over-night,—I'll hunt him to-morrow,—by Jove! we'll shew 'em 'the trick',—have him at cover-side at half-after ten, *Brush*,—O we'll have a prime day!"—Suppose this, and suppose my friend R. disappointed,—and what can try a man more? Well; not very dissimilar is the disappointment I am wincing under; yet have I often smiled to see him fretting and fuming over a casualty no mortal could either have escaped or averted. Who may calculate on to-morrow,—who dare decide it shall see him follow a prescribed course,—shall answer his expectations of a pleasure he has predetermined shall be his? Did not every thing seem to insure a mild and high-scenting morning,—to promise every mean and appliance for sport, when R. turned him to repose,—to anticipate, in dreams, the delights of to-morrow?

"To-morrow, didst thou say?

Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow! It is a period no where to be found In all the hoary registers of time, Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar."

To-morrow sees Pleader only taking his airing,—sees Reynard skulk in undisturbed security in his retreat. It proves a hard freeze, and my friend's high-raised hopes are nipt in the bud. He frets, and grumbles, and is out of his usual good-humour all day; for having set his heart on this particular pursuit, and made as-

sured of its enjoyment, he is unprepared for, and dwells on disappointment, and feels as if unhinged for any other by its loss. But this is worse than foolish. A man should ever strive to put down such unworthy repinings,—such weak and churlish impatience of other good, because in one point he has been doomed to encounter an unexpected temporary drawback. It is taking from an interest,—inflicting added vexation, because that over which one can have no control has already visited one with too much,—enough to upset equanimity. What folly this! yet how many Rideouts, under various complexions of circumstances, do we not daily see! It is very easy to frame a plan for to-morrow,—to say, we shall enjoy this pleasure; but where there exist contingents, one should always advert to them,—nor, under any circumstances, allow disappointment to bear down every thing before it. When it is one's inevitable lot to experience it, it is at once good sense and good policy to shut out unavailing regrets; and if it has its origin in some unlooked-for impediment to one pursuit, turning with unrepining good-will to another will bring its own reward, by consigning to oblivion irritation-retrospective, in reference to the former, and giving contrasted zest to the amount of enjoyment accompanying the latter. When the spirits have received a sudden check in one channel, they estimate the higher the channel which gives them vent. What hours are more unhappy than those where restless ennui is allowed to play the satellite to a morning whose intended occupation of pleasure some non-calculated chance has annihilated! One is at once unhappy, and the unhappiness is self-imposed. When pleasure is well-nigh the business of life, and the difficulty seems to be to find objects of interest to fill up the void of circling hours,—and with many to whom Fortune has been too kind it is so,—such a morning, attendant upon some anticipated, some arranged pursuit, to which a luckless barrier has been interposed, is not less than a misery. The unwillingness to enter on any other mode of employing the time, or, if entered on, to sour it, by brooding



over and recurring to what has proved unattainable, seems an inherent weakness, and, when cherished, carries its own severe punishment. It grows—a repining temper ever grows—by indulgence. The more we repine, the greater our reason. In many schemes for enjoyment, fine weather is a *sine qua non*. Yet what more variable—what more uncompromising? It can neither be reasoned, flattered, nor threatened into a reciprocity with our wishes. Still fixtures with hounds are named,—excursions, rural and aquatic, planned,—pic-nics and *fêtes-champêtres* arranged, days before-hand. And who has not witnessed, under some of these circumstances,—when the weather has proved adverse,—murmurings, and repinings, and gloom? Do you say it is children alone who evince such weakness? There are many grown children. “Curse the frost!” exclaims the disappointed fox-hunter in the country, as he saunters from the house to the stable,—from the stable to the kennel,—from the kennel to the house, where he takes up a newspaper, tosses it down again,—paces the room,—longs for dinner-time, and, with “the devil take the frost!” snatches up the paper a second time. “Confound the rain!—what shall we do?—was ever any thing so unlucky?—I never saw it otherwise, when a pleasant excursion was planned!—it is too provoking!—we will expire of ennui!” Such and similar are the exclamations often heard from those whom rain has debarred from enjoying some arranged out-of-door pursuit, as they look out of the window, in very do-nothing wearisomeness,—in a sort of self-discomforting apathy to every thing but fretful allusion to that not to be enjoyed. One would think they were suffering under the premeditated injustice of some arbitrary tyrant, actuated by the ambition of displaying his power, or influenced by the evil disposition of thwarting and vexing the unfortunates beneath his sway, and who had not merely destroyed, in wantonness, one source of enjoyment, but taken away the power to participate in any other. But unfavourable weather is what we can neither escape nor avert; nor should we murmur

or fret over the change and chance we are forewarned of by ever-recurring experience—a casualty at once not to be averted, and habitual. And the same reasoning should induce the exertion of philosophic submission to inevitable evil through all life’s turn-ups on one hand, and teach never to yield energy to obstacle on the other, but merely to give it a more favourable direction.

Precept, how much easier to offer than example! How ready we ever are to discover the mote in our neighbour’s eye, while we remain blind to the beam in our own! How much more apt is human nature to continue again erring, and again entailing subject for regret, than, by a vigorous effort of reason, to root up error and its source, and have the satisfaction of neutralizing the noxious effect for ever! Have not I been cherishing the imbecility I so much reprobate all this morning? But I have widely digressed. In a word, my own called up the recollection of the irritation I have smiled to see my friend Rideout display, under circumstances not very opposite;—my object and obstacle was scenery-hunting and rain,—his, fox-hunting and frost; and I have strayed into the reflective strain. For the last hour or two I had been fretting and fuming, and succumbing to that sort of unwillingness to command my attention to any other object, since disappointed in that I had set my mind to. Shaking off, however, my half-wishing, half-despairing—my restless, comfortless, do-nothingness, I called my pen to my aid, and have been endeavouring to deprecate the folly of wilfully poisoning other sources of enjoyment by unenduring impatience, because the weather, or other accident, has unexpectedly forbidden the particular pursuit you had marked out,—to deduce that such weakness is its own curse,—that energy opposed in one direction, should never be allowed to sink into inertness, but be forced to essay some other channel. The mind will soon accommodate itself to the substitution of one aim for another. It is wonderful what an effort persevered in will achieve. But to my own case.

The afternoon and evening of yes-



terday were beautiful beyond description. I assured myself it was to be followed by a to-morrow equally fine,—no day more charmingly suitable for an excursion to the “Grey Mare’s Tail,” and the “Loch of the Lows,” and “St. Mary’s Lake,” which I had settled to visit. I was thirty-three miles only from the former, and to be enabled to reach the scene with ease, and have leisure to view it, I resolved on getting twenty miles nearer that evening. I did so; every thing seemed to promise to be in unison with my wishes, and I went to bed in anticipation of a delightful day, and an agreeable little tour,—gave orders to be called at six,—and—opened my eyes on a thick, wet, altogether atrocious morning. A prisoner at an inn,—no companion,—no book to be had but some “Account of the Covenanters,” and some numbers of “Henry’s Bible,”—nothing to do,—nothing to be seen or heard but the eternal waiter, and the everlasting rain, plump! plump! plump! in the river—but the street, before the window; not much matter of surprise I fretted a little. It was quite an interesting object, the mail whirling through the street,—the passengers on the outside enveloped in great-coats and cloaks, and crowded beneath umbrellas,—the horses smoking,—the guard blowing his horn, but (no wonder) drawing, seemingly, only half its usual tones from it, as if the torrent had damped his ardour. I almost envied the group on the top. “’Twere a living death to live alone.” I could now do justice to the poet, when he says,

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Relief from grief is small relief;  
The vacant bosom’s wilderness  
Could thank the pang that made it less.

Not much to be wondered at, I say, that I was a little “out of sorts;” but I reasoned with myself,—thought of my friend Rideout,—had recourse to my pen,—and, though at first listless,—though itching to toss it down, by dint of resolution I have commanded my attention, and guillotined ennui and discomfort. I can now resolve, *con amore*, to make myself as comfortable as possible. I will scribble till dinner-time,—a newspaper, I

have ascertained, I will be enabled to get as a companion to my cigar and tumbler of toddy after dinner,—and the hope of a fine day for to-morrow will enable me to vegetate through the afternoon not unpleasantly, and to reach bed without any bilious accumulation.

This mountain cascade, or cataract,—“the Grey Mare’s Tail,”—is about ten miles beyond Moffat. The lakes are about six miles farther, on the road to Ettrick. I left Dumfries in the afternoon, with intent to sleep at the watering village, once so much in vogue, and walk to the scene in the morning. The afternoon was sunny and pleasant,—the light and fleecy clouds were floating high, and through their intervals the blue of a beautiful sky was seen in predominance. Every thing seemed to speak of steady and delightful weather. Such a day, in the end of this month, August, when the husbandman is gaily plying his cheering task of submitting to the sickle the golden produce of the past year’s labours,—the fields presenting busy but merry groups, reaping and binding the yellow grain,—Nature everywhere in her greatest luxuriance of aspect, is to me the most charming of days in the year’s circle. At this season I much enjoy a pedestrian ramble. I prescribe a route—but diverge from it as inclination or caprice may dictate—to visit the scenery of some hidden but romantic spot,—some less beautiful *remains* of ancient days. Now I while away a day at some pretty village,—now wander over the grounds, and admire the beauties of some noble mansion, and enjoy every thing I can turn up that can interest, instruct, or amuse; still finding my way into the road again that leads to the place I eventually aim at. The road between Dumfries and Moffat is not an unpleasant one, but it presents little, in particular, to interest. Having cleared the country more immediately around the former town, you begin to ascend gently among the hills. The road, for the most part, now runs with the windings of a glen, or rather succession of glens, or straths, between the feet of the hills, sloping away on both sides of you. The aspect of this lower ground, in the line of the

road is in so far improved; arable, but pasture predominates, and the hills are altogether pastoral. When I term them hills, I must not be understood to mean any thing precipitous,—they are of a low, flat description. The improved land has been chiefly reclaimed from moor. The peasantry were casting, and carting home in some places, the winter's store of fuel, from the peat-bogs, still occasionally to be seen on the road-side. When coal is at a great distance, how valuable to them their peat-mosses! The warm and cultivated appearance which wood gives to a country is strikingly manifest on this road. When you meet with a space denuded of trees, the water, perhaps, standing in the trenches from which a supply of peats has been drawn, and an extent of surface presenting a black and comfortless aspect,—how chill and cheerless to the traveller—how unproductive to man and beast! This is, indeed, little applicable to any part of this road now, but at no great distance of time such was its appearance throughout. During the last fifty years, the rapid strides in improvement made by agriculture, together with planting, have effected a wonderful change on the face of Scotland. An old man, employed as a woodman, told me, on entering into conversation with him, that, forty years ago, when he first came to that quarter, there was no grain raised,—little or no planting,—and that all was little better than a barren moor; “but,” added he, “enclosing, and planting, and draining, and ploughing, have changed the very nature of these low lands.”

As you approach Rae-hills, the seat of Mr Johnston, the road assumes quite a rich appearance, it is so well wooded. Rae-hills is situated on the side of a hill, embosomed in the trees that fringe the latter to the bottom, where runs the river Annan. It is rather agreeably situated. I began to descend upon Moffat, which is about eight miles beyond Rae-hills, just as the evening was closing in. It lies relatively low, at the bottom of surrounding hills. Who has not felt the calming, touching influence of a fine summer evening, just ere “twilight grey has in her sober

livery all things clad?” The effect—but most when alone—is at once productive of a calm pleasure, and an elevation of thought and sentiment. It seems to extinguish the selfishness of worldly feeling. The heart, chastened and softened by indescribable emotions, yearns in overflowing kindness to every living thing. Nor are inanimate objects shut out from its regards; when connected with endeared associations, all must have felt, as wonderfully great, their power to interest and attach. The mind, which, under ordinary circumstances, seems almost insensible to Nature's beauties, and which, by indulgence in less-refined pleasures alone, acknowledges but little emotion, appears capable of feeling only an inferior interest in the contemplation of her wonders; yet he must be less than man who can wholly resist the influence of such an evening. The balmy softness of the air, cool withal,—the horizon dyed to a dusky but beautiful red, by the departing rays of the setting sun,—the single star yet twinkling in the vast blue vault,—the light clouds floating overhead, as if in adornment of the scene,—all tend to impress with sentiments better felt than expressed. The still lake,—the fertile valley,—the green hill,—the murmuring stream,—the lowing herd,—the depasturing sheep,—the fair mansion, half-hid in its rich woods,—the humbler cottage, embowered in its honeysuckles, its smoke stealing up in a faint column from its low roof,—have each and all an effect upon the mind, at this still hour, different from that under the eye of garish day.

Night shut her portals on such an evening just as I entered Moffat, about nine o'clock. Moffat is not unpleasantly situated, but its localities are not particularly agreeable; once fashionable, on account of its waters, it is now deserted for some other spot patronized by the capricious taste of Fashion's votaries. Two facts have combined to detract from its former greater importance,—its having thus dwindled in its celebrity as a resort for invalids, and hunters after enjoyment and change of scene, and having no longer a monopoly of the posting and coaching on that road: an excellent inn,



about two miles beyond it, to the south, has seduced from the village the run of posting and temporary visitants. It has two springs,—one chalybeate, similar to the German Spa, about five miles among the hills; the other sulphureous, and called “the Well,” on the ascent of a hill, about a mile from the village. The latter has a pump-room, for the accommodation of the drinkers. In front of it is a small, smooth grass plat. A brawling mountain-stream-let, rushing past on one of its sides, has worn itself a passage many feet deep in the rock, which gives this miniature lawn a terrace-like appearance. You look down on Moffat, and an amphitheatre of hills surrounds the other three sides. It is rather a romantic spot. My landlord, lamenting the comparative non-importance of the village, told me—“Ah, Sir! there’s no stir now;—there’s but a few invalids come, who seldom are seen out of their lodgings, but to go up to the Well in the morning; the head inn is shut up:—aye! it was very different once, when the place was crowded with

gentry, mostly come for amusement;—seventeen coaches, besides riders and walkers, have been seen going up to the Well in these mornings; and in the room built at the Well they would have dinners and music; and when the weather was fine, they would have the tables set out on the grass-plat before the door; and then parties were made to the ‘Grey Mare’s Tail,’ and to ‘the Lakes,’ and to ride, and to fish,—but now that’s all past.” *Sic transit gloria mundi!* I could not but feel a twinge of regret for poor Moffat, as my honest host enumerated the glories of bye-gone days.

“Out upon time!—which never will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to  
grieve;  
Out upon time!—which will leave no  
more  
Of the things to come than the things  
before.”

But I must resign my pen, for—  
“dinner’s ready, Sir.” I will resume it after visiting the Grey Mare’s Tail and the Lakes to-morrow.

#### THE STEAM-YACHT.

I HAD been enjoying a tour through the Western Highlands, during the last summer, and was returning (my imagination still dwelling on their romantic beauties) to the hackneyed scenes of the British metropolis, when the natural love of variety induced me to change my predetermination of being whirled back again in the mail, as I had travelled into Scotland; and I resolved to seek amusement in joining the motley group of 117 passengers that were to sail by the James Watt steam-packet from Leith. The weather was beautiful,—the water smooth as a mirror,—and the deep unclouded blue of the sky seemed to promise a continuation, at least for some days, of that lovely calm where only the passage of a steam-vessel can be called agreeable. My decision once made, myself and my luggage were easily transported into the boat, and I walked saunteringly backwards and forwards on the deck, observing the different passengers as they arrived

and I confess, as I saw the deck gradually brightening more and more with a display of Leghorn bonnets, feathers, flowers, crimson shawls, flounced gowns, parasols, &c., and, in short, wearing each instant a more striking resemblance to a bed of ranunculuses or tulips, my heart began to tremble at my choice, for I am a very bashful young man. I could also easily perceive that my second best suit of black, which had accompanied me in my pedestrian excursion, made no very favourable impression on the minds of the fair criticisers, who, as they turned eagerly to see if each new comer were not a Prince’s-Street dandy, a Scotch Grey, or even a handsome English traveller, gave me opportunities of overhearing, occasionally, remarks like the following: “Margaret, do you see that awkward, grave-looking young man in black, staring at the water as if he expected to see gold at the bottom of it? I hope he’s going back in the next boat, and not a pas-



senger, He looks as if he'd sooner spoil a flirtation than engage in one." "Indeed, Jeanie," responds Miss Margaret, "I think he's a very wise-like looking laddie, and may be far safer company for young girls like us than your smart, civil beaux, who will make love to you for something to do, and whenever they get landed, will laugh at you for believing them." Her sister turned away in great disdain, and even my modesty could not forbear glancing a look at my kind defender. But she was, like myself, not cast in one of Nature's fairest moulds, and I easily perceived that her defence of me, at its commencement, was not likely to endanger my peace during my voyage.

I was diverted from my observations on the fair lady by the arrival of the last convoy of passengers in the boat which conveyed them from the shore to the steam-vessel. Their appearance, however, was not sufficiently striking to attract the notice of the brilliant assemblage on board. When the boat reached the side, a man about thirty-five sprung on deck, and was followed by a lively and animated girl; but the smiling vivacity of her countenance seemed partly affected, for when there, she stepped to one side, and hastily dashed away a tear; then advancing, she assisted the gentleman in lifting from the boat, in the gentlest and tenderest manner, another female, enveloped in shawls, notwithstanding the balmy sunshine of the day. He carried this latter in his arms to the side of the vessel, where it was screened from the breeze, scarcely sufficient to curl the waves, as they rolled noiselessly on. Having placed her on the bench, he threw his arm round her, and supporting her head on his shoulder, gazed on her pallid countenance with the anxiety of fond affection. The invalid appeared scarcely older than her beautiful companion; but the pale cheek, the heavy eye, and the occasional hectic gleam which gave colour to the former, and brilliancy to the latter, only to make the contrast more striking, were evident symptoms that disease was at work, to blast the hopes of these, her loving and loved companions; loved,—for although too much exhausted to speak, she took the gentleman's hand

in her's, where rested that holy circlet, which told how dear a tie was between them, and pressing it to her lips, looked in his face with a smile of unutterable gratitude. She was not, she *never* could have been handsome; but there was an expression in her eye which told of a deep mine of ardent and confiding affection glowing brightly in her heart; and as she turned that look on her husband, I felt that even I, warmly as I admire female beauty, could perhaps have loved one no lovelier than this, had all that volume of devotion her glance expressed been ever bent on me.

At this moment, I observed sitting near them, and watching them with an interest apparently little inferior to mine, an elderly gentleman, of a countenance the most prepossessing I ever beheld. His appearance bespoke the man of wealth, and his countenance told a tale of virtue and benevolence. As he looked earnestly at the face of the invalid, the light air for a moment blew more freshly. Her delicate frame seemed to feel it immediately, and she slightly shivered. "Pardon me, Sir," said the elderly stranger, rising and approaching the gentleman on whose shoulder her head still reclined, "I must presume to advise that this lady be taken to the cabin." The other started at the unexpected address, but, with a peculiar dignity, thanked him, and turning to his wife, repeated the request to her. She complied; and the stranger, putting his card into the husband's hand, as he rose to assist her in descending the steps, said, "You will see I am used to prescribing orders, and remember, I am at your lady's command on the passage. I am always happy when my excursions for pleasure procure me opportunities of being useful." I stood so near them, that I could not avoid seeing on the card the name of Dr B——, one of the most eminent of our physicians, and for whose attendance hundreds had sometimes been vainly offered. I felt as if I could have almost worshipped the kind old man, when he gently kissed the lady's hand, and bade her not be afraid of him. The fine manly countenance of the husband glowed with internal emotion as he shook hands

with the friendly physician. "God bless you, Sir!" said he. "Thank you, my good friend," returned the other; "now, take care of your fair burden, for these cabin stairs are awkward things; I wish I were young enough to help you." I started forward, and requested to be allowed the honour of lending my aid, to render the descent as easy as possible. The wife thanked me with a soft smile, and was soon seated on the sofa below, still encircled by her husband's arm, and watched by that lovely girl, who seemed to read her very thoughts, and to anticipate her wishes. The physician had followed us, and was feeling the lady's pulse, whilst her husband's eye, bent searchingly on him, seemed eager to know all he might fear or hope. Conceiving myself an intrusion, I left them, and went upon deck, where I seated myself on one of the benches, and continued gazing on the water, lost in thought.

We had started, and were ploughing the waves with rapidity. There was much noise and bustle on board; but being a stranger to all, I remained unmolested for nearly an hour, when, to my great pleasure, I found myself joined by the benevolent physician. "Sir," said he, "if I mistake you not, I shall give you satisfaction, by informing you that dear woman's life is not in danger. No! not in any danger. She may live many years yet, and I trust she will, for her husband is a noble fellow, and loves her heartily." "How valuable," said I, "must be that science which enables you thus to afford comfort so unspeakable to the heart! It is truly enviable." "My young friend," he answered, with a smile and a sigh, "it is like all other earthly good, often bitterly alloyed. How bitterly! when, by its experience, I see the certain destruction of all the hopes of a fond parent, excited by the beaming eye, the blooming cheek, the marble brow, and lip bursting with ripe luxuriance, of an only and idolized daughter, —when I see that all these beauties tell only that the spoiler is at work, and that, before many months, their darling will be a clod of the valley! Then it is that I too could also wish to be deceived; but it cannot be!"

A tear had gathered in the good man's eye, and my own felt a little moist; but he wiped off the intruder, and said, "This is a fine afternoon. We will have a cool bottle of claret, and I will tell you a little melancholy tale of a lady not so fortunate as this, in the attentions of a husband to soothe her illness. It has no general attraction of romance, and told by an old man, will lose, perhaps, even the little it has; but I can assure you it is unaltered from the life." I cordially thanked him for his flattering kindness. The greater number of the passengers had now become tired with the scenes upon deck, and had sought a change in books or cards below. Others were exciting the sympathy of the gentlemen by real or pretended sickness, and near us no one appeared likely to interrupt our comfort. The doctor's servant brought us the claret. It was cool as from Greenland, and was, as a Frenchman would say, "superbe!" We filled our glasses, drank the health of the interesting invalid and her husband in a bumper, filled again, sipped,—and he began.

#### *The Doctor's Story.*

Although, through the aid of Divine Providence, I am sometimes the humble instrument of dispensing health to others, my dear Sir, I cannot always secure the enviable blessing to myself, and am frequently obliged to repair, by idleness in the country, the inroads made on my constitution by over exertion in town. It was when the relaxation of a few weeks once appeared to me necessary, that I accepted the invitation of an old friend, and a brother of the profession, to spend them with him at the small country town of F——, about fifty miles from London. The place itself has little to recommend it, but the surrounding country is beautiful, and ornamented with the mansions of several noblemen and gentlemen, which, with their noble parks, richly clothed with the finest wood, contribute greatly to the beauty of the scenery. It is, perhaps, one of the most advantageous places for a man of talent, who wishes to form his practice of the higher circles. My friend was of considerable eminence, but at this time was



verging towards old age. He was, however, eagerly sought for in all consultations, and the more laborious part was conducted by his only son, a young man of superior abilities.

It happened one day that he was with this son engaged in considering the case of the Duke of B., whose noble seat of Fellwood is, as you must know, an attraction to all admirers of magnificence. My friend set off, after dinner, in a fine summer evening, having left me in his study, occupied with the perusal of a favourite author. His good dinner and good wine, however, produced a not unusual effect with me; the letters of the book by degrees danced before my eyes; at last they became invisible, and I sunk into a quiet and profound sleep. From this indulgence I was roused by the hasty gallop of a horse, dashing over the stones, and stopping suddenly at the door of the house. The bell rung a loud peal, and I heard a hurried inquiry, "Is Mr Wiseman at home?" "No," said the servant; "both my master and Mr George are gone to Fellwood; the Duke is thought to be dying, and they will not be home before night." "Good God!" said the other, "what will be done?"—"Why," said old Betty, "sure Squire Weston is not ill, or my lady?"—"No, no! Heaven be praised," answered the servant, "but that dear, beautiful Mrs Templeton is worse—much worse; and Hannah says," he continued, now absolutely choked with feelings, for which I could not account, "that she will not live through the night." "Poor soul!" said old Betty; "'tis desperate unlucky that my master's from home; but—" Here I could remain quiet no longer; I knew Mr and Mrs Weston; the former had been for years the representative of the county, and was equally beloved and respected; but his wife, my dear Sir, is one of whom my powers can give but a very feeble description; unassuming, yet dignified,—affable, yet conscious of the advantages with which she is blessed, she is at once the admiration of the wealthy and the learned, and the protectress and benefactress of the indigent. In short, she has long been my model of female perfection, and I had often told my friend Wise-

man, that an hour passed in her company should recompense him for many a weary and tedious one spent with the triflers of the day.

But I am digressing—I made an offer of my services, at the same time telling my name; they were eagerly accepted, and mounting a horse of my friend's, we were soon within the shrubbery of the Elms, the seat of Mr Weston. The beams of the setting sun were brightly tinging the superb old mansion, one of the finest of Elizabeth's reign, and they gleamed, also, with radiant splendour on the venerable oaks and elms that adorned the pleasure-ground. We rode very fast, and I alighted, breathless, just as the door was opened by Mr Weston. He saluted me with much kindness, but his countenance, which usually seemed the temple of cheerfulness and mirth, was this evening clouded with care. He invited me to the dining-room, and ringing the bell, desired Mrs Weston to be called. She came immediately, and repeated the welcome of her husband, with all her accustomed sweetness; but her interesting and intelligent eye was dimmed with tears, and her cheek was deathly pale; she was evidently exhausted by fatigue and watching; she inquired if Mr Wiseman had given me any account of the state of the patient. I replied in the negative, telling her we had both been so unremittently occupied in the consideration of the case of the Duke of B——, (which was attended by some circumstances peculiarly remarkable,) that, during my two days' residence with him, we had spoken of nothing else. "My poor friend," she said, "is past all medical relief, as tending to produce any material alteration. She is in the last stage of a lingering decline, but we hope it may be in your power to soothe the approaches of death, which are evidently very near. You will have no alarms to combat, as she is perfectly conscious of her own danger, though I can scarcely call it by that term, for she hails it as a merciful and gracious release from much sorrow and suffering. Her mind is quite resigned, and, with the exception of ourselves, she has bidden adieu to all her earthly friends; but although death wears



to her the aspect of a welcome friend, to those who have watched her with our love, and our alternate hope and fear, oh! it comes, even now, when months have elapsed since hope left us, still a bitter trial." Her tears were flowing fast; Mr Weston cleared his throat several times, and tried to speak, but unable to express his feelings, he rose hastily, and left the room. Mrs Weston now offered to conduct me to her friend. I followed in silence, for I am a husband and a father, and, besides, I am a very weak-hearted old fellow. As we ascended the stairs, we met one or two of the servants, and all wore the expression of heartfelt sorrow: we entered the chamber which was so soon to be the temple of Death; but, oh God! what a victim he had chosen! Supported by pillows in her bed, sat the loveliest female I had ever beheld; but the moment we opened the door, Mr Charles Weston (a younger brother) was reading a prayer to her, suited to her expecting the summons to meet her Maker. One hand rested on his shoulder, and she listened with eyes beaming gratitude and hope; her colour, at our entrance, flushed bright and soft as the rosy tint of the summer sun, now just sinking below the horizon, and the loveliness of that vermilion gleam was beautifully contrasted by the marble whiteness of her brow, which was shaded by very dark hair. Perhaps in the days of youthful happiness those eyes of melting softness had been bright and sparkling; nay, her whole countenance appeared as if it had once been of that loveliest order, when, at the glance of affection or kindness, the smile is lighted up, which seems, like the rainbow, to brighten even the darkest hour with joy and love. Now all that dazzling light was gone, but, in its stead, was the far more touching and tender gleam of piety and resignation. You will think I am dwelling long on her personal appearance, my dear Sir; but had you seen it, you would have felt, as I did, that such a sight could be expected but once. It was never to be forgotten. At her feet, on the bed, was a little girl in the happy thoughtlessness of infant health; she was busily employed

in arranging some flowers that were scattered on her lap, and near her. Now and then she raised her little eyes to her mother, but smiled, unconscious that the look which then bent so fondly on her was about to be withdrawn for ever: as she saw me, she crept closer, and hiding her laughing face in the folds of the clothes over her mother's bosom, soon fell asleep. I approached Mrs Templeton, and put a few questions to her, by which, and feeling her pulse, I found that ere the morning would again dawn on that world, of which I saw the fairest ornament, she would be sleeping that sleep which knows no waking. Never did I experience so bitterly the inutility of all mortal science, when the fiat has gone forth from the Eternal. I suppose my eye was moistened, or my countenance told too plainly what was passing in my mind, for the dear sufferer, turning on me a look inexpressibly sweet and holy, said, "I shall soon be happy: is it not so, my dear Sir? Do not be cruel enough to hide from a prisoner the tidings of approaching freedom." Then observing the expression of anguish in Mrs Weston's face, she took her hand, and pressing it to her heart, said, "My dear friend, I am going to my Creator, to pray that he will redeem, for his poor helpless creature, the vast debt she owes you. None but He can repay you for goodness of which the world knows not, and, even told, would seem incredible. Think not that I am leaving you unmoved; no,—there are moments when my weak soul clings with agonizing fondness to those beloved friends who have strewed these last few steps of my weary path with blessings; but oh! think that where I am going, you will shortly join me; and, instead of the frail, sinful mortal, broken-hearted from the unkindness of those who should have protected me, you will find me happy, and enjoying the blessings of Heaven. Yes!" she proceeded, clasping her hands and looking up, (while her eye had something in it of heavenly expression,) "I do trust in my Redeemer, that he has pardoned my many sins, and that ere this to-morrow I shall be in His presence." She stopped, quite exhausted, and her head sunk on her pillow. I gave

her a cordial, and she revived. A servant entered for the child, who was still asleep. Mrs Weston, pale as death herself, but composed, and tearless, stood supporting Mrs Templeton, and now lifted the slumbering infant; but in doing so, the child woke, and turned eagerly to her mother. Mrs Templeton begged it might be laid for a moment in her arms, and bending down, she imprinted a long kiss on its forehead; and as the loving babe twined its little soft arms round her neck, and kissed her again and again, the first tear I had seen her shed dropped silently and alone upon its cheek. "Farewell, my sweet child," she said, "for I shall never again look on you; may your life be longer and happier than your mother's, and may you never cease to love and bless those bounteous protectors, who have made that mother's dying hour a joyful one, by promising to watch over you!"

The child clung closely to her, and with much difficulty was prevailed upon to be removed by the poor girl, who was crying bitterly. Mr Weston and his brother were both standing at the foot of the bed. Mrs W. and myself were on each side of the dying Mrs Templeton, who requested us all to kneel, and to join with her in a last prayer. We complied, and Mr Charles Weston, in a voice which, in spite of all his efforts, would falter, prayed long and fervently. When he stopped, she again thanked and blessed them for their long kindness to her; "and now," she continued, taking the hand of each of the gentlemen, "I must say to you also, my good friends, farewell! My breath is fast shortening, and I have yet to pray for those dear ones that are far from me, and I must pray too for my husband. I am well, thou dear, respected, best of friends. Do not grieve for me. A few years will soon roll on, and we shall meet again in that blest land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. You will, I am sure, endeavour, by the consolations of that religion of which you both so truly prove your profession by your practice, to comfort my poor mother for the loss of a child, whom, though erring, she so fondly

loved. She has already drank deeply of the cup of affliction; but oh! tell her, had she seen the death-bed of her poor broken-hearted Constance, she would have felt, that, in religion, sorrow loses its sting—death and the grave their victory. My little one will smile, perhaps, on the coffin of her mother soon; but a time will come when she will weep, for I know you, my friends and comforters, will teach her to love that mother's memory, whose last prayers will be for her happiness." I urged her earnestly not to agitate herself, by continuing to talk, as my fears were strongly excited lest the decayed vessels of her weak frame should, by bursting, render her dissolution painful and suffocating. She thanked me tenderly, and giving her hand to Mr Weston, repeated only the word "Farewell!" The brothers pressed the thin white fingers to their lips, and taking each other's arm, left the room without a word. At Mrs Templeton's earnest request, I then candidly told her the time she would probably last, and which exceeded not a few hours. With a smile of humility, gratitude, and joy, she received the awful intelligence, and crossing her hands on her bosom, said meekly, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

During the whole scene, Mrs Weston had uttered not a word; but as I gave my opinion to her friend, a pallid hue stole over her features, and she shuddered. I offered, nay, entreated to be allowed to remain with her, and, after some resistance, succeeded, for I dreaded the effect of her expiring on her invaluable friend Mrs Weston; but the latter having quitted us for a few minutes, returned with a countenance changed to placid resignation and composure. She spoke cheerfully even, both to myself and Mrs Templeton, and arranging the pillows of her friend, we had soon the satisfaction of seeing her yield to a soft and gentle slumber. Mrs Weston now urged my leaving them, as she perceived my own health was far from good, and my spirits most powerfully affected. I consented to seek some rest in another room, but not to quit the house. When I descended the stairs, Mr Weston



called me into the dining-parlour, and requested my opinion if Mrs Templeton were really as near her end as she believed. I told him I feared she would not see the morning. He sighed deeply, and begged me at all events to see her early the following day. I retired, and at last the morning dawned, but she was gone! Mrs Weston had remained by her, and after sleeping quietly for two hours, she awoke much refreshed, and conversed gaily with her friend for some time. She talked not of illness, nor of the sorrows and sufferings of later years, but of scenes in her early youth, when she had known sorrow only by name; but at length these brought her to think on one whom she had *loved*, and on another whom she had *married*, and she became melancholy and thoughtful, yet still she considered herself so much benefited by a sleep more tranquil than any she had enjoyed for many months, that she said, smiling, "Perhaps, I shall live to trouble you yet longer, my kind nurse." She entreated Mrs Weston to leave her as soon as she should again sleep; but that lady, having letters to write, remained by her bed-side, while she slept quiet as an infant on the breast of its mother. About midnight, Mrs Weston thought she might call the nurse, (who had been taking some hours sleep,) and retire herself to rest. Just as she reached the door with this intention, she heard her friend sigh deeply, and the sigh was accompanied by a low fluttering noise, like the wing of some sweet bird. She stopped—listened; but all was again still; she returned, however, to the bed, thinking the pillow might have

sunk too low: a candle was in her hand; and as she withdrew the curtain, it gleamed on the face of Mrs Templeton; but there was a change in that face; the spirit had fled! I was immediately called, and I found her head resting still, in the peaceful attitude of profound sleep, on her pillow. The colour had not quitted her cheek, nor the smile her lips, and she looked "the loveliest" still, for it was that first hour of death, so beautifully described by one who has now passed through that hour himself. But the lingering hope that she had only fainted was soon removed. Gradually, the never-to-be-mistaken hue of the grave crept over that beautiful clay, and I left her friend to indulge her long-restrained feelings in the soothing, painful relief of tears. Some day I will tell you her early history, which was confided to me by Mrs Weston, and is one of those pathetic tales which the children of wealth and prosperity think fictitious, for they cannot imagine them.

Whether my readers will participate in my feelings I know not, but my friendly acquaintance had excited an interest by his little story, which, I am not ashamed to confess, made me silent and thoughtful for many hours after. He had hinted that the sorrows of Mrs Templeton were occasioned by a husband, and I will not tire out your patience by enumerating the many reflections such a consideration brings with it to the mind of a man of feeling: how many miseries have the faithlessness of one sex occasioned in the fond, confiding heart of woman! But enough;—should this please any of my readers, the Doctor's promised sequel shall not be forgotten by

L. A.

### Sonnet.

MEN do not cease to be, what time they die:

We say but that their pilgrimage is o'er;

Their bark is shatter'd, but they've gain'd the shore—

The peaceful shore—of immortality,  
Where triumph waits, with happiness  
and joy,

And bliss celestial reigns for evermore.

Oh! there we shall forget the world's  
rude roar,

Our sighs and tears, 'mid music of eternity!

With scenes for ever brightening on our view,

Enjoyment's fair hand still more bestowing  
Than we can wish for—Pleasure ever new  
Shall bliss rain from her gold cup overflowing,

With all we priz'd on earth for love  
and truth,

There shall we bloom in an immortal youth.

A.



## HENRI QUATRE—CROMWELL—LOUIS XIV—BUONAPARTE.

THESE were all remarkable men. They have all occupied a throne\*, though they were not all born to it; and they have each, at intervals, engrossed a large share of the attention of the world, and their reigns are now historical epochs. During their lives they agitated mankind; and however questionable, in general, may be the legacies they have left, it cannot be denied that they have bestowed an invaluable bequest of experience. The worst of rulers cannot withhold this; it survives in spite of them; and evil thus becomes, in one sense, the source of good.

Too much influence, in determining the character of an age or country, is ascribed to individuals. There are many events beyond their control, which act sometimes silently, sometimes in convulsions; which may occasionally be traced, provided against it, or taken advantage of, but which being, in general, superior to individual exertion, most powerfully employed, modify, divert, or absorb it. Individuals are thus carried by the current, and they can, at most, but shew their skill in exerting, subject to it, a subordinate influence. But it is equally an error to deny the effect of individual influence on nations. The instances may be few, but are authenticated: Henry, Cromwell, Louis, Buonaparte, were each a commanding spirit and a *lex loquens* to his time and country. Of such men we should be disposed to deny the permanent influence; for theirs (except, perhaps, Henry's) is that influence which is derived from power, and "is oft interred with their bones:" unlike the influence resulting from moral or intellectual greatness, which time only sanctions and hallows. But upon this subject, interesting as it is, we are not at present to enter, although we may on some future occasion: we confine ourselves, in this paper, to a more humble task, and propose merely to select, for comparison or contrast, a few points in the character of each.

Before proceeding to this, we may

advert to the circumstances under which the influence we have spoken of was acquired. Louis succeeded to his power as to an inheritance. Henry, though born a prince, was schooled so far in adversity, and it was not till the maturity of age that he had the prospect of being what he afterwards became. Cromwell and Buonaparte owed nothing to the circumstance and opportunity of birth. They began their career, each, when the elements of a revolution having gathered strength and consistency, were ready to burst forth. They had each comparatively but small influence in setting it in motion, and the latter less than the former. They were not, then, guides, but followers; instead of influencing, they were influenced by the spirit of the times. Had they appeared in other days, it is not unlikely that the one might have lived a country gentleman, or provincial magistrate, and the other moved a subaltern officer, and neither been heard of. Opportunity solicits where genius would fail to track. It is in revolutions, when the ordinary barriers are broken down,—when privileges no longer exist,—when custom has ceased to be respected,—when the prize is to be wrestled for, that talent, which might have slumbered unknown to its possessor, comes forth and burns. An anomaly attends revolutions; they originate from grievances—from restraints on freedom—from tyranny. They cannot be accomplished by individuals; concert becomes necessary—it is at variance with the emancipation which all aim at—the want of unity is felt—dissensions follow; and the revolutionist, possessed of a liberty which he cannot use, and which he acknowledges to be a burden, disposes of it to the most aspiring bidder whom circumstances have called forth, and willingly submits to a servitude, the choice of his own *freedom*. There are exceptions, no doubt; but the English Revolution of that day, and the French of ours, are of that number. Yet, ending as they did, in

\* It is scarcely worth while, with respect to Cromwell, to use any other word.

the same way, namely the establishment of a military despot, the prevailing spirit observed in them, and to which we have said Cromwell and Buonaparte yielded themselves, was as different as possible in the two countries. The English desired a reform, and freedom, no less in church than in state. The French had no religious grievances to complain of. An excess of religion—a morose and gloomy enthusiasm, was the characteristic of the men who in England demolished the fabric of church and state; and prayers were as frequent in their mouths as arms in their hands, and were alternately resorted to—though not, perhaps, with the same efficacy—for the destruction of their enemies. A total absence of religion, both of the feeling and the forms, marked the progress of the Revolution in France. Religion was proscribed, and, along with it, all its restraints. What remained was the omnipotence of philosophy,—that is, the omnipotence of passions and appetites. Amidst such phenomena and agency, Cromwell and Buonaparte mounted to supreme power.

Seen at the height of power, they were both, more or less, military rulers. *Ambition* was, of course, the common link in their character. Henry, early trained in the camp, was an active soldier, after he had reached the crown. His scheme for overturning the ancient European establishment of states, and forming one grand commonwealth—the Christian republic—is well known, and deservedly pronounced chimerical. It never could have been realized. As well might it be expected, that a man would stand quietly by and see his household upset, new-modelled, or curtailed, at the nod and for the gratification of a rival, as that this scheme should have been entertained and acted on. It shews, however, the character of the man, and under a thin veil, discovers the ambition of his views. It is an aphorism, that it “is the solecism of power to think of commanding the end without enduring the means;” and we shall not err far in saying, that it is also a solecism connected with power, that it conceives projects, which, however willing to endure the means, it can pro-

vide none adequate. This scheme is the more remarkable, as the general features of Henry’s administration were prudence, caution, and the prosecution of what was useful and attainable. How far the grasping desires of Cromwell might have carried him it is difficult to say. Not a soldier by profession, but called to be so by circumstances, his talent for command was at once seen: consummate address towards those with whom he was to act, and those whom he was to lead,—the coolest foresight,—the most prompt decision,—the boldest execution,—the most profound hypocrisy: such an union could not fail to acquire him ascendancy, and they were qualities to preserve and extend it. Three kingdoms were subject at his feet, and great as the conquest was, we would not say that the measure of his ambition was satisfied. Could England—the supposition is rather a fanciful one—again have established herself on the continent, we mean, have regained any of her ancient possessions, (although we are not of those who think the acquisition would have been desirable,) his was the hand to have directed the enterprise and succeeded. It was his policy to be feared abroad, and certainly at no time did England maintain a higher attitude in her foreign relations than under his government. “Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell;” and we hazard the conjecture, that it was more the difficulties arising from his insular situation, than want of inclination, that limited his views, and prevented his carrying his arms abroad. There was no courtly alliance, no ancient connection, no venerated landmark, to restrain him; the position in which he had placed himself testified the utter inefficiency of such checks if they existed—or how utterly they were forgotten. Nor were inducements wanting; for it is in war, and struggles, and business, that an adventurer advances his fortunes and establishes his power. It is then that he is felt to be necessary. In the calm there is small scope for popular qualities; the title to pre-eminence begins to be questioned, and jealousy and undermining follow. These truths were not strangers to Cromwell; nor, on the other hand, would it have been difficult to find pre-



texts on which he might have grounded and pursued a continental war: with such inducements, if he did not move in the track we have mentioned, we shall not ascribe it to the deficiency of will. As to the aggrandizing views of Louis, they are sufficiently known in the extent of his wars, the coalitions formed to check him, the celebrity of his military school, and the fame of Eugene and Marlborough. Of Buonaparte's ambition it would be superfluous to speak; it overleapt itself. Connected with it, however, we may say a few words on a part of his policy, on which we have heard some discussion, namely, that pursued with reference to Spain. The unjustifiable, wicked, and treacherous nature of the aggression has never divided opinion. But, on the one hand, Buonaparte has been blamed by those who are for the most part his admirers, for the slack manner in which he conducted the war; and, on the other, by those who thought lightly of French power, guided by his hand, or whose patriotism would magnify the resources and energies of England, it was maintained that this was a drawn contest between France and England, from which the former retired vanquished. In neither of these views we concur; they both seem equally unfounded, and to proceed on a mistaken idea of Buonaparte's policy. Buonaparte, of all military leaders, was the least chargeable with remissness and delay, in providing and using the necessary means, where, in the attainment of the end, despatch was an object. The seizure of Spain was an act sufficiently congenial to his spirit. It gratified his love of dominion, and, in conjunction with the colonies, it offered strong temptation to his rapacity. We know, however, that he was not prepared for the degree of resistance which the project experienced, and he had misgivings as to its policy. But he was embarked, —Britain was in the field; and as it suited neither his temper nor his views to retire, it became his business to make the most of circumstances. Next to the acquisition of power in his own person, the humbling of Britain was the object uppermost in his thoughts; the whole course

of his policy—of his continental system—had reference to this. But England was not vulnerable in the same way as the continental states; and when she engaged in the Spanish contest, he saw that she was in a situation to be the instrument of her own exhaustion. He might have poured into the country one of those vast masses of men with which he overwhelmed other states, (the chief fortresses of the kingdom being at one time in his hands,) and by a single great effort terminated the war. But this, while it would have given him possession of Spain, would have left the power of Britain unbroken; her commercial and maritime resources would have continued unshaken; and in those points where his jealousy was ever alive, she would still have been formidable. On the other hand, by protracting the war, by just keeping us in check, he imposed on us the continued burden of a foreign war, sunk us in debt, and gradually but surely undermined our strength; Spain, meanwhile, being a prey that he calculated could not escape him. The event fell out otherwise, but from causes contemplated by neither party, and which England certainly was not entitled to calculate on, whatever merit she may derive from her perseverance.

Returning to points of character, we need scarcely pause to say, that Henry, Cromwell, Louis, Buonaparte, had each their full share of *courage and boldness*. Theirs was the "will to dare, and the power to do." No qualities are more popular with the multitude, which is attracted by any community of feeling and conduct shewn by superiors; those qualities are considered peculiarly its own, and the existence of them, coupled with rank, blinds equally to better and worse qualities. Henry's courage was constitutional and forward. Danger seemed to have charms for him. He never shunned it—rather courted it. His person was more than once in the most imminent danger; and he may be said to have been a model of the gallant, unhesitating courage of the old cavalier. With Cromwell, the end to be gained was the thing to be considered. Gallantry, for itself, he despised. He had the strongest confidence in him-



self,—an English hardihood, a religious enthusiasm, caricatured, no doubt, and mixed with some hypocrisy, but existing to the exclusion of all hesitation. In the struggle, he was as firm and cool as he had before been provident and wary. Yet his courage, on one occasion, did not escape question; at Marston Moor he is said to have even deserted his command: but this is the accusation of a rival; and besides its improbability, with reference to the circumstances at the time, it is contradicted by the whole tenor of his after life. Buonaparte's temperament differed from that of both. In the game he played, unnecessary exposure of himself was no part of his tactics, and mere courage he considered a secondary quality: so it will always be considered where the stake is not for fame, but for a present substantial purpose. He lived among dangers, and while he steadily encountered them, he never did so, trusting to fortuitous circumstances, or to the excitement and strained exertion of the moment. Yet of him, too, it has been said, that he was *courageux contre le danger plus que contre le malheur*. To be sure, it is the judgment of one who, as she had no reason to be grateful to him, does not speak of him with much calmness. We allude, our readers know, to Madame de Stäel, who says of him, that at the battle of Marengo he rode about slowly, sunk in despair, hanging his head, and leaving the issue to fortune: as it has been stated, regarding other battles in Italy, that he gained them in spite of himself. We believe there is more point than truth in such remarks, and that the judgment of the Baron Jomini, on these much-discussed military operations, may be safely set against them; although in emergency, where coolness and decision were necessary, it must be allowed that he was inferior to Cromwell. Nor do we think that the latter would have acted as he did, at, and after Waterloo; although, under any guidance, the issue of that mighty combat could not have been materially different.

If we turn to *religious sentiments*, the contrast is broader. Extremes are said to meet in renegados and con-

verts. Henry presents the spectacle of a very active Protestant becoming a very tolerant Catholic; a phenomenon, we are aware, capable of explanation, without setting it up as an exception to the general observation, by simply supposing, that, as his Protestantism was not altogether the result of investigation and principle, so neither was his Catholicism very lively or deep-rooted. Henry, however, was too good-natured, whatever faith he had been nursed in, ever to have been a bigot. If he had not been a king, and too far removed from the proper application of an ordinary familiarity of expression, looking to his speculative religious principles, we should have called him an *easy soul*. The disputation previous to his conversion, and the whole ceremony attending it, we feel to be a burlesque, and not a very agreeable one; for however little the power of religion is owned, no one willingly associates it with state trifling. The policy of the step is quite another thing; Henry gratified the prevailing party in the state, (for the Protestants were then a party,) and in this the too ready pliability was overlooked. He had Sully's approbation, which we do not wonder at; for though the Minister retained his Protestantism, his state maxims were not at all remarkable for their strictness. He had no great faith, however, in the sincerity of Henry's profession, and he mentions his surprise at seeing him one day, when in a situation of peril, make the sign of the cross; which gave him, he says, a higher idea of his Catholic devotion than he before entertained. Cromwell professed to be an Independent in religion, as he went near to make himself in power. Liberty of conscience, and liberty of worship, was his creed. A constant and humble worshipper, an assiduous searcher for divine illumination, he possessed an unhesitating confidence in himself—was ready to anticipate the spiritual answer, if ever he expected it—and acted on no light but that of his own mind. The cumbersome forms of devotion in which, with his party, he indulged, never stood in the way of action; they were employed by him as means not to be neglected,—rather because they were congenial to

his own mind, than because they were necessary in the management of others. Much, therefore, of the form was assumed; but there was a characteristic substratum,—for Cromwell's religious feeling was a strange compound of humility and presumption, hypocrisy and enthusiasm; liberal in its profession, intolerant in its practice, and employing, in the expression, a wearisome, canting, incomprehensible jargon. Louis's religion had its source in his fears. The slave of mistresses and priests, he was alternately sinning and repenting. The recurrence of the festivals of the Church was the signal for repentance, and the interval between them the season of triumph to the mistresses. To these alternations is to be traced the persecution of the Protestants, ending in the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and also, to a certain degree, the infamous treaty between him and Charles II., by which the latter became a stipendiary of France, and bartered, as far as he could, the liberties and religion of England. But religion, seldom deeply seated at courts, had no place at the court of France of that day. Not to profess it was criminal; but to connect the practice with the profession, was a thing that would have been regarded as monstrous: Louis set the example, and he was too great a monarch not to be followed. Buonaparte was a fatalist\*,—a devoted believer in destiny, and pre-eminently so in the glories of his own destiny. He was ameteor-star that was to set, as it had risen, in splendour. From the acts of his whole life, we see him to have been without religious feeling, and scarcely to have acknowledged any thing superior to his own will. His disdain and scorn for other men, further than as instruments for his use, were feelings, which, directed towards religion, created a repugnance to the submissiveness implied in it. He could see it only as a matter of policy, a means of insuring the submission of others: witness the catechism of his Gallican Church, where obedience to the

Emperor is set down as the first of duties. A disciple of Islamism at the Pyramids, the plunderer of churches, the jailor of the Pope, the restorer of the Gallican Church, joining in the English service during the passage to St. Helena, he declares, in his conversations there, that he was not conscious of possessing any religious feeling; that he considered the absence of it an advantage to a sovereign, and that he would have brought up his son in the same way of thinking. He seemed to hold it as something constitutional,—a disposition existing in some men, and absent in others, (of whom he was one,) independent of the will; an idea correct as to degree, but not absolutely. As respected himself, he sums up his views, by saying that his reason was always too strong for religion. Thus philosophic, however, he was not in all things without a shade of superstition: he had his *happy days*, as Cromwell had too, and omens in his campaigns were not overlooked.

Great susceptibility in regard to the other sex Bacon calls the *weak passion*, and he says, "great spirits, and great business, do keep out of it." Judged by this test, Henry would almost be found wanting: nor did he escape the troubles of those whose irregularities fall under the observation of a wife not disposed to admit divided empire. He felt the inconvenience; and he would willingly have escaped it, but not at the price it was necessary to pay. Yet Henry did not neglect business; on the contrary, he was remarkable for assiduity; and it will not be denied, that he had merits to entitle him to be classed among great spirits. Like Cæsar, he was a compound of singular qualities, *et admisit Venerem curis et miscuit armis*. The philosopher's subsequent remark is more to the purpose: "I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasure." We have already alluded to Louis's amorous disposition; how it beset him, and how it struggled with

\* This must be taken upon the authority of the writer. Las Cases positively denies that Napoleon was a fatalist, and in his report of a conversation at St. Helena gives the arguments employed by the Ex-emperor in favour of the doctrine of free-will.—*Editor*.



other feelings ; and he may be said to have inherited it from his family. In this point Cromwell and Buonaparte showed no weakness.

The circumstances of the public life of the latter enable us to contemplate them from a point of view which does not occur with respect to the other two. They were each tempted by the offer of a crown, though the prize, or rather the name, was only obtained by one of them. Now in a situation so singular—so far removed from any thing of ordinary occurrence, we should not be surprised to observe a similarity of deportment. The temptation, the greatest that could be offered to human wishes, in which ambition had any share, was infinitely alluring. It presented itself in the shape of a gift, but a gift obviously not to be proffered until there existed the power and inclination to take it. But to the stimulus there was an opposing consideration: mankind are not a little ruled by names, and they do not willingly (by name, at least) acknowledge a master in one whom they have considered an equal. Hence we should expect the lofty aspirations of ambition accompanied by a large share of caution, and veiled under expressions of diffidence, unmerited elevation, scruples, the necessity of yielding to the course of events, and such like. Much of this, accordingly, we recognise in the picture. Cromwell coquetted with the offer—spoke of his unworthiness, his scruples—heard with humility the committee sent to confer with him—failed to be persuaded by their discourse—declined the offer,—and was disappointed that more urgency was not used. He had more than the power of an English monarch, but the name most covetously desired he thought it unsafe to assume, looking to the consequences which so glaring inconsistency might produce among the instruments of his power—the army. His address to the committee is much too long for insertion. Buonaparte's response had the same hypocrisy, but the moment was more favourable: "Il m'en coûte beaucoup de me placer ainsi en évidence; j'aime mieux ma situation actuelle. Toutefois la continuation de la republique n'est plus possible, on est blasé sur

ce genre-là ; je crois que les François veulent la royauté. J'avois d'abord pensé à rappeler les vieux Bourbons; mais cela n'auroit fait que les perdre et moi aussi. Ma conscience me dit qu'il faut à la fin un homme à la tête de tout ceci: cependant peut-être vaudroit-il mieux encore attendre. J'ai vieilli la France d'un siècle depuis quatre ans: la liberté, c'est un bon code civil, et les nations modernes ne se soucient que de la propriété. Cependant si vous m'en croyez, nommez une comité, organisez la constitution, et je vous le dis naturellement, ajoutez-t-il en souriant, prenez precautions contre ma tyrannie, prenez en croyez moi." The most assiduous study of Machiavel could have produced nothing more finished than this.

In one other particular we take the two together: Cromwell, "the sagest of usurpers," was the most prosing, tiresome, tortuous, and incomprehensible of writers and speakers.

"His thoughts were theorems, his words a problem,  
As if he thought that mystery would ennoble 'em."

Take the following extract from his discourse to the Crown Committee, which is a fair specimen of the whole: "I say, I would be understood, that in this argument I do not make parallel betwixt men of a different mind, and a parliament which shall have their desires. I know there is no comparison, nor can it be urged upon me, that my words have the least colour that way, because the parliament seems to give liberty to me to say any thing to you, as that that is a tender of my humble reasons and judgment and opinion of them ; and if I think they are such and such, and will be such to them, and are faithful servants, and will be so to the supreme authority, and the legislative wherever it is. If, I say, I should not tell you, knowing their minds to be so, I should not be faithful ; if I should not tell you so to the end, you may report it to the parliament." The committee, it must be allowed, if they could report any thing from such a speech, were men of penetration. They would find it easier to state the result, which they



would have no difficulty in reaching, than the reasons on which it was founded. Cromwell's connection with the sectaries of the day might be supposed to have shed its obscuring influence on his style, and, partly, it might be thought matter of design to speak thus mystically for the better concealing his real views. This would account for occasional obscurity, but not for that which we discover in all that he wrote or spoke. But whatever solution may be adopted, the fact is indispensable, that he was voluble without clearness, wordy without being profound, and mysterious without having any thing to conceal. "In soul so like,"

yet in all that concerned style, how different was Buonaparte! He is always clear, vigorous, rapid, and sententious. With something of bombast, his bulletins and addresses to his armies were admirable for their spirit and brevity; and in his conversations at St. Helena, who does not acknowledge the clearness, terseness, and depth of his remarks? His promptitude of style is equal to his promptitude in action; the one fully reflects the other; while the style of Cromwell stands in broad opposition to his character, except in one solitary particular—his devotional exercises.

We stop at present, to resume the subject at some future occasion.

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THE TWELVE NIGHTS.

*A Tale from the German of the Baron Carl Von Millig.*

"I CAN assure you, my dear master," said John, as he went on with the story, "that infernal noise, which has been at rest now so long, has broke out again this year worse than ever—I myself last night—"

"Well, you saw something, I suppose," said the chief master of the forests; "come, let's hear all about it—what was it?"

"No, Sir, I did not see, to be sure, but then I heard it."

"Oh! heard it—aye the old story—and when one asks what has been heard, it turns out to be some hollow knocking—or a rattling of chains, &c.—we know all about that already,—John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But, my dear master, when I heard it with my own ears—"

"Never mind your ears—they have played you false—eyes, ears, nose, every thing deserts a man when he is once fairly terrified—he hears, sees, and smells, exactly as his fright makes him. And now let us have done with this nonsense; you know I am sick of it—I could lay my life the whole turns out to be the work of some wretched cat, or a few martins. I remember my father (rest his soul!) was once annoyed with some of these noises. He put a pair of good hounds into the ghost's room, and next day we had a whole family of martins lying on the floor. Some time after, a blockhead of a servant took it into his head to hear

more noises—my father ordered him to receive twenty strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. I remember the whole hunt turned out to witness the execution. After that we heard no more of ghosts."

"I daresay," said John, grinning, "nobody would care to see any, after such a reception." He saw, however, it was needless to contest the matter at the time: "besides," thought John, "though it roar and bellow, what then? The wing is uninhabited, we need not disturb ourselves about the matter." With this reflection, which he kept to himself, the old man left the room. He found several peasants waiting in the ante-chamber, who had business with Schirmwald, the head forest-master's Secretary, and returned to announce them to his master.

"Send the Secretary here," said he. "He is not in the office," said John; "I saw him stepping across the court, with his music-books, to Miss Eleonora's room, more than an hour ago. I daresay they are singing or playing together, for he was there the whole of yesterday afternoon. Shall I call him?" The Baron muttered to himself.

"The devil has certainly sent that cursed smooth-faced versemaker into my house. To think that this pale, moonshine-looking countenance of a fellow, without religion, and without conscience, should make its way into a girl's heart, and such a

girl as my Eleonora. And is it possible that, for him, the noble, excellent Saalburg should be forgotten? Oh, woman! woman!—But I will expose the fellow—I will open her eyes—or my name is not Neideck.”

The Baron, who had a bad custom of speaking before he thought, was promising more than he found it easy to perform. He was completely the slave of his daughter Eleonora, a beautiful girl, the image of his wife, with whom he had enjoyed eighteen years of uninterrupted happiness. Whatever Eleonora chose to command was done; he found it impossible to refuse her a single request, or to make use of a harsh word towards her. He saw the necessity, however, of exerting himself at present, and determined that Schirmwald should leave the house the moment that Saalburg, who had been fixed on, even from his childhood, as the husband of his daughter, should arrive. “Once let me see her Saalburg’s wife,” thought he, “and all will go well.”

The door opened. Tall and slender, with something of a sorrowful and solemn expression in her countenance, Eleonora Von Neideck entered the room. Her dignified air, her dark clustering locks, shadowing her pale countenance, and falling on her shoulders, gave her the appearance rather of a sybil than the daughter of a German nobleman. But in the midst of the grace which characterized her movements, an attentive observer might perceive something of a theatrical cast—an affected elevation of language and manner, which in some measure impaired the impression which the first glance was calculated to produce. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, fitted closely to her figure, and fastened round the waist by a rich gold band and clasp. Long white plumes trailed downwards from her dark hat, and in her hand she held a riding-switch.

“Whither so fast, my daughter?” said old Neideck, feeling his resolution melting away at the sight of this beautiful vision. “To the free air,” answered Eleonora; “I come to kiss your hand.” “Oh, you are going to ride,” said the father;—“quite alone?” “Schirmwald goes with me; you need be under no appre-

hensions.” “Really!” “He who once saved me,” continued Eleonora with dignity, raising her dark melancholy eyes to heaven, “who, at the peril of his own life preserved mine, may well be allowed to accompany me in a short ride.”

The chief keeper of his Majesty’s forests bit his lips. “Saalburg,” said he, “will be here immediately.” “You told me so yesterday.” “He loves you, Eleonora.” “You told me that too.” “And what will you say to him if it is so?” “I will tell him the truth.” “Of course—but what is that—yes or no?” “No, father.” “No! by Heaven!” He stopped for a moment. “You do not love Saalburg?” “Not at all.” “You love,—you love,—what the devil is the use of going about the bush—you love this Schirmwald. Is it not so?” “It is so,” said Eleonora, casting her eyes down.

“No, girl! It is not, it shall not be so—I shall bear it no longer. You forget your own honour and mine. It is the talk of the whole house: you sit, and sing, and harp, and make verses together continually. At first, I was pleased at your intercourse, for I thought it might be a means of improving your taste for music: I allowed the man who had been your preserver to be the companion of your amusements and your walks; but I could not have suspected that your infatuation could ever have proceeded to this length, and I feared to warn you, lest the warning itself might increase the danger;—and thus it is that you reward my delicacy and my confidence! Eleonora, you know I love you more than I can express—you know I hate all compulsion, all unnecessary exertion of authority; but make up your mind, dismiss Schirmwald—marry Saalburg.”

“Never, father,—my heart, my whole existence, are Schirmwald’s.”

“He is a miserable, deceitful wretch.” “Calumny—calumny—it is the lot of the great and the good.” “I have proofs, my daughter.” “Forgeries, framed by the malice of his enemies.” “But when you read the papers—” “I shall not believe them.”

There was a moment’s pause. The Baron resumed—“Promise me, at



least, that Saalburg—"O see, father," said Eleonora, interrupting the request, "see how impatiently my pony arches his delicate neck, and beats with his hoofs on the ground to call me! And this clear, sparkling sun, and this blue heaven, and every thing so smiling, I can stay no longer."

She was gone. In a few moments the Baron saw her flying through the gate, with Schirmwald by her side. "There they go," cried the old man, "and I am left alone." A tear gathered in his eye. "Accursed delusion, that thus expels from the heart its best, and purest, and dearest feelings!"

He continued in deep thought, till the sound of a carriage awakened him from his reverie. He looked down into the court. A cavalier sprung out. "Saalburg!" cried the old man, in an extacy of delight; "it is he himself!" and he ran down stairs like lightning.

"Welcome, my dear, excellent young friend—welcome! Whom have you brought with you?" "Frau von Rehfield, most excellent forest-master?"

"Is it possible? What! my sister, and Miss Rose, and Miss Lise, and all of them!" "Dear brother," "Dear uncle," resounded from all sides. "Paul, Christian, John," bawled Neideck; "where are all the fellows?"

The whole household soon surrounded the carriage, and found ample employment in unloading its contents. Besides the human inhabitants of the ponderous vehicle, a cat, two lap-dogs, a canary bird in a cage, and a whole pile of trunks and band-boxes, were dug out. At last, however, the whole party were safely landed.

"Where is Leonora—where is our dear cousin?" cried all of them, speaking at once. Her father was just commencing an apology, when she galloped up to the door. She welcomed her visitors, and while she thus gave way to the natural ease of disposition, she was enchanting. Saalburg could not withdraw his eyes from her beauty. She, too, seemed at first a little surprised to see the raw, wild stripling changed into a handsome man; but that emotion seemed to disappear, and she took

no further notice of him. The father seemed only to admire him the more. His graceful figure, his countenance, in which sweetness was blended with firmness, his good humour and strong feeling, tempered by a knowledge of the world, enchanted the old man. He was determined that no other person should be the husband of Eleonora, and felt almost distracted with anxiety, till he should find an opportunity of telling him how matters stood. He had not long to wait, for the young man was as impatient as himself. But what were Saalburg's feelings, when the Baron informed him, that all the old ties of youth between him and Eleonora were dissolved, and that another now possessed her affections! Pride and anger contended in his heart, when he learned who it was that Leonora thus preferred to him. But Saalburg was prudent, as well as noble and honourable. Before deciding on his plans, he wished to know from the Baron whether there was any thing to be hoped for. Neideck told him, that, during the disturbances occasioned by the war, Leonora had been sent to reside with a relation in town, the young wife of old Count Horst; that, during her residence there, the round of idle amusements in which she mingled, the flatteries to which she was constantly exposed, and the influence of fashionable example, had entirely altered the native artlessness and modesty of her character. The tenderness of her feelings had disappeared,—she had become cold and affected,—the country wearied her,—the affection of her father she seemed to receive almost with indifference; she was also at that critical period when the heart must have employment.

By powerful recommendations, Schirmwald had contrived to get admittance into her father's house. He had heard of her beauty and her fortune, and was resolved to hazard every thing to make the lady his own.

Neideck had received more than one anonymous intimation of his views, but he had paid little attention to them, partly because he believed it almost impossible that Eleonora could forget Saalburg, or give pain to her father by any opposition to his choice, and partly because he



thought it still more improbable that any danger was to be apprehended from such a man as Schirmwald. And yet this Schirmwald, vain, ignorant, selfish, and (as he had more lately had occasion to discover) unprincipled, had succeeded, by an affectation of peculiar softness of manner, and a pompous display of fine feeling, in captivating the unsuspecting heart of Leonora.

It happened, also, towards the end of autumn, that Schirmwald, during one of his walks near the castle, had the good fortune to rescue Eleonora from the attack of a marauding ruffian, who had assaulted her in the wood. From this moment, the heart of Eleonora seemed to glow with the fire of affection. She seemed to think that even the warmest love towards her deliverer could scarcely repay the service she had received. She would no longer hear of her marriage with Saalburg. She admitted the goodness of his disposition,—but he wanted *mind*, and mind alone could make her happy.

“My dear Saalburg,” said the Baron, as he concluded his recital, “so stands the case. You see you have little to hope. Eleonora’s character, and the strength of this passion, make me fear that opposition—”  
 “Would be in vain,” cried Saalburg; “you know, my dear father, that passion was never cured by contradiction. If it is possible to win back Eleonora’s heart, it can only be by taking care that not the smallest symptom of my design should appear. Promise me then not to allude in any way to our union. My relationship will account for my staying here a month or two. In that time, I shall be able to ascertain what I have to expect.”

The Baron promised the strictest silence on the point, and after agreeing to communicate to each other any thing that should happen, they separated.

At Neideck, every one was master of his time. The Baron went about his ordinary employments, without concerning himself about the movements of his guests, to whom an excellent library, a billiard-room, and every convenience for walking, riding, or hunting, offered a constant fund of amusement. From break-

fast-time, when they all met together, every one might employ himself as he pleased until two, when the sound of the hunting-horn summoned them to table. They enjoyed equal liberty during the afternoon, till they met again at eight o’clock to tea.

Saalburg saw Eleonora daily, and met her with an air of composure and indifference. During their rides, in which he occasionally accompanied her, he was attentive, but not officious; and he seemed to pay no attention to the marked distinction with which she treated Schirmwald. Thus the connection between them seemed to have subsided into the calm, easy intercourse of mere acquaintance and politeness. The aunt and the young ladies, however, were not disposed to take the matter so coolly, and Saalburg found considerable difficulty in prevailing on them to be silent, as to the long-proposed union, and to leave him quietly to mature his plans.

One evening, he observed that Eleonora had evidently been weeping. Her eyes appeared inflamed, and during the whole evening it was impossible to draw her into conversation.

He soon ascertained the cause from Neideck. The Baron, he found, had taken Schirmwald soundly to task, and had told him decidedly that he might look for another situation. Ill humour, and scarcely-concealed indignation, sat upon the Secretary’s brow when he appeared at table, and Eleonora seemed to share his feelings. Saalburg gave up every thing for lost.

Grieved to the heart at the consequences of the Baron’s impatience, he left the room. It was the close of a winter afternoon, as he directed his steps towards the waste and dreary park that surrounded the castle. The snow crisped and cracked under his feet, in the clear frosty air. The winter wind rustled through the bare boughs of the willows, where the ice-flakes now hung in place of the vanished leaves. The deep, melancholy stillness of Nature harmonized with his dejection. In this thoughtful mood he continued to saunter on till he reached a grove of dark pines, under whose boughs, still green amidst the surrounding desolation, a

little hermitage had been erected, in which a figure, dressed like a hermit, and moved by some machinery in the floor, had been placed by the Baron. Saalburg entered. Scarcely had he set his foot in the little chapel, when the figure rose from its knees, nodded its head, and opened the large book which was lying before it. Aware as he was of the deception, Saalburg stepped back involuntarily. At that moment his eye rested on a folded paper placed between the leaves of the book. He opened it. "A secret correspondence" was the first idea that occurred to him. But what was his astonishment when he recognised Eleonora's hand, and read the contents of the paper! "The idea of availing yourself of the common superstition of the Twelve Nights is excellent. You Fust, and I the Lady Venus! The terror in which the whole family will be placed will render it unnecessary for us to employ any other disguise than a white mantle. We shall take the road which tradition ascribes to the ghostly visitors. Let it be your care to provide horses. On new-year's night at twelve I shall leave my chamber. The charge of imitating the uproar of the spirits I leave to you."

Saalburg stood for a moment to consider. The letter he saw must be allowed to reach its destination. Schirmwald, he had no doubt, would call for the paper, and he determined to continue in ambush till he should make his appearance. He pulled a withered branch from a tree, climbed up into one of the tall pines that overhung the hermitage, and effaced the traces of his footsteps behind him. It was twilight before any thing occurred to break the silence around him. At last a footfall was heard, but it sounded heavily, like that of some labourer or servant. "The devil himself," cried a coarse, rough voice from below, "the devil himself only could find his letters in this dark hole; and after all, that rascal of a Secretary, perhaps, will never pay the postage. Prepare a horse indeed,—it is an easy matter for him to talk. He rides off, and leaves me to settle accounts behind him. But I am not such a fool as that, neither."

Lightly and slowly Saalburg glided down the trunk of the fir-tree. The fellow had already pressed the spring on the floor, and the hermit had opened his book. At that instant Saalburg seized him by the throat, pressing him with a giant's strength. "Silence, villain, or I will bury this dagger in your breast. You are lost, if I give you up to justice. I am the Baron Saalburg. Be candid; tell me every thing; conceal nothing, and I promise you twenty ducats."

"O God! yes,—noble Baron," whined out the poor wretch, "I will confess every thing,—I am the poor woodman in the village,—for God's sake let me go,—you squeeze my breath out."

"Not a step till I know every thing," said Saalburg, throwing the struggling villain to the ground, and placing his dagger's point against his breast; "speak this instant; and if you dare to betray me to the Secretary, by my soul I will strike you dead like a dog, and accommodate your wife and children with lodgings for life in the town prison."

The man then confessed he had been employed by the Secretary to bring him the billet, and had been ordered, next night, at twelve o'clock, to have a horse saddled, and waiting behind the great oak in the park. As soon as the Secretary should come up to him with a lady veiled, and should give the word—"Give me the casket," he was to rush out, throw a mantle over her head, and carry her into a neighbouring thicket, where he was to leave her. He was then to meet the Secretary next day in Kirchberg, across the borders, and receive his reward.

"And how came the Secretary to entrust you with this commission?" inquired Saalburg.

"Oh! because I was engaged in the former business." "What was that?"

"About half-a-year ago, he made me purchase a uniform, and place myself, according to his directions, in the thicket near the Ellerbacher road. When Miss Eleonora came past the thicket, during her evening walk, I sallied out, and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Gold! gold!" Immediately Schirmwald, as had been



arranged, came flying up, and attacked me; I took to flight. Eleonora called him her preserver, her good angel. The Secretary obtained the whole credit of having saved her. He got all he wanted. I got nothing. When I demanded my pay, he told me I was a year's rent in arrear to my lord, and that if I held my tongue, he would give me credit for it in the reckoning,—if not, he would have me thrown into prison. What could I do? For the sake of my wife and children I was compelled to be silent."

"You are a pair of precious rascals," said Saalburg; "confound me if I know which most deserves the gallows. 'Who is the lady whom the Secretary is to bring along with him to-morrow night?'" "God knows," said the woodman; "some mistress or other; he has as many as there are sands on the sea shore."

Saalburg breathed more freely, as he felt that the exposure of this wretch was now so near. "Take this letter," said he, "to the Secretary, and tell him every thing is arranged. To show you that I intend to keep my word, take this purse. If you betray me, you know what you and yours have to expect. If you are honest, you shall receive your stipulated reward from me, the day after new-year's-day, at the castle."

Saalburg then let the man go, who departed with strong protestations of his honest intentions. He himself returned, slowly and pensively, to the castle, digesting in his own mind his plan of operations.

During tea, he kept his attention fixed on Eleonora, whose evident agitation did not escape his notice. The conversation, this evening, happened to turn on the great antiquity of the castle, and the strange-looking colossal statue of Fust von Neideck, over the entrance, which looked as if it had been set up there to frighten away all visitors. "Oh! my dear uncle," cried Rosalie, "is it really true that Sir Fust and the Lady Venus walk about the castle? We have entered already on the twelve holy nights, and every evening I am in an agony." "Stuff—nonsense—confounded lies," muttered old Neideck. "But, uncle," resumed the obstinate young lady, "my aunt's

maid—" "Aye, no doubt, she knows a great deal more of what takes place in my castle than I do." Rosalie was silent for a moment. Her uncle resumed, in a milder key, "Well, tell us what she saw; I see you are dying to be out with it." "Nothing, uncle, but she heard—" "Ho, ho! heard; the old story exactly. I wish to God I could hear no more of it!"

"But, brother," cried Frau von Rehfield, who had been longing for some time to take a part in the discussion, "if there is really nothing in it, why put yourself in such a passion? People will think some family secret is concealed under it. The servants merely say, that there are noises and alarms in the house, during the twelve nights, and surely there can be no harm in saying so."

"Aye but there is, good sister—I have no wish that the affairs of my house should form the subject of conversation in every alehouse. If this folly is not put an end to, the block-heads will go on frightening one another to death with their confounded ghost stories. Besides, I find that they make a handle of this to excuse a thousand faults and disorders."

"My dear Baron," said Saalburg, smiling, "I have little or no belief in stories of the kind. But that we may know at least what tradition really says about the matter, I think you had better tell us the story—Perhaps it will tend to remove Rosalie's fright."

"Be attentive, then, all of you," said the Baron von Neideck, "and listen to the wonderful history of the KNIGHT FUST and the LADY VENUS, which took place, according to the best authorities, about the year 1109.

"Fust von Neideck was a wild huntsman, an approved sword and buckler man, and withal a most potent drinker. He became such a virtuoso in this last accomplishment, that his fame spread far and wide; and the consequence was, that in his thirtieth year, he could scarcely stand so steadily on two feet as other people on one.

"His unmarried sister, who lived with him, witnessed his progress in the art with great dismay, and often tormented him with her importunity to choose a wife from among the



young ladies of the neighbourhood. She indulged the idea that the ties of love and parental affection would tend to weaken, in some measure, the influence of Bacchus. The Knight, however, was impregnable. He swore positively, that if the devil's dam herself should make her appearance, or Lady Venus of the mountain were to offer him her hand, on the condition that he should reduce his establishment by a single cup of wine, he would hunt them from the castle.

"His sister was silent. The Knight, however, had his weak moments, like other men, and his sister her own share of cunning, like other women. She contrived that a young lady, a distant relation of the family, whose father had died shortly before, should pay a visit to the castle. Weeks and months rolled away, and still she was an inhabitant of Neideck Castle. In short, whether the beautiful Herminia had really captivated the old toper, or that his sister had plied him with love-potions instead of Rhenish, so it was, that in the course of half-a-year, Herminia was lady of Neideck, without Fust's being ever able exactly to comprehend how the matter had taken place.

"The beauty of the fair bride must have been very powerful, or the love-philtres very strong, for Fust von Neideck actually continued sober for three days after the wedding. He thought himself entitled, however, to make up for this incredible abstinence, and, accordingly, on the fourth day, he caressed his pitcher more affectionately than ever. Herminia became indisposed—ill-humoured; the Knight waxed more outrageous and disagreeable. His sister made the last attempt upon his feelings, by presenting to him the infant daughter which his wife had brought him: she conjured him to treat Herminia with more mildness, and at all events to continue sober one day in seven. It was all in vain. He repulsed his sister as if it had been her fault that Herminia had not brought him a son, and swore by all that was holy, that he would console himself for the misfortune of having a wife and daughter by an incessant round of hunting and drinking.

Never was a vow better kept. Early next morning he got so deeply absorbed in meditation on the excellence of a flask of Rhenish, that his esquires found him speechless on the green before the door, in consequence of intense thought, which these irreverent knaves were impudent enough to call getting intoxicated with his subject. The instant the Knight awoke from his vinous reverie, he called for his bugle-horn and hunting spear, rode out into the wood—galloped about all day—and returned at night to renew his addresses to the flaggon; and so the time ran on.

One clear winter day he had wearied himself with fruitless pursuit of a bear, in the thickest part of the wood. Squires and dogs were equally at fault, and the overworn horse of the Knight, who had separated from his party, would move no farther. It was mid-day. Grumbling at his bad fortune, the Knight dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle towards a spot which gleamed out greenly through the withered trees, the sun having melted the snow that covered it. As he came nearer, he heard the murmur of a small stream, which, purling along, under the shade of water-plants and hardy evergreens, dropped into a rocky basin, and whose lovely sparkling waters formed a striking contrast to the dead wintry stillness of the surrounding desolation.

Fust resolved to let his horse rest here for some time, and throw himself on the wet moss to enjoy a similar refreshment. But a burning thirst would not allow him to sleep. Wine was not to be had, and unexampled as such an incident in the Knight's history, he was at last compelled to adopt the resolution of slaking his thirst with the pure element. But as he approached the brow of the small rock that overhung the basin, he saw beneath him, to his great surprise, a female figure, who seemed not to be aware of the presence of the intruder, for at the moment Fust approached, she had just dipped her delicate foot into the water, and evidently commenced her preparations for a cold bath. The beauty of the lady, and the strange time of the year she had chosen for that amusement, made the knight pause upon the brink. She turned her eyes to—

wards him, and Fust felt as if blinded by her beauty. He had never beheld such dazzling loveliness. A sort of exclamation, which he found it impossible to repress, drew the attention of the lady upon him; but the boundless amazement which was visible in his gaping countenance did not appear to be displeasing to her. She seemed in no way disconcerted by the gaze of the Knight, whose intellectual powers, never very clear, seemed to be totally clouded by the suddenness and strangeness of the occurrence. His whole soul was concentrated in his eyes. 'I know thee well,' said the beautiful bather, with the most silvery tones; 'thou art Fust von Neideck, the bravest Knight in the whole province. Shame on thee—eternal shame, that thou darest not follow me!' 'And why not?' cried the enchanted toper. 'Because thou art married,' answered the lady, while her bosom heaved with a deep sigh. It never could have entered into the brain of Fust to conceive that his marriage could possibly stand in the way of any thing he chose to do; and he lost no time in assuring the lady that he was hers for life and death, and firmly resolved never to set his foot in Neideck again, if she should think it necessary. As a proof of his sincerity, he leaped down from the rock and offered her his glove. 'Well, then,' said the lady, 'I receive thee for my knight. Ever-flowing cups, successful huntings, and the open arms of ever-blooming maidens, await thee! Know that I am the Lady Venus.

'There in the forest my castle lies,  
And swifter my steed than the night-wind  
flies.'

"She clasped hold of him, and mounted, along with him, a gigantic horse, with bat's wings, and a head like a cat, which was pawing the ground beside them. Swift as a tempest, they flew across the park towards the mountain, which opened and closed upon the steed and its riders. One of Fust's huntsmen, who had come up, and overheard at some distance the conversation between that temperate Knight and the Lady, brought the melancholy news to the castle. His sister, after

having a colossal statue of her brother formed and placed above the entrance, died of grief. The fate of the lady and her infant daughter is not known. The older branches of the family of Neideck being extinct, by the death or disappearance of Fust, the estates came into the possession of the younger, from which I am descended. Once in every year, however, during the twelve holy nights, do the Knight and the Lady revisit the spot where they first met, and sometimes they even extend their call to the castle. And so ends the story."

"A thousand thanks, my dear uncle," cried Lisette, "a thousand thanks for your story; now I shall sleep more quietly—wild as Fust was, I am glad to hear he was not a murderous old ruffian, as I had heard. I thought every night I should see the door open, and some horrible figure come stalking in, with its face all over blood, and so on." "Oh no—no!" cried Rosalie; "I had no fear of that, for you know the maid said the spirit goes always directly to Eleonora's chamber, which it once inhabited." "Excellent," said old Neideck; "very authentic indeed, and from the correctness of this part of the story I think we may form a tolerable idea of the rest. Now, I tell you, that, according to the old tradition, the spectre goes directly to the old chamber in the second story, where the genealogical tree hangs; from thence, through the door in the tapestry, down the concealed stair, into the vaulted passage that branches out under the park, and opens opposite to the Venus Mountain. As for Eleonora's chamber, and all that part of the house, it is not easy to see how the ghost could have inhabited them, since they were only built about a century and a half ago. Good-night, my dear children—sleep quietly." The old Baron took his pipe, rung for John, and marched off towards his bed-room.

The party broke up, leaving Saalburg highly pleased with his success. Without requiring to lead the conversation to the point, he had gained the information he wished. But in order to make sure of the localities, he resolved to reconnoitre the spot.



As soon as midnight came, and the inhabitants of the castle were secure, some soundly sleeping, and others not daring to move, through terror, he set out, provided with his sword and a dark-lantern, towards the spot. He had scarcely traversed the passages which led to the place, and reached the chamber, when his attention was attracted by a hollow-sounding noise, sometimes broken by louder sounds, resembling the roaring of a tempest. Saalburg guessed at once that Schirmwald was taking this opportunity of practising his part against the following night.

The noise came nearer. Sometimes it sounded like the tread of many heavy feet along the passage; then it would die away, and shortly again it recommenced, as if a whole body of cavalry had been reviewed in the room below. At last it seemed to enter the room. Saalburg extinguished his lantern, and bent down in a corner till the impostor should pass. The figure, such as he could distinguish it by the dim glimmer of the snow-light from without, was Schirmwald's. The figure passed, and in a few minutes all was quiet. Saalburg rose from his hiding-place, and moved lightly and cautiously back to his room. As he passed the window of the staircase, to enter his room, he saw a light in the Secretary's apartment, opposite. "Aye," said he to himself, "we have both got home at the same moment."

The next morning was new-year's-day. With a feeling of deep anxiety and impatience for the issue, Saalburg rose. The morning slipped away in friendly meetings and congratulations.

Eleonora was indisposed, and did not appear at dinner. Schirmwald recited, with much emphasis, a poem of his own composition, in which he wished his patron, the Baron, and his whole family, all possible good fortune! Saalburg stood in astonishment at the composure of the traitor. The old Baron took the matter seriously—seemed much affected by the Secretary's effusion, and wished the whole party, Schirmwald included, many happy years, true friends, a good conscience, and every progress in the way of honour and good fortune. The nearer the im-

portant moment arrived, the heart of Saalburg beat more vehemently. They were summoned to tea, which was announced in Eleonora's chamber. She was reclining on a sofa, with considerable traces of indisposition in her countenance. No one, however, but Saalburg, seemed to mark her agitated appearance. The dark locks descending upon a face deadly pale, the dark silk dress fastened to the throat, as if for travelling, the thick shawl thrown negligently over her shoulders, convinced him that every thing was prepared for flight. "It is the last night in her father's house!" said he to himself, and it was fortunate that the imperfect light in the chamber concealed his agitation from Eleonora. He composed himself shortly, however, and approached, like the rest, to offer her his congratulations and good wishes. "I thank you, I thank you," answered she with a faltering voice; "my heart tells me I shall need them all."

The party separated early, to allow Eleonora to repose, after her illness. Saalburg flew to his chamber, buckled on his sword, took his lantern in his hand, and stepped gently towards the concealed staircase, determined to be first at his post.

When he entered the room, he looked eagerly around for the tapestry door leading to the stair, which he had unfortunately forgotten the day before to ascertain. His search was vain; the door was not to be found; and he found it would be necessary to wait till the door should be opened by the fugitives themselves. The first stroke of twelve sounded, and Saalburg, couching down in his ambush, concealed the lantern behind him. In a few minutes the uproar of the preceding night recommenced, and a congregation of horrible noises announced the approach of the modern ghost. A pale feeble light shone dimly on two figures clothed in white. Saalburg took a pistol from his bosom, and cocked it. They passed across the room. Schirmwald pressed a spring in the wall, and a door flew open. At that instant Saalburg stretched out his arm to seize him. The slight noise occasioned by this



movement alarmed the Secretary, who started back a few steps, and perceived Saalburg. "We are betrayed!" cried he, and fired his pistol at the Baron. Saalburg felt himself wounded, but without hesitating an instant, returned the fire. With a loud groan, the Secretary dropped, and a large quantity of gold pieces was scattered on the floor. Overcome by loss of blood, and the agitation of his feelings, the Baron also sunk senseless on the ground.

He came to himself in a short time. Schirmwald's lamp was burning by his side. His first glance was in search of Eleonora, who still lay immoveable on the ground. He raised her in his arms, without bestowing a thought on Schirmwald, and taking the lantern in his hand, he carried her to her chamber. The door was open. Her maids were fortunately still asleep. She soon recovered her senses. Saalburg would willingly have declined answering the questions she was disposed to put to him at that time.

"For Heaven's sake, Baron Saalburg," cried she, "one word only! Where is Schirmwald? What has happened to him?" "He fell by my hand," answered the Baron, reluctantly. "Impossible! it cannot be! you are mistaken! Did you not see the spectre that met us at the entrance of the tapestry door?" "I saw nobody." "The figure which drove me to a side, and as your ball whistled past my ear, seized on Schirmwald, dashed him down, and—" "My dear Eleonora, nothing of all this have I seen. Your overheated imagination has deceived you. Your pulse beats like lightning,—your senses wander. Be calm, I beseech you." "Saalburg, say then at once, what do you know of the unfortunate Schirmwald?" "Only that he is a villain—an accomplished villain, whom I will unmask to-morrow."

With these words, he left the room, and flew towards John's chamber, whom he found awake. "In God's name, Baron, what is the matter? You bleed. I heard a noise, but I did not dare to waken my master." "Quick, my good friend, quick! Bind my arm, and then awaken the Baron." Both commissions were exe-

cuted immediately. "Ask no questions, my dear Neideck," cried the Baron to the old man; "my wound is nothing; time is precious, follow me quick. John, light us to the chamber in the second story. I will tell you all as we go."

The astonishment of the Baron, when he heard of Eleonora's preservation, and the Secretary's villany, was inexpressible. They came to the spot, but Schirmwald was gone. No traces of blood appeared, notwithstanding the dangerous wound, which, from his groans, Saalburg concluded he had received. Nothing was to be seen but Eleonora's casket, which lay on the ground, and the gold which was scattered about the room. The door they could not find. Saalburg knew not what to think of the matter. One thing, however, was clear, that he had not to answer for the Secretary's death.

Early next morning, Heubach the woodman appeared to claim his reward. He received the stipulated sum, after confessing, in the presence of the Baron and old John, the whole of his connection with the Secretary.

On looking over the forest-accounts, the sum which had been found scattered about the room the night before was ascertained to be wanting.

Neideck went to his daughter's apartment, determined for once to tell her, without hesitation or disguise, the extent of her error; but he found it unnecessary. Full of shame and repentance, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged that he would allow her to retire into a convent. Neideck endeavoured to calm the enthusiast, and then proceeded to acquaint her with Heubach's disclosures, from which Schirmwald appeared in his true colours. Her confusion and remorse were indescribable. With tears of the deepest anguish, she threw herself on her father's neck, who thanked God that his daughter was now again restored to him. Saalburg's wound, and the delicacy which had induced him for some time to leave the castle, affected her deeply.

About three months afterwards, she requested her father to summon Saalburg to the castle. He flew thither immediately, on the wings of

hope. Eleonora had laid aside all her affection. "Saalburg," said she, with a gentle blush, as he entered, "you know that I have loved; but I have expelled from my heart the traitor who robbed me of those feelings which ought to have been yours. If my heart has still any

value in your eyes, take it with this hand, and with it my warmest esteem—my tenderest affection!"

Saalburg kissed the offered hand with delight. "Eleonora," said he, "Fortune has lowered on me once; now I can bid defiance to her frowns." And he pressed her to his heart.

#### SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

It was one evening in the latter end of October 1810, that I was left about an hour before midnight, almost alone, in one of the public rooms of the principal hotel in Mantua. The apartment was spacious, and its size seemed augmented, by the scarcity of inmates. A man of apparently spare habits, habited in somewhat rusty garments, and whose general appearance was much below that of the company accustomed to frequent the house, was my only companion. The fire was low, and the candles glimmered dimly in the extent of the room. I had looked in turns over the Gazettes, which were scattered on the tables, and began to think of retiring. I endeavoured to gaze out of the window, but the night was pitchy-dark, and no object was discernible, except where the lamps, attached to the public buildings in the street, made half visible the ill-defined masses of buildings. I sunk back to my seat by the dying coals, and perplexed myself with weighing the comparative advantages of departing to my lodgings, or remaining at the hotel for the night. The clock struck, and I found it was within a quarter of the witching hour. The stranger had not yet spoken, nor was I inclined to break the silence; at length my companion spoke.

"I think, Sir," said he, "that in the debate which took place this evening, you inclined to the opinion maintained by the Signor Ripari?" There was something in his manner and the tone of his voice much superior to what I should have expected from his appearance.

I answered him in the affirmative.

"Your reasonings, then, do not induce you to believe in the possibility of the appearance on earth of a departed spirit, or at least in the

power of such a being to make its presence perceptible to human creatures such as ourselves."

"I certainly am not guilty," I replied, "of presuming to assert that such a revisitation is beyond the limits of possibility; probability I own the opinion in question appears to be devoid of."

"True; argument is against the hypothesis."

"I know but one in favour of it—the general assent of all ages and nations to the re-appearance of the dead."

"I do not think," said he, "that much strength is to be acquired from that argument, considering the state of the earthly inhabitants of the world; their confined reasonings and mental investigation—their consequent wonder and astonishment at many of the operations of Nature, which, though now familiar, were to them inexplicable, may account for the use of a notion, which, when once conceived, would be eagerly embraced, and widely disseminated. Argument, therefore, I may repeat, is entirely against the credibility of the opinion."

"In that case," I replied, "the question must be considered as settled, for by what means, except argument, are such inquiries to be prosecuted?"

"You do not, of course, consider arguments, or the conviction arising from them, as the only sources of belief?"

"Certainly not: belief may originate from numerous causes—for instance, from the retention of what has been shewn to us by experience."

"It is upon that very cause that I ground my belief in the re-appearance of the forms of the dead."

"Then you are a believer? But do you think that the testimony of

another's experience can overcome the improbability of the alleged instances—especially since the pretended beholders of apparitions are generally weak and ignorant persons, and likely to be the subjects of delusion?”

“Passing over,” answered my opponent, “the incorrectness of your statement, and the sophism of the argument you would insinuate, your observation is founded on an assumption unauthorized by any expression of mine.”

“But where—how?”

“When I spoke of experience, I said nothing to confine it to the experience of others, consequently testimony is not of the question.”

“You do not, surely,” I answered, “proceed upon your own experience?”

There was a half sort of smile on his features, as he replied to my question, “Why not?”

I started with surprise.

“You have been favoured, then, with a communication with the world of spirits?”

“I have.”

“When—where—how?”

“The narration would be tedious,” he replied; “if your inclination lead you, you shall yourself know as much as I do.”

“That is to say, you possess the power of calling these mysterious existences to the sight of yourself and others?”

“Come and see,” was his reply; and leaving his chair, he seemed about to depart. He lingered, as if waiting for me to accompany him.

I feigned a laugh, and said, “that my faith in his power was not so firm as to induce me to leave the house at so late an hour.”

“True,” answered the stranger; “it grows late—’tis past midnight—you are doubtless remaining here, and I will therefore bid you farewell;”—and bowing with great politeness, he was gone before I could speak to detain him.

A strange and fretting discontent seized me; I was vexed that I had let him depart, and lamented that I had lost such an opportunity of extending my knowledge beyond the limits of the visible world. It may appear singular—it did so to me af-

terwards. I know that I felt no doubt of the truth of what my companion had asserted; on the contrary, I did not even revolve it as a thing whose reality was to be established, but thought and acted upon it as a settled truth. Yet I had only his bare word for so wonderful, and apparently incredible a tale. He was a stranger to me, and our connection arose from one of the most commonplace casualties of life—the meeting in a coffee-room. So it was, however—I believed implicitly in what I had heard.

I retired to bed—sleep I had none, unless a disturbed and feverish dozing can be so called; the image of my new acquaintance was constantly before my eyes, and phantom-like shapes seemed to float around me. I tossed about unrefreshed, and full of anxiety—I strained my eyes in looking for day-light, and when, after a lapse of, as it appeared, of many hours, I caught a glimmering of the sky, I sprung from my restless couch, dressed myself, and rousing the servants to let me out, rushed into the street.

Why I did so I cannot tell; and this reflection immediately struck me, that I had but small chance of discovering a man whose name, situation, and place of residence, I was wholly ignorant of, by running through the streets before day-light, and when scarce a soul was abroad, save some whose rencounter might prove neither desirable nor safe.

The sun rose, and cast a pale and sickly glare through the vapour which covered the city, and hung in dim masses around the buildings. The air was exceeding raw and cold, the pavement was wet, and covered with filth of every description. The houses, all shut up, looked dismal and repelling. Every thing seemed squalid, meagre, and ungainly, and I felt forcibly that execrable sensation arising from—But my readers know the feeling, doubtless, better than I can describe it.

I counted the lingering minutes, till my ears were at length relieved by the welcome of artisans and labourers preparing for their daily occupation; countrymen from the adjoining suburbs made their appearance with their asses laden with fruit and ve-



getables. A city-like din began to arise, and the depression of my spirits began to disappear, or at least to diminish, as the stir and bustle increased.

I paced round the city with eager steps, examining every countenance I met, and searching, though in vain, for the stranger of the preceding night. I blamed my own carelessness in not ascertaining his name, and hastened back to the hotel, to inquire from the waiters who he was. Of this, however, they knew as little as myself—they only remembered having occasionally seen him, but with his name, or any other particulars which could guide me in my search, they were unacquainted. I hastily dispatched my breakfast, and again commenced my wanderings.

At length, when the eagerness of my researches had wearied and irritated me, as I was crossing, in great haste, one of the squares, I ran against some one, and upon turning round to apologise, found my labours at an end.

"You are not the first," said the stranger, half-laughing, and seeming fully aware that he was the object of my pursuit, "who has looked diligently for a something that lay just before him at the time."

I felt, I know not why, half-ashamed of acknowledging the cause for which I had sought him. I recounted to him the history of my rambles, and we talked on different subjects.

"And so," said he at length, upon a pause occurring in the conversation, "you have risen before day, and run about till noon, to find a man with whom, when found, you have no business but to tell him how diligently you have looked for him."

I blushed and hesitated; he smiled as he spoke, and this increased my confusion.

"Excuse me," I said; "I have other business."

"Indeed! Pardon my freedom; but had we not better despatch it without delay? You will allow me to inquire the nature of it?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I have been thinking, since I saw you last, of the subject which then formed the ground of our discourse."

"Oh! I remember it was of the

re-appearance of the dead,—of ghosts, —'of those subtle intelligences which accommodate themselves to shapes,—unite with sounds,—present themselves in odours,—infuse themselves in savours,—deceive the senses, and the very understanding.' Was it not so? What think you of St. Austin's description? Is not the holy father a strong authority for our side of the question?"

"The fathers of the church were men, and not infallible. But our talk was of the existences you speak of."

"I made an offer to you at the time, which you rejected," said he.

"Is it too late to avail myself of it even now?—cannot the error be retrieved?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That when you have seen what I have to exhibit, you will ask no questions concerning my search. I demand this," he added, "more for your own sake, than to gratify any disposition of my own. I wish not to conceal knowledge, where the promulgation of it can benefit the world; that which I peculiarly possess is a curse rather than a blessing."

The manner in which this was said disposed me to think favourably of the speaker. I felt convinced he was sincere. I made the promise required of me, and taking his arm, I walked with him to the house where he informed me he lodged.

He led me into a small room, plainly, though not inelegantly, furnished. A moderate-sized bookcase, with shelves, well filled with antique-looking volumes, formed the most prominent among its accommodations. There was nothing placed to be seen, no ostentation of science, nothing but what the apartment of any private man would have exhibited.

We so naturally associate the idea of darkness, and seasons of solitude and stillness, with that of the visions of the deceased, that I was astonished, when, after we had been seated a short time, my companion asked if I was prepared to name the person I most wished to see? I communicated my thoughts to him. He answered,

"All times are alike to me, and a

spiritual existent knows not the distinction of light or darkness. We will therefore postpone it; speak when you wish me to fulfil my promise; and, in the mean while, we will pass the time by looking over a few of my favourite authors;" and he unlocked, as he spoke, the glass-doors that sheltered his volumes. He spoke of the authors that we opened like a scholar and a man of feeling. I was delighted with his remarks, and had almost forgot the object which had led me there, when the deepening tinge of the sunbeams shining through the casement warned me of the approach of evening. I was ashamed of having so long delayed, fearful of the imputation of irresolution. I shut the book I held, and looked at my unknown acquaintance. A look was enough for him.

"Be it so," said he; "name the individual, and he shall appear."

We were arrived at a crisis—a fearful one I felt it. The firmness, which a moment before I flattered myself that I possessed, vanished at the near approach of the moment which should place me in contact with a being of another nature, one, too, whom, of all the creatures of the earth, I had known, and loved, and cherished. I felt a fearful oppression of the heart, my limbs were chill and trembling, and the power of speech well nigh deserted me.

My conductor observed my confusion, and begged to defer the experiment, or to abandon it, if I wished, altogether. I refused to postpone it, and summoning all my strength, I loosed the bonds that enchained my tongue, and spoke the name of the dead.

Oh God! I spoke *her* name, and she sat before me as when on earth—as beautiful, and those eyes so deeply dark, shining upon me with all the gentle fire, the fond affection that illumined them in her days of youth and earthly blessedness. I strove in vain to touch her hand, to feel if what I saw was indeed my—I dare not write the word,—or but a dream—a vision; and the face smiled a melancholy smile, and the eyes shone, and the lips moved,—she spoke!—I felt that voice again; I shrieked her name—my eyes were blind—my limbs were nerveless, but

my ears still for a moment drank in the heaven of that sound, as I fell, void of sense and consciousness, to the earth.

I was still lying on the spot where I had dropped down, when I recovered, and found myself alone. Of the stranger who had conducted me there I could perceive no trace, and I endeavoured in vain to remember what part he had taken in the scene which had so strongly affected me. I had some recollection of his raising his hand to his eyes, and moving his lips like a man absorbed in deep meditation; but of the time or manner of his exit I could form no conjecture.

I left the room, and descended into a garden by which the house was almost surrounded. The blush of the sky above me, deepening, as it neared to the skirts of the horizon, to a glow as of a burning furnace, that lent to every pale-leaved flower and wandering rivulet a tinge of its own rich hue,—the mellow song of lingering birds,—and the full, cool, exquisite freshness of the air, all spoke the eloquence of evening, and cast a veil of melancholy placidity over the troubled feelings with which I was agitated.

I leaned against a lime-tree, and looked round on the peacefulness of Nature. My thoughts were with other and happier times,—my meditations were sad, but not bitter,—there was one image had been painfully recalled to my memory, and a thousand fond associations started up and played around the recollection. I was startled from a reverie like this by the sound of an approaching footstep. It was a servant of the house, who delivered me a letter, which I read as follows:—

"I have performed my undertaking; do you remember the obligation of my promise? It is near to impossible that we shall ever meet again. If it should happen otherwise, remember you are to make no inquiries. Speak no word of this to any one,—forget what has been, and be content. Your friend —."

I was dissatisfied and uneasy. I inquired after him, but could obtain no information of his name, occupation, or residence. The people with whom he lodged either knew or would discover nothing. He came



occasionally, they said, for a month or two, and then departed. His books and furniture remained there, but he dwelt in the house not more than a third part of the year. Mystery seemed completely to enshroud him,

—a mystery which has remained unclear to this time, for I have neither seen nor heard tidings of the stranger since.

I left Mantua the day but one following, and returned to England.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. VI.

THE Sixth General Assembly sat on the twenty-fifth, and three following days of June 1563. The meetings of this Court had hitherto been held at Edinburgh; but this Assembly convened at Perth, or, as it was sometimes called, St. John's Town. The particular place of meeting is not specified; but it is mentioned, that the First Session was opened with prayer by Mr John Willock. After trial had been taken of Superintendents and Ministers, agreeably to an order formerly laid down, Knox reported the proceedings of the Commissioners in the case of Paul Methven, and rendered up the Commission which had been given by the Assembly for that purpose. The particulars of this case were noticed in a former sketch, and need not now be repeated.

The Assembly next proceeded to make arrangements for planting Kirks in those districts which were destitute of the ordinances of the reformed religion. For this purpose, commissions were given, both in this and the other Sessions of the Assembly, to the Superintendents and other leading Ministers. These commissions were generally declared to be only for one year, and authorized those who held them to admit Ministers, Exhorters, Readers, Elders, and Deacons, and to place Schoolmasters.

In this Session, Mr John Rutherford, Principal of St. Salvator's College at St. Andrew's, complained that Mr John Balfour usurped the office of the Ministry at Cults, without being duly admitted; and offered, as the Church belonged to him as Principal, to discharge the duties of it according to his ability. The complaint was heard, his offer was accepted, and Rutherford, in presence of the Assembly, took upon himself the office of the Minister of

Cults. Balfour, according to Calderwood, (Large MS., Vol. I., p. 805,) was placed in an obscurer congregation, according to the measure of his gifts.

It is impossible to pass over this case without remarking how little it is in accordance with some representations which have lately been set forth upon this subject. With regard to the general measure of uniting two or more ecclesiastical offices in one person, there may be much room for difference of opinion. But it has been argued, that every such union is in direct opposition to the spirit of our ecclesiastical constitution, and is to be denounced as a monstrous innovation, from the very mention of which our first Reformers would have started back with horror. Our first Reformers, however, do not seem to have had that pure and unmixed hatred of pluralities which has been ascribed to them by some of their admiring successors. They took great pains (although not with complete success) to prevent the union of civil and ecclesiastical offices in the same person; and several of the cases and enactments which have been quoted as condemning pluralities in toto, refer merely to this kind of union, or rather confusion, of offices. Even when there was no direct conjunction of a secular and an ecclesiastical office, Ministers were enjoined to beware of intermeddling too much with worldly affairs. But if they occupied themselves with the proper duties of their profession, they were not prevented from holding more offices than one. It may be said, perhaps, that this toleration of pluralities was, at that time, absolutely necessary. And in some cases it certainly was so. In the Second Session of this same Assembly, it was agreed to supplicate



the Queen and Council, that where two or three Parishes were situated within a convenient distance, they should be united under one Minister, and assemble in one Church. The reasons assigned for this measure were, "because the rare number of Ministers suffereth not everie Kirk to have a severall Minister, and the smalness of the Parishes requires not the same." These reasons, however, do not apply to the case of Cults. Mr John Balfour was not declared incapable of the office of the ministry. He was only removed to a place more suitable to his qualifications. The claim and offer of Mr John Rutherford were acknowledged and accepted; yet it would be difficult to shew, that the distance betwixt Cults and St. Andrew's was less on the 25th of June 1563 than it is now, or that the duties of the Principal of St. Salvator's were lighter then than they are at present.

It would appear, that, about this time, it was very common for parties to marry by private contract, as the Assembly, in the Second Session, declared all such contracts to be invalid, till the contractors submitted to discipline, as breakers of good order, and offensive to the church.

To all who are minutely acquainted with the history of the Scottish Church, the difference betwixt Superintendents and Bishops must be very obvious. If any additional illustration were wanted, it might be drawn from the fact, that so long as Superintendents existed, the ordinary Ministers, so far from regarding them as a distinct or superior order in the Church, were very reluctant to submit to them, in the exercise of the powers committed to them by the Assembly. It was ordained, in this Session, that any persons aggrieved by the sentence of the Minister, Elders, and Deacons, of their church, might appeal, within ten days, to the Superintendent and Synodal Convention. A farther appeal might be taken, within ten days, from the Superintendent and Synodal Convention, to the next General Assembly, whose sentence should be final. If the Appellant failed to justify his appeal, the Superintendent and Synodal Convention might, besides ex-

penses to the other party, inflict a pecuniary penalty, to be paid to the poor of the parish in which the cause originated. The Assembly, if the appeal was not sustained before them, might appoint another penalty, to be applied in the same way.

In this Session it was also enacted, that the teachers of youth, both in and out of Universities, should be such as professsd the reformed faith; and that they who refused to do so should be removed from their offices. It was also appointed, that some order should be taken for the support of poor scholars.

The Parliament which met immediately before the Assembly passed several Acts highly beneficial to the Reformers. Of these the most important, perhaps, was the act of oblivion for all things done against the Sovereign since the year 1558. With this act, however, the Assembly, as a Court, had nothing to do. By another Act of the same Parliament, it was ordained that the Lords of Secret Council should take steps for "upholding and reparelling of Paroche Kirks and Kirk-yairds." In reference to this Act, the Assembly appointed the Superintendents to see that all churches within their bounds should receive such repairs as might be necessary; and, in case of neglect or disobedience, they were to make complaint to the Secret Council.

The Parliament had also ordained that Ministers should be put in possession of the manses at their respective Churches, or, if the manse was set in tack, that a reasonable and sufficient house in the neighbourhood of the Church should be built by those who had the manse in tack. The Comptroller, the Justice Clerk, and the Clerk Register, being present in this Session, promised to grant letters of execution upon this point to all Ministers, and cause them to be executed without expense.

In distributing the patrimony of the Church, the incumbents were allowed to retain two parts, while a third part was paid to the Queen, from which the Stipends of the Ministers were assigned. The Queen, however, took upon her to remit the payment of their thirds to such beneficed persons as she wished to favour or con-

ciliate. Lest the Ministers should suffer by the remissions, the Comptroller was requested to assume, out of the thirds of such benefices as were remitted by the Queen, so much as might sufficiently sustain the Ministers. This measure was to have effect as well for the time past as for the time to come. But it was not to be put in execution upon the thirds which had been remitted to Universities.

While the Assembly thus endeavoured to provide for the independence and usefulness of the Ministers, it was also attempted to add to their comfort, by relieving them from duties quite at variance with the purity of their profession and character. Supplication was appointed to be made for constituting Judges in every province, to take cognizance in cases of adultery.

The Third Session of this Assembly opened with a resolution which calls for some illustration and remark. It was ordained "That no Work should be sett furth in Print, or published in Writt, touching Religion or Doctrine, before it be presented to the Superintendent of the Diocie, revised and approved be him, and such as he sall call of the most learned within his Bounds; and if they, or anie of them, doubt in anie point, so that they cannot resolve cleerlie in the same, they sall produce the said work to the Generall Assemblie, where Order sal be taken for Resolution of the said Doubt."

From the mention which is made in this enactment of publishing in writ, it is plain that printing had not yet become common in Scotland. So far back as 1507, a licence was granted to "Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, burgesses of Edinburgh, for bringing home a printer's press, with all stuff belonging thereto." The only productions of this press which remain, are a Collection of Miscellaneous Pieces, and the Aberdeen Breviary. The Miscellaneous Pieces were published in 1508, and the only copy in the country is in the Advocate's Library. The Aberdeen Breviary appeared in two parts—the former in 1509 and the latter in 1510. Complete copies of the work are very rare; but there is one in the University Library at

Edinburgh. The next Scots printer seems to have been Thomas Davidson, who is described as "a northland man, borne on the water of Die." He printed Bellenden's Translation of Boethius, in 1536 or 1537, and the Acts of Parliament in 1540, and following years. Mr Robert Alexander, who was Pedagogue to the Earl of Errol, is said to have set forth in print, about the year 1540, a work on Scottish metre, entitled "My Lord's Testament." Lord Errol is known to have had many of the most "comfortable passages" of the New Testament by heart, and to have taken pleasure in reciting them to others: and it is not improbable that this work of Alexander's may have taken its name from being a metrical version of these passages. That singular production, the "Complaint of Scotland," seems to have been printed at St. Andrew's in 1548 or 1549. The preamble to an Act passed by the Parliament which met at Edinburgh in February 1551, states, that there were then "divers Prentaris in the Realme, that daylie and continuallie prentit bukis." Few of these "bukis," however, have come down to us. Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism was printed at St. Andrew's in 1552, but has not the name of the printer. Knox's "Faythfull Admonition," &c., bears to have been "Imprinted at Kalykow, the 20th day of Julii 1564." This place is probably meant for Kelso, but it is doubtful whether the book was actually printed in Scotland. Cockburn's Meditation on the Lord's Prayer was printed at St. Andrew's by John Scot in 1555. In 1558 Ninian Winzet began to set forth his pieces in defence of the Catholic faith. And Keith seems to think (History of Scotland, p. 324) that this resolution of the Assembly, which has led to these notices, was prompted by the impression which was produced by the publications of Winzet. The policy of the measure, however, cannot be defended or excused by the circumstances which led to it. The Reformers, it is true, in asserting a claim to review all works upon religion, were claiming no more than what the Catholics had done before, and both Protestants and Catholics have done since. But the



struggle for religious liberty, from which they had scarcely emerged, should have led them to exercise more toleration towards the opinions and principles of others, and to place more confidence in the truth and stability of their own.

In this Session, the Superintendents of Angus and Fife were desired "to draw the towns of Dundee and St. Johnston to an agreement." These were both very ancient burghs, with peculiar and extensive privileges. Some time before this, disputes between them, as to precedence and other matters, had been keenly agitated. Boethius, who was a native of Dundee, asserts in his *Chronicles*, that the ancient town of Perth had been overflowed by the river, and that the town, as it stood in his day, was not of great antiquity. There is no good evidence, however, in support of this; and it is not impossible that the partiality of Boethius, as a native of Dundee, may have led him to give more importance to the supposition than it really merited. The efforts of the Superintendents seem at this time to have been ineffectual; or if they succeeded in quieting the difference which then existed, another soon broke out; for in Birrell's *Diary*, under the year 1567, is the following entry:—"Ye Regent raid to ye Parliament Hous, and ves much troubled to compose these two turbulent towns of Perth and Dundee."

Except the granting of commissions to plant Kirks, and to consider cases of complaint and appeal, the only other business of any importance which was transacted in this Session, or indeed in this Assembly, was the reversal of a sentence which had been passed so far back as 1534, against James Hamilton, of Kincauld, Sheriff of Linlithgow. He was brother to the famous Patrick Hamilton, the proto-martyr of the Scottish Reformation. In August 1534 he and his sister Catherine were summoned before the Bishop of Ross, who sat in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse as Commissioner for the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, to answer a charge of heresy. According to Calderwood, (large MS. Vol. I. p. 96.) the King advised Hamilton to leave the country, as, in the event of his being convicted, the royal favour

could not save him. He therefore fled; and in his absence was condemned as a heretic, and had his property confiscated. His sister appeared, and being charged with maintaining, "that works could not save," a long reasoning betwixt her and Mr John Spens, a lawyer, ensued, which she concluded in these words, "Work heir, work there, what kind of working is all this? I know perfectlye, that no kind of workes can save me, but onlie the workes of Christ, my Lord and Saviour." The King, (James the V.,) who was present, hearing these words, "turned him about and laughed, and called her unto him, and caused her to recant, becaus she was his aunt; and so she escaped."

Some years after this, James Hamilton obtained from the Pope a remission of the sentence which had been pronounced against him. In the Parliament which met at Edinburgh in the month of August 1546, "My Lord Governor and thre estatiss admittit the bull and process of pardoun, and remittit grantit and gevin to James Hamiltoun, sumtyme of Kyncavill, be the Papis Halines and his deligatis—without prejudice of the Quenis grace ryt, and partis havand interest thairto." Against this admission by the Parliament a protest was entered in the name of James Hamilton, son and heir of Sir James Hamilton of Finnert, who had died in possession of the lands of Kincavill, and others. In like manner, when the Assembly declared the articles, upon which the Sheriff of Linlithgow had been condemned, to be "good and godly," and that he should be restored to his "honour, fame, and dignity," James Gibb of Carrudder appeared, and protested, that this declaration "sould not be prejudiciall to him and his rights whatsoever." But what interest he had does not appear.

No roll of the members remains; but it would appear that this was not a frequent Assembly; for, in the fourth and last Session, the Superintendents were instructed to "warne the Shires, Townes, and Parish-Kirks, to send their Commissioners in times cuming." It would also appear, that not only burghs, but also shires, were represented in our early Assemblies.



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M'CULLOCH'S PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY \*.

To define, with sufficient clearness and precision, the nature and objects of a given science—to discriminate the particular species of evidence to be employed in conducting its investigations—to trace, historically, the successive steps by which its demonstrated truths have been gradually disentangled from the false theories or pernicious prejudices with which they were originally combined, and at length consolidated into the form of a science—to point out the practical importance of these truths, in regard to the great interests of society and the well-being of the human race—to exhibit a concise and perspicuous outline of the principles of the science as it actually exists, as well as of the process of inquiry by which they have been evolved—in a word, to bring at once within the field of the mental telescope a great department of human knowledge, and to give us a correct idea of its extent and limits, together with the different objects they comprehend, is a task which is only competent to minds of a high order, trained to habits of severe, unbending application,—almost exclusively devoted to that one object,—and profoundly conversant with the contributions and discoveries of preceding inquirers, whether confined to the illustration of particular parts, or to the improvement and more perfect arrangement of the whole. Nor will our estimate of the difficulty of such a task be lessened by reflecting on the extent and variety of acquirement necessary to its successful performance. The truths connected with a given science, however isolated and detached they may be, require to be carefully and diligently explored, because, when brought in apposition, they have not only an affinity, or a sort of elective attraction for one another, but invariably involve other truths, which may be deduced from them as necessary consequences, and at the same time enable the scientific historian to ascertain and fix the successive amounts of the investigations and discoveries of the different cultivators of the science. Hence, he must be deeply and familiarly acquainted with the labours of those who have devoted themselves to the improvement of the science of the rise and progress of which he proposes to exhibit a sketch; he must be competent to trace it from its infancy to its actual maturity, and, as he proceeds to separate the individual truths brought forward, from the erroneous theories, partial views, misconceptions, and prejudices, in which, peradventure, they may have been smothered, he must take into account the different circumstances which gave rise to the errors he detects, or which prevented the cultivators of the science from following out to their consequences the important truths upon which they accidentally stumbled; he must exercise the utmost patience and discrimination, in ascertaining and allotting to each his due; and he must never lose sight of his main object, namely, to pursue the stream of improvement, noting each tributary accession it receives, yet carefully preserving under the view the whole of its course, from the point at which he commenced his researches, to that where he is ultimately to finish his survey. In such a record, the history of error will make a more prominent figure than that of truth, and will not be the least instructive part of the performance; for, paradoxical as it may seem, it is nevertheless certain, that a faithful exposition of the errors which have at different times arrested the progress of science, is one of the surest methods of promoting its future advancement and improvement.

We regard Mr M'Culloch's Preliminary "Discourse on the Rise, Progress, Peculiar Objects, and Importance of Political Economy," as fulfilling the conditions we have now specified, and as a very valuable contribution to that science of which he is known to be so great a master. In the short compass of little more than a hundred pages, he has not only defined the objects of the science—pointed out the species of evidence on which it is

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\* A Discourse on the Rise, Progress, Peculiar Objects, and Importance of Political Economy: containing an Outline of a Course of Lectures on the Principles and Doctrines of that Science. Edinburgh:—Archibald Constable & Co. 1824.

founded—unfolded the principal theories which have been formed to explain its phenomena—shown in what respects it differs from the cognate sciences of Politics and Statistics with which it is sometimes confounded—demonstrated the importance of its study to all classes of society—and explained the particular mode followed by him in teaching it in his public and private classes; but he has, at the same time, interspersed his Discourse with so much sound and valuable criticism on the works of the great masters of the science, carefully discriminating between the contributions they have made to its advancement, and the errors into which, from various causes, they have fallen, and enriched it with so much curious and useful learning, that it cannot fail to be regarded as a most acceptable present, and to be perused with advantage by those who are commencing, as well as by those who have already made considerable progress in the study of Political Economy. Not content with statements of a vague and general character, he contrives to combine with the enunciation of principles a brief but satisfactory view of the evidence on which they are founded, and to fortify the conviction which that evidence is calculated to produce by apposite and felicitous illustrations. His style is, as it ought to be, simple, clear, and logical; equally removed from the affected sententious brevity aimed at by some writers on the one hand, and from fatiguing amplification and redundancy on the other. Hence he arrests and carries along with him the attention of the reader, whose mind is enchained to the *subject* of the Discourse, without being for an instant diverted by the *medium* through which the author's statements, expositions, and reasonings, are conveyed; or startled by misplaced attempts at fine writing, when he expects only to be made acquainted with the progress of truth, and conducted, step by step, to a satisfactory conception of the actual state of the science. This, doubtless, is very high praise; but we are mistaken, if the specimens we are about to produce will not more than justify the well-weighed encomiums which we have deemed it a duty to the author to pronounce.

I. The object of Political Economy “is to point out the means by which the industry of man may be rendered most productive of those necessities, comforts, and enjoyments, which constitute *wealth*: to ascertain the proportions in which this wealth is divided among the different classes of the community, and the mode in which it may be most advantageously consumed.” Hence the science is intimately connected with all the best interests of society; it comes home to the every-day occupations and business of mankind; its deductions are all of a nature essentially practical; and if the doctrines it teaches be well founded, their tendency must be, to improve the condition, and add to the comfort and happiness of the human race. “The consumption of wealth is indispensable to existence;” but the eternal law of Providence has decreed, that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and that the hand of the diligent alone maketh rich. This twofold necessity, which renders the production of wealth a constant and principal object of the exertions of the vast majority of mankind, has overcome our natural aversion to labour, and armed the hand of industry with that unconquerable zeal and patience, which enable it to surmount the greatest obstacles, and to achieve the most remarkable conquests. But since wealth is indispensable to existence, to say nothing of comfort, and since the desire to acquire is sufficient to subdue the natural indolence of mankind, to induce them to encounter the most imminent hazards, and submit to the greatest privations, “the science which teaches the means by which its acquisition may be most effectually promoted—by which we may be enabled to obtain the greatest possible amount of wealth with the least possible difficulty, must certainly deserve to be carefully studied and meditated.” To place this plain and obvious conclusion in the clearest light, it is only necessary to add, that the prices of all sorts of commodities, the profits of the manufacturer and the merchant, the rent of the landlord, the wages of the day-labourer, the incidence and effect of taxes, to say nothing of the functions of money, and the different laws and regulations which are meant to affect agriculture and commerce, all depend on princi-



ples which the science of Political Economy can alone ascertain and elucidate. Nor is this all. The acquisition of wealth is not merely necessary because it affords the means of subsistence, but because, without it, society must remain in a state of comparative barbarism. This may be easily demonstrated. Where the mind is constantly occupied in providing for the immediate wants of the body, in other words, where wealth has not been amassed, no leisure remains for its culture; the intellectual part of our nature is neglected in the all-engrossing care of providing for its animal wants; the people are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; and their views, sentiments, and feelings, become consequently contracted, selfish, and sordid. "Hence," as our author well remarks, "the acquisition of wealth is not desirable merely as the means of procuring direct and immediate gratifications, but as being indispensably necessary to the advancement of society in civilization and refinement. Without the tranquillity and leisure afforded by the possession of accumulated wealth, those speculative and elegant studies, which expand and enlarge our views, purify our taste, and raise us higher in the scale of being, can never be successfully prosecuted. It is certain, indeed, that the comparative barbarism and refinement of nations depend more upon the comparative amount of their wealth than upon any other circumstance. *A poor people are never refined, nor a rich people ever barbarous.*"

Having shown that the possession of wealth is thus indispensable, not merely to individual existence and comfort, but to the advancement of nations in civilization, our author next endeavours to account for the remarkable fact, that so few efforts have been made to investigate its sources, and that the study of Political Economy should not even yet be considered as forming a principal part in a comprehensive system of education. This strange neglect of so useful and important a branch of general knowledge he traces to the prejudices prevalent at the time when our Universities were established. At that period, the clergy were almost the sole possessors of the little knowledge then in existence, and in framing schemes of education, naturally accommodated them to their own professional pursuits. The learned languages, logic, rhetoric, scholastic theology, and civil law, comprised the whole course of study; the prejudices of the Greeks and Romans against commerce, manufactures, and luxury, had descended with unabated force; no one pretended to have any clear, comprehensive ideas, concerning the sources of national opulence, happiness, and prosperity; and to have appointed professors to explain the principles of commerce, or the means by which labour might be rendered most productive, would have been considered as degrading to the dignity of science, or perhaps as ministering to the vice of luxury, which long continued a favourite topic of clerical declamation. These prejudices, taken in conjunction with the limited intercourse which then subsisted between different nations, serve to account for the late rise of this science, and the little attention paid to it, up to a very recent period. Its importance, however, is now so universally acknowledged, that at no great distance of time it must form an integral part of the scheme of general instruction in our Universities and Colleges, the defects in the original constitution of which all the science and liberality of this enlightened age have not yet been able to rectify. Unhappily, prejudice, and a preposterous and monkish attachment to what *has been* established in ages of comparative darkness and ignorance, are nowhere more powerful and unassailable than in the seats of learning, many of which are all but hermetically sealed against every branch of science and philosophy which the progress of discovery and investigation has brought to light since the period when they were endowed. It was not till about the year 1805 that the Logic of Bacon superseded that of Aristotle in one of the principal seminaries of the South, and that the great instrument by which Newton effected his discoveries was taught and explained; so slow is the march of improvement in those *seats* of science where the punishment of Theseus seems to be inflicted upon every species of knowledge.

II. But since Political Economy has become an object of more general



attention, the variety of systems which have been advanced to explain the phenomena about which it is conversant, and the contradictory results which some of its most eminent professors have deduced from the same data, have not only proved unfavourable to its improvement, but have led many to question the certainty of its best-established conclusions, and to represent the science as purely theoretical and speculative; affording, like metaphysics, a good exercise to the ingenuity, but likely to be productive of little real practical benefit. The author shows, that this opinion, or rather prejudice, is destitute of any solid foundation, and proceeds upon mistaken notions as to the nature of the *evidence* upon which the conclusions of the science are founded. "The discrepancy," he remarks, "between the various systems that have been successively sanctioned by the ablest physicians, chemists, natural philosophers, and moralists, is quite as great as the discrepancy between those advanced by the ablest political economists. But who would, therefore, conclude that medicine, chemistry, natural philosophy, and morals, rest on no solid foundation, or that they are incapable of presenting us with a system of well-established and consentaneous truths? We do not refuse our assent to the demonstrations of Newton and Laplace, because they are subversive of the hypotheses of Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, and Descartes; and why should we refuse our assent to the demonstrations of Smith and Ricardo, because they have subverted the false theories that were previously advanced respecting the sources and the distribution of wealth?" All the sciences have sustained more or less injury from the natural propensity of the human mind to generalize, and an impatience of long-continued observation and analysis; but it does not follow, that deductions, formed from a more enlarged basis of fact and experiment, though subversive of hasty and premature generalizations, are calculated to destroy all confidence in the certainty and practical utility of science. In Political Economy, in particular, the errors which have hitherto obstructed its advancement have now nearly disappeared, and have given place to doctrines founded on the most rigorous analysis, and the most comprehensive induction; doctrines which, it is probable, future observation and experience will serve, not to invalidate, but to confirm, and which, reduced to practice, as the knowledge of the science becomes more extended, can hardly fail to exert the most beneficial influence on the general happiness and comfort of nations.

As the laws which regulate the production and accumulation of wealth and the progress of civilization are the offspring, not of legislative enactments, but of that desire of improving his condition which God has implanted in the breast of man; so the principles which form the basis of Political Economy make part of the original constitution of human nature, and of the physical world; "and their operations, like those of the mechanical principles, are to be traced by observation and analysis." But, between the physical, and the moral and political sciences, there exists this material distinction, that the conclusions of the former apply in *every* case, those of the latter only in a *majority* of cases. Into whatever inquiry the principles of human nature enter as an element, that inquiry can only conduct us to results *generally*, not *universally* true; that is, to results, the certainty of which, in the *majority* of instances, is as great as that of the results of the mechanical principles in *every possible* instance. For example, as a *general* theorem, the tendency of the population in every country to press against the means of subsistence, and its power of increasing in a given ratio, and doubling in a given time, is no less certain, we mean as a *general* theorem, than the proportionality of the areas to the times in Kepler's law, as a *universal* theorem. It is by not keeping this distinction steadily in view that so many have fallen into error in regard to the conclusions of Political Economy. Our author places this in the clearest possible light.

It is an admitted principle in the science of Morals, as well as of Political Economy, that by far the largest proportion of the human race have a much clearer view of what is conducive to their own interests, than it is possible for any other man, or select number of men, to have, and, consequently, that it is sound policy to allow every individual to follow the bent of his inclination, and to engage in any branch of

industry he thinks proper. This is the general theorem; and it is one which is established on the most comprehensive experience. It is not, however, like the laws which regulate the motions of the planetary system,—it will hold good in nineteen out of twenty instances, but the twentieth may be an exception. But it is not required of the economist, that his theories should quadrate with the peculiar bias of the mind of a particular person. His conclusions are drawn from observing the principles which are found to determine the condition of mankind, as presented on the large scale of nations and empires. He has to deal with man in the aggregate—with states, and not with families—with the passions and propensities which actuate the great bulk of the human race, and not with those which are occasionally found to influence the conduct of a solitary individual.

It should always be steadily kept in view, that it is never any part of the business of the economist to inquire into the means by which the fortunes of individuals may have been increased or diminished, except to ascertain their general operation and effect. The *public interests* ought always to form the exclusive objects of his attention. He is not to frame systems, and devise schemes, for increasing the wealth and enjoyments of *particular classes*; but to apply himself to discover the sources of *national wealth*, and *universal prosperity*, and the means by which they may be rendered most productive.

Nothing, indeed, is more common than to hear it objected to some of the best-established truths in political and economical science, that they are at variance with such and such facts, and that therefore they must be rejected. It is certain, however, that these objections most frequently originate in an entire misapprehension of the nature of the science. It would be easy to produce a thousand instances of individuals who have been enriched by monopolies, as they are sometimes by robbery and plunder; but it would be not a little rash to conclude from thence, without farther inquiry, that the community in general can be enriched by such means! This, however, is the single consideration to which the political economist has to attend. The question never is, whether a greater or smaller number of individuals can be enriched by the adoption of a particular measure, or by a particular institution, but whether its tendency is to enrich the *public*. Admitting that monopolies and restrictive regulations frequently enable individuals to accumulate ample fortunes, this is so far from being, as is often contended, any proof of their real advantageousness, that it is distinctly and completely the reverse. It is demonstrably certain, that if monopolies and exclusive privileges enrich the *few*, they must, to the same extent, impoverish the *many*; and are, therefore, as destructive of that NATIONAL WEALTH, to promote which ought to be the principal object of every institution, as they are of the natural freedom of industry.

To arrive at a well-founded conclusion in economical science, it is not, therefore, enough to observe results in particular cases, or as they affect particular individuals; we must further inquire whether these results are *constant*, and *universally applicable*,—whether the same circumstances which have given rise to them in one instance, would, in every instance, and in every state of society, be productive of the same or similar results. A theory which is inconsistent with an *uniform* and *constant* fact must be erroneous; but the observation of a particular result at variance with our customary experience, and when we may not have had the means of discriminating the circumstances attending it, ought not to induce us hastily to modify or reject a principle which accounts satisfactorily for the greater number of appearances.

The example of the few arbitrary princes who have been equitable, humane, and generous, is not enough to overthrow the principle which teaches that it is the nature of irresponsible power to debauch and vitiate its possessors—to render them haughty, cruel, and suspicious: nor is the example of those who, attentive only to present enjoyment, and careless of the future, lavish their fortunes in boisterous dissipation or vain expense, sufficient to invalidate the general conclusion, that the passion for accumulation is infinitely stronger and more universal than the passion for expense. Had this not been the case, mankind could never have emerged from the condition of savages. The multiplied and stupendous improvements which have been made in different ages and nations—the forests that have been cut down—the marshes and lakes that have been drained and cultivated—the harbours, roads, and bridges, that have been constructed—the cities and edifices that have been raised—are *all* the fruits of a saving of income, and establish, in despite of a thousand particular instances of prodigality, the vast ascendancy and superior force of the accumulating principle.

From all this, it is evident that the alleged facts, so frequently brought forward to prove the fallacy of general principles, can only be admitted as



exceptions to these principles, even when they are of undoubted and unquestionable authenticity. But this is far from being always, or even generally, the case. To observe accurately, and define modifying circumstances with the requisite degree of precision, pre-suppose an acuteness, intelligence, patience, and superiority to prejudice, which are among the rarest endowments of the understanding. "The simplest narrative of a case," says Dr Cullen, "almost always involves some theories;" hence, "without principles deduced from analytical reasoning, experience is an useless and a blind guide;" and hence, according to the same learned physician, "the number of false facts afloat in the world infinitely exceeds that of the false theories." But, from what has been already said, it is absurd to suppose that a few isolated facts, however carefully observed, can either overturn or become the basis of a general theorem in a science, the professed object of which is to discover, by comprehensive induction, the laws which govern the vast majority of instances, making no account of particular exceptions arising from varieties of individual feeling, habit, custom, or caprice, or from the operation of local causes, which can never enter as an element into an investigation of principles. On the contrary, to arrive at a true knowledge of the laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, the Political Economist must take enlarged views, and draw his materials from a very wide surface. To use the words of our author, "he should study man in every different situation,—he should have recourse to the history of society, arts, commerce, and civilization—to the works of philosophers and travellers—to every thing, in short, that can throw light on the causes which accelerate or retard the progress of civilization: he should mark the changes which have taken place in the fortunes and condition of the human race in different regions and ages of the world: he should trace the rise, progress, and decline of industry; and, above all, he should carefully analyse and compare the effects of different institutions and regulations, and discriminate the various circumstances wherein an advancing and declining society differ from each other. Such investigations, by disclosing the real causes of national opulence and refinement, and of poverty and degradation, furnish the economist with the means of giving a satisfactory solution of almost all the important problems in the science of wealth, and of devising a scheme of public administration calculated to ensure the continued advancement of the society in the career of improvement."

III. Having thus explained the objects of the science, with the peculiar species of evidence upon which its conclusions are founded, our author next proceeds to unfold the causes which gave rise to what has been called the *MERCANTILE SYSTEM*, and to the celebrated doctrine of the *Balance of Trade* deduced from it. This system was only a modification of the opinion once so prevalent, that wealth consists exclusively in gold and silver; an opinion which naturally arose from the circumstance that the currency of all civilized nations was formed almost entirely of these metals, and that they were used in a double capacity, as standards whereby to measure the relative value of different commodities, and as the equivalents for which they were most frequently exchanged. While the popular notion prevailed, the different nations of Europe studied, though to little purpose, every possible means of accumulating gold and silver, the exportation of which was forbidden under heavy penalties. They were permitted to flow in, and the great object was to prevent them from flowing out again. But in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when commerce received an extraordinary extension, this prohibition was found, on many occasions, to be extremely inconvenient. Merchants discovered that they could frequently buy more advantageously with gold and silver, than with any other commodity, the foreign goods they wanted, for the purpose, either of importing them into their own, or carrying them into some other country. They remonstrated, therefore, against this prohibition, as injurious to trade; first, because the exportation of gold and silver, for the purchase of foreign goods, did not always diminish the quantity of those metals in the kingdom, but, on the contrary, might frequently



increase that quantity, by the re-exportation of the foreign goods not consumed there, which, being sold for a profit, might bring back more treasure than had originally been exported to purchase them : and, secondly, because no prohibition could effectually prevent the exportation of gold and silver, which, on account of the smallness of their bulk, in proportion to their value, might easily be smuggled abroad. The establishment of a direct intercourse with India by the Cape-of-Good-Hope seems to have had the greatest influence in effecting this change. The precious metals having always been one of the most advantageous articles of export to the East, notwithstanding the deeply-rooted prejudices engendered by the popular notion above alluded to, the East-India Company, at the period of its institution in 1600, obtained leave to export, annually, foreign coins, or bullion, to the amount of £.30,000; on condition, however, that they should import, within six months after the termination of every voyage, except the first, as much gold and silver as should, together, be equal to the value of the silver exported by them. But the enemies of the Company alleged that this condition was not complied with ; and that, moreover, it was repugnant to all principle, and highly injurious to the public interests, to permit gold and silver to be sent out of the kingdom. The advocates of the Company could not controvert the reasoning of their antagonists, without openly impugning the policy of prohibiting the exportation of the precious metals ; but they did not venture to contend, that the exportation of bullion to the East was advantageous, on the ground that the commodities purchased by it were of greater value in England ; they only contended, that the exportation of bullion to India was advantageous, because the commodities imported from thence were chiefly re-exported to foreign countries, from which a much greater quantity of bullion was obtained in return than had been originally required to pay for these commodities in India.

Such was the origin of what has been called the **MERCANTILE SYSTEM** : and, when compared with the previous prejudice—for it hardly deserves the name of system—which wholly interdicted the exportation of gold and silver, it must be allowed that its adoption was a considerable step in the progress to sounder opinions. *The supporters of the mercantile system, like their predecessors, held that gold and silver alone constituted wealth ;* but they thought that sound policy dictated the propriety of allowing their exportation to foreigners, provided the commodities imported in their stead, or a portion of them, were afterwards sold to other foreigners for a greater amount of bullion than had been originally laid out on their purchase ; or, provided the importation of the foreign commodities caused the exportation of so much more native produce than would otherwise have been exported, as would more than equal their cost. These opinions necessarily led to the celebrated doctrine of the *Balance of Trade*. It was obvious, that the precious metals could not be imported into countries destitute of mines, except in return for exported commodities ; and the grand object of the supporters of the mercantile system was to monopolise the largest possible supply of the precious metals, by the adoption of various complex schemes for encouraging exportation, and restraining the importation of almost all products, except gold and silver, that were not intended for future exportation. In consequence, the *excess of the value of the Exports over that of the Imports* came to be considered as being at once the sole cause and measure of the progress of a country in the career of wealth. This excess, it was taken for granted, could not be balanced otherwise than by the importation of an equal value of gold or silver, or of the only real wealth it was then supposed a country could possess.

According to this system, the ordinary way of increasing our wealth and treasure by foreign trade, was by *selling more to strangers yearly than we consumed of theirs in value* ; by which means the excess of our exports over our imports would fall to be paid in bullion, the course of exchange would be turned in our favour, and the country would be enriched in proportion to the amount of the balance payable in gold and silver. Thus, assuming our annual exports as equal to £.10,500,000, and our annual imports as only equal to £.10,000,000, the difference, or £.500,000, was the amount by which, according to the principles of this system, the country would be yearly enriched by this favourable balance of trade ; and conversely. “No

stress whatever was laid on the circumstance of foreign commerce enabling us to obtain an infinite variety of useful and agreeable products, which it would either have been impossible for us to consume at all, or to produce so cheaply at home. We are desired to consider all this accession of wealth—all the vast addition made by commerce to the motives which stimulate, and the comforts and enjoyments which reward the labour of the industrious—as nothing, and to fix our attention exclusively on the balance of £.500,000 of gold and silver! This is much the same as if we were desired to estimate the comfort and advantage derived from a suit of clothes, by the number and glare of the metal buttons by which they are fastened.” And yet this excess of exports over imports, payable in specie, was long regarded by merchants and statesmen as the infallible criterion of the advantage of foreign commerce; and such is the inveteracy of ancient prejudice, and the consequent slowness with which the best-established truths of science work their way to the understandings of mere practical men, that even now this excess forms a subject upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is kind enough to favour the country with annual congratulations.

But the mercantile system was productive of consequences far more detrimental to public industry and the accumulation of public wealth, than any that could possibly arise from the absurd notions entertained in regard to the precious metals and the balance of trade. In the modern school of Political Economy, it is laid down, that every man is a better judge of his own interests than any legislator can possibly be for him; that all regulations, intended to divert capital into channels where it would not naturally have flowed, are pernicious; and that monopolies tend only to enrich a few at the expence of every body else. Under the predominance of the mercantile system, the reverse of these maxims was acknowledged and acted upon. Commerce was fettered and restricted in every possible way. Production was encouraged by bounties, exportation by drawbacks; taxes were sometimes imposed on the raw material, sometimes on the manufactured commodity; this article was allowed to be imported duty-free, that was subjected to a tax equivalent to a prohibition; and commercial treaties, followed, as they often were, by commercial wars, generally brought up the rear, and aggravated the evils they were intended to cure. It is easy to account for the favour with which this system was received by the persons who prided themselves on being *practical* statesmen. It encouraged their natural rage for legislation, it flattered them with the idea that they were enriching their country, while they were only blotting parchment; and while engaged in this pleasant amusement, they resolutely shut their eyes to the mischief they were creating, and doing their utmost to perpetuate. “It is no exaggeration to affirm,” says M. Storch (*Cours d'Economie Politique*, Tome I. p. 122,) “that there are very few political errors which have produced more mischief than the mercantile system. Armed with power, it has commanded and forbidden, where it should only have *protected*. The regulating mania which it has inspired has tormented industry in a thousand ways, to force it from its natural channels. It has made each particular nation regard the welfare of its neighbours as incompatible with its own; hence the reciprocal desire of injuring and impoverishing each other; and hence that spirit of commercial rivalry which has been the immediate or remote cause of the greater number of modern wars. It is this system which has stimulated nations to employ force or cunning to extort commercial treaties, productive of no real advantage to themselves, from the weakness or ignorance of others. It has formed colonies, that the mother country might enjoy the monopoly of their trade, and force them to resort exclusively to her markets. In short, where this system has been productive of the least injury, it has retarded the cause of national prosperity; every where else it has deluged the earth with blood, and has depopulated and ruined some of those countries whose power and opulence it was supposed it would carry to the highest pitch.” Our author gives a rapid sketch of the causes which gradually undermined the credit of this system, and ultimately led to the adoption of sounder and more enlightened views.



In the next place, he proceeds to what will perhaps be regarded the most interesting portion of his Discourse, namely, to give some account of the different authors who have more or less successfully cultivated the science of Political Economy; but from the length to which this article has already extended, we cannot follow him through the whole of his admirable criticisms, and must content ourselves with a few extracts.

The most distinguished economical writers of the seventeenth century were Sir Josiah Child, Sir William Petty, and Sir Dudley North. The last of these published, in 1691, a tract, entitled "*Discourses on Trade, principally directed to the cases of Interest, Coinage, Clipping, and Increase of Money*," which appears not to have met with any considerable circulation, although it contains a much more able statement of the true principles of commerce than any work that had yet appeared, and proves the author to have risen superior to the established prejudices of his time, and to have possessed sufficient sagacity to detect the more refined and less obvious errors which were newly coming into vogue. This will be clearly evinced by the following extract from the Preface, containing an abstract of the propositions maintained in the work:

"THAT THE WHOLE WORLD AS TO TRADE IS BUT AS ONE NATION OR PEOPLE, AND THEREIN NATIONS ARE AS PERSONS.

"That the loss of a trade with one nation is not that only, separately considered, but so much of the trade of the world rescinded and lost, for all is combined together.

"THAT THERE CAN BE NO TRADE UNPROFITABLE TO THE PUBLIC; FOR IF ANY PROVE SO, MEN LEAVE IT OFF; AND WHEREVER THE TRADERS THRIVE, THE PUBLIC, OF WHICH THEY ARE A PART, THRIVE ALSO.

"That to force men to deal in any prescribed manner may profit such as happen to serve them; but the public gains not, because it is taking from one subject to give to another.

"That no laws can set prices in trade, the rates of which must and will make themselves. But when such laws do happen to lay any hold, it is so much impediment to trade, and therefore prejudicial.

"That money is a merchandisc, whereof there may be a glut, as well as a scarcity, and that even to an inconvenience.

"THAT A PEOPLE CANNOT WANT MONEY TO SERVE THE ORDINARY DEALING, AND MORE THAN ENOUGH THEY WILL NOT HAVE.

"That no man will be the richer for the making much money, nor have any part of it, but as he buys it for an equivalent price.

"That the free coynage is a perpetual motion found out whereby to melt and coyn without ceasing, and so to feed goldsmiths and coyners at the public charge.

"That debasing the coyn is defrauding one another, and to the public there is no sort of advantage from it; for that admits no character, or value, but intrinsick.

"That the sinking by alloy or weight is all one.

"That exchange and ready money are the same, nothing but carriage and re-carriage being saved.

"That money exported in trade is an increase to the wealth of the nation; but spent in war, and payments abroad, is so much impoverishment.

"In short, that ALL FAVOUR TO ONE TRADE, OR INTEREST, IS AN ABUSE, AND CUTS SO MUCH OF PROFIT FROM THE PUBLIC."

Passing over the labours of Locke, Vanderlint, Sir Matthew Decker, and others, who subsequently advocated, to a greater or less extent, the opinions which had found so able a supporter in Sir Dudley North, we come to our author's account of the great work of Quesnay, in which Political Economy may be said to have first assumed the form of a science.

It is to him (Quesnay) that the merit unquestionably belongs of having first attempted to investigate and analyze the sources of wealth, with the intention of ascertaining the fundamental principles of Political Economy; and who thus gave it a systematic form, and raised it to the rank of a science. Quesnay's father was a small proprietor, and having been educated in the country, he was naturally inclined to regard agriculture with more than ordinary partiality. At an early period of his life he had been struck with its depressed state in France, and had set himself to discover the causes which had prevented its making that progress which the industry of the inhabitants, the fertility of the soil, and the excellence of the climate, seemed to insure.



In the course of this inquiry, he speedily discovered that the prevention of the exportation of corn to foreign countries, and the preference given by the regulations of Colbert to the manufacturing and commercial classes over the agriculturists, had formed the most powerful obstacles to the progress and improvement of agriculture. But Quesnay was not satisfied with exposing the injustice of this preference, and its pernicious consequences. His zeal for the interests of agriculture led him, not merely to place it on the same level with manufactures and commerce, but to raise it above them,—by endeavouring to show that it was the only species of industry which contributed to increase the riches of a nation. Founding on the indisputable fact, that every thing that either ministers to our wants, or gratifies our desires, must be originally derived from the earth, Quesnay assumed as a self-evident truth, and as the basis of his system, that the *earth is the only source of wealth*; and held that industry was altogether incapable of producing any new value, except when employed in agriculture, including under that term fisheries and mines. His observation of the striking effects of the *vegetative* powers of Nature, and his inability to explain the real origin and causes of *rent*, confirmed him in this opinion. The circumstance, that of those who are engaged in industrious undertakings, none but the cultivators of the soil paid rent for the use of *natural agents*, appeared to him an incontrovertible proof, that agriculture was the only species of industry which yielded a net surplus (*produit net*) over and above the expenses of production. Quesnay allowed that manufacturers and merchants were highly useful; but, as they realised no net surplus in the shape of rent, he contended they did not add any greater value to the raw material of the commodities they manufactured or carried from place to place, than was just equivalent to the value of the capital or stock consumed by them during the time they were necessarily engaged in these operations. These principles once established, Quesnay proceeded to divide society into three classes; the *first*, or *productive* class, by whose agency all wealth was produced, consisted of the farmers and labourers engaged in agriculture, who subsisted on a portion of the produce of the land, reserved to themselves as the wages of their labour, and as a reasonable profit on their capital; the *second*, or *proprietary* class, consisted of those who lived on the rent of the land, or on the *net surplus produce* raised by the cultivators after their necessary expenses had been deducted; and the *third*, or *unproductive* class, consisted of manufacturers, merchants, menial servants, &c., whose labour, though exceedingly useful, added nothing to the national wealth, and who subsisted entirely on the wages paid them by the other two classes. It is obvious, supposing this classification made on just principles, that all taxes must fall on the landlords. The third, or unproductive class, have nothing but what they receive from the other two classes; and if any deduction were made from the fair and reasonable profits and wages of the husbandmen, it would have the effect to paralyse their exertions, and consequently to spread poverty and misery throughout the land, by drying up the only source of wealth. It necessarily follows, therefore, on M. Quesnay's theory, that the entire expenses of government, and the various public burdens, must, howsoever imposed, be ultimately defrayed out of the *produit net*, or rent of the landlords; and, consistently with this principle, he proposed that all the existing taxes should be repealed, and that a single tax, (*Impôt unique*,) laid directly on the net produce, or rent, of the land, should be imposed in their stead.

But, however much impressed with the importance of agriculture over every other species of industry, Quesnay did not solicit for it any exclusive favour or protection. He successfully contended that the interests of the agriculturists, and of all the other classes, would be best promoted by establishing a system of perfect freedom. He showed that it could never be for the interest of the proprietors and cultivators of the soil to fetter or discourage the industry of merchants, artificers, and manufacturers; that the greater the liberty they enjoyed, the greater would be their competition, and their services would, in consequence, be obtained so much the cheaper. Neither, on the other hand, could it ever be for the interest of the unproductive class to harass and oppress the agriculturists, either by preventing the free exportation of their products, or by any restrictive regulations whatsoever. When the cultivators enjoy the greatest degree of freedom, their industry, and, consequently, their *net surplus produce*—the only fund from which any accession of national wealth can be derived—will be carried to the greatest possible extent. According to this “liberal and generous system,” the establishment of perfect liberty, perfect security, and perfect justice, are the only, as they are the infallible, means of securing the highest degree of prosperity to all classes of the society.

“On a vu,” says the ablest expositor of this system, M. Mercier de la Rivière, “qu’il est de l’essence de l’ordre que l’intérêt particulier d’un seul ne puisse jamais

être séparée de l'intérêt commun de tous ; nous en trouvons une preuve bien convaincante dans les effets que produit naturellement et nécessairement la plénitude de la liberté qui doit régner dans le commerce, pour ne point blesser la propriété. L'intérêt personnel encouragée par cette grande liberté, presse vivement et perpétuellement chaque homme en particulier, de perfectionner, de multiplier les choses dont il est vendeur ; de grossir ainsi la masse des jouissances qu'il peut procurer aux autres hommes afin de grossir, par ce moyen, la masse des jouissances que les autres hommes peuvent lui procurer en échange. *Le monde alors va de lui même ; le désir de jouir, et la liberté de jouir ne cessant de provoquer la multiplication de productions et l'accroissement de l'industrie, ils impriment à toute la société, un mouvement qui devient une tendance perpétuelle vers son meilleur état possible.*"

It would greatly exceed the limits of this Discourse to enter into a full examination of the principles of this very ingenious theory. It is sufficient for my present purpose to remark, that, in assuming agriculture to be the only source of wealth, because the matter of which all commodities are composed must be originally derived from the earth, M. Quesnay and his followers mistook altogether the nature of production, and really supposed wealth to consist of matter ; whereas, in its natural state, matter is very rarely possessed of immediate and direct utility, and *is always destitute of value*. It is only by means of the labour which must be laid out in appropriating matter, and in fitting and preparing it for our use, that it acquires exchangeable value, and becomes wealth. Human industry does not produce wealth by making any additions to the matter of our globe ; this being a quantity susceptible neither of augmentation nor diminution \*. Its real and only effect is to produce wealth, *by giving utility to matter already in existence* ; and it has been repeatedly demonstrated, that the labour employed in manufactures and commerce is just as productive of utility, and consequently of wealth, as the labour employed in agriculture. The opinion of M. Quesnay, that the labour of man in agriculture is powerfully assisted by the productive powers of nature, but that in manufactures and commerce he has to perform every thing himself, without any such co-operation, is wholly destitute of foundation. It is unquestionably true, that nature renders the most important services to the agriculturist. The husbandman prepares the ground for the seed, and deposits it there ; but it is nature that unfolds the germ, that feeds and ripens the growing plant, and brings it to a state of maturity. It is easy, however, to see that nature does quite as much for us in every other department of industry. The powers of water and of wind, which move our machinery, support our ships, and impel them over the deep,—the pressure of the atmosphere, and the elasticity of steam, which enable us to work the most stupendous engines, are they not the spontaneous gifts of nature ? In fact, the single and exclusive advantage of machinery consists in its having enabled us to press the powers of nature into our service, and to make them perform the principal part of what must have been otherwise wholly the work of man. In navigation, for example, is it possible to doubt that the powers of nature—the buoyancy of the water, the impulse of the wind, and the polarity of the magnet—contribute fully as much as the labour of the sailor to waft our ships from one hemisphere to another ? In bleaching and fermentation, the whole processes are carried on by natural agents. And it is to the effects of heat in softening and melting metals, in preparing our food, and in warming our houses, that we owe many of our most powerful and convenient instruments, and that these northern climates have been made to afford a comfortable habitation. Neither is the cultivation of the soil, as M. Quesnay supposed, the only species of industry which yields a surplus produce, after the expenses of production are deducted. When agriculture is most productive, that is, when none but the best of the good soils are cultivated,

\* In a note to page 93 of the Discourse, the author remarks, in answer to a late article in the Quarterly Review, supposed to proceed from the pen of Mr Malthus, that wealth is in no degree dependent on quantities of matter, but exclusively on value. "Nature gratuitously supplies us with the matter of which all commodities are made ; but until labour has been expended in appropriating matter, or in adapting it to our use, it is wholly destitute of value, and is not, nor ever has been, considered as forming wealth. We do not call a man wealthy because he has an indefinite command of atmospheric air, or of any other gratuitous product ; but we call him wealthy when, and only when he possesses the *produce of a large quantity of labour*. It would, in truth, be just as correct to say, that the earth is a source of pictures and statues, because it supplies the materials made use of by painters and statuary, as to say, that it is a source of wealth, because it supplies the matter of commodities !"



no rent, or *produit net*, is obtained from the land; and it is only after recourse has been had to poorer soils, and when, consequently, the productive powers of the labour and capital employed in cultivation begin to diminish, that rent begins to appear: so that, instead of being a consequence of the superior productiveness of agricultural industry, rent is really a consequence of its becoming less productive than others!

Our author's account of Dr Smith's immortal work, as well as of Mr Malthus's Essay on the "*Principle of Population*," will be read with great interest by all those who take an interest in the history of one of the most important of all sciences; particularly his brief but masterly vindication of the principles and conclusions of the latter work, from the misrepresentation and ignorant abuse with which they have been so perseveringly assailed. But we pass over all this, in order to come at once to the account of the greatest work which has yet appeared, or is likely ever to appear, on the subject of Political Economy. It is almost superfluous to add, that we mean Mr Ricardo's "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*."

The first considerable step towards the successful investigation of the laws which regulate the distribution of wealth among the various classes of society, was made in 1815, when the real nature, origin, and causes of rent were, for the first time, explained in two pamphlets of extraordinary merit, published nearly at the same moment, by "A Fellow of University College, Oxford," and Mr Malthus. But the investigations of these gentlemen, though of great importance, were comparatively limited in their object; and it was reserved for Mr Ricardo to carry his researches into every department of the science, to correct errors sanctioned by the highest authority, and to elucidate and establish many hitherto undiscovered, and most important principles. The appearance of his work on the "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*" in 1817, forms a new and memorable era in the history of the science. Exclusive of many admirable correlative discussions, Mr Ricardo has here analyzed the principles which determine the exchangeable value of commodities, and has given a full view of the science of the distribution of wealth. The powers of mind displayed in these investigations,—the dexterity with which the most abstruse and difficult questions are unravelled,—the unerring sagacity with which the operation of general and fixed principles is investigated,—the skill with which they are separated and disentangled from such as are of a secondary and accidental nature,—and the penetration with which their remotest consequences are perceived and estimated, have never been surpassed; and will for ever secure the name of Ricardo a high and conspicuous place in the list of those who have done most to unfold the complex mechanism of society, and to carry this science to perfection.

The fundamental principle maintained by Mr Ricardo in this great work is, that the exchangeable value, or relative worth of commodities, as compared with each other, depends exclusively on the quantities of labour necessarily required to produce them. Dr Smith was of opinion that this was the principle which determined the exchangeable value of commodities in the earliest stages of society, before land had been appropriated and capital accumulated; but he supposed, that, after land had become property and rent began to be paid, and after capital had been amassed, and workmen began to be hired by capitalists, the value of commodities would necessarily fluctuate, not only according to the variations in the quantity of labour required to produce and bring them to market, but also according to the rise and fall of rents and wages. But Mr Ricardo has shown that Dr Smith erred in making this distinction; and that the same principle which determines the value of commodities in the earliest and rudest stages of society, continues to determine it in those that are most cultivated and refined. In establishing this novel and most important doctrine, Mr Ricardo derived considerable assistance from the previous inquiries of Mr Malthus and Mr West on the subject of rent; but he had no precursor in the far more difficult and complicated inquiries respecting the effects of the accumulation of capital, and of fluctuations in the rate of wages on value. Inasmuch, however, as the merest outline of the analysis and reasonings of Mr Ricardo, in the prosecution of these inquiries, would far exceed my present limits, I can do no more than state their results, which may be thus summed up—1st, That rent is altogether extrinsic to the cost of production; 2d, That capital being the produce of previous labour, and having no value except what it derives from that labour, the fact of the value of the commodities produced by its agency being always determined by the quantities of capital laid out or wasted in their production, shows that it is really determined by the quantities of labour bestowed on them; and 3d, That a rise of wages occasions a fall of profits, and



not a rise in the price of commodities, and a *fall* of wages a *rise* of profits, and not a fall of prices.

These conclusions are all of the last degree of importance; and by establishing them, Mr Ricardo gave a new aspect to the whole science. But these form a part only of the truths brought to light in his work. Having ascertained that profits vary inversely as wages, Mr Ricardo applied himself to discover the circumstances which determine the rate of wages, and which consequently determine profits. These he found to depend on the cost of producing the articles required for the consumption of the labourer. However high the price of such articles may rise, the labourer, it is plain, must always receive such a supply of them as is sufficient to enable him to exist, and continue his race. And, as raw produce must ever form a principal part of the subsistence of the labourer, and as its price has a constant tendency to rise, because of the constantly increasing sterility of the soils to which recourse must be had in advancing societies, it follows, that wages must also have a constant tendency to rise, and profits to fall, with the increase of wealth and population. That such a fall of profits invariably takes place in the progress of society, is a fact of which there neither is nor can be any doubt. It had, however, been universally supposed, that this fall was a consequence of the increase of capital, or rather of the increased competition of its possessors, or of their efforts to undersell each other. But Mr Ricardo has shown the fallacy of this opinion, and has proved that all permanent reductions in the rate of profit are a consequence of an increase in the rate of wages, caused by the greater cost of the raw produce obtained from the poorer soils successively brought under cultivation, as population is augmented.

IV. In the next division of his Discourse, our author points out, and illustrates with great clearness and precision, the distinction between the science of Political Economy and those of Politics and Statistics. And, first, with regard to Politics and Political Economy, it is no doubt true that they are intimately connected, and that it is frequently impossible to treat the questions which strictly belong to the one, without referring more or less to the principles and conclusions of the other: but in their leading features, they are nevertheless sufficiently distinct. "The politician examines the principles on which government is founded; he endeavours to determine in whose hands the supreme authority may be most advantageously placed; and unfolds the reciprocal duties and obligations of the governing and governed portions of society. The Political Economist does not take so high a flight. It is not of the Constitution of the Government, but of its Acts only that he is called to judge. Whatever measures affect the production or distribution of wealth, necessarily come within the scope of his observation, and are freely canvassed by him. He examines whether they are in unison with the just principles of economical science. If they *are*, he pronounces them to be advantageous, and shows the nature and extent of the benefits of which they will be productive; if they *are not*, he shows in what respects they are defective, and to what extent their operation will be injurious. But he does this without inquiring into the Constitution of the Government by which these measures have been adopted."

But, secondly, besides being confounded with Politics, Political Economy has sometimes been confounded with Statistics, though the distinction between them is still more easily traced and defined. The object of the Statistician is to observe and record the facts which determine the condition of the country at a particular period; that of the Political Economist to discover the causes which have brought it into that condition, and the means by which its wealth and riches may be indefinitely increased. The business of the former is to multiply facts; that of the latter, to trace the relations subsisting between these facts, and to ascertain how far they serve to modify or confirm established principles: in short, the one supplies the *data*, the other the reasoning and the conclusion. Hence, to use our author's happy illustration, the Political Economist "is to the Statistician what the physical astronomer is to the mere observer. He takes the facts furnished by the Statistician, and after comparing them with those furnished by historians and travellers, he applies himself to discover their relation. By a patient induction—by carefully observing the circumstances attending the operation of particular principles, he discovers the effects of which they are really pro-

ductive, and how far they are liable to be modified by the operation of other principles. It is thus that the relation between rent and profit, between profit and wages, and the various general laws which regulate and connect the apparently conflicting, but really harmonious interests of every different order in society, have been discovered and established with all the certainty of demonstrative evidence."

V. In the succeeding division of the Discourse, the author shows how indispensable it is to the ends of government, that legislators should be well instructed in the principles of this science, and, also, its great utility and importance to all classes of society. "How often," says he, in a striking passage, which will serve to convey a pretty clear conception of his views on this branch of his subject, "how often have all the evils of scarcity been aggravated by the groundless prejudices of the public against corn-dealers! How often have restrictions and prohibitions been solicited by those to whom they proved productive only of ruin! How often have the labouring classes endeavoured to prevent the introduction and improvement of machines and processes for abridging labour, and reducing the cost of production, though it is certain that they are uniformly the greatest gainers by them! How much has the rate of wages been reduced, and the condition of the lower classes deteriorated, by the prevalence of mistaken opinions respecting the principle of population, and the mistaken application of public charities! The object of the famous excise scheme, proposed by Sir Robert Walpole in 1733, was not to raise the duties on any commodity whatever, but to introduce the warehousing and bonding system—'*To make London a free port, and by consequence the market of the world.*' And yet the mere proposal of this scheme had well nigh lighted up the flames of rebellion in the country, and its abandonment by the minister was hailed with the most earnest and enthusiastic demonstrations of popular rejoicing: and such is the strength of vulgar prejudice, that it was not until 1803 that the warehousing system—the greatest improvement that has perhaps ever been made in the financial and commercial policy of the country—was adopted."

VI. Our author next gives a detail of the means which have been adopted in different countries for promoting the study of Political Economy, and shows, that though England may be considered the native country of the science, she cannot boast of being the first to perceive the advantage of rendering it a branch of popular instruction; that this praise is due to Italy, or at least an Italian citizen, Bartolomeo Intieri, a Florentine; that even in Russia, Political Economy has met with considerable encouragement; and that to the patronage of the Emperor Alexander we are indebted for the *Cours d'Economie Politique* of M. Henri Storch—a work of great general value, and particularly remarkable for admirable accounts of the slave systems of ancient Rome and modern Russia, and of the paper-money of the different continental states. He then narrates the circumstances which led to the foundation of the RICARDO LECTURE, and modestly states, that so long as he has the honour to be connected with it, his most anxious efforts will be directed to render it effectual to the dissemination of a knowledge of the just principles of the science. The success with which his first course of Lectures was delivered in the metropolis affords gratifying evidence of the general desire to become acquainted with the principles of the science, and shows that the unquestioned ability, skill, and learning, of the Lecturer were duly appreciated. In the concluding part of this Discourse, he develops the order in which he unfolds the principles of the science, and the method he follows in order to initiate his pupils thoroughly in its elements, and particularly to familiarize them with the process of analysis, which is no less necessary in economical than in geometrical science. Both are admirable; we had almost said perfect: but as this portion of the Discourse is chiefly meant for the benefit of those who may attend the author's public and private classes, we shall content ourselves with recommending it to their most attentive perusal, as we beg leave to recommend the whole Discourse to the study of all those who feel any interest in the rise, progress, and improvement, of one of the most important of the sciences.



## CAPTAIN MEDWIN'S CONVERSATIONS OF BYRON\*.

THE interest which now attaches to the slightest memorial connected with the greatest name in modern poetry, the peculiar retirement in which the years of his exile have been spent, and the ignorance of the public with regard to every part of his character, which could not be gathered from his printed works, have given to these sketches a popularity almost unexampled, and yet not undeserved; for, independently of the interest of the subject, the work has a dramatic force and liveliness, which at once impress the reader with a favourable notion of the talent of the Editor, and with a conviction of the general fidelity of the conversations of which he has the good fortune to be the reporter. And now that the probability of the auto-biography of the noble poet making its appearance has become infinitely small, (resting only on the hope that some reader of the manuscript could not resist the temptation of making a stolen copy,) we feel not a little indebted to the Captain, whose portrait, if not a complete one, is at least extremely vivid and striking, as far as it goes. As to the general impression of Byron's character, which it is likely to produce, the public, we suspect, are likely to be much divided. It will undoubtedly be an easy matter for those who come to the task with a predisposition to aggravate the defects of that character, to find in these sketches much that will support or confirm these views, for Byron never spared himself, and Captain Medwin, unlike most biographers, has adhered literally to the resolution of neither extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. To those, on the contrary, who have indulged the belief that these blemishes were but as the alloy with which the purest and brightest of metals are allied, the mortal weaknesses which, like the slave of Philip, constantly whisper in the ear of the greatest and the most glorious, "Remember thou

art man,"—who have reflected how few could stand the test, were their actions watched and proclaimed upon the house-tops, or poured out with that noble and yet dangerous confidence which characterized the open-hearted Byron,—to those, the many traits of kindness, delicacy, and generosity, which are commemorated in these conversations—the constant openness and sincerity—the boundless contempt of hypocrisy and pretension—the candid admission of many follies and many faults—the noble and indignant vindication of his character from the other imputations with which it had been loaded, will afford, as they have done to us, a deep and genuine delight.

The work has been already so bequoted, that it is no easy matter to pitch upon any passages that possess the merit of novelty; but we shall just ramble through the book, extracting such as are least likely to be familiar to our readers.

Captain Medwin went to Italy in the autumn of 1821, for the benefit of his health, and arrived at Pisa a few days after Lord Byron. Though an intimate friend of Shelley's, he was aware of Lord Byron's dislike to the visits of strangers, and did not request an introduction to him. The proposal, however, came from his Lordship, who had heard Shelley speak of him, and on the 20th of November he was introduced to him at the Lanfranchi Palace, which he then occupied.

When we were announced, we found his Lordship writing. His reception was frank and kind; he took me cordially by the hand, and said,

"You are a relation and schoolfellow of Shelley's—we do not meet as strangers—you must allow me to continue my letter on account of the post. Here's something for you to read, Shelley, (giving him part of his MS. of 'Heaven and Earth,') tell me what you think of it."

During the few minutes that Lord Byron was finishing his letter, I took an opportunity of narrowly observing him, and

\* Conversations of Lord Byron: noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons. London:—Henry Colburn. 1824.



drawing his portrait in my mind. Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and young for Lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man of about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features, it might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness; and when animated, possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve\*.

I expected to discover that he had a club, perhaps a *cloven* foot; but it would have been difficult to have distinguished one from the other, either in size or in form.

On the whole, his figure was manly, and his countenance handsome and prepossessing, and very expressive; and the familiar ease of his conversation soon made me perfectly at home in his society. Our first interview was marked with a cordiality and confidence that flattered while it delighted me; and I felt anxious for the next day, in order that I might repeat my visit.

Medwin repeated his visit next day, and the following is part of the conversation which passed.

I brought the conversation back on Switzerland and his travels, and asked him if he had been in Germany?

"No," said he, "not even at Trieste. I hate despotism and the Goths too much. I have travelled little on the Continent, at least never gone out of my way. This

is partly owing to the indolence of my disposition, partly owing to my incumbrances. I had some idea, when at Rome, of visiting Naples, but was at that time anxious to get back to Venice. But *Pæstum* cannot surpass the ruins of *Agriantum*, which I saw by moonlight; nor Naples, Constantinople. You have no conception of the beauty of the twelve islands where the Turks have their country-houses, or of the blue *Symplegades* against which the Bosphorus beats with such resistless violence.

"Switzerland is a country I have been satisfied with seeing once; Turkey I could live in for ever. I never forget my predilections. I was in a wretched state of health, and worse spirits, when I was at Geneva; but quiet and the lake, physicians better than *Polidori*, soon set me up. I never led so moral a life as during my residence in that country; but I gained no credit by it. Where there is a mortification, there ought to be reward. On the contrary, there is no story so absurd that they did not invent at my cost. I was watched by glasses on the opposite side of the Lake, and by glasses too that must have had very distorted optics. I was waylaid in my evening drives—I was accused of corrupting all the *grisettes* in the *Rue Basse*. I believe that they looked upon me as a man-monster, worse than the *piequeur*.

"Somebody possessed Madame de Staël with an opinion of my immorality. I used occasionally to visit her at *Coppet*; and once she invited me to a family-dinner, and I found the room full of strangers, who had come to stare at me as at some outlandish beast in a raree-show. One of the ladies fainted, and the rest looked as if his Satanic Majesty had been among them. Madame de Staël took the liberty to read me a lecture before this crowd; to which I only made her a low bow.

"I knew very few of the Genevese. Hentsh was very civil to me, and I have a great respect for *Sismondi*. I was forced to return the civilities of one of their Professors by asking him, and an old gentleman, a friend of Gray's, to dine with me. I had gone out to sail early in the morning, and the wind prevented me from returning in time for dinner. I understand that I offended them mortally. *Polidori* did the honours. Among our countrymen I made no new acquaintances; Shelley, Monk Lewis, and Hob-

\* For this purpose he used tobacco when he first went into the open air; and he told me he was in the habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep, to prevent which he was forced to put a napkin between them.

house were almost the only English people I saw. No wonder; I shewed a distaste for society at that time, and went little among the Genevese; besides, I could not speak French. What is become of my boatman and boat? I suppose she is rotten; she was never worth much. When I went the tour of the Lake in her with Shelley and Hobhouse, she was nearly wrecked near the very spot where St. Preux and Julia were in danger of being drowned. It would have been classical to have been lost there, but not so agreeable. Shelley was on the Lake much oftener than I, at all hours of the night and day: he almost lived on it; his great rage is a boat. We are both building now at Genoa—I a yacht, and he an open boat."

In the evening his Lordship, accompanied by Medwin and Shelley, rode out to a farm-house some miles distant from Pisa, where he was in the custom of practising pistol-firing, an amusement in which he became very expert. On this occasion, he put in eleven shots out of twelve, and returned, as he always did when successful, in great good humour to the town.

We now continued our ride, and returned to Pisa by the Lucca gate.

"Pisa, with its hanging tower and Sophia-like dome, reminds me," said Lord Byron, "of an eastern place."

He then remarked the heavy smoke that rolled away from the city, spreading in the distance a vale of mist, through which the golden clouds of evening appeared.

"It is fine," said Lord Byron, "but no sunsets are to be compared with those of Venice. They are too gorgeous for any painter, and defy any poet. My rides, indeed, would have been nothing without the Venetian sunsets. Ask Shelley."

"Stand on the marble bridge," said Shelley, "cast your eye, if you are not dazzled, on its river glowing as with fire, then follow the graceful curve of the palaces on the Lung' Arno till the arch is naved by the massy dungeon-tower (erroneously called Ugolino's,) forming in dark relief, and tell me if any thing can surpass a sunset at Pisa."

The history of one, is that of almost every day. It is impossible to conceive a more unvaried life than Lord Byron led at this period. I continued to visit him at the same hour daily. Billiards, conversation, or reading, filled up the intervals till it was time to take our evening

drive, ride, and pistol-practice. On our return, which was always in the same direction, we frequently met the Countess Guiccioli, with whom he stopped to converse a few minutes.

He dined at half an hour after sunset, (at twenty-four o'clock;) then drove to Count Gamba's, the Countess Guiccioli's father, passed several hours in her society, returned to his palace, and either read or wrote till two or three in the morning; occasionally drinking spirits diluted with water as a medicine, from a dread of a nephritic complaint, to which he was, or fancied himself, subject. Such was his life at Pisa.

The details with regard to his marriage and separation have already been communicated to the public in every Newspaper. Interesting as they are, therefore, and tending, we think, very materially to lighten the load of blame which has been laid on Byron, on account of that unfortunate affair, we pass on to something else. The following conversations on the subject of religion are deeply interesting.

It is difficult to judge, from the contradictory nature of his writings, what the religious opinions of Lord Byron really were. Perhaps the conversations I held with him may throw some light upon a subject that cannot fail to excite curiosity. On the whole, I am inclined to think, that if he were occasionally sceptical, and thought it, as he says,

—"A pleasant voyage, perhaps, to float,  
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation,"

yet his wavering never amounted to a disbelief in the divine Founder of Christianity.

"I always took great delight," observed he, "in the English Cathedral service. It cannot fail to inspire every man, who feels at all, with devotion. Notwithstanding which, Christianity is not the best source of inspiration for a poet. No poet should be tied down to a direct profession of faith. Metaphysics open a vast field; Nature, and anti-Mosaic speculations on the origin of the world, a wide range, and sources of poetry that are shut out by Christianity."

I advanced Tasso and Milton.

"Tasso and Milton," replied he, "wrote on Christian subjects, it is true; but how did they treat them? The 'Jerusalem Delivered' deals little in Christian doctrines, and the 'Paradise Lost' makes use of the heathen mythology, which is surely scarcely allowable. Milton discarded papacy, and adopted no



creed in its room; he never attended divine worship.

"His great epics, that nobody reads, prove nothing. He took his text from the Old and New Testaments. He shocks the severe apprehensions of the Catholics, as he did those of the Divines of his day, by too great a familiarity with Heaven, and the introduction of the Divinity himself; and, more than all, by making the Devil his hero, and deifying the dæmons.

"He certainly excites compassion for Satan, and endeavours to make him out an injured personage—he gives him human passions too, makes him pity Adam and Eve, and justify himself much as Prometheus does. Yet Milton was never blamed for all this. I should be very curious to know what his real belief was. The 'Paradise Lost' and 'Regained' do not satisfy me on this point. One might as well say that Moore is a fire-worshipper, or a follower of Mokanna, because he chose those subjects from the East; or that I am a Cainist."

Another time he said:

"One mode of worship yields to another; no religion has lasted more than two thousand years. Out of the eight hundred millions that the globe contains, only two hundred millions are Christians. Query,—What is to become of the six hundred millions that do not believe, and of those incalculable millions that lived before Christ?

"People at home are mad about Missionary Societies, and missions to the East. I have been applied to, to subscribe, several times since, and once before I left England. The Catholic priests have been labouring hard for nearly a century; but what have they done? Out of eighty millions of Hindoos how many proselytes have been made? Sir J. Malcolm said at Murray's, before several persons, that the Padres, as he called them, had only made six converts at Bombay during his time, and that even this black little flock forsook their shepherds when the rum was out. Their faith evaporated with the fumes of the arrack. Besides, the Hindoos believe that they have had nine incarnations: the Missionaries preach, that a people whom the Indians only know to despise, have had one. It is nine to one against them, by their own shewing.

"Another doctrine can never be in repute among the Solomons of the East. It cannot be easy to persuade men who have had as many wives as they pleased, to be content with one; besides, a woman is old at twenty in that country. What are men to do? They are not all St. Anthonies.—I will tell you a story. A certain Signior Antonio of my acquaintance mar-

ried a very little round fat wife, very fond of waltzing, who went by the name of the *Tentazione di Sant' Antonio*. There is a picture, a celebrated one, in which a little woman, not unressembling my description, plays the principal rôle, and is most troublesome to the Saint, most trying to his virtue. Very few of the modern saints will have his forbearance, though they may imitate him in his martyrdom.

"I have been reading," said he one day, "Tacitus' account of the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus. What a sovereign contempt the Romans had for the Jews! Their country seems to have been little better than themselves."

"Priestley denied the original sin, and that any would be damned. Wesley, the object of Southey's panegyric, preached the doctrines of election and faith, and, like all the sectarians, does not want texts to prove both.

"The best Christians can never be satisfied of their own salvation. Dr Johnson died like a coward, and Cowper was near shooting himself; Hume went off the stage like a brave man, and Voltaire's last moments do not seem to have been clouded by any fears of what was to come. A man may study any thing till he believes in it. Creech died a Lucretian, Burckhardt and Browne were Mohammedans. Sale, the translator of the Kóran, was suspected of being an Islamite, but a very different one from you, Shiloh, (as he sometimes used to call Shelley.)

"You are a Protestant—you protest against all religions. There is T— will traduce Dante till he becomes a Dantist. I am called a Manichæan: I may rather be called an Any-chæan, or an Anything-arian. How do you like my sect? The sect of Anything-arians sounds well, does it not?"

Calling on him the next day, we found him, as was sometimes the case, silent, dull, and sombre. At length he said:

"Here is a little book somebody has sent me about Christianity, that has made me very uncomfortable: the reasoning seems to me very strong, the proofs are very staggering. I don't think you can answer it, Shelley; at least I am sure I can't, and, what is more, I don't wish it."

Speaking of Gibbon, he said:

"L— B— thought the question set at rest in the 'History of the Decline and Fall,' but I am not so easily convinced. It is not a matter of volition to unbelieve. Who likes to own that he has been a fool all his life,—to unlearn all that he has been taught in his youth,—or can think that some of the best men that ever lived have been fools? I have



often wished I had been born a Catholic. That purgatory of theirs is a comfortable doctrine; I wonder the reformers gave it up, or did not substitute something as consolatory in its room. It is an improvement on the transmigration, Shelley, which all your wiseacre philosophers taught.

"You believe in Plato's three principles;—why not in the Trinity? One is not more mystical than the other. I don't know why I am considered an enemy to religion, and an unbeliever. I disowned the other day that I was of Shelley's school in metaphysics, though I admired his poetry; not but what he has changed his mode of thinking very much since he wrote the Notes to 'Queen Mab,' which I was accused of having a hand in. I know, however, that I am considered an infidel. My wife and sister, when they joined parties, sent me prayer-books. There was a Mr Mulock, who went about the Continent preaching orthodoxy in politics and religion, a writer of bad sonnets, and a lecturer in worse prose,—he tried to convert me to some new sect of Christianity. He was a great antimaterialist, and abused Locke."

On another occasion he said :

"I am always getting new correspondents. Here are three letters just arrived, from strangers all of them. One is from a French woman, who has been writing to me off and on for the last three years. She is not only a blue-bottle, but a poetess, I suspect. Her object in addressing me now, she says, is to get me to write on the loss of a slave-ship, the particulars of which she details.

"The second epistle is short, and in a hand I know very well: it is anonymous too. Hear what she says: 'I cannot longer exist without acknowledging the tumultuous and agonizing delight with which my soul burns at the glowing beauties of yours.'

"A third is of a very different character from the last; it is from a Mr Shepard, inclosing a prayer made for my welfare by his wife a few days before her death. The letter states that he has had the misfortune to lose this amiable woman, who had seen me at Ramsgate, many years ago, rambling among the cliffs; that she had been impressed with a sense of my irreligion from the tenor of my works, and had often prayed fervently for my conversion, particularly in her last moments. The prayer is beautifully written. I like devotion in women. She must have been a divine creature. I pity the man who has lost her! I shall write to him by return of the courier, to con-

sole with him, and tell him that Mrs S—— need not have entertained any concern for my spiritual affairs, for that no man is more of a Christian than I am whatever my writings may have led her and others to suspect."

The following exhibits a singular picture of goodness of heart and superstitious feeling.

During our drive and ride this evening he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said :

"This is Ada's birthday, and might have been the happiest day of my life: as it is——!" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits, by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh, in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argive gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to inquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

"I shall not be happy," said he, "till I hear that my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries: people only laugh at, who have never kept a register of them. I always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so last year; and what was very remarkable, my letter reached her on my wedding-day, and her answer reached me at Ravenna on my birthday! Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette."

The next morning's courier brought him a letter from England. He gave it me as I entered, and said :

"I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night: I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead;—so it turns out! Poor Polidori is gone! When he was my physician, he was always talking of Prussic acid, oil of amber, blowing into veins, suffocating by charcoal, and compounding poisons; but

for a different purpose to what the Pontic Monarch did, for he has prescribed a dose for himself that would have killed fifty Miltiades',—a dose whose effect, Murray says, was so instantaneous that he went off without a spasm or struggle. It seems that disappointment was the cause of this rash act. He had entertained too sanguine hopes of literary fame, owing to the success of his 'Vampyre,' which, in consequence of its being attributed to me, was got up as a melo-drame at Paris. The foundation of the story was mine; but I was forced to disown the publication, lest the world should suppose that I had vanity enough, or was egotist enough, to write in that ridiculous manner about myself. Notwithstanding which, the French editions still persevere in including it with my works. My real 'Vampyre' I gave at the end of 'Mazeppa,' something in the same way that I told it one night at Diodati, when Monk Lewis, and Shelley and his wife, were present. The latter sketched on that occasion the outline of her Pygmalion story, 'The Modern Prometheus,' the making of a man (which a lady who had read it afterwards asked Sir Humphrey Davy, to his great astonishment, if he could do, and was told a story something like Alonzo and Imogene); and Shelley himself, or 'The Snake,' (as he used sometimes to call him,) conjured up some frightful woman of an acquaintance of his at home, a kind of Medusa, who was suspected of having eyes in her breasts.

"Perhaps Polidori had strictly no right to appropriate my story to himself; but it was hardly worth it: and when my letter, disclaiming the narrative part, was written, I dismissed the matter from my memory. It was Polidori's own fault that we did not agree. I was sorry when we parted, for I soon get attached to people; and was more sorry still for the scrape he afterwards got into at Milan. He quarrelled with one of the guards at the Scala, and was ordered to leave the Lombard States twenty-four hours after; which put an end to all his Continental schemes, that I had forwarded by recommending him to Lord —; and it is difficult for a young physician to get into practice at home, however clever, particularly a foreigner, or one with a foreigner's name. From that time, instead of making out prescriptions, he took to writing romances; a very unprofitable and fatal exchange, as it turned out.

"I told you I was not oppressed in spirits last night without a reason. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second-sight. Rousseau tried whether he was to be d—d or not, by

aiming at a tree with a stone: I forget whether he hit or missed. Goëthe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water, to determine whether he was to prosper in some undertaking. The Italians think the dropping of oil very unlucky. Pietro (Count Gamba) dropped some the night before his exile, and that of his family, from Ravenna. Have you ever had your fortune told? Mrs Williams told mine. She predicted that twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to be dangerous ages in my life. One has come true."

"Yes," added I, "and did she not prophesy that you were to die a monk and a miser? I have been told so."

"I don't think these two last very-likely; but it was part of her prediction. But there are lucky and unlucky days, as well as years and numbers too. Lord — was dining at a party, where — observed that they were thirteen. 'Why don't you make us twelve?' was the reply; and an impudent one it was—but he could say those things. You would not visit on a Friday, would you? You know you are to introduce me to Mrs —. It must not be to-morrow, for it is a Friday."

I think I can give no stronger proof of the sociability of Lord Byron's disposition; than the festivity that presided over his dinners.

Wednesday being one of his fixed days: "You will dine with me," said he, "though it is the 2d January."

His own table, when alone, was frugal, not to say abstemious; but on the occasion of these meetings, every sort of wine, every luxury of the season, and English delicacy, were displayed. I never knew any man do the honours of his house with greater kindness and hospitality. On this eventful anniversary, he was not, however, in his usual spirits, and evidently tried to drown the remembrance of the day by a levity that was forced and unnatural;—for it was clear, in spite of all his efforts, that something oppressed him, and he could not help continually recurring to the subject.

One of the party proposed Lady Byron's health, which he gave with evident pleasure, and we all drank in bumpers. The conversation turning on his separation, the probability of their being reconciled was canvassed.

"What!" said he, "after having lost the five best years of our lives?—Never! But," added he, "it was no fault of mine that we quarrelled. I have made advances enough. I had once an idea that people are happiest in the marriage state,



after the impetuosity of the passions has subsided,—but that hope is all over with me !”

Writing to a friend the day after our party, I finished my letter after the following remark :

“ Notwithstanding the tone of raillery with which he sometimes speaks in ‘ Don Juan ’ of his separation from Lady Byron, and his saying, as he did to-day, that the only thing he thanks Lady Byron for is, that he cannot marry, &c. ; it is evident that it is the thorn in his side—the poison in his cup of life ! The veil is easily seen through. He endeavours to mask his griefs, and to fill up the void of his heart, by assuming a gaiety that does not belong to it. All the tender and endearing ties of social and domestic life rudely torn asunder, he has been wandering on from place to place, without finding any to rest in. Switzerland, Venice, Ravenna, and I might even have added Tuscany, were doomed to be no asylum for him.” &c.

Every body knows his Lordship's passion for swimming—the following is his account of the exploit of crossing the Hellespont.

“ Murray published a letter I wrote to him from Venice, which might have seemed an idle display of vanity ; but the object of my writing it was to contradict what Turner had asserted about the impossibility of crossing the Hellespont from the Abydos to the Sestos side, in consequence of the tide.

“ One is as easy as the other ; we did both.” Here he turned round to Fletcher, to whom he occasionally referred, and said, “ Fletcher, how far was it Mr Ekenhead and I swam ? ” Fletcher replied, “ Three miles and a half, my Lord.” (Of course he did not diminish the distance.) “ The real width of the Hellespont,” resumed Lord Byron, “ is not much above a mile ; but the current is prodigiously strong, and we were carried down notwithstanding all our efforts. I don't know how Leander contrived to stem the stream, and steer straight across ; but nothing is impossible in love or religion. If I had had a Hero on the other side, perhaps I should have worked harder. We were to have undertaken this feat some time before, but put it off in consequence of the coldness of the water ; and it was chilly enough when we performed it. I know I should have made a bad Leander, for it gave me an ague that I did not so easily get rid of. There were some sailors in the fleet who swam further than I did—I do not say than I could have done, for it is the only

exercise I pride myself upon, being almost amphibious.

“ I remember being at Brighton many years ago, and having great difficulty in making the land,—the wind blowing off shore, and the tide setting out. Crowds of people were collected on the beach to see us. Mr — (I think he said Hobhouse) was with me ; and,” he added, “ I had great difficulty in saving him—he nearly drowned me.

“ When I was at Venice, there was an Italian who knew no more of swimming than a camel, but he had heard of my prowess in the Dardanelles, and challenged me. Not wishing that any foreigner, at least, should beat me at my own arms, I consented to engage in the contest. Alexander Scott proposed to be of the party, and we started from Lido. Our land-lubber was very soon in the rear, and Scott saw him make for a gondola. He rested himself first against one, and then against another, and gave in before we got half way to St. Mark's Place. We saw no more of him, but continued our course through the Grand Canal, landing at my palace-stairs. The water of the Lagunes is dull, and not very clear or agreeable to bathe in. I can keep myself up for hours in the sea ; I delight in it, and come out with a buoyancy of spirits I never feel on any other occasion.

If I believed in the transmigration of your Hindoos, I should think I had been made a *Merman* in some former state of existence, or was going to be turned into one in the next.”

The following elegant Bachanalian song was composed by Lord Byron one evening after dinner, and given to Medwin :

“ Fill the goblet again, for I never before  
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart  
to its core :

Let us drink—who would not ? since  
through life's varied round  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

“ I have tried in its turn all that life can  
supply ;

I have bask'd in the beams of a dark  
rolling eye ;

I have lov'd—who has not ? but what  
tongue will declare

That pleasure existed while passion was  
there ?

“ In the days of our youth, when the  
heart's in its spring,

And dreams that affection can never take  
wing,



I had friends—who has not? but what tongue will avow  
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?

"The breast of a mistress some boy may estrange;

Friendship shifts with the sun-beam,—  
thou never canst change.

Thou grow'st old—who does not? but on earth what appears,  
Whose virtues, like thine, but increase with our years?

"Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,

Should a rival bow down to our idol below,

We are jealous—who's not? *thou* hast no such alloy,

For the more that enjoy thee the more they enjoy.

"When, the season of youth and its jollities past,

For refuge we fly to the goblet at last,  
Then we find—who does not? in the flow of the soul,

That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

"When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,

And Memory's triumph commenced over Mirth,

Hope was left—was she not? but the goblet *we* kiss,

And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

"Long life to the grape! and when summer is flown,

The age of our nectar shall gladden my own.

We must die—who does not? may our sins be forgiven!

And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven."

The only two persons against whom Byron confessed he entertained a deep and lasting aversion were the late Marquis of Londonderry and Mr Southey. Our readers will recollect the Note to the *Two Foscari*, which called forth a Letter from the Laureate. The effect of this epistle on Byron shews, that however much he might be inclined to dislike Southey, he felt he was not an adversary to be despised.

His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great, that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper. I at length succeeded, and took it to the Lanfranchi Palace

at eleven o'clock, (after coming from the opera,) an hour at which I was frequently in the habit of calling on him.

He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England, and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr Southey's. I said, that, as to personality, his own expressions of "cowardly ferocity," "pitiful renegado," "hireling," were much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"Perhaps you are right; but I will consider of it. You have not seen my 'Vision of Judgment.' I wish I had a copy to shew you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it, but it shall now go forth to the world. I will write to Douglas Kinnaird by to-morrow's post, to-night, not to delay its appearance. The question is, whom to get to print it. Murray will have nothing to say to it just now, while the prosecution of 'Cain' hangs over his head. It was offered to Longman; but he declined it on the plea of its injuring the sale of Southey's Hexameters, of which he is the publisher. Hunt shall have it."

Another time he said:

"I am glad Mr Southey owns that article on 'Foliage,' which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under the pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others?"

"It was bad taste, to say the least of it, in Shelley to write *Ætæas* after his name at Mont Anvert. I knew little of him at that time, but it happened to meet my eye, and I put my pen through the word, and *Mogog* too, that had been added by some one else by way of comment—and a very proper comment too, and the only one that should have been made on it.

There it should have stopped. It would have been more creditable to Mr Southey's heart and feelings if he had been of this opinion; he would then never have made the use of his travels he did, nor have raked out of an album the silly joke of a boy, in order to make it matter of serious accusation against him at home. I might well say he had impudence enough, if he could confess such infamy. I say nothing of the critique itself on 'Foliage;' with the exception of a few sonnets, it was unworthy of Hunt. But what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart,—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of a fatal event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of,—and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley's, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time. But his bag of venom was not full; it is the nature of the reptile. Why does a viper have a poison-tooth, or the scorpion claws?"

Some days after these remarks, on calling on him one morning, he produced 'The Deformed Transformed.' Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the habit of doing his daily compositions, he said:

"Shelley, I have been writing a *Faustish* kind of drama: tell me what you think of it."

After reading it attentively, Shelley returned it.

"Well," said Lord Byron, "how do you like it?"

"Least," replied he, "of any thing I ever saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of 'Faust;' and besides, there are two entire lines of Southey's in it."

Lord Byron changed colour immediately, and asked hastily what lines? Shelley repeated,

'And water shall see thee,  
And fear thee, and flee thee.'

"They are in 'The Curse of Kehama.'"

His Lordship, without making a single observation, instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consume—at least his countenance betrayed none, and his conversation became more gay and lively than usual. Whether it was hatred of Southey, or respect for Shelley's opinions, which made him commit an act that I considered a sort of suicide, was always doubtful to me. I was never more surprised than to see, two years afterwards,

'The Deformed Transformed' announced, (supposing it to have perished at Pisa;) but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript, or had rewritten it, perhaps, without changing a word, except omitting the 'Kehama' lines. His memory was remarkably retentive of his own writings. I believe he could have quoted almost every line he ever wrote.

Of the remarks on the conduct of Mr Murray, with regard to some of Byron's publications, we can only say, that however the error may have originated, they are grossly erroneous, and have been most satisfactorily refuted by Mr Murray, by the best of all evidence—his Lordship's own letters, one of them written only about three weeks before his death, all of which are highly honourable to that gentleman's character.

This is his account of Monk Lewis:

"'The Monk' is perhaps one of the best in any language, not excepting the German. It only wanted one thing, as I told Lewis, to have rendered it perfect. He should have made the dæmon really in love with Ambrosio: this would have given it a human interest. 'The Monk' was written when Lewis was only twenty, and he seems to have exhausted all his genius on it. Perhaps at that age he was in earnest in his belief of magic wonders. That is the secret of Walter Scott's inspiration: he retains and encourages all the superstitions of his youth. Lewis caught his passion for the marvellous, and it amounted to a mania with him, in Germany; but the groundwork of 'The Monk' is neither original nor German; it is derived from the tale of Santon Bartsia.' The episode of 'The Bleeding Nun,' which was turned into a melodrama, is from the German.

"There were two stories which he almost believed by telling. One happened to himself whilst he was residing at Mannheim. Every night, at the same hour, he heard, or thought he heard, in his room, when he was lying in bed, a crackling noise like that produced by parchment, or thick paper. This circumstance caused inquiry, when it was told him that the sounds were attributable to the following cause:—The house in which he lived had belonged to a widow, who had an only son. In order to prevent his marrying a poor but amiable girl, to whom he was attached, he was sent to

sea. Years passed, and the mother heard no tidings of him, nor the ship in which he had sailed. It was supposed that the vessel had been wrecked, and that all on board had perished. The reproaches of the girl, the upbraidings of her own conscience, and the loss of her child, crazed the old lady's mind, and her only pursuit became to turn over the Gazettes for news. Hope at length left her: she did not live long,—and continued her old occupation after death.

"The other story that I alluded to before was the original of his 'Alonzo and Imogene,' which has had such a host of imitators. Two Florentine lovers, who had been attached to each other almost from childhood, made a vow of eternal fidelity. Mina was the name of the lady—her husband's I forget, but it is not material. They parted. He had been for some time absent with his regiment, when, as his disconsolate lady [was sitting alone in her chamber, she distinctly heard the well-known sound of his footsteps, and starting up, beheld, not her husband, but his spectre, with a deep ghastly wound across his forehead, entering. She swooned with horror: when she recovered, the ghost told her, that in future his visits should be announced by a passing-bell, and these words distinctly whispered, 'Mina, I am here!'] Their interviews now became frequent, till the woman fancied herself as much in love with the ghost as she had been with the man. But it was soon to prove otherwise. One fatal night she went to a ball:—what business had she there? She danced too; and, what was worse, her partner was a young Florentine, so much the counterpart of her lover, that she became estranged from his ghost. Whilst the young gallant conducted her in the waltz, and her ear drank in the music of his voice and words, a passing-bell tolled! She had been accustomed to the sound till it hardly excited her attention, and now lost in the attractions of her fascinating partner, she heard, but regarded it not. A second peal!—she listened not to its warnings. A third time the bell, with its deep and iron tongue, startled the assembled company, and silenced the music! Mina then turned her eyes from her partner, and saw reflected in the mirror, a form, a shadow, a spectre: it was her husband! He was standing between her and the young Florentine, and whispered in a solemn and melancholy tone, the accustomed accents, 'Mina, I am here!'—She instantly fell dead.

"Lewis was not a very successful writer. His 'Monk' was abused furiously by Matthias, in his 'Pursuits of Litera-

ture,' and he was forced to suppress it. 'Abellino' he merely translated. 'Pizarro' was a sore subject with him, and no wonder that he winced at the name. Sheridan, who was not very scrupulous about applying to himself *literary* property at least, manufactured his play without so much as an acknowledgment, pecuniary or otherwise, from Lewis's ideas; and bad as 'Pizarro' is, I know (from having been on the Drury-Lane Committee, and knowing, consequently, the comparative profits of plays,) that it brought in more money than any other play has ever done, or perhaps ever will do.

"But to return to Lewis. He was even worse treated about 'The Castle Spectre,' which had also an immense run, a prodigious success. Sheridan never gave him any of its profits either. One day Lewis being in company with him, said,—'Sheridan, I will make you a large bet.' Sheridan, who was always ready to make a wager, (however he might find it inconvenient to pay it if lost,) asked eagerly what bet? 'All the profits of my Castle Spectre,' replied Lewis. 'I will tell you what,' said Sheridan, (who never found his match at repartee,) 'I will make you a very small one,—what it is worth.'"

The account of the funeral of the unfortunate Shelley is simply, and yet powerfully drawn.

18th August, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate, I revisited Pisa; and on the day of my arrival, learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree; and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before, I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing: on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with underwood, curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps,



which are here particularly picturesque, from their volcanic and manifold appearances; and which, being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow.

As a foreground to this picture, appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,

“Why, that old black silk handkerchief retains its form better than that human body!”

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes, therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding a few miles distant.

Our extracts multiply so fast, that we must content ourselves with some shorter remarks on literary men.

Hunt.

“Hunt would have made a fine writer, for he has a great deal of fancy and feeling, if he had not been spoiled by circumstances. He was brought up at the Blue-coat Foundation, and had never till lately been ten miles from St. Paul’s. What poetry is to be expected from such a course of education? He has his school, however, and a host of disciples. A friend of mine calls ‘Rimini,’ *Nimini Pimini*; and ‘Foliage,’ *Follyage*. Perhaps he had a tumble in climbing trees in the *Hesperides*! But ‘Rimini’ has a great deal of merit. There never were so many fine things spoiled as in ‘Rimini.’”

Moore.

“Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his ‘Irish Melodies;’ they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry.”

Keats and Lord Thurlow.

“As Keats is now gone, we may speak of him. I am always battling with the

*Snake* after Keats, and wonder what he finds to make a god of, in that idol of the Cockneys: besides, I always ask Shelley why he does not follow his style, and make himself one of the school, if he think it so divine. He will, like me, return some day to admire Pope, and think ‘The Rape of the Lock’ and its sylphs worth fifty ‘Endymions,’ with their faun and satyr machinery. I remember Keats somewhere says that ‘flowers would not blow, leaves bud,’ &c. if man and woman did not kiss. How sentimental!”

I remarked that ‘Hyperion’ was a fine fragment, and a proof of his poetical genius.

“‘Hyperion!’” said he: “why, a man might as well pretend to be rich who had one diamond. ‘Hyperion’ indeed! ‘Hyperion’ to a satyr! Why, there is a fine line in Lord Thurlow (looking to the West, that was gloriously golden with the sunset) which I mean to borrow some day:

‘And all that gorgeous company of clouds’—

“Do you think they will suspect me of taking from Lord Thurlow?”

Campbell.

“Like Gray,” said he, “Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.

Kemble and Kean.

“Dowton, who hated Kean, used to say, that his Othello reminded him of Obi, or Three-fingered Jack,—not Othello. But, whatever his Othello might have been, Garrick himself never surpassed him in Iago. I am told that Kean is not so great a favourite with the public since his return from America, and that party strengthened against him in his absence, I guess he could not have staid long enough to be spoiled; though I calculate no actor is improved by their stage. How do you reckon?”

“Kean began by acting Richard the Third when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became. His Sir Giles Overreach was a wonderful performance. The actresses were afraid of him; and he was afterwards so much exhausted himself, that he fell into fits. This, I am told, was the case with Miss O’Neil.

“Kemble did much towards the reform of our stage. Classical costume was almost unknown before he undertook to

revise the dresses. Garrick used to act Othello in a red coat and epaulettes, and other characters had prescriptive habits equally ridiculous. I can conceive nothing equal to Kemble's Coriolanus; and he looked the Roman so well, that even 'Cato,' cold and *stiltish* as it is, had a run. That shews what an actor can do for a play! If he had acted 'Marino Faliero,' its fate would have been very different.

"Kemble pronounced several words affectedly, which should be cautiously avoided on the stage. It is nothing that Campbell writes it *Sepulchrè* in 'Hohenlinden.' The Greek derivation is much against his pronunciation of *ache*.

He now began to mimic Kemble's voice and manner of spouting, and imitated him inimitably in Prospero's lines:

" 'Yes, the great globe itself, it shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a rack behind!'

"When half-seas-over, Kemble used to speak in blank-verse; and with practice, I don't think it would be difficult. Good prose resolves itself into blank-verse. Why should we not be able to improvise in hexameters, as well as the Italians? Theodore Hook is an improvisatore."

Sir Walter Scott.

"There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall ven-

ture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott. You say that 'his character is little worth of enthusiasm,' at the same that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character—and I can assure you that his character is worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do: they differ from mine, which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them; and Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage. You may perhaps attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also. Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe the truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case.

We intended to conclude our extracts from this volume, which maintains its interest throughout, with the beautiful letter of Goëthe, to whom Lord Byron dedicates his *Werner*; but our space is exhausted, and here, therefore, we must close.

### Byron.

We wail him by his Lochnagar,  
Without the bier that wakes our sorrow;  
He died beneath yon weeping star  
Whose crystal ray melts in the morrow;  
He sleeps beside another sea,  
Beneath another canopy.

This wilderness the spirit nurs'd  
That scorn'd the bonds of human binding;  
From yon high crag the eagle burst  
Through bluest heavens proudly winding;  
His path was o'er yon mountain's brow,  
All shrouded in its plaid of snow.

These be the scenes, for others changed  
Ere yet the shaft of sorrow found him—  
These be the wilds his fancy ranged  
Though Eastern bow'rs have bloom'd  
around him;—  
Breath of the mountain, loud and lone,  
Sigh of the forest, aid our moan!

He rose, where bondsman never breath'd—  
He died—nay, rather shall he never;  
The laurel he for freemen twin'd  
Shall diadem his fame for ever;  
The weak may die with freedom gone,  
But freedom's life he made his own.

His spirit hovers o'er their front,  
And wakes the thrill of battle through  
them;—  
Their warriors think how he was wont  
To tell their fathers' glory to them;—  
Now fires the bosoms of their host,  
The ardent soul whose hand they've  
lost.

To lead the way to freedom's goal,  
There lives not of the sons of men  
A braver heart, a nobler soul,  
Than his, who ne'er shall come  
again—  
So brave a heart—so haught a soul  
Shall never, never come again!

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

Part I. (to be completed in two) of the History and Antiquities of the Parish and Palace of Lambeth, in 8vo. and 4to., illustrated with twenty copper-plate Engravings and twenty Wood-cuts, is nearly ready.

Mr Banks, author of the Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a supplemental volume to that work, which, exclusively of much novel and interesting genealogy, will contain an index to the three other volumes, and thereby render the whole a complete edition.

An English Translation of M. Picard's spirited work, *Gil Blas de la Revolution*, ou les Confessions de Laurent Giffard, which has become so popular in Paris, is promised soon to appear.

The Gaelic Dictionary, by Mr Armstrong, that was announced to be published by subscription, and which was destroyed at the late fire at Mr Moyes's, will be but little delayed by the accident, the publisher having made arrangements for reprinting the sheets destroyed, at the same time that the other part of the work is going on.

The Rev. Mr Fry's History of the Christian Church, which was nearly ready for publication, and which was destroyed at the late fire, is again at press, and will shortly make its appearance. A new edition of the Exposition of the Romans, and Translation of the Canticles, is also in the press.

View of the present State of the Salmon and Channel Fisheries, and of the Statute Laws by which they are regulated." By Mr. J. Cornish.

The Rev. J. R. Pitman, of the Foundling and Magdalen, will shortly publish a course of Sermons for the Year; containing two for each Sunday, and one for each Holiday; abridged from eminent Divines of the Established Church, and adapted to the service of the day. In one large volume.

Mr Campbell is at length about to produce another poem; it will be entitled *Theodoric, a Domestic Tale*.

An Historical Inquiry into the principal Circumstances and Events relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.

Mr Hogg, the Author of the "Queen's Wake," will very shortly bring forward his *Queen Hinde*.

The Museum, a Poem, by John Bull, is in the press.

VOL. XV.

Mrs Opie, we are informed, has in the press *Illustrations of Lying*, in all its Branches. In 2 vols. 12mo.

*Le Nouveau Tableau de Londres, de Leigh, ou Guide de l'Etranger dans la Capitale de l'Angleterre*, is on the eve of publication.

The Medical and Chirurgical Society of London have nearly ready Part I. of Vol. XIII. of their Transactions.

A Lady has been some time occupied on a work which will shortly be published, under the title of *Urania's Mirror*, or a View of the Heavens, consisting of Thirty-two Cards, on which are represented all the Constellations visible in the British Empire, on a plan perfectly original, which is to be accompanied with a Familiar Treatise on Astronomy, by J. Aspin.

Specimens (selected and translated) of the Lyric Poetry of the Minessingers, of the Reign of Frederick Barbarossa, and the succeeding Emperors of the Suabian Dynasty; illustrated by similar Specimens of the Troubadours, and other contemporary Lyric Schools of Europe; with Historical, Critical, and Biographical Remarks. 8vo.

An Essay on the Structure and Diseases of the Rectum. "Quid rectum sit querimus."—Cicero. By Samuel Gower, Surgeon.

Sir Egerton Brydges' Recollections of Foreign Travel, on Life, Literature, and Self-Knowledge. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Archdeacon Coxe has in the press the History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, drawn from Authentic Sources; with private and original Correspondence, from 1743 to 1764. In 2 vols. 4to., with a Portrait.

*Revelations of the Dead Alive*. From the pen of a successful dramatic writer.

Mr Richard Carmichael is about to publish a Treatise on the Venereal Disease in all its shapes, which will concentrate the valuable information contained in his two former works, besides giving the results of later experience and research.

The Cambrian Plutarch; or, Lives of the most eminent Welchmen. In one vol. 8vo. By M. H. Parry.

The forthcoming Life of Sheridan, by Mr Moore, is in a state of considerable forwardness.

A Botanical work of a popular Description is about to be published monthly, in a cheap form, entitled the *Botanic Garden*; or, *Magazine of Hardy Plants Cul-*



tivated in Great Britain. By B. Maund. Each Number will contain four coloured Figures, with their Names, Class, Order, Situation, &c. &c., together with much useful Information not commonly found in Scientific Works.

Miss Benger is employed on Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, and her unfortunate Family, with Sketches of various Royal and Illustrious Characters, during the Thirty Years' War.

The Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D., Vicar of Dudley, is printing Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, with two Discourses on interesting and important Subjects, which will be published in November.

A Second Edition of the Fruits of Experience, with considerable Additions, by Joseph Brasbridge, is nearly ready.

Mr Charles Turner Thackrah has in the press Lectures on Digestion and Diet. One vol. royal 8vo.

Mr Alex. M'Donnell, Secretary to the Committee of the Inhabitants of Demerara, is about to publish an Inquiry into the State of Negro Slavery, with authentic Reports illustrative of the actual Condition of the Negroes in that Colony.

Second volume of the Mechanics' Magazine, 8vo. boards, with one hundred Engravings.

First volume of the Chemist, 8vo. boards, with nearly one hundred Engravings.

First volume of the Medical Adviser, 8vo. boards, with thirty Engravings.

The celebrated Holbein's Dance of Death, with 52 spirited Engravings by the celebrated Bewick, beautifully printed.

Smiles and Tears, a Series of 13 exquisite Vignettes, with Letter-press Illustrations. A handsome volume.

The Juvenile Bible Class Book, by the Rev. A. E. Faner.

Speedily will be published, a Narrative of the Condition of the Manufacturing Population; and the Proceedings of Government which led to the State Trials in Scotland, for administering unlawful oaths, and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817, with a detailed Account of the System of Espionage adopted at that period in Glasgow and its neighbourhood. Also, a Summary of similar Proceedings in other parts of the country, to the execution of Thistlewood and others, for High Treason, in 1820. By Alex. B. Richmond.

Time's Telescope for the year 1825 will be published with the Almanacks, on the 22d instant, comprehending a complete guide to the Almanack, an explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays, Illus-

trations of British History and Antiquities, the Naturalist's Diary, with a description of the principal culinary vegetables, their mode of culture, &c. Prefixed to which will be an Essay on English Sacred Poetry, and two Introductory Poems, by Mr J. H. Wiffen and Mr Alex. Balfour, author of Contemplation and other Poems.

Sylvan Sketches, by the author of "Flora Domestica," will soon appear.

Mr Burrige (the latest author on the "Origin and Prevention of Dry Rot in Shipping") has another work in the press, describing a new Process for tanning Leather in a quarter of the usual time, without extra expense, either *with or without* oak bark.

We also understand Mr Burrige intends to publish an Essay on *Civil Architecture*, containing original methods for the prevention of Dry Rot on Terra Firma, by cheap, plain, and simple remedies, which, however, will be inapplicable to old houses, as it will embrace a new system of architecture from the foundations to the roofs.

In the press, a post-octavo volume, containing a graphic picture of the Beauties of the city of Edinburgh, and a more correct account of its inhabitants, their politics, learning, literature, opinions, habits, disposition, and general conduct, than has hitherto appeared.

The long-expected "Tales of Irish Life" are nearly ready for publication. They will be illustrated with Engravings by Messrs. Thompson, Hughes, and Bonner, in their best style, from designs by George Cruikshank.

Suicide and its Antidotes, a series of anecdotes and actual narratives, with suggestions on Mental Distress; by the Rev. Solomon Piggott, M. A. Rector of Dunstable, and author of several works, will appear in a few days.

Speedily will be published in 8vo., An Explanatory Dictionary of the Apparatus and Instruments employed in the various operations of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry, with seventeen quarto copper-plates; by a practical Chemist.

In the press, in one volume, 12mo. with plates, the Village Farrier, and Complete Cattle Doctor. By Charles Blaine, Veterinary Surgeon.

In one thick volume, 12mo., the Village Lawyer, or every Englishman his own Attorney. By Henry Cooper, Esq.

In 18mo., the Art of Brewing on Scientific Principles, adapted to the use of Brewers and Private Families; with the value and importance of the Saccharometer.

## EDINBURGH.

Speedily will be published in one volume 8vo., Essays, Literary and Philosophical, with a few pieces in Verse. By W. S. Northouse, Editor of the Glasgow Free Press, formerly of the London Magazine.

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Conversations of Lord Byron. Noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the Years 1821 and 1822. By Thos. Medwyn, Esq. 24th Light Dragoons. 4to. £1.11s. 6d. boards.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The Paris journals for a considerable time past have been chiefly filled with the squabes of the different political parties of the French metropolis, and the news which they do contain is of very little importance. A trifling riot occurred lately in Paris, in consequence of a priest having refused to perform the usual

funeral ceremonies over the remains of an actor, but it was soon quelled.

The interment of the late King took place with great magnificence at the Abbey of St. Denis, on Monday the 25th Oct. The same opportunity was seized to replace within their former abodes the hearts and various parts of the bodies of Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV.,

and other Kings, which had been secretly preserved by loyal hands, at the time when revolutionary frenzy violated the sacredness of the tomb.

It appears to be determined that the French troops shall evacuate Spain at the beginning of next year; the French being of opinion that the country will now remain quiet, without the help of foreigners; at least they are to try the experiment.

SPAIN.—Ferdinand has published another proclamation or decree, in which, after pronouncing an eulogium on his own benevolence, he proceeds to issue forth against his loving subjects threats of confiscation, imprisonment, and death. In all this we are told he does violence to the natural benevolence of his heart; and the people are therefore to understand that it is for their ease and happiness that this decree is to be issued; that they are, in short, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered without mercy, that they may be made happy. In this production, his Majesty specifies a variety of new cases of high treason, in which cases, the punishment of death, also, by a military commission, (and this is no bug-bear in Spain,) is denounced against the offenders. The first article comprises in the list of traitors, and subjects to death, "all those who, since October 1823, have declared or proved themselves enemies to the legitimate rights of the throne, or partisans of the self-styled Constitution of Cadiz." Such are the maxims on which Spain is now governed, and such is the sort of tranquillity which the interference of foreigners has established in that country.

PORTUGAL.—Lisbon papers of the 31st October state that a treasonable plot had been discovered among the military, in consequence of which, certain individuals were put under arrest, and, it is said, will be brought to trial without delay, that they may suffer the punishment they deserve. No mention is made of the parties arrested, nor is the nature of their crime stated. The troops in the garrison, and the royal guard, are warmly praised for their fidelity.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Government, it appears, is at length about to convene the Provincial States, a step long meditated, and closely connected with the practical freedom of the country. In order to insure the cordial support of these assemblies, the Government has taken care to deserve it, by measures of strict and rigorous economy, having made a reduction of no less than four millions of crowns, out of an expenditure of fifty millions, of which one-third was for the war department. The cities of Cologne, Minden, Erfurth, Stralsund, and Dantzic, will be

no longer the seat of Provincial Government. It is said the Minister of War, De Hac, resigns, and the five sections of the Ministry of War will form in future but two, which are to be superintended by Witzelben, the Adjutant of the King. In all the departments of the Government there will be numerous reductions. As for the army, the reduction will not extend but to the staff, the artillery, and the landwehr. The Administration of Commerce will be united with that of the Home Department.

TURKEY & GREECE.—The continental journals bring rumours, from various quarters, of fresh victories obtained by the Greeks over the Turks. The accounts are from Trieste, Corfu, Zante, &c., and state, that on the 25th September, the united Turkish and Egyptian fleet had another engagement with the Greeks, between Patmos and Samos, in which the former was again defeated, and fled to Mitylene. All the Egyptian transports were either left at Boudroun, or had been taken by the Greeks. Letters from Corfu say, that Ibrahim Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and commander of the Egyptian expedition, the Vice-Admiral Ismael Gibraltar, and a renegade, formerly aide-de-campe to General Grouchy, who had directed, for some years, the military affairs of the Viceroy of Egypt, together with eight millions of piastres, taken in the engagements, had been carried by the Greeks into Napoli di Romania. The Greeks, after having, in the preceding actions off Rhodes, Cos, and the coast of Caramania, burnt, taken, and sunk nearly 100 large and small vessels, at length succeeded in setting fire to the Viceroy's last and finest frigate. In the second action, near Rhodes, the Greeks took thirty-two transports, partly of the Turkish, partly of the Egyptian fleet.

The same letters report advantages on land gained by the Greeks, in Thessaly, and in Eastern and Western Greece. The substance is, that Dervish Pacha, with 15,000 men, had been repulsed at Thermopylæ, and forced to retreat on Larissa in confusion, with the loss of fourteen stand of colours; that the Greek General Odysseus had defeated a party of Turks advancing from Negropont; and that in Western Greece, Omer Pacha's force had been routed near Arta. The Sultan has dismissed Ghalib Pacha, the Grand Visier, and appointed Mahomed Selim Pacha in his place, with particular instructions to attend to the rebellion of the Greeks. It appears that there are disturbances in various provinces of the Turkish empire. Tripoli has rebelled, and expelled its Governor. An-



tiach has followed the example. Upper Syria has deposed its Pacha, and threatened to withdraw itself from the Ottoman yoke. Discontent and epidemics afflict the principalities on the Danube. The Pacha of Acre is also said to have rebelled.

#### ASIA.

**PALESTINE.**—The French papers state, on the authority of letters from Constantinople of the 11th October, that a great earthquake has nearly destroyed Jerusalem—that the ancient Temple of Solomon and the Mosque of Omar have been thrown into ruins, and the Holy Sepulchre cast down.

#### AMERICA.

**WEST INDIES.**—**CUBA.**—An attempt has been made in this island, the only colony which Ferdinand now retains in the New World, to throw off the yoke of the mother-country, and to proclaim the independence of the island, which is large and populous enough to form a state of itself. The enterprize was openly declared for in the town of Matanzas, on the 23d of August, by the Lieutenant of the American Dragoons, Don Gaspard Rodriguez, and a part of the corps under his command. It is stated to have failed; but it is acknowledged that its author and his partisans, though they had retired from Matanzas, had not been reduced to submission. It is not certain, therefore, how far they may have succeeded in other places; and when we find, that, on learning this intelligence, the Spanish Ministers, notwithstanding the exhausted and distracted state of Spain, immediately ordered transports and 2000 men to be collected at Co-runna, in order to reinforce the Governor of Cuba, there is no doubt that fears must have been entertained at Madrid for the safety of that great and valuable island.

**PERU.**—The report of a victory obtained by General Bolivar over the Royalists in Peru has reached this country, by the New York papers of date the 8th ult. The following is an extract:—"Captain Cole, of the brig Delaware, arrived at Philadelphia, from Santa Martha, which he left on the 12th of September, states, that the day he sailed, information was received there, by letters from Bogota, that an action had taken place in Peru, between the Colombian army under Bolivar, and the Royalists, in which the former were completely victorious. General Cordova, of the Colombian army, was killed." Neither

date nor place are mentioned; and one of the New York papers transfers the victory to the Royalists, by substituting the word "latter" for "former;" but this is supposed to be an error of the press. A report of a victory by Bolivar has also come by way of Carthagena, from Bogota, in which General Canterac is said to have fallen. It neither mentions place nor day. It is added, that the Royalists had evacuated Lima, and retreated to Callao. Further advices are anxiously expected.

In the meantime, the posture of affairs in Peru, at the date of the latest authentic accounts, was such as there is every probability would lead to the event which is now said to have taken place. The date of these accounts is the 30th of June, from Truxillo, and of the 14th of July, from Guayaquil; and both concur in stating, that Bolivar, having left Cojatambo on the 17th of June, was in full march to attack Canterac at Jauga. Bolivar was to reach Jauga between the 8th and 10th of July, a circumstance which gives weight to this report of his success. With respect to the other Spanish Generals, the accounts are somewhat discordant. The most probable of them represent Olaneta as still acknowledging, to a certain extent, the authority of the Viceroy La Serna, by paying him a certain monthly contribution towards the expenses of the war. Valdez is stated to be in ill health at Arequipa, and the jealousy between that General and Canterac is stated to have reduced the Viceroy to the necessity of consulting them both on a very important measure, lest either of them should secede from his duty.

**BRAZIL.**—The only news of importance which has been received from Brazil, for a long while back, is the intelligence of the Emperor's troops having obtained possession of Pernambuco, brought by the Agnes, arrived at Liverpool on the 2d inst. The Imperial troops, assisted by 400 or 500 sailors, a great proportion of the latter Englishmen, carried the town on the night of the 17th of September, meeting little or no resistance, there being not more than 100 men on the Recife, under arms, to oppose them. Carvalho, the late President, managed to escape, and went on board his Majesty's ship Tweed, where he was protected. The British merchants considered that this change would tend to restore public confidence and revive commerce, which had been completely suspended by the measures of the ruling faction. There has always been a republican party in Brazil, though manifestly small in number and deficient in respect-

ability. To this faction belonged Carvalho, the Governor of Pernambuco, who openly resisted the Imperial authority, and maintained possession of his post, though he had been removed from his command by the Emperor. Carvalho probably aspired to be the Dictator of a visionary Republic; but he was soon shut up, with his small force, within the walls of Pernambuco. Lord Cochrane for some time had blockaded the port. His Lordship had retired to Bahia before the attack on the town.

MEXICO.—Accounts have been re-

ceived from this city to the 11th of September, which is very gratifying. Tranquillity was then completely restored, trade improving, and the demand for British goods was reviving. They had again begun to work the mines; and in every branch of business activity had begun to prevail. The election of a President was about to take place. There were two candidates for the office, General Paravo and General Vittoria, and it was supposed the choice would fall upon the latter.

## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—*June 14, 15.*—On Monday the 14th the Duke of Atholl presented the Petition from Perthshire against the Scots Juries' Bill.—Lord Viscount Melville presented a petition from the Writers to the Signet against the Scots Judicature Bill. On the 15th the Bill was read a third time and passed.

20.—The Earl Marshal's Qualification Bill, the Slave Trade Laws Consolidation Bill, and the Marine Insurance Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.

24.—A rather lengthy discussion was occasioned by a notice of Lord Holland, regarding the incorrectness of the terms of a Protest taken by two Noble Lords against the Earl Marshal's Bill, which was lately passed, and by which, from the Oath of Supremacy being dispensed with, the Duke of Norfolk, who is a Catholic, is permitted to exercise the duties of the office in person. The result of the discussion was a motion by Lord Holland, which was agreed to, that the Noble Lords who had signed the Protest might confine their signatures to such reasons, or parts of reasons, as they might approve.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*June 14.*—A letter, signed by Sir George Tuthill and Doctor Monroe, pronouncing the insanity of Mr Gourlay, (who assaulted Mr Brougham in the lobby on Friday) was then read by the Speaker; and it was agreed that Mr Gourlay should be detained in safe keeping, to be delivered over to his friends.

Mr Peel brought down the bills for reversing the attainders of Lords Stafford, Marr, Strathallan, Nairne, and Kenmure.

Mr Abercromby and Sir J. Macintosh expressed their approbation of the measure, and professed a hope that the principle would be still further extended. Mr Bruce, who described himself as a collateral heir to the attainted Lord Burleigh, complained of the partiality manifested in

the selection of the objects of the Royal favour. Lord Binning intimated that that apparent partiality would probably be remedied by extending the boon. Mr Peel explained, that the Crown, in the selection that it had made, had been guided only by considerations of the certainty of the succession in the persons claiming the benefit of the restoration in blood, and the probable advantage to them from conferring the Royal favour upon them. The Bills were read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed.

Mr Maberly moved to bring up the Report of the Land Tax-Redemption Bill, which, on the motion of Mr Herries, was ordered to be read that day six months.

Mr Goulburn moved the second reading of the Irish Insurrection Act, which, after a discussion of some length, was carried by a majority of 112 to 23.

The third reading of the New Churches Bill was opposed by Messrs. Hume, Brougham, Denman, and Monck. The House divided both on the third reading and passing; the former was carried by 95 to 20; the latter by 85 to 15.

15.—Sir James Macintosh presented, according to a notice which he had given, a Petition, signed by more than one hundred of the first mercantile houses in London, praying for the recognition of the South-American States. The Hon. and Learned Baronet introduced the Petition with a speech of extraordinary length, temper, and eloquence, in which he gave a perspicuous and striking view of all the States of the South-American Continent, of our relations with those States, and of the general principles of international law by which we ought to be governed in our conduct towards them. He approved of the general policy of the Government, and avowed his confidence that that policy would be maintained; and explained, that his present purpose was to obtain



from Ministers an express declaration before the rising of Parliament. Mr Canning expressed his gratification at the manner in which the Petition was introduced, but felt himself bound to abstain from any explicit declaration upon the subject of it. He explained, however, that England was now free to act as she might think proper; but intimated, that a hasty recognition by England might withhold, for a long time, from the late Spanish Colonies in America, the recognition of the Mother Country, which, to the South Americans, must be much more valuable. Mr T. Wilson, Mr Ellice, Mr Brougham, and Sir F. Burdett, spoke shortly, and the Petition was ordered to be printed.

Mr Wilberforce presented a Petition from the County of Carlow against Negro Slavery. He took the opportunity to animadvert upon the opposition to the moral improvement of their slaves offered by the West-India Planters. Mr Bernal replied with some asperity, imputing the late disturbances in the West Indies to the arts of Missionaries. Mr Canning deprecated the warmth exhibited by the two Members who had just spoken; but professed to agree with such as thought that the friends of the abolition of Negro Slavery were doing mischief by their intemperate precipitation. A long desultory and rather angry debate followed, and the petition was ordered to be printed.

18.—Mr Hume presented a Petition from a person named Taylor, praying for permission to open a Chapel for the dissemination of his theological principles, which he had promulgated in Dublin with so little success in the way of making converts, that all classes in that city joined in manifesting their abhorrence of him and his doctrines, which last are borrowed from Paine and Carline. Mr Hume took the opportunity to animadvert upon the severity of the sentences imposed upon the blasphemers convicted at the last London Sessions.

Mr Brougham presented a long Petition from the House of Keys, in the Isle of Man, complaining of the violation of their privileges, and of various acts of general oppression and injustice, which they alleged to have been committed by the Duke of Atholl. Mr Peel met the charge by a specific refutation both of the matters of law and of the facts. The only allegation of the Petition which he suffered to pass uncontradicted related to the removal of a Judge: of that act he took the responsibility upon himself, and at the same time made out a case of very foul corruption against the disgraced Magistrate.

The Irish Insurrection Act was read a

third time and passed, after a feeble opposition on the part of Messrs. Hobhouse, Denman, &c.

Mr Peel gave an outline of the Jurors' qualification bill, which he proposed to bring forward next session. One of its most striking provisions is the taking from the Master of the Crown Office the selection of the special jury panel, which, in future, is to be formed by a promiscuous ballot, as election committees are struck in the House of Commons.

20.—Sir J. Mackintosh took occasion, in presenting a petition from Manchester in favour of the recognition of the independence of the South-American States, to render a very handsome tribute to the heroism of Lord Cochrane, who, he said, desired nothing so much as to be restored to the country and the service, of which he had been so bright an ornament. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman's suggestion seemed to make a strong impression on the House.

On the motion of Mr Herries, the House went into a Committee on the Custom Laws' Consolidation Bill. The object of this measure is explained by its name; and the good promised by the attempt to abridge and simplify the multifarious, complex, and incongruous provisions of the Custom Laws, was readily acknowledged by several Members.

Lord G. Cavendish moved the first reading of the Earl Marshal's Qualification Bill. Mr Peel declared that he would support the measure as standing upon its own merits, in the same way in which he had given his vote for the Bill extending to the English Catholics the privileges enjoyed by the Catholics in Ireland, but protested against being understood to give any pledge in favour of further concession by his vote on this occasion.

22.—The petition of the merchants of London, praying for the recognition of the independence of those States of South America which, *de facto*, have established the same, was presented by Sir James Mackintosh. The subject, which has excited deep attention, was ably and temperately brought forward by the Hon. and Learned Member, and Mr Canning's reply was, in consequence, as candid. The only fact, as the responsible agent of the Government, the Right Honourable Secretary said he would then state was, that after the communications this country had already made to Spain, whatever steps Great Britain might now take respecting South America, she would act without any reference whatever to Spain, and be guided solely by her own Councils. Mr Canning added, that recently we had again refused the most urgent entreaties



to become a party in a Congress proposed to be held at Paris on the affairs of South America.

24.—Petitions were presented from the Faculty of Advocates, the Society of Writers to the Signet, and the County of Edinburgh, against the Scots Judicature Bill; and Mr Peel, in afterwards moving the second reading of the Bill, declared that it was not his intention to push it through during the present Session of Parliament.

Mr Hobhouse presented a petition from the debtors confined in Horsemonger Lane prison, praying a repeal of the Gaol Act, 4 Geo. IV., and complaining of a number of hardships imposed by the late regulations of the Surrey Magistrates. Among other grievances they alleged, that by restricting the time in which they could have the assistance of friends or servants to one hour a day (and that the most inconvenient, namely, from eleven to twelve), they were frequently deprived of food for twenty-four hours; that by closing their cells at six o'clock, they were

deprived in summer of the only opportunity of enjoying the fresh air unaccommodated by the sun's heat; and that, by the same regulation, they were deprived of the consolation of visits from their friends, most of whom were persons occupied in business during the whole time that the prisoners would be permitted to receive them. Mr Hobhouse, in illustration of the harsh temper of the prison rules, adverted to the case of Mr O'Callaghan, an actor at one of the minor theatres, who had been convicted of an assault upon a clergyman, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment, though recommended to mercy by the jury, which imprisonment, by the operation of the rules in question, was turned into solitary confinement, and a bread and water diet.

The debates on this Petition, and on another from Mr O'Callaghan to the same purpose, occupied the House for nearly the whole of its sitting. Lord Eastnor, who had sentenced Mr O'Callaghan, disclaimed any knowledge of the severe discipline of the Surrey goal.

## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

### SEPTEMBER.

*Autumn Circuits.*—*Perth.*—The Court of Justiciary was opened here by the Lord Justice Clerk and Lord Pitmilley, on Thursday the 16th instant.—Andrew Hay, late grocer in Dunfermline, charged with perjury, falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, and James Cameron, late merchant and banker in Dunkeld, charged with forgery, were outlawed for not appearing. Thos. Marshall, George Scott, and James Whyte, charged with murder and desperate assault, mobbing and rioting, which took place on the evening of Stobsmuir Fair, in the neighbourhood of Dundee, on the 13th July last, when John Allan, mason, was cruelly murdered, and the persons of many others severely injured. The prisoners severally pleaded Not Guilty. It appeared the deceased, along with other thirteen, were passing Stobsmuir toll-bar when the panels and a number more attacked them, and knocked several of them down and otherwise abused them. The deceased was struck by two men and fell into a ditch, exclaiming, "Lord, I am gone—don't strike me any more." The cause of his death was a blow he had received on the temple. The Jury, after having retired about twenty minutes, returned a *viva voce* verdict, finding the panels Not Guilty of the murder libelled;—Marshall Guilty of assault and rioting as libelled,

with the aggravation of carrying a stick in his hand; Scott of assault and rioting as libelled; and Whyte of rioting as libelled. Lord Justice Clerk.—"Gentlemen, I cannot admit of the aggravation expressed in your verdict—that of the prisoner, Marshall, carrying a stick in his hand. You might as well have stated that he carried a hat on his head—neither of which is libelled in the indictment." The Jury agreed to cancel the aggravation. Lord Justice Clerk.—"Gentlemen, you are in the meantime discharged from farther services." Lord Pitmilley, in proposing that Marshall should be banished for fourteen years, Scott for seven years, and Whyte imprisoned for one year, with a caution of £30 to keep the peace for five years—and the Lord Justice Clerk, in passing that sentence, warned the panels how much some of them were indebted to the strange and unlooked-for verdict of the Jury, for the leniency of the punishment now awarded. The verdict, fortunately for the prisoners, but unintelligibly for the Court, cleared them of the charge of murder, while it found them guilty of all the assaults as libelled, of which charges that which ended in John Allan's murder formed one. To that incomprehensible distinction they owed their escape from a very different sentence. The trials were continued on Friday and Saturday, and sentence given

in nine cases. Of the prisoners tried on Friday, John Stewart, accused of the murder of his wife, who had died three days after being most cruelly beat by him, was found Guilty of culpable homicide, and sentenced to be publicly whipped through the streets of Perth on the 15th October next, and thereafter to be transported for life; and William Mailer, also accused of murder, was found Guilty by the Jury of culpable homicide; but being, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, recommended to the leniency of the Court, he was sentenced to only four months' imprisonment. One of the prisoners tried on Saturday, James Milne, accused of southrief, housebreaking, and theft, aggravated by his being habit and repute a thief, was sentenced to be executed at Forfar on Saturday the 30th October, but the sentence has been since respited.

*Aberdeen.*—The Court met on Tuesday the 21st. Alexander Cowie, mariner in Aberdeen, charged in the indictment with theft, aggravated by housebreaking, was found Guilty of the theft, but not of the aggravation of housebreaking, and sentence of transportation for seven years was then pronounced. John Downie and Alexander Milne, for housebreaking and theft, Downie being habit and repute a thief, were placed at the bar. The panel Milne admitted the charges, but Downie having pleaded Not Guilty, eight witnesses were examined, who established the extent of the theft. The Jury unanimously found both panels Guilty. Downie was then sentenced to transportation for life, and Milne for fourteen years. George Scott Middleton, weaver, Stonehaven, housebreaking and theft, pleaded Guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for seven years. On Wednesday, Peter Davidson, jun. and John Cumming, *alias* John Wood, were brought to the bar, accused of theft, aggravated by their being habit and repute common thieves. The Jury returned a *viâ voce* verdict, unanimously finding the panels Guilty of the crimes libelled, but finding the aggravation of habit and repute, as to Davidson, Not Proven. Davidson was sentenced to seven years' and Cumming to fourteen years' transportation beyond seas. On Thursday, Charles Pitcairn or Pitkern, indicted for stealing a watch at St. James's Fair, near Laurencekirk, pleaded Guilty. Sentenced to seven years' transportation. The next trial was a case of assault on Malcolm Gillespie, excise officer, which occupied the Court nearly all Thursday. The parties were Thomas Leslie, Alexander Lindsay, and Robert Hadden, ac-

cused of assaulting and beating Mr Gillespie, in the execution of his duty at the Greenburn-market. A number of witnesses having been examined, the Council for the Crown and for the panels having declined addressing the Jury, the Lord Justice Clerk, in a very energetic speech of nearly an hour and a half, summed up the evidence, and the Jury returned soon after, with a written verdict, finding, by a plurality of voices, the libel Not Proven. Upon which his Lordship, before dismissing the panels, could not help expressing in warm terms his surprise and disappointment at the verdict.

*Inverness.*—On the 28th, Lord Pitmilly opened the Circuit Court at Inverness.—Alexander M'Millan, charged with theft, was outlawed for not appearing. Katharine Mackenzie was found Guilty, by her own confession, of concealment of pregnancy. The Hon. A. L. Melville spoke in mitigation of punishment. She was an orphan, and had already suffered an imprisonment of six months in the jail of Tain. He himself had seen that jail, and had examined the apartment in which the panel was confined, and he begged to inform the Court that it was totally unfit for the accommodation of any human being. The floor is of clay—there is no bed to lie upon—no fire-place—nothing but the bare stone wall. There is a sort of window, or rather aperture, in the wall, framed with iron stanchions, without a pane of glass to protect the unfortunate prisoners from the inclemency of the weather. This could not but have been injurious to the health of the panel. Lord Pitmilly having inquired of the Sheriff of Ross, in Court, as to this statement, was sorry to find that it was not at all exaggerated. After what they had heard, he could not order the panel to be sent back to the jail of Tain. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the jail of Inverness, the county of Ross to indemnify that county for the expense. Some cases of assault and petty theft were visited with imprisonment, and the Court broke up, having been only occupied six hours in whole.

*Inverary.*—The Circuit Court of Justice was opened here on the 18th inst. by the Hon. Lord Succoth. Donald M'Gilvray, accused of forging tickets for five shillings each, in imitation of those issued by John Sinclair in Tobermory; Angus Cameron, accused of sheep-stealing; Alex. M'Intyre, in the parish of Kilmartin, accused of horse-stealing; and Neil Campbell, accused of uttering forged notes, having all failed to appear, had sentences



of outlawry pronounced against them. Archibald Maclean, accused of house-breaking and theft, was found Guilty, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. John M'Alpin, accused of having assaulted Ann Clark, a widow woman, within her own house, at the Bridgend-street of Rothesay, pled Guilty to the crime of assault, but denied the charge of hamesucken, and having adhered to that plea before the Jury, he was found guilty in terms of his own confession, and sentenced to imprisonment for nine months in the tolbooth of Rothesay. Daniel Spreul and Agnes Spreul, accused of an aggravated assault on the person of John M'Gowan. Daniel Spreul having failed to appear, sentence of fugitation was passed upon him, and Agnes Spreul having pled Guilty before the Jury, had sentence of nine months' imprisonment in the tolbooth of Campbeltown passed upon her.

*Stirling.*—On the 23d, Lord Hermand opened the Court here. Fortunately this proved what is termed a maiden Circuit, there being no criminal case on the roll. His Lordship stated, that it was now many years since he had entered on the duty of presiding at Circuit Courts, but that this was the first time he opened a Court without a criminal. For this, under the Providence of God, the country was in a great measure indebted to the activity and care of the Sheriffs and Magistrates of the county, whilst it reflected highly on the peaceable and contented dispositions of the people. After the business of the Court was closed, the Provost and Magistrates presented the Judge, Sheriffs, and other members of Court, with white gloves—a compliment usually paid when there is no criminal case before the Bench.

*Glasgow.*—The business of the Circuit commenced here on Monday the 27th September, and finished on Saturday the 2d October. Lords Hermand and Succoth Judges.

Of five men charged in one indictment on Monday with theft, one was outlawed for non-appearance, a verdict of Not Guilty given with respect to two, and of Not Proven with respect to the other two, one of whom was recommitted on a new warrant.—Of two young women tried for uttering a forged note, one was sentenced to seven years' transportation; a verdict of Not Proven returned as to the other.—Another person was found Guilty of the same crime, in terms of his own confession;—sentence not given.—Two men, for housebreaking and theft, were sentenced to fourteen, and one for reset to seven years' transportation; two, for theft, to twelve months' imprison-

ment and hard labour; and a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, to seven years' transportation for the same offence. A trial for robbery was gone through before the Court adjourned on Monday, and the verdict of the Jury, Not Proven, was given in on Tuesday.

*Tuesday.*—Wm. Burns, Jas. Hartley, and James MacKirdy, were charged with murder. James MacKirdy was outlawed for non-appearance, and Burns and Hartley pleaded Not Guilty. The Jury found the libel against Wm. Burns Not Proven, —James Hartley guilty of culpable homicide, but recommended to mercy, on account of his former good conduct. He received sentence of nine months' imprisonment in Bridewell. Martha Stevenson, and James Harkin or Harkins, were charged with robbery. Harkins was outlawed for non-appearance, and Stevenson pleaded Guilty, when Lord Succoth, on account of this being her first offence, sentenced her to six months' confinement in Glasgow Bridewell. Elizabeth Guthrie, *alias* Betty Burnet, was accused of theft. On account of a legal objection to the citation of the prisoner, urged by her counsel, the diet was deserted *pro loco et tempore*, and she was recommitted on a new warrant.

*Wednesday.*—John M'Ausland, accused of assault, was found guilty, and sentenced to be publicly whipped through the streets of Glasgow, on Wednesday the 13th October, and to be confined for two years in Bridewell. Wm. Taylor, David M'Coil, Thomas Cumming, Thomas Davies, *alias* Roberts, *alias* Eccles, and Wm. Caldwell, charged with attacking Robert Murphy, on the 22d May, near the Tron Church, Glasgow, and robbing him of two one-pound notes, five numbers of the Old Testament, and a cotton-handkerchief, pleaded Not Guilty. The diet was continued against Caldwell, and he was recommitted. Evidence was then led as to the other prisoners, after which the Jury retired, and, in the meantime, the Court proceeded with the following cases: James Dougherty, and Edward Prunty, *alias* Prentice, charged with cutting the cover of a cart belonging to a carrier, betwixt Kirkintulloch and Glasgow, and taking therefrom a quantity of goods, pleaded Guilty, and were sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Bridewell. John M'Millan, *alias* Melholland, and Mary Paterson, *alias* Milnhollum, *alias* Melholland, accused of breaking into a house in Main-street, Anderston, and stealing several articles. Paterson was outlawed for non-appearance, and the diet against M'Millan deserted *simpliciter*, and he was dismissed from the bar.



**Thursday.**—The jury gave in their written verdict in the case of Taylor, M'Coll, Davies *alias* Roberts *alias* Eccles, and Cumming, finding Taylor and Davies Guilty, M'Coll Not Guilty, and the libel, as it regarded Cumming, Not Proven. The libel against Taylor was restricted, he being only sixteen years of age. Taylor was sentenced to transportation, after a suitable admonition, and Davies was sentenced to be executed on Wednesday the 17th November. On being taken from the bar, the unfortunate man protested his innocence in the most solemn manner. [He has been since respited.] David Watt, accused of robbing Jas. M'Gibbon of a silver watch, pleaded Guilty. Owing to some misunderstanding, the case was certified to the High Court of Justiciary. James Hill and Philip Donnelly, accused of theft and breaking open lockfast places. Donnelly pleaded Not Guilty, and Hill Guilty. After the examination of several witnesses, who clearly brought home the charge to Donnelly, the Jury found Hill Guilty, in terms of his own confession, and Donnelly also Guilty. The libel having been restricted, Hill was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, and Donnelly to seven years. James Kerr, accused of shopbreaking, pleaded Guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for life. Walter M'Adam *alias* John Davidson, accused of stealing, pleaded Guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Alexander Napier, accused of stealing a silver watch, and of being habit and repute a thief, pleaded Not Guilty. From the testimony of the gentleman who had been robbed, corroborated by all the other witnesses so far as their evidence went, it was clearly proven that the panel committed the crime of which he was accused; and the Jury having returned a verdict of Guilty, the prisoner was sentenced to 7 years' transportation.

**Friday.**—John Robertson, accused of robbing Isobel Cassils of a bundle containing cloth, and a variety of other articles, pleaded Guilty. Sentence delayed. Robert Alexander, James Dick, and John M'Farlane, accused of theft and house-breaking. The diet against M'Farlane was deserted, and he was dismissed from the bar. The others pleaded Not Guilty,

and after several witnesses were examined, the Jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. David Parkinson, Rosanna Birrel or M'Farlane, Mary Parkinson, and Jean M'Limont or Perrat, charged each with having resetted a portion or part of the goods stolen in the previous case, pleaded Not Guilty. It was satisfactorily proven that the goods found in the panels' house formed part of those stolen from the warehouse at the Broomielaw, and the Jury returned a verdict, finding Birrel or M'Farlane, Paterson or Parkinson, and Jean M'Limont or Perrat, Guilty; and the libel as it regarded David Parkinson, Not Proven. The women were sentenced to seven years' transportation. David Parkinson, charged with having resetted or received a number of silver watches, earrings, finger-rings, seals, keys, gold-chains, &c. which had previously been stolen from John Douglas, watchmaker in Dumbarton, pleaded Not Guilty, but after two witnesses were examined, he retracted his plea, and pleaded Guilty.—Sentence, seven years' transportation. Margaret Campbell, Rosannah or Rosie M'Credie or M'Gregor, and Marion or May Rankine, were charged with house-breaking, and Campbell and Rankine with being habit and repute thieves. Campbell pleaded Not Guilty; M'Credie pleaded Guilty to one charge of theft, and Rankine Guilty of another, and of being habit and repute a thief. The Jury found Campbell Guilty of the second charge of theft, and of being habit and repute a thief; and M'Credie and Rankine Guilty in terms of their own confession. Lord Succoth then sentenced Campbell and Rankine to seven years' transportation, and M'Credie to twelve months in Bridewell.

On Saturday, a case in which six boys, apparently between nine and thirteen years of age, were accused of carrying off clothes from a washing-green, was remitted to the Sheriff. Three women, Ann Rae, Janet Campbell, and Ann Carruthers, were charged with theft, their guilt proved, and sentence of fourteen years' transportation pronounced against them. John M'Lean, accused of stealing £.28.15s. from a drawer which he opened by a false key, was also found Guilty, and sentenced to transportation for the same period.

## OCTOBER.

*British Revenue.*—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 10th Oct. 1823, and 10th Oct. 1824, showing the Increase and Decrease on each head thereof:—

|                             | Years end. 10th Oct.<br>1823. | 10th Oct.<br>1824. | Increase.        | Decrease.        | Quars. end. 10th Oct.<br>1823. | 10th Oct.<br>1824. | Increase.      | Decrease.      |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|                             | £.                            | £.                 | £.               | £.               | £.                             | £.                 | £.             | £.             |
| Customs.....                | 9,950,323                     | 10,278,243         | 318,920          |                  | 3,348,257                      | 3,240,272          |                | 107,985        |
| Excise.....                 | 24,401,245                    | 24,319,852         |                  | 81,391           | 6,831,118                      | 7,115,017          | 278,899        |                |
| Stamps.....                 | 6,256,797                     | 6,675,874          | 417,077          |                  | 1,611,945                      | 1,759,680          | 147,735        |                |
| Post Office.....            | 1,350,000                     | 1,450,000          | 89,000           |                  | 365,000                        | 375,000            | 12,000         |                |
| Taxes.....                  | 6,788,021                     | 4,880,106          |                  | 1,907,918        | 749,614                        | 481,968            |                | 267,646        |
| Miscellaneous.....          | 460,665                       | 569,017            |                  | 151,648          | 154,616                        | 79,113             |                | 75,503         |
| Repayt. by Austria          |                               | 2,500,000          | 2,500,000        |                  |                                |                    |                |                |
| <b>Total.....</b>           | <b>49,216,052</b>             | <b>50,400,092</b>  | <b>3,324,997</b> | <b>2,140,937</b> | <b>13,061,550</b>              | <b>13,049,050</b>  | <b>438,634</b> | <b>451,154</b> |
| <b>Deduct Decrease ..</b>   |                               |                    | <b>2,140,957</b> |                  | <b>Deduct Increase .....</b>   |                    |                | <b>438,634</b> |
| <b>Increase on the Year</b> |                               |                    | <b>1,184,040</b> |                  | <b>Decrease on the Quar.</b>   |                    |                | <b>12,500</b>  |

*Death of Mr Sadler the Aeronaut.*—On Wednesday the 29th ult., Mr W. W. Sadler made his thirty-first ascent, from Bolton, in Lancashire, in company with a man-servant. Whilst over Church Parish, about four miles east of Blackburn, the aerial voyagers prepared to descend, and threw out a grappling-iron, which caught a tree, and the sudden jerk threw Mr Sadler out of the car and broke the cord. The balloon then dragged the car, and knocked down a chimney, shortly after which Mr S. (who was suspended to the car by one leg) fell to the ground from the height of about thirty yards! A crowd immediately assembled, and he was conveyed to a public-house adjacent, where it was discovered that his skull was much fractured, several ribs were broken, and he was otherwise so materially injured, that he expired next morning. After Mr Sadler had fallen from the car, the balloon, lightened of the weight of one of

its occupants, rose rapidly to a considerable height, and again descended near Whalley, about three miles from the place of the accident, and the car coming in contact with some rails, the man was thrown out, and had his left arm fractured, and received other injury. The balloon again rose rapidly into the air, and disappeared. It is something remarkable, that Mr Blenkinsop, the landlord of the public-house to which Mr Sadler was carried, on his return from Acerington, where he had hastened for a surgeon, fell down dead in an apoplectic fit, a few yards from his house, about the time Mr Sadler was brought there. On the same day a balloon, no doubt that of the unfortunate Mr Sadler, was observed by Captain Fegen, of his Majesty's revenue cruiser Lapwing, to fall into the sea about eight leagues north-east by east of Flamborough-head, and totally disappeared in about five minutes afterwards.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

#### Chief Magistrates of Scottish Burghs.

Aberdeen—Gavin Hadden  
 —Old, Principal Jack  
 Andrew's, St—William Haig of Leggie  
 Airdrie—James Graham of Broomfield  
 Arbroath—James Goodall  
 Auchtermuchty—John Gilmour  
 Ayr—David Limond of Dalblair  
 Bathgate—Alex. Marjoribanks of Marjoribanks  
 Brechin—James Speid  
 Burntisland—Robert Ferguson of Raith  
 Campbelltown—Charles Campbell of Bellegrave  
 Culrose—James Gibson Craig of Riccartoun  
 Cupar-Fife—John Stark  
 Dumbarton—Jacob Dixon  
 Dumfries—William Thomson  
 Dunbar—Christopher Middlemass of Underedge  
 Dundee—David Brown  
 Dunfermline—James Blackwood

Dysart—William Bell  
 Edinburgh—Alexander Henderson  
 Gatehouse of Fleet—James Credie  
 Glasgow—Mungo Nuter Campbell  
 Greenock—Archibald Bain  
 Hawick—Alexander Purdom  
 Helensburgh—Jacob Dixon of Rockbank  
 Inverary—Duncan Campbell  
 Inverkeithing—James Stuart jun. of Dunearn  
 Inverness—James Robertson of Altnaskiach  
 Inverary—William Robinson of Pitmedden  
 Irvine—Archibald Montgomerie of Stair  
 Jedburgh—George Hilson, jun.  
 Kilmarnock—William Wallace  
 Kintore—Charles Bannerman of Kirkhill  
 Kirkaldy—George Miller, jun.  
 Kirkeudbright—William M'Kinnel  
 Kirkintulloch—James Wallace  
 Lanark—Robert Hutchinson, senior  
 Linlithgow—John Boyd of Woodside  
 Maxwelltown—James Shortridge  
 Montrose—James Burnes

Musselburgh—Charles Stewart  
 New Galloway—Viscount Kenmure  
 Paisley—Robert Farquarson  
 Peebles—James Kerr  
 Perth—Robert Ross of Oakbank  
 Pollockshaws—Thomas Baird  
 Port-Glasgow—John Mutrie  
 Queensferry—Campbell Innes  
 Renfrew—Robert King  
 Rutherglen—Robert Maxwell  
 Sanquhar—Thomas Crichton  
 Selkirk—Thomas Anderson  
 Stirling—Robert Gillies of Gormyre  
 Stranraer—Earl of Stair  
 Tain—William Murray of Rosemount  
 Whithorn—Lord Garlies  
 Wigtown—Lord Garlies

Oct. 1. George William Chud, Esq. to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Saxony—  
 Charles Townsend, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation.

— Andrew Snape Douglas to be Secretary to the Embassy at the Court of the Netherlands.  
 — Crawford Antrobus to be Secretary to the Legation at the Court of the Two Sicilies.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Oct. 13. Mr James Garret ordained Minister of the United Associate Congregation of Muirkirk.

21. The Right Hon. the Earl of Wemyss and March has presented the Rev. John Elliot, A.M. to the Church and Parish of Peebles.

The Rev. Henry Grey, Minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh, appointed Minister of the New Church in Bellevue Crescent.

The Rev. Mr Simpson, from Dairsie, was admitted Minister of Leith Wynd Chapel, in room of the Rev. Mr Thomson, translated to the second charge of Dysart Church.

28. The United Associate Congregation of Melville-Street, Glasgow, gave a unanimous call to Mr John Smart, preacher, to be their pastor.

The Rev. Archibald Bennie, from Canon-Street Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, was inducted to the third charge in the Parish of Stirling, as pastor of the West Church there.

### III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Pilkington, 3 L. Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819.

R.Ho.Gds. Cornet Lord Pelham, from 6 Dr. Gds. Cornet by purch. vice Arbuthnot, ret. 14 Oct. 1824.

1 Dr. Gds. Cornet Smith, Lieut. by purch. vice Heavyside, ret. do.

2d Lieut. Elwes, from 23 F. Cornet do.  
 4 Dr. Lieut. Shaw, from 17 Dr. Lieut. vice Hart, h. p. 17 Dr. 27 Sept. 1823.

7 Lieut. Inge, Capt. by purch. vice Williams, ret. 16 Sept. 1824.

Cornet Portman, Lieut. do.  
 3 F. Gds. G. A. F. Houstoun, Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Westenra, 75 F. 23 do.  
 Hon. M. H. Ongley, Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Houstoun, cancelled 14 Oct.

5 F. Lieut. Harris, Capt. by purch. vice Pollock, ret. 23 Sept.  
 Ensign Hatton, Lieut. do.  
 P. M. N. Guy, Ensign do.

7 Assist. Surg. O'Reilly, from h. p. 1 F. Assist. Surg. vice James Staff 12 do.

8 Lieut. Hannay, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Robinson, ret. 30 do.  
 Ensign Cotter, Lieut. do.  
 E. Newton, Ensign do.

13 Ensign Jones, Lieut. vice Rothe, dead 18 Nov. 1823.

R. W. Croker, Ensign do.  
 21 F. Capt. Doherty, Maj. by purch. vice MacLaine, prom. 16 Sept. 1824.

Lieut. Beresford, Capt. do.  
 2d Lieut. Beete, 1st Lieut. do.  
 W. H. Armstrong, 2d Lieut. do.

23 Gent. Cadet, B. Losh, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. vice Elwes, 1 Dr. Gds. 14 Oct.

28 Capt. Nicholls, from h. p. 25 Dr. Capt. vice Magenis, 82 F. 30 Sept.  
 W. Sullivan, Ensign by purch. vice Lord S. Lennox, 32 F. 14 Oct.

30 F. J. C. Battley, Ensign vice Vanderzee, dead 1 Jan. 1821.  
 31 Lieut. Dodgin, from 66 F. Lieut. vice Beckham, h. p. 61 F. 30 Sept. 1824.

32 Ensign Lord S. Lennox, from 28 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Ives, ret. 14 Oct.

35 Lieut. Moore, from 87 F. Lieut. vice Walsh, 1 Vet. Bn. 23 Sept.

38 Lieut. C. J. Boyes, from 2 W. L. R. Lieut. vice J. W. Boyes, h. p. 21 F. do.

41 Ensign Tathwell, Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 7 Oct.

43 Assist. Surg. Starr, from h. p. Assist. Surg. 16 Sept.

62 Ensign Damerum, Lieut. by purch. vice Mitchell, ret. 23 do.  
 F. Kerr, Ensign 14 Oct.

66 Lieut. Ross, from h. p. 61 F. Lieut. vice Dodgin, 31 F. 30 do.

69 Ensign Penn, Lieut. vice Smith, prom. 11 May 1823.  
 — Muttlebury, Lieut. vice Roy, dead 28 Jan. 1824.

W. Semple, jun. Ensign vice Muttlebury 23 Sept.

75 Major Viscount Barnard, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Sir J. Campbell, ret. do.  
 Capt. M'Adam, Major do.

Lieut. Hon. J. C. Westenra, from 3 F. Gds. Capt. do.  
 Lieut. Methold, from 4 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, ret. 14 Oct.

81 Capt. Magenis, from 28 F. Capt. vice Bruton, Staff Ionian Isl. 30 Sept.

83 Lieut. Brough, from h. p. 99 F. Paym. vice Greig, h. p. 7 Oct.

87 Lieut. Christian, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Moore, 35 F. 23 Sept.

91 Bt. Lieut. Col. M'Donald, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice MacNeill, ret. do.  
 Capt. Anderson, Major do.

Lieut. Fraser, Capt. do.  
 Ensign Barnes, Lieut. do.  
 W. M. Wetenhall, Ensign do.

95 Ensign Sutherland, Lieut. vice Sutherland, 2 W. I. R. 14 Oct.

G. Drummond, Ensign do.  
 98 Lieut. Stuart, Capt. vice M'Iver, dead do.

Ensign Dutton, Lieut. do.  
 Hon. J. H. R. Curson, Ensign do.

2 W. L. R. Lieut. Campbell, from Ceylon R. Lieut. vice Boyes, 38 F. 23 Sept.

Lieut. Spence, Adj. vice Currey, dead 25 Aug.

Lieut. Sutherland, from 93 F. Capt. vice Winter, dead 14 Oct.

Ceylon R. Lieut. Hodges, from h. p. 21 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, 2 W. L. R. 23 Sept.

Af. Col. Co. Hosp. Assist. J. Bell, (2d) Assist. Surg. vice Geddes, cancelled 8 July

Ensign White, Lieut. vice Swanzy, killed in action 7 Oct.

J. A. Gordon, Ensign do.  
 Major Chisholm, Lieut. Col. 14 do.

2d Lieut. Campbell, from Col. Comp. Maurtius, Lieut. vice Maclean, dead do.

1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Walsh, from 55 F. Lieut. vice Christian, 87 F. 23 Sept.

3 Capt. Pilkington, from Vet. Comp. Newfoundland, Capt. vice Hall, h. p. 103 F. 2 do.

Vet. Com. } Capt. Willock, from h. p. 103 F. Capt. do.  
 Newf. } vice Pilkington, 3 Vet. Bn. do.  
 Lieut. Rice, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. vice Dunn, cancelled 30 do.  
 Assist. Surg. Strachan, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Assist. Surg. 23 do.

### Unattached.

Maj. Deare, from 8 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Barry, ret. 14 Oct. 1824.  
 Lieut. Hon. W. L. Fitz G. de Roos, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. of Comp. by purch. vice Wilson, ret. 23 do.

### Staff.

Lieut. Anderson, from 69 F. Adj. of Recruit. Dist. vice Munbee, h. p. 69 F. 23 Sept. 1824.



**Hospital Staff.**

Staff Surg. Lyons, from h. p. Surg. vice Tully, prom. 25 Sept. 1824  
 Assist. Surg. James, from 7 F. Assist. Surg. vice Muir, h. p. 1 F. 12 do  
 Hosp. Assist. Nelson, Assist. Surg. vice O'Beirne, 2 W. I. R. 8 Oct.  
 J. Fraser, Hosp. Assist. do.

**Exchanges.**

Capt. Lewis, from 57 F. with Bt. Major Owens, h. p. 74 F.  
 — Smith, from 63 F. with Bt. Major Kerr, 3 R. Vet. Bn.  
 — Barlow, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Bond, h. p. 19 Dr.  
 — Forster, from 3 F. G. with Capt. Hon. J. C. Westens, 75 F.  
 — Borlase, from 2 F. with Capt. Brough, 96 F.  
 — Reed, from 31 F. with Capt. Greene, 53 F.  
 — Browne, from 50 F. with Capt. Kyle, h. p. 26 F.  
 — Muller, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mannors, h. p.  
 — McNeill, from 2 W. I. R. with Bt. Major Jack, h. p. 21 F.  
 — Beamish, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Van Courtlandt, h. p. 35 F.  
 — Phelan, from 92 F. with Capt. J. Cameron, h. p. 79 F.  
 — Haynes, from African Col. Corps, with Capt. de Barraber, h. p. 32 F.  
 Lieut. St. Quintin, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Lewis, 17 Dr.  
 — Bartlet, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wood, h. p. 7 F.  
 — Williams, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Hamilton, h. p. 1 Dr.  
 — Leeke, from 52 F. with Lieut. Wetherall, h. p. 42 F.  
 — Rose, from 72 F. with Lieut. Murray, h. p. 24 F.  
 — Ramsden, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 16 F.  
 — Douglas, from 77 F. with Lieut. Wilkinson, h. p. 5 F.  
 — Logan, from 98 F. with Lieut. Goodliff, h. p. 31 F.  
 2d Lieut. Von Kruger, from 60 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Price, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.  
 — Paterson, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Pigott, h. p. 59 F.  
 Ensign Lister, from 17 F. with Ensign Deedes, 50 F.  
 — Lord Elphinstone, from 71 F. with Ensign Dalton, h. p. 32 F.  
 Paymaster Kerr, from 4 Dr. with Paymaster Wildey, h. p. 40 F.  
 Quart. Master Lieut. Stewart, from 55 F. with Lieut. Taggart, h. p. 53 F.  
 Cornet Dundas, from 6 Dr. with Ensign Addison, 65 F.  
 Surg. Stanford, from 29 F. with Surg. Milton, h. p. Cape Regt.  
 — Alderson, from 62 F. with Surg. Linn, h. p. 95 F.  
 Assist. Surg. Gardiner, from 3 Vet. Bn. with Assist. Surg. Dillon, h. p. 72 F.  
 — Hendrick, from 86 F. with Assist. Surg. Dudgeon, h. p. 63 F.

**Resignations and Retirements.**

Major Gen. Barry, late of 15 F.  
 — Kerr, of late 2 Ceylon Regt.  
 Colonel Sturt, 39 F.  
 Lieut. Col. Harrison, 50 F.  
 — Fitz-Gerald, 72 F.  
 — Sir J. Campbell, 75 F.  
 — Mac Neill, 91 F.  
 Major Robinson, 8 F.  
 Raikes, Royal East-India Volunteers.  
 Capt. Hogg, 86 F.  
 — Hallen, Rifle Brig.  
 — Williams, 7 Dr.  
 — Pollock, 5 F.  
 — Taylor, 75 F.  
 — Wilson, R. Art.  
 Lieut. Heaviside, 1 Dr. G.  
 — Ives, 32 F.  
 — Smith, 41 F.  
 — Mitchell, 62 F.  
 — Spiller, 62 F.  
 2d Lieut. Larcom, Royal Engineers  
 Cornet Arbuthnot, R. Horse Gds.  
 Assist. Surg. Maclean, h. p. 35 F.

**Appointments Cancelled.**

Lieut. Dunne, Vet. Comp. Newf.  
 — Smith, 1 F.  
 — Campbell, Vet. Company, N. w.  
 Ensign and Lieut. Houstoun, 3 F. G.  
 Assist. Surg. Geddes, Afr. Col. Corps  
 Assist. Surg. Caldwell, Medical Staff.

**Superseded.**

Paymaster Fremdergast, South Mayo Mil.

**Dismissed.**

2d Capt. Atchison, Royal Art.  
 1st Lieut. G. F. Dawson, Royal Art.

**Deaths.**

Lieut. General Prince, from 6 Dr. Ipswich, 11 Sept. 1824  
 — Dunn, East-India Company's Service, Great Malvern 29 Aug.  
 — Anderson, East-India Company's Service, London 16 Sept.  
 — Sir John Macdonald, K. C. B. East Ind. Co. Serv. Calcutta 12 June  
 Colonel G. Lord Castlecote, Queen's Co. Mil.  
 Major Bishop, h. p. 1 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Harrogate Sept.  
 Capt. M'Iver, 98 F. Chichester 9 Oct.  
 — Winter, 2 W. I. R. on passage from Sierra Leone 23 Sept.  
 — Christie, h. p. 37 F. previously of 5 Dr. G. Atherton, h. p. 67 F. Norwich 1 Feb.  
 — Sir N. Dukinfield, Bt. h. p. 82 F. Oct.  
 — Dunne, Ceylon Regt.  
 — Dudie, h. p. 44 F. Poole 25 Nov. 1823  
 — Molyneux, h. p. Indep. Comp. near Guildford 24 Nov.  
 — Campbell, late Inval. London 5 Aug. 1824  
 — Goodinge, Adj. to Londonderry Militia.  
 Lieut. Kennedy, ret. Veteran Comp. Stonehouse, Devon 13 Sept.  
 — Mackenzie, h. p. 35 F.  
 — Douglas, h. p. 78 F. Java 20 April 1820  
 — Hawkey, h. p. 95 F. 5 May 1824  
 — Couring, h. p. 7 Line Germ. Leg. Hanover 8 Sept.  
 — De Chery, h. p. Corsican Regt. 5 March  
 — Anderson, h. p. 12 Gar. Bn. Dinan, France 19 May  
 — Anderson, 4 Dr. Kaira 1 do.  
 — Wall, 16 F.  
 — O'Hara, do.  
 — Rigney, do.  
 — Kerr, 38 F. killed in action with the Burmese  
 — Summerfield, 83 F.  
 — Henry, 2 W. I. R. Cape Coast Castle 22 June  
 — Smith, Ceylon Regt.  
 — Maclean, Afr. Col. Corps  
 — Swany, do. wounded and afterwards killed in action with the Ashantes near Cape Coast Castle 11 July  
 — Thomas, Inval. Chester Sept.  
 — Moodie, do. Middlesex Oct.  
 — Kinloch, h. p. 76 F. 17 May  
 — Ainsworth, h. p. 34 F. Billericay, Essex 28 July  
 — Anderson, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dinan, France 19 May  
 2d Lieut. Michel, R. Eng. Kandy, Ceylon 24 April  
 Ensign Toole, 80 F. whilst employed on a mission in the interior of Africa 26 Feb.  
 — Noel, h. p. 35 F. Bronymaine 10 July  
 — Teasdale, South Lincoln Militia 16 April  
 Paymast. Lieut. Stopford, 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone 22 July  
 — Barry, h. p. 36 F. Taunton 4 Aug.  
 Adj. Lieut. Curry, 2 W. I. Reg. Sierra Leone 15 do.  
 Quart. Mast. Ensign Mahon, Afr. Col. Corps  
 — Balmer, h. p. 28 Dr. 10 Sept.  
 — Lawrie, h. p. 104 F. Sept.  
 Assist. Surg. Luby, h. p. 5 Vet. Bn. Windsor do.  
 Vet. Surg. Dalton, h. p. 1 Life Gds. Vienne, Calais 15 March  
 Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. J. Jesse, West Bromwich, Staffordshire 10 Oct.  
 Hospital Assist. Geddes, Accra, West Coast of Africa 21 July.  
 N. B.—The Death of Paymaster Harrison, 83d Reg. was erroneously reported in the Army List or September.

## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

| 1824.   | Wheat. |             |         | Barley.   | Oats.     |           | Pease.    | Quar. Loaf. | Potat. p-peck. | 1824.   | Oatmeal. |       | B. & P. Meal |       |
|---------|--------|-------------|---------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-------------|----------------|---------|----------|-------|--------------|-------|
|         | Bls.   | Prices.     | Av. pr. |           |           |           |           |             |                |         | Bls.     | Peck. |              |       |
| Oct. 20 | 584    | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d.     | s. d.     | s. d.     | s. d.     | d.          | d.             | Oct. 19 | 467      | s. d. | s. d.        | s. d. |
| 27      | 684    | 22 6 34 0   | 30 10   | 28 0 51 6 | 17 0 21 0 | 17 0 21 0 | 17 0 21 0 | 8 1         | 8              | 26      | 401      | 1 3   | 83           | 1 0   |
| Nov. 5  | 994    | 27 6 35 0   | 31 5    | 24 0 31 0 | 15 0 20 0 | 17 0 21 0 | 17 0 21 0 | 9           | 8              | Nov. 2  | 452      | 1 3   | 78           | 1 0   |
| 10      | 711    | 26 6 35 0   | 21 9    | 25 0 30 0 | 15 0 19 0 | 16 0 20 0 | 16 0 20 0 | 9           | 8              | 9       | 469      | 1 3   | 90           | 1 0   |
|         |        |             |         | 25 0 29 0 | 15 0 18 0 | 15 6 19 0 |           | 9           | 8              |         |          |       | 95           | 1 1   |

## Glasgow.

| 1824.   | Wheat, 240 lbs. |             |             | Oats, 264 lbs. |             | Barley, 320 lbs. |             | Bns. & Pse. | Oatmeal 140 lbs. | Flour, 280 lbs. |
|---------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------|-------------|------------------|-----------------|
|         | Dantzic.        | For. red.   | British.    | Irish.         | British.    | English.         | Scots.      |             |                  |                 |
| Oct. 21 | s. d. s. d.     | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.    | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.      | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.      | s. s.           |
| 28      | —               | —           | —           | 27 0 35 0      | 16 0 20 0   | —                | —           | 18 6 25 0   | 15 0 20 0        | 50 51           |
| Nov. 4  | —               | —           | —           | 27 0 34 0      | 17 6 20 6   | —                | —           | 18 6 25 6   | 15 0 20 0        | 50 51           |
| 11      | —               | —           | —           | 27 0 34 0      | 16 0 20 0   | —                | —           | 18 6 25 0   | 15 0 20 0        | 50 51           |
|         | —               | —           | —           | 27 0 34 0      | 16 0 17 6   | —                | —           | 18 6 25 0   | 15 0 20 0        | 50 51           |

## Haddington.

| 1824.   | Wheat. |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Beans.      | 1824.   | Oatmeal.    |          |
|---------|--------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------|-------------|----------|
|         | Bolls. | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |         | Per Boll.   | Pr. Peck |
| Oct. 22 | 820    | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | Oct. 18 | s. d. s. d. | s. d.    |
| 29      | 916    | 20 0 34 0   | 29 7    | 25 0 31 0   | 16 0 22 0   | 17 22 0     | 18 0 22 0   | 26      | 15 9        | 16 6     |
| Nov. 5  | 1003   | 22 0 34 0   | 29 10   | 25 0 31 0   | 16 0 20 0   | 16 22 0     | 16 0 22 0   | 1       | 16 6        | 17 3     |
| 12      | 815    | 23 0 34 0   | 30 5    | 22 0 30 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 15 19 0     | 15 0 19 0   | 2       | 16 0        | 16 9     |
|         |        | 23 0 32 0   | 29 6    | 22 0 30 0   | 15 0 19 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   |         | 15 6        | 16 6     |

## Dalketh.

## London.

| 1824.   | Wheat, per qr. | Rye.  | Barley. | Oats.     |        | Beans.  |       | Pease.   |       | Flour, 280 lb. |       | Quar. Loaf. |
|---------|----------------|-------|---------|-----------|--------|---------|-------|----------|-------|----------------|-------|-------------|
|         |                |       |         | Fd & Pol. | Potat. | Pigeon. | Tick. | Boiling. | Grey. | Fine.          | 2d.   |             |
| Oct. 18 | s. s.          | s. s. | s. s.   | s. s.     | s. s.  | s. s.   | s. s. | s. s.    | s. s. | s. s.          | s. s. | d. d.       |
| 25      | 50 72          | 30 37 | 32 42   | 17 20     | 21 29  | 44 50   | 36 42 | 46 48    | 33 35 | 60 65          | 50 60 | 9 10        |
| Nov. 1  | 50 72          | 30 35 | 32 48   | 17 20     | 21 29  | 44 50   | 35 42 | 48 50    | 33 35 | 60 65          | 50 60 | 9 10        |
| 8       | 52 74          | 32 36 | 32 47   | 17 25     | 21 29  | 44 50   | 34 42 | 48 50    | 34 36 | 65 70          | 55 65 | 9 10        |
|         | 50 72          | 32 36 | 30 45   | 18 26     | 22 30  | 42 50   | 33 42 | 48 54    | 37 40 | 60 65          | 50 60 | 9 10        |

## Liverpool.

| 1824.   | Wheat, 70 lb. |       | Oats, 45 lb. |       | Barley, 60 lb. |       | Rye, per qr. |       | Beans, per qr. |       | Pease, per qr. |       | Flour.       |        |               | Oatm. 240 lb. |        |
|---------|---------------|-------|--------------|-------|----------------|-------|--------------|-------|----------------|-------|----------------|-------|--------------|--------|---------------|---------------|--------|
|         | s. d.         | s. d. | s. d.        | s. d. | s. d.          | s. d. | s. s.        | s. s. | s. s.          | s. s. | s. s.          | s. s. | Eng. 240 lb. | Irish. | Amer. 196 lb. | Engl.         | Scots. |
| Oct. 19 | 4 0           | 7 6   | 2 0          | 3 3   | 4 6            | 5 9   | 35 38        | 42 50 | 35 52          | 45 52 | 44 50          | 18 25 | 28 32        | 27 32  | 27 32         | 27 32         | 27 32  |
| 26      | 4 6           | 9 6   | 2 0          | 3 3   | 4 6            | 5 9   | 35 38        | 42 50 | 35 52          | 45 52 | 44 50          | 18 23 | 28 32        | 27 32  | 27 32         | 27 32         | 27 32  |
| Nov. 4  | 4 6           | 9 6   | 2 0          | 3 3   | 4 6            | 6 3   | 35 38        | 42 48 | 35 52          | 45 52 | 44 50          | 18 23 | 28 32        | 27 32  | 27 32         | 27 32         | 27 32  |
| 8       | 4 6           | 9 0   | 2 0          | 3 0   | 4 6            | 6 3   | 35 38        | 42 48 | 35 52          | 45 55 | 44 53          | 18 23 | 28 32        | 27 32  | 27 32         | 27 32         | 27 32  |

## England &amp; Wales.

| 1824.  | Wht.  | Rye.  | Barley | Oats. | Beans. | Pease. | Oatm. |
|--------|-------|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|-------|
| Oct. 9 | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d.  | s. d. |
| 16     | 57 2  | 34 2  | 37 7   | 20 3  | 37 11  | 58 4   | —     |
| 23     | 58 0  | 32 0  | 37 5   | 20 0  | 39 8   | 59 4   | —     |
| 30     | 59 10 | 34 4  | 40 8   | 20 9  | 40 11  | 40 0   | —     |
|        | 61 8  | 35 4  | 39 9   | 21 3  | 43 3   | 43 5   | —     |

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

| 1824.  | Ther.        | Baro.            | Attach. Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                       | 1824.   | Ther.        | Baro.          | Attach. Ther. | Wind. | Weather.                         |
|--------|--------------|------------------|---------------|-------|--------------------------------|---------|--------------|----------------|---------------|-------|----------------------------------|
| Oct. 1 | M.51<br>A.56 | 28.941<br>.772   | M.36<br>A.55  | Cble. | Morn. fair,<br>day showery     | Oct. 17 | M.25<br>A.31 | 29.686<br>.855 | M.37<br>A.39  | NE.   | Frost morn.<br>fair day.         |
| 2      | M.58<br>A.46 | .785<br>.754     | M.50<br>A.52  |       | Shower most<br>of day.         | 18      | M.32<br>A.40 | .636<br>.667   | M.14<br>A.45  | W.    | Rain morn.<br>fair day.          |
| 3      | M.45<br>A.54 | 29.201<br>.456   | M.56<br>A.54  | SW.   | Fair, mild,<br>sun-shine.      | 19      | M.40<br>A.48 | .502<br>.399   | M.49<br>A.48  | W.    | Ditto.                           |
| 4      | M.46<br>A.54 | .520<br>.525     | M.55<br>A.52  |       | Fair morn.<br>day showery.     | 20      | M.39<br>A.47 | .405<br>.715   | M.48<br>A.50  | W.    | Fair, with<br>sunshine.          |
| 5      | M.41<br>A.50 | .441<br>.475     | M.55<br>A.54  | NE.   | Heavy fog<br>most of day.      | 21      | M.39<br>A.47 | .630<br>.501   | M.47<br>A.49  | SW.   | Day fair, dull<br>h. rain night. |
| 6      | M.15<br>A.49 | .504<br>.501     | M.55<br>A.55  |       | Heavy fog.                     | 22      | M.42<br>A.55 | .380<br>.380   | M.54<br>A.56  | SW.   | Morn. rain.<br>day showery.      |
| 7      | M.17<br>A.52 | .150<br>28.949   | M.54<br>A.54  | E.    | Rain, with<br>heavy fog.       | 23      | M.50<br>A.49 | .531<br>.625   | M.55<br>A.55  | Cble. | Foren. fair,<br>aftern. rain.    |
| 8      | M.48<br>A.52 | .908<br>29.190   | M.54<br>A.55  |       | Fog, and<br>heavy rain.        | 24      | M.45<br>A.49 | .562<br>.294   | M.52<br>A.54  | Cble. | Foren. fair,<br>rain even.       |
| 9      | M.40<br>A.41 | .598<br>.465     | M.49<br>A.47  | NE.   | Rain morn.<br>day fair.        | 25      | M.43<br>A.53 | 28.998<br>.990 | M.55<br>A.52  | SW.   | Foren. fair,<br>rain aftern.     |
| 10     | M.35<br>A.42 | .560<br>.150     | M.44<br>A.41  |       | Fair foren.<br>hail aftern.    | 26      | M.40<br>A.48 | .762<br>.720   | M.51<br>A.51  | SW.   | Ditto.                           |
| 11     | M.39<br>A.42 | 28.999<br>29.110 | M.44<br>A.41  | NE.   | Heavy rain<br>most of day.     | 27      | M.50<br>A.44 | .800<br>29.172 | M.47<br>A.55  | W.    | Fair, with<br>sunshine.          |
| 12     | M.31<br>A.38 | .147<br>.147     | M.42<br>A.39  |       | Showers hail<br>and sleet.     | 28      | M.54<br>A.39 | .246<br>.538   | M.47<br>A.45  | W.    | Ditto.                           |
| 13     | M.26<br>A.32 | 28.998<br>.994   | M.57<br>A.56  | Cble. | Foren. snow,<br>aftern. fair.  | 29      | M.50<br>A.38 | .392<br>.498   | M.42<br>A.45  | Cble. | Dull, snow on<br>hills, frost.   |
| 14     | M.33<br>A.41 | 29.530<br>.560   | M.42<br>A.41  |       | Rain morn.<br>day fair, cold   | 30      | M.53<br>A.38 | .615<br>.797   | M.50<br>A.50  | NW.   | Rain morn<br>dull day.           |
| 15     | M.28<br>A.35 | .440<br>.555     | M.58<br>A.58  | Cble. | Morn. frost,<br>day fair, cold | 31      | M.50<br>A.37 | .510<br>.510   | M.46<br>A.55  |       | Ditto.                           |
| 16     | M.28<br>A.36 | .595<br>.590     | M.59<br>A.58  |       | Ditto.                         |         |              |                |               |       |                                  |

Average of rain 4.523 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE harvest, which commenced in the lower districts about the middle of August, was not concluded in the highlands till nearly the end of October. By the beginning of the present month, the potatoes were all got up, but some had suffered partially from frost. The depth of rain since our last does not exceed 2 inches and 1-4th; consequently farming operations have not with little interruption, and plowing is in a forward state. Wheat, after potatoes and beans, has been all got in, and the braird appears regular. The highland mountains have been for some time covered with snow, and sheep begin to be moved to their winter quarters in the low moors. Prices of cattle have improved considerably of late, and meat advances in price in the butcher-market. The present rise is partly ascribed to an extraordinary demand from the South, at the autumn fairs, and partly from a fuller demand than usual for the feeding-byre in this country, in consequence of the fair crop of turnips, which has improved in weight since our last. As far as this last affects the present prices, it may produce a glut in the market in the spring months, and feds that are ready early are expected to yield most profit to the feeder. In the corn-market there has been a little stagnation of late, and purchasers become more shy, although it is well known that there is little on hand. Wheat has fallen about two shillings per boll within the last two weeks, and barley has experienced the same decline in price. It is something in unison with the usual manœuvres at Mark-lane to observe the markets fall, while the averages that govern importation advance rapidly. It is now almost certain that the ports will open for barley at the end of the quarter; but as foreign barley does not suit the maltster, its introduction is not expected to have much effect in reducing prices. Oats, notwithstanding the importation, are looking up in price. Last crop of oats was deficient, and the unsteady state of markets has induced many to lay down part of their indifferent land under grass, particularly in the South.

Perthshire, 13th Nov. 1824.



*Course of Exchange, London, Nov. 12.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 37 : 0. Altona, 37 : 1. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 151½. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35¼. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48¼. Genoa, 44¼. Lisbon, 50¼. Oporto, 50¼. Rio Janeiro, 47¼. Dublin, 9¼—Cork, 9¼ ½ cent.

*Prices of Bullion, ₯ oz.*—Foreign Gold in bars, £3.17.8.—New Dollars, 4s. 10¼d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 10¼d.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 60 00.

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from October 20, to November 10, 1824.*

|                          | Oct. 20.   | Oct. 27.   | Nov. 3.   | Nov. 10.   |
|--------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| Bank Stock.....          | 223        | 234½       | 234       | 232        |
| 3 ½ cent. reduced.....   | 95½        | 95½        | 95½       | 95½        |
| 3 ½ cent. consols.....   | 96½        | 96         | 96½       | 96½        |
| 3½ ½ cent. do.....       | —          | —          | —         | 101½       |
| 4 ½ cent. do.....        | —          | —          | —         | —          |
| Ditto New do.....        | 108½       | 108        | 107½      | 108½       |
| India Stock.....         | —          | 289½       | 290½      | 290½       |
| — Bonds.....             | 101        | 99         | 100       | 100        |
| Exchequer bills.....     | 53         | 54         | 55        | 58         |
| Consols for account..... | 96½        | 96½        | 96½       | 96½        |
| French 5 ½ cents.....    | 103fr.50c. | 102fr.50c. | 103fr.—c. | 102fr.25c. |

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of Sept. and the 20th of Nov. 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.**

|                                                                                                             |                                                                                                              |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Appleton, C. Northampton, hosier                                                                            | Loud, T. and T. Burgess, Sittingbourne, Kent, bankers                                                        |
| Arcangelo, Claudio, Gloucester-terrace, Bethnal-green, feather-merchant                                     | Lowman, J. G. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bonne, grocer                                                         |
| Baildon, T. Dean-street, Soho; coffee-house keeper                                                          | Martindale, B. jun. Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, money-scrivener                                       |
| Barton, L. Strutton-ground, Westminster, linen-drapeer                                                      | Mason, J. Keswick, Cumberland, mercer                                                                        |
| Bell, J. Manchester, dealer in cotton-twist                                                                 | Metcalf, F. Friday-street, wholesale linen-drapeer                                                           |
| Burgess, G. and E. Maidstone, millers                                                                       | Millard, J. Cheapside, linen-drapeer                                                                         |
| Burgess, T. Sittingbourne, Kent, banker                                                                     | Morley, J. Oxford, butcher                                                                                   |
| Byng, C. Staines, bookseller                                                                                | Nunn, K. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman                                                               |
| Clayton, W. B. Manchester, soot-dealer                                                                      | Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Southwark, grocer                                                               |
| Cooke, J. Barnstaple, Devonshire, linen-drapeer                                                             | Peckham, H. C. Bushbrough, Kent, paper-manufacturer                                                          |
| Cooper, B. W. Wrexham, Denbighshire, spirit-merchant                                                        | Perkins, R. Monmouth, coal-merchant                                                                          |
| Davies, G. Haverfordwest, shopkeeper                                                                        | Plant, Uriah, Wharton, Cheshire, flour-dealer                                                                |
| Davis, S. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars Road, dealer in drugs                                            | Robson, G. Benwall, Northumberland, common brewer                                                            |
| Davison, J. St. George's Circus, St. George's Fields, linen-drapeer                                         | Salter, T. Manchester, and Wm. Pearson, London, merchants                                                    |
| Duncan, J. Trafalgar-square, Stepney, merchant                                                              | Sanderson, J. Birmingham, victualler                                                                         |
| Edgington, T. Wells-street, Oxford-street, coach-maker, and Tooley-street, Southwark, sack-ing-manufacturer | Sheppard, E. M. Hornsey, tavern-keeper                                                                       |
| Emana, J. Ivy-lane, bookseller                                                                              | Smith, J. and F. Clements-lane, and St. Swithin's-lane, wine-merchant                                        |
| Evelleigh, F. and S. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturers                                             | Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, linen-drapeer                                                                |
| Fairless, M. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, merchant                                                             | Stubbs, J. Hachlow-street, Burton Crescent, wine-merchant                                                    |
| Goodenough, C. Fleet-street, baker                                                                          | Thomson, M. Norfolk-street, Commercial Road, and R. Longridge, South Shields, paint and colour manufacturers |
| Hanson, K. B. Bedford, boot and shoemaker                                                                   | Vincent, G. St. Margaret's-hill, Southwark, jeweller                                                         |
| Harris, Wm. Monmouth, grocer                                                                                | Wainwright, J. Manchester, merchant                                                                          |
| Harrison, B. and M. Sheffield, paper-manufacturers                                                          | Walker, J. Manchester, corn-dealer                                                                           |
| Helling, E. Bedford-street, Bedford Row, Holborn, painter                                                   | Watkins, Warminster, Wiltshire, corn-factor                                                                  |
| Hodgson, G. Liverpool, grocer                                                                               | Haylett, J. N. Fish-street Hill, and Crooked-lane, cordwainer                                                |
| Houlden, R. High-roy, Kensington, coal-merchant                                                             | Worthington, W. J. Lower Thames-street, wine and spirit-merchant                                             |
| Humphries, J. Westbury, Wiltshire, woolstapler                                                              |                                                                                                              |
| Hyslop, J. Ipswich, grocer                                                                                  |                                                                                                              |

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced  
October 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

## SEQUESTRATIONS.

Clark, Charles, in Glendow, cattle-dealer and fish-curer in Sutherlandshire  
Martin, James, & Co. manufacturers in Paisley  
Spence, George, merchant, Piccadilly Place, Edinburgh

West & Eckford, coach-makers in Edinburgh.

## DIVIDENDS.

Christie, Andrew, late merchant in Leith; by R. Mowbray, merchant there.

## DIVIDENDS.

Gordon, William, sometime corn merchant in St. Andrew's; at the Town-Clerk's Office there  
King, George, H. merchant in Glasgow; by John Eadie, accountant there  
Richardson, Robert, late merchant in and provost of Lochmaben; by John Brand, merchant, Dumfries  
Sturrock, William, deceased, merchant in Dundee; by the trustee there.

## Obituary.

## DEATH OF DR WALTER OUDNEY.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Clapperton to Mr Consul Warrington, dated Kano, 2d Feb. 1824:—

"The melancholy task has fallen to me to report to you the ever-to-be-lamented death of my friend Dr Walter Oudney. We left Kuka on the 14th day of December 1823, and by easy journeys arrived at Bedukarfa, the westernmost town in the kingdom of Bornou. During this part of the journey he was recovering strength very fast; but on leaving Bedukarfa and entering the Beder territory, on the night of the 26th and morning of the 27th, we had such an intense cold, that the water was frozen in the dishes, and the water-skins as hard as boards. Here the poor Doctor got a severe cold, and continued to grow weaker every day. At this time he told me when he left Kuka he expected his disorder would allow him to perform all his country expected from him, but that now his death was near, and he requested me to deliver his papers to Lord Bathurst, and to say he wished Mr Barrow might have the arrangement of them, if agreeable to the wishes of his Lordship.

"On the 2d of January 1824, we arrived at the city of Katagum, where we remained till the 10th, partly to see if the Doctor, by staying a few days, would gain a little strength to pursue his journey. On leaving Katagum he rode a camel, as he was

too weak to ride his horse. We proceeded on our road for ten miles that day, and then halted, and on the following day five miles farther, to a town called Mummur. On the morning of the 12th he ordered the camels to be loaded at daylight, and drank a cup of coffee, and I assisted him to dress. When the camels were loaded, with the assistance of his servant and me he came out of his tent. I saw then that the hand of death was upon him, and that he had not an hour to live. I begged him to return to his tent and he down, which he did, and I sat down beside him; he expired in about half an hour after.

"I sent immediately to the Governor of the town to acquaint him with what had happened, and to desire he would point out a spot where I might bury my friend, and also to have people to wash the body and dig the grave, which was speedily complied with. I had dead-clothes made from some turbans that were intended as presents; and as we travelled as Englishmen, and servants of his Majesty, I considered it my most indispensable duty to read the service of the dead over the grave, according to the rites of the Church of England, which happily was not objected to; but, on the contrary, I was paid a good deal of respect for so doing. I then bought two sheep, which were killed, and given to the poor; and I had a clay wall built round the grave to preserve it."

## THE LATE MR ALEXANDER HACKET.

This gentleman, who died on the 17th October, before his name goes down the oblivious stream of time, merits particular notice—not on account of any superior accomplishments of mind or person, but for the singular, and in his opinion, proud and enviable distinction, that he was perhaps the last of the pure "Divine right" Scottish Jacobites. Born in a part of Scotland, where the adherents of the exiled house of Stuart prevailed almost universally, he drew in with his earliest breath those principles of unbounded attachment to that illustrious but fallen dynasty which animated his whole life, and were esteemed by him of equal, if not superior importance to the moral virtues. The rapid march of time, of opinion, and of those mighty revolutions which lately shook the fabric of social order to its foundation, passed by him unheeded, or were viewed with sovereign contempt, when compared with the master passion of his soul; and the year 1824 found this singular being, at a very advanced age, exactly the same in manners, principles, and in dress, as were the most enthusiastic contemporary adherents of the Chevalier St. George, or Charles Edward Stuart. The wealth of Britain would have been offered in vain as the price of his allegiance, even to our present gracious Sovereign. As no earthly consideration could shake the steady purpose of his soul, so he viewed with inexpressible indignation the "apostacy" of others,

and deemed them alike unworthy of his own forgiveness and of that of Heaven. The finely-drawn character of the daring and chivalrous Redgauntlet is now no fiction of a poetic imagination. Although no warrior, indeed, our friend possessed a loyalty as devoted, as disinterested, and certainly as persevering as that of the lofty-minded Lord of the Solway. We have said that Mr Hacket persevered in his principles of Jacobitism to a patriarchal age—and how could it be otherwise? Seated in his arm-chair, in his snug, well-arranged parlour, wherever he turned his eye, the countenance of a Royal Stuart beamed full upon him, and with benignant looks seemed to encourage his perseverance in the best of causes, and to beckon him to realms of eternal day, where no rebel dare shew his Satanic visage.

Mr Hacket's small parlour was hung round with portraits, as large as life, of the latter Princes of the House of Stuart, with one exception. A roguish picture-dealer had induced him to purchase a Queen Elizabeth in place of a Queen Mary. When Mr H. discovered this cheat, (for he was no great connoisseur in pictures), he endeavoured to exchange the hated daughter of Tudor for the lovely Queen of Scots. Baffled in this attempt, and unwilling to permit so large a blank in his parlour, he placed Queen Elizabeth in a situation where he might daily have the pleasure of turning his back upon her.

## DAVID CAREY, ESQ.

Died, October 4, at his father's house, in Arbroath, after a protracted illness, in the prime of life, David Carey, Esq., known to the public by the elegance and versatility of his literary talents, and esteemed by his friends for the ingenuousness

and benevolence of his disposition, and the purity and integrity of his character. His short life, spent in acquiring and dispensing knowledge, is deserving of commemoration, as it is interesting to learning and to benevolence. When he had finished his

school education, he was appointed to assist his father, a respectable manufacturer, in the management of his business; but the aspirations of ambition, and the visions of fame, which he had early cherished, with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm, determined him to embrace the profession of literature. On coming to Edinburgh, to have his name enrolled among the writers of verse, with legitimate credentials, he found his way to Mr. Constable, the liberal patron of young men of genius, aspiring to literary distinction, who invited him to take a temporary charge of a department of his business, allied, in some degree, to the profession of literature. A desire of extending his knowledge of the world, and of assuming the precarious avocation of an author by profession, induced him, soon after, to repair to London, where he obtained, through several gradations, the direction of various departments of the periodical press.

The ability he displayed in advocating the measures of the Whig-party, whose side he espoused, drew on him the attention of Mr Windham, who sought his acquaintance, admitted him to his confidence, and requited his services by offering him an office at the Cape-of-Good-Hope, which, at the height of his expectations, he thought unworthy of his acceptance. On the change of Ministry, without a single expectation accomplished or design fulfilled, he consigned himself and his patrons by exposing the intrigues and ensuring the measures of the new administration in a satirical poem, "Ins and Outs, or the State of Parties, by Chronothothologos." 8vo. 1807; dedicated to Lord Grenville. Of this seasonable pamphlet, two large editions were bought up in a few weeks. On the establishment of the "Inverness Journal," in 1807, he was invited, on the recommendation of Mr Constable, to undertake the office of Editor, which he discharged, under many disadvantages, during a space of five years, with the general approbation of the country. Previous to his relinquishing the management of the Journal, in the prosperity of which he was not permitted to share, he printed at the Journal press "Craig-Phadric, a descriptive poem; Visions of Sensibility; with Legendary Tales, and Occasional Pieces;" 8vo. 1811; dedicated to Lord Seaforth, with historical Notes; a tribute, chiefly, of gratitude for the kindness and hospita-

lity of his Highland friends and neighbours. He concluded the "Boston Gazette" during a considerable part of 1812; and returning, finally, to London, renewed his connexion with the public journals, and his commerce with the vendors of literature. With the exception of a short visit to Paris, on some literary speculation, at a subsequent period, his labours, from this time, were not interrupted by any casual adventure, and only diversified by the succession of temporary occurrences. At length, weary of perpetual struggles, agitated by reiterated disappointments, and feeling himself every day declining in a hopeless decay, he returned, with a calm resignation, to the home of his infancy, to receive the attentions of parental affection; and sinking gradually, without suffering, during eighteen months, expired, where he drew his first breath, when he had scarcely completed his forty-second year.

Besides the poems above-mentioned, he contributed largely to "The Poetical Magazine, or the Temple of the Muses," consisting chiefly of original Poems, 2 vols. 8vo. 1804, of which he was the editor; and printed, separately and successively, the following poems, generally distinguished by an agreeable combination of sentiment and imagery, purity and feeling, elegance and harmony: "The Pleasures of Nature," in 12mo. 1802; "The Reign of Fancy, a Poem, with Notes; Lyric Tales, &c." 12mo. 1804; "Poems, chiefly Amatory," 12mo. 1807; "The Lord of the Desert, Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic Odes, and other Poems," 12mo. 1821. The following works of fiction, also, proceeded from his versatile and prolific pen: "The Secrets of the Castle, a Novel," 2 vols. 12mo. 1813; "Lechiel, or the Field of Culloden, a Novel," 5 vols. 12mo. 1821; founded on the catastrophe of the northern rebellion, and exhibiting a vivid picture of local scenery, and a faithful representation of Highland society and manners.

In recording these circumstances of the life of this elegant poet and agreeable novelist, so prematurely closed, the painful reflection is unavoidable, that the profession of literature, by which emolument and fame are sometimes obtained, neither augmented his prosperity and self-happiness, nor averted the doom of descending in obscurity to the grave.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

1824. Aug. 8. At St. Croix, West Indies, the Lady of Joseph Bushby, Esq. a son.

Sept. 15. At his Lordship's house, at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, the Lady of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, M. P. a son.

21. At Inverugie, Mrs Stuart, a daughter.

23. At Banchor, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Wood, a son.

24. Mrs Dr Fletcher, Irvine, a son.

— At Paradise House, near Castletown, Isle of Man, the Lady of General Cumming, a son.

26. At Losset, Mrs Macneal of Ugadale, a daughter.

Oct. 3. At North Berwick manse, Mrs Balfour Graham, a son.

4. At Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Mackenzie, of Inverinate, a daughter.

— At Campsall Park, the Lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. a son and heir.

— At 9, Albany-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Cargill, a daughter.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Borthwick, younger of Crookston, a son.

— At Waterford, the wife of Capt. Dunn, R. N. a son.

8. In Portland Place, London, the Lady of M. Stewart Nicolson, Esq. a daughter.

— In Charlotte-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Derner, Esq. a son.

9. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Ogilvy, Esq. younger of Chesters, a son.

11. At Glasgow, the Lady of Captain Taylor, Hon. East India Company's service, a daughter.

12. Mrs Knowles, of Kirkville, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Norman Lockhart, Esq. a daughter.

— Mrs Mackenzie Ross, of Aklie, a son.

Oct. 12. At Dinan, France, Mrs Ralston of Tower-hill, a daughter.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs Baillie, of Culterallers, son.

— At Gogar House, the Lady of A. Maitland Gibson, younger of Cliftonhall, Esq. a son.

16. At Ballinaby, Mrs Campbell, a daughter.

19. At Whim, the Lady of Archibald Montgomery, Esq. a son.

— At Warriston Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs Carmichael, a daughter.

20. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Hope, G.C.B. a son.

— At Glorat, the Lady of Capt. Stirling, a son.

23. In Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Charles Wake, Esq. a son.

— At Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Lady of Alex. Norman Macleod, Esq. a daughter.

24. Mrs Johnston, of Sands, a son.

25. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Alex. Deans, Esq. Master in Chancery in the island of Jamaica, a daughter.

26. At Rose Park, Mrs Dunbar, a son.

27. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William L. White, Esq. advocate, a son.

— At Stirling, the Lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

— At Geddes House, the Lady of Wm. Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

1824. Aug. At Fredericktown, New Brunswick, Major M'Nair, of the 52d light infantry, to Miss Eleanor Stansur, daughter of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Sept. At London, Captain Alexander Fraser, royal engineers, eldest son of Vice-Admiral Fra-



ser, to Cecile, only daughter of the late Count de Julienne.

Sept. 14. At Fenwick, James Wylie, Esq. of Gameshill, to Jan, second daughter of Mr John Kerr, Stewarton.

23. At the house of the British Ambassador, at Paris, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. James Knox, son of Viscount Northland, to Mary Louisa, eldest daughter of Edward Taylor, of Biffons, in the county of Kent, Esq. and niece to Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor.

27. At Montrose, the Rev. John Wood, A. M., to Annabella, second daughter of Capt. Bryden, of that place.

— At Dublin, the Rev. W. H. Drummond, D. D. minister of the Presbyterian church of Strand-street, to Miss Catharine Blackly, daughter of the late Robert Blackly, Esq. of Lurgan-Street.

28. Lord Henry Seymour Moore, only brother to the Marquis of Drogheda, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M. P. for the Queen's county, and niece of the Marquis of Bute and Earl of Portarlington.

Oct. 1. At Edinburgh, William Henry Dowbiggin, Esq. to Georgina, fourth daughter of the Hon. William Maule, of Panmure, M. P.

— At Riccarton, William Kaye, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Mary Cecilia, eldest daughter of James Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Thomas Galbraith Logan, Esq. M. D. Surgeon of the 5th dragoon guards, to Mrs. Marion Ann Snodgrass, relict of John Buchanan, Esq. of Radrishmore.

— At Aberdeen, William Forbes Robertson, Esq. of Hazlehead, to Helen, youngest daughter of James Hadden, Esq.

5. At Dedham, Margaret, second daughter of the late Major General Borthwick, of the Royal Artillery, to George Round, Esq. of Lexden, near Colchester.

— At Hampton Court, the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, to Charlotte Selina, second daughter of Richard Moore, Esq. of Hampton Court Palace.

— At Edinburgh, Peter Clarke Gibson, Esq. surgeon, to Catherine, second daughter of the late John McKenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve.

— At Herminge Place, Leith, Mr Ebenezer Watson, to Isabella, daughter of W. Thorburn, Esq. John Lewis Graham Balfour, Esq. W. S. to Alexis, eldest daughter of Charles Mercer, Esq. Allan Park, Sirling.

— At Milfield, Hadlington, Peter Crooks, Esq. W. S. to Marion, daughter of Mr Peter Dods.

— Alexander Warrand, Esq. Madras medical establishment, to Emilia Mary Davidson, second daughter of H. R. Duff, Esq. of Multown, Inverness-shire.

6. At Elgin, William M. MacAndrew, Esq. merchant in Lisbon, to Anne, second daughter of Mr Forsyth, bookseller in Elgin.

11. At Dalkeith, James Bruce, of Broomhill, Esq. to Janet, third daughter of William Jamieson, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

12. At Garrard Hill, Dr. M. S. Buchanan, to Agnes, youngest daughter of William Leechman, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Dr. Andrew Turnbull, to Margaret, third daughter of George Young, Esq. accountant of Exchequer.

— At Mayfield, Lieut. William Bremner, of the 21st regiment, Madras army, to Georgina Huntly, fourth daughter of the late James Robertson, of Mayfield, Esq. W. S.

13. At Aberdeen, Major J. S. Sinclair, royal artillery, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Buchan, Esq. of Auchnacoy.

— At London, Henry Lyster, Esq. of Rowton Castle, in the county of Salop, to Lady Charlotte Barbara Ashley Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

11. At London, Charles Murray, Esq. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, third son of Major-General John Murray, late Lieutenant-Governor of Demerara, to Frederica Jane, second daughter of the late Frederick Groves, Esq.

16. Christopher James Magnay, Esq. of College Hill, eldest son of Alderman Magnay, to Caroline, third daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Bart. of Mill Hill, Middlesex.

— At Guernsey, James Cockburn, Esq. to Maria

Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Corbin, Esq. of Guernsey.

Oct. 18. At Sundrum, the Rev. George Colville, minister of Kilwinning, to Janet Maria, daughter of the late Alex. Macdougall, Esq.

— At Woodhill, James Hadden, jun. Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of George Hogarth, Esq. of Woodhill.

— By the Rev. J. Temple, A. M., domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, James Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour, to Mary, third daughter of the Hon. Wm. Maule, of Panmure, M. P.

19. Captain Robert Gordon, of the 45th regiment, to Miss Anne Gordon, only daughter of John Gordon, Esq. W. S. 61, Frederick-Street.

— At Edinburgh, Hugh Craig, Esq. Wallace Bank, Kilmarnock, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Porteous.

20. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Finch, merchant, Louisiana, to Janet, second daughter of the late Mr Alex. Tweedie, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Thomson, merchant, Louisiana, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Mr Alex. Tweedie, merchant, Edinburgh.

21. At London, Sir P. Musgrave, Bart. M. P. Edenhall, to Miss Fluyder, niece to the Countess of Lonsdale.

— At London, John Lister Kaye, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Lister Kaye, Bart. to Miss Arbutnot, niece to the Right Hon. Charles Arbutnot and of the Bishop.

27. At Balmungie, James Lamsdaine, of Lathallan, Esq. to Sophia, eldest daughter of William Lindsay, Esq. of Balmungie.

Lately. At Dublin, the Rev. Arthur Irwin to Jemima, eldest daughter of the late Athumby Richardson, of Richmond, county of Longford, Esq.

— At St. Mary-le-bonne Church, London, Richard Ford, Esq. of Gloucester Place, to Harriet, daughter of the Earl of Essex.

— At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, Philip Macpherson, of the 30th foot, to Caroline Maria, eldest daughter of E. Barnette, Esq. of New Bond-Street.

#### DEATHS.

1822. Sept. 27. At Wilet Medinet, a day's journey from Senaar, from whence he was proceeding in an attempt to penetrate up to the source of the Bahr Goldaid, Capt. Robert James Gordon, R. N. who had often distinguished himself during the war. He was third son of Capt. Gordon, of Everton, near Bawtry. His death adds another victim to the melancholy list of those who have perished in the cause of African discovery.

1824. Feb. 11. Near Sumbulpoore, in the prime of life, Lieut. Adam Davidson, of the 11th regiment Bengal native infantry, youngest son of the late Robert Davidson, Esq. of Pinnacelhill.

June 1. At Madras, Mrs. Isabella Allan, wife of P. Cleghorn, Esq. barrister at law, and Registrar of the Supreme Court of Madras.

12. At Calcutta, Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B. a Lieutenant-General in the Hon. Company's service, aged 76. His remains were interred on the 18th in the evening, between five and six o'clock, attended by his Excellency the Commander in Chief, all the General Staff, and a large body of civilians, who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the oldest officers of the Hon. Company's service in India.

July 21. At Acra, west coast of Africa, Alexander Mackay Geddes, M. D. Assistant Surgeon Royal African colonial corps, youngest son of John Geddes, Esq. late of the Adjutant-General's department, North Britain.

Aug. 9. In Davidson county, North Carolina, Mr. Barret Weir, aged about 120 years. He was a native of Germany, but had been an inhabitant of Davidson county as far back as the oldest inhabitant could recollect.

11. At Missolonghi, Lord Charles Murray, youngest son of the Duke of Atholl.

Sept. 7. Captain James Ellis, aged 79 years, the oldest Commander in the navy. Previous to the breaking out of the late war, he was First Lieutenant of the Arethusa, and was wounded in the celebrated action with the Belle Poule, in June 1778, after which the Arethusa was sent to Portsmouth to rest. For his conduct in that action

he was made a Commander, and commanded the *Orestes*.

Sept. 10. At Copenhagen, Mr Rothe, aged 94, father of the bookselling trade in Denmark, and most probably of Europe. He came originally from Germany, and edited the works of Klopstock.

— At Carskey, Lieut.-Colonel Malcolm Macneil of Carskey.

11. At Walton, near Liverpool, David Graham, Esq., the last surviving son of the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry.

20. At Geneva, Miss Robina Burnside, niece of the late Col. Robert Wright, of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

— At Langdales, in the parish of Ainstable, Mrs Isabella Hogarth, aged 103 years. She was attended to the grave by no fewer than 46 great-grand-children.

22. At North-Street, Edinburgh, Margaret Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq.

23. At Bath, Captain Braithwaite Christie, late of the 5th dragoon guards, third son of the late Admiral Christie of Baberton.

23. At Troon, Lieut. Bowie, R. N. and Commander of the Duke of Portland's yacht.

— At Gunton, Norfolk, the Right Hon. Georgina Lady Sutherland, wife of the Right Hon. Edward Lord Sutherland, and only child of the late Right Hon. Geo. Edward Venables Lord Vernon.

— In Behmont, in his thirty-second year, Braithwaite Christie, Esq. third son of the late Admiral Alexander Christie, of Baberton, county of Midlothian, North Britain, being just compelled, by an obstinate and painful disease, to exchange for half pay a troop in the 5th regiment of dragoon guards, of which he arrived to be the senior captain. Attached to the service from a boy, his gallantry and perseverance, in arduous trials, were conspicuous during the campaigns of the Peninsula, and at the battle of Waterloo. He was aide-camp to Sir William Ponsonby, and, on the fall of that distinguished General, was instantly again advanced to the staff, by Sir Denis Pack, whose confidence and friendship he always enjoyed.

26. At Inverary, Mrs Elizabeth Campbell, relict of Provost Lachlan Campbell.

— At Chelsea, after a short illness, Henry Cooper, Esq. barrister.

27. At his father's house, in the 50th year of his age, David Bogue, of the Inner Temple, London, son of the Rev. Dr Bogue, of Gosport.

— At Ardeer House, Patrick Warner, Esq. of Ardeer, and late of the R. N.

29. At Dunse, the Rev. Andrew Davidson, senior pastor of the second United Associate Congregation there, in the 86th year of his age, and 54th of his ministry.

— At Loudham Hall, Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, wife of James Macdonald, Esq. M.P.

— At Greenwich, the Lady of Captain James Ross, H. E. C. S.

— At Barwhinnock, George Douglas Macmillan, Esq. late of Kingston, Jamaica.

30. At Helensburgh, John Batholomew, Esq. of Cotton Hall, merchant, Glasgow.

— At Tarbolton, in the 79th year of his age, universally regretted, Captain Robert Cowan, late of the Royal Scots Greys, in which regiment he served with distinguished merit, for the very long period of upwards of 45 years.

Oct. 1. Mary, widow of John Stockdale, bookseller, Piccadilly, in her 76th year.

2. At Muttonhole, Mr J. Mann, vintner, aged 62.

— At Shawhill, John Carlyle, Esq.

— At Airdrie, Mrs Erskine, of Airdrie.

3. At his father's house, Tomperran, Perthshire, Alex. McLaren, Esq. late of Manchester.

— William Marshall, Esq. Perth.

— At Edinburgh, Esther, the wife of the Rev. Christopher Anderson.

4. At Hawick, Mr George Waldie, merchant.

— At Arbroath, in his 42d year, David Carey, Esq.

5. At Stirling, Alexander, aged four years and six months; and, on the same day, William Fraser, aged two years and five months, both sons of Mr Alexander Blackadder, civil engineer, Allan

Park. Twelve years ago, in the same month of the year, two sons of the same gentleman, of the same names, and of similar ages, died within twenty-four hours of each other, of the same disorder.

Oct. 6. At Edinburgh, Robert Wellwood, second son of Robert Clarke, of Comrie, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Elliot, Rector of Wheldrake and Huggate, in Yorkshire.

— At Kirkton, near Dumbarton, Mr Robert Knox, late merchant in Glasgow, in the 90th year of his age.

7. At Stockbridge, Mr George Mitchell, merchant, Leith.

— Mr J. Otridge, bookseller, of the Strand, London, aged 55.

8. At Woodhill, Robert Miln, Esq. of Woodhill.

9. At Falkirk, Miss Helen Scott, daughter of the late David Scott, Esq. of Netherbenholm.

— At Kingston, East Lothian, William Lawrie, Esq.

— At the Barracks, Chichester, Capt. M'Iver, 98th foot.

10. At Whitehill, the wife of John Robison, Esq. Coates Crescent.

11. At Inverleith House, James Rocheid, Esq. of Inverleith.

— At Coblenz, of apoplexy, his Excellency Baron Thielman, General of cavalry, and Commander in Chief of the Prussian provinces on the Rhine.

12. At Edinburgh, Nathan Mills, printer, aged 75, a native of Boston, North America. At the evacuation of that town by the British troops he accompanied the army as editor and printer, and published a newspaper under the title of the *Massachusetts Gazette*, against which a severe edict was issued, prohibiting its being brought into the State. His custom was to express himself in severe terms against his countrymen for throwing off their allegiance to the British Government, which he always termed the parent country. It may be some consolation to his relatives and friends to know that he was well attended to during the time of his trouble, under which he evinced a great degree of patience and resignation.

13. At Ballinrobe, in Ireland, Mary, wife of John M'Robert, Esq. M.D. Surgeon in the 10th hussars.

16. At Malahide, aged 98 years, John Haig, Esq. M.D., late Physician to the Forces at Cork.

This truly skilful and zealous officer began his career under Admiral Saunders, in the Mediterranean, where (although then a very young man) he had sufficient nerve to inoculate the Dey of Algiers; an operation previously unknown to these semi-barbarians; a race, whose conduct, in case of failure, no man could calculate on: in fact, he operated with a drawn scymeter over his head! The Emperor of Morocco was also his patient.

Dr Haig served his country in the reigns of George II., III., and IV., and has left two most amiable children (females) behind him.

17. At Edinburgh, in his 84th year, Mr Alexander Hackett, formerly of Fraserburgh.

Lately, after a short illness, the Princess Kutusow Smolenski, widow of Field Marshal Blucher.

— At Haining, Mr George Bowie, late merchant in Kilmarnock, aged 68 years.

— At his house, Keir-Street, Edinburgh, suddenly, Mr Robert Pasley, session-clerk of St. Cuthbert's parish.

— At 32, Bishopsgate-Within, London, Hugh Blair Finlay, bookseller, stationer, and librarian, in the 27th year of his age.

— At Dublin, the Rev. Benjamin M'Dowall, D.D. senior minister of the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey.

— At North Shields, while sitting alone writing a letter, Mr W. Richardson, notary public, the elegant translator of the Odes of Anacreon, and author of several works of genius.

— At London, Viscountess Templeton.

— At Bath, the Hon. Sarah Jones, youngest daughter of the late Viscount Ranelagh.

— At York, Elizabeth Elgin, a poor widow, in the 102d year of her age. Her mother lived to be 105 years old, and her grandmother attained the still greater age of 104.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND  
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

*The Scots Magazine.*

DECEMBER 1824.

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EDINBURGH:

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# HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

| Days.      | Morn. |    | Even. |    | Days.      | Morn. |    | Even. |    |
|------------|-------|----|-------|----|------------|-------|----|-------|----|
|            | H.    | M. | H.    | M. |            | H.    | M. | H.    | M. |
| Jan. 1825. |       |    |       |    | Jan. 1825. |       |    |       |    |
| Sa. 1      | 11    | 21 | 11    | 59 | M. 17      | 1     | 2  | 1     | 24 |
| Su. 2      | —     | —  | 0     | 22 | Tu. 18     | 1     | 45 | 2     | 3  |
| M. 3       | 0     | 50 | 1     | 14 | W. 19      | 2     | 22 | 2     | 39 |
| Tu. 4      | 1     | 38 | 2     | 1  | Th. 20     | 2     | 55 | 3     | 11 |
| W. 5       | 2     | 25 | 2     | 48 | Fr. 21     | 3     | 26 | 3     | 42 |
| Th. 6      | 3     | 10 | 3     | 31 | Sa. 22     | 3     | 57 | 4     | 12 |
| Fr. 7      | 3     | 54 | 4     | 14 | Su. 23     | 4     | 25 | 4     | 41 |
| Sa. 8      | 4     | 36 | 4     | 57 | M. 24      | 4     | 56 | 5     | 12 |
| Su. 9      | 5     | 19 | 5     | 40 | Tu. 25     | 5     | 30 | 5     | 48 |
| M. 10      | 6     | 2  | 6     | 26 | W. 26      | 6     | 6  | 6     | 27 |
| Tu. 11     | 6     | 52 | 7     | 18 | Th. 27     | 6     | 50 | 7     | 19 |
| W. 12      | 7     | 51 | 8     | 24 | Fr. 28     | 7     | 54 | 8     | 32 |
| Th. 13     | 9     | 1  | 9     | 45 | Sa. 29     | 9     | 18 | 10    | 3  |
| Fr. 14     | 10    | 26 | 11    | 4  | Su. 30     | 10    | 47 | 11    | 26 |
| Sa. 15     | 11    | 42 | —     | —  | M. 31      | —     | —  | —     | —  |
| Su. 16     | 0     | 13 | 0     | 29 |            |       |    |       |    |

## MOON'S PHASES.

| Mean Time.            |    |      |            |
|-----------------------|----|------|------------|
|                       | D. | M.   | H.         |
| Full Moon...Tu. 4.    | 32 | past | 11 aftern. |
| Last Quart...Tu. 11.  | 48 | —    | 3 aftern.  |
| New Moon...W. 19.     | 41 | —    | 3 morn.    |
| First Quart...Th. 27. | 24 | —    | 8 morn.    |

## TERMS, &c.

| Jan. |                              |
|------|------------------------------|
| 10.  | River Tweed opens.           |
| 13.  | Old New Year's Day.          |
| 27.  | Duke of Sussex born (1773).  |
| 29.  | King George IV.'s Accession. |
| 30.  | King Charles I.'s Martyrdom. |
| 31.  | King George IV. proclaimed.  |

\*.\* The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,  
AND  
*LITERARY MISCELLANY.*

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DECEMBER 1824.

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HISTOIRE MILITAIRE DE LA CAMPAGNE DE RUSSIE EN 1812\*.

THE Campaign of the year 1812 forms, probably, the most extraordinary *military event* in the history of the world, and, without doubt, the most interesting in the history of civilized Europe. The end of that memorable year was fraught with deeds which shook the nations of the earth, kept in agitation the minds of hundreds of millions of its population, and ultimately had an important influence upon the reigning dynasties of the continent.

Little further intelligence respecting the gigantic invasion of Russia, and the awful overthrow of the splendid legions of Napoleon, can now be expected from the pens of the Germans, the French, or the English, with respect to the stupendous events to which we have just alluded. It is to the Russians, of whose works and literature but little is known in Great Britain, we must look for the elucidation of many important events. Accordingly, we took up the work, whose title is at the head of this article, with great anxiety to know its contents. Having some time ago seen a prospectus of it in Russia, we confess we had no prepossessions in its favour. When we remembered that the Colonel Boutourlin is Aide-de-Camp of the Emperor Alexander, and when we found that the work was dedicated to His Imperial Majesty, we augured nothing impartial, no plain and correct statement of facts in its pages; because, although the author be a man of considerable talents, and enjoyed the means of obtaining the most detailed and accurate accounts respecting the subjects of which he treats, yet we feared that the influence of a despotic government, and the trammels of a despotic censorship, would be every where evident—which is not the case. The work has been printed in Russia, and in the situation in which the Colonel stands to the Emperor, as well as on account of the interest which, no doubt, his Majesty had in seeing an account of events so memorable to his country as well as to himself, we may naturally suppose that the manuscript met with Imperial approbation, and that the proof sheets were even examined and revised by the Autocrat of all the Russias. In fact, we may conceive that Colonel Boutourlin is the representative of the Emperor, and of the principal officers of the Russian army, throughout his volumes.

Colonel Boutourlin's has been a laborious performance, and we think it is one which does him great credit, both as an officer and as an author. No work ever issued from the autocratic press containing the same liberality of sentiment, so freely discussing the actions of the Russian commanders, and breathing so much impartiality,—though we often discover a bearing favourable to his country and his countrymen. Such a performance could

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\* Histoire Militaire de la Campagne de Russie en 1812, par le Colonel Boutourlin, Aide-de-Camp de S. M. l'Empereur de Russie. 2 Vol. 8vo. Paris. 1824.

not have seen the light under the reign of any of Alexander's predecessors ; and notwithstanding some other strong proofs to the contrary, we are now more disposed than ever to believe that the present Autocrat of Russia, if uncontrolled by his Cabinet Council and his Ministers, would show less ambition, and less love of *despotic*—fascinatingly named *monarchical*—power than is now generally ascribed to him.

The Colonel's volumes contain an authentic narration of facts, which fill up a most important chasm in the history of the Grand Campaign. They contain twelve chapters, in which all the minutæ with respect to the plans of operations, the state of the opposing armies, the marches and the counter-marches, the positions, the engagements and their results, &c., are clearly stated ; and each chapter generally concludes with a *critique* upon the conduct and operations of the commanding officers, Russian as well as French. The work is well illustrated by an atlas, containing numerous important military statistic tables, a couple of maps shewing the movements of the armies, and beautiful plans of all the engagements of consequence : and it will become a text-book for military men and young officers, who will now be able to study the history of the war in Russia in 1812 with delight and infinite utility. While they read Colonel Boutourlin's remarks—though not always his own—his praise and his blame, respecting the chief actions of the great military commanders of different nations, they will be excited the more to think for themselves, and they will form their own conclusions. According to Sir Robert Wilson, there never was a campaign in which the two opposing armies lost such frequent opportunities of obtaining certain victory, and insuring the total destruction of each other, as that between the French and the Russians\* : hence the utility of an impartial history of the great events which signalized it.

The style of the Colonel's work is perspicuous, forcible, and lively ; but we regret, that either he or his editors at Paris have barbarously adopted the Polish mode of representing Russian words in Roman characters, without attending to their sounds, and have thus disfigured the book ; an error which we shall carefully avoid in our review.

In the author's advertisement, we are informed, that "the History of the Campaign of 1812" is a work which still remains to be executed. All that has hitherto appeared in Europe upon this subject is either incomplete or inaccurate. The author, convinced of this truth, has neglected nothing, in order to give to his work the highest character of authenticity. An eyewitness of the greater part of the events of which he has rendered an account, he had, besides, an opportunity of searching among the archives of the Russian Imperial Staff, (*Etat-Major*.) "The official documents of this army, and those of the enemy which the fortune of war threw into the hands of the Russians, form a precious mine, which he has ransacked with the greatest care," and of which he has made ample use.

The author is not unconscious of the difficulties of his enterprize. To write a contemporary history is not an easy task. The man who knows not to compose conscientiously, will not fail to become a butt to the outrage of trifling and jarring ambitions, (*petites ambitions froissées*), and of the hatred of party-spirit, whose passionate judgment cannot be ratified by history. Therefore the author resigns himself to all the calumnies of which he will become the object. Proud of having advanced no other language but that which his own conviction dictated, he ambitiously seeks after the suffrages of the small number of men who are *nobly impartial* : he will repel with disdain the declamations of those to whom truth is an offence or a crime. Still he has not the ridiculous presumption to believe in the infallibility of his own judgment. He will receive with gratitude all the observations which, for the interest of the art, (of war,) it may be judged proper to propose to him. *Quant aux points de vue de son livre, ils sont essentiellement Russes, et cela doit être ainsi.* The author too highly esteems military men of all nations, who place the glory of their country above

\* Sir R. Wilson's Sketch of the Military and Political State of Russia in 1817 contains a critique upon the Campaign of 1812, which, although we do not always coincide with, yet we recommend military men to read and study it.



all things, to suppose that such a sentiment can surprise them, and, on the contrary, not merit their approbation. If this patriotism has led him into some exaggeration, it is against his will, for he has made every effort to avoid it.

Boutourlin has used the Russian Calendar, which, as is well known, is twelve days later than the Gregorian. But as it is of some consequence, in comparing other works with this, to have the date both according to the old and the new Calendar, in the following pages we have always put them together, the last being included in a parenthesis.

The First Chapter of Boutourlin's work is occupied with a sketch of the political relations of Russia and France, or, indeed, we may say, of all the powers of Europe, from the peace of Lunéville till the war of 1812, as well as with the investigation of the causes which led to the rupture between Russia and France. The author has shewn considerable ability in compressing a great deal of valuable information into a small compass, which forms a good introduction to his history of the campaign of 1812. But as the events alluded to are familiar to our countrymen, we shall merely quote, from this part of his work, a few passages which unveil to us the author's manner of thinking, or perhaps we should rather say, the light in which the Russian Cabinet would wish the events alluded to to be regarded.

As the Emperor Napoleon forms one of the chief *dramatis personæ* of Colonel Boutourlin's narration, we shall not hesitate to allude to his opinion of that hero. After speaking of the peace of Amiens, and of the laurels which Napoleon had already acquired, he says,

This extraordinary man, one of the greatest captains who ever existed, to the most sublime talent for war joined the art, so important and so rare, of adroitly managing the minds of others, and of constantly bending them to his inflexible will. Taking advantage of the circumstances in which fortune had placed him, he constituted himself the heir of the Revolution, and seized the supreme power with so firm a grasp, that the enemies of order were reduced to silence. He alone, standing upon the ruin of the parties which had distracted his country, rebuilt the social edifice which the factious and the *anarchistes* had succeeded in destroying. Already France, restored to peace, blessed his name, and addressed to him just *actions de grâces*, for the benefits which his vigorous administration had spread over her. Europe admired him, and was pleased to see in him the support of justice and of good order. But this reverie of happiness did not endure. The great qualities with which he was endowed were obscured by the inextinguishable ambition which filled his heart.

After alluding to the amicable connection which the Emperor Paul had begun to establish, and which Alexander wished to confirm, between Russia and France, and to the subsequent and evident coolness between their two cabinets, which was augmented in consequence of the invasion of Hanover and of the States of Naples by the latter, the Colonel says,

Nevertheless, Russia *still balanced* to declare openly against France, when the murder of the Duc d'Enghien determined the choice of the political system which she had to follow. The Emperor Alexander, for the honour of his crown, and for the surety of Europe, could no longer acknowledge an alliance with a government which had committed so unheard-of an action.

Having spoken of the unfortunate battle of Friedland, the Colonel states that—

The Emperor Alexander, menaced upon his territory, was forced to think of his own safety. Austria did not move; Prussia existed no more; the Swedes, too feeble to afford any succour to their allies, could scarcely support themselves at Stralsund; and England, placed in difficult circumstances, did not appear disposed to push the war with activity. In this situation, the safety of Europe became a chimera impossible to realize, and the Emperor Alexander, by continuing the war, could do nothing but uselessly lavish the blood of his brave troops. The only end that was still permitted him to have in view, that of re-establishing Prussia, at least in part, could not be more certainly attained than by an intimate alliance between France and Russia. One might have supposed that Napoleon, flattered by the honour of being acknowledged Emperor by the only sovereign of the Continent who had hitherto refused him that

title, would have relaxed the rigour of the conditions which he would impose upon Prussia : these considerations induced the Emperor of Russia à *provoquer un rapprochement avec l'ennemi*.

The famous interview, (says Boutourlin,) which took place between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte upon the Niemen, gave a new aspect to the politics and to the situation of Europe, and its result was the treaty of peace signed at Tilsit.

Such is a Russian officer's account of the weakest act Alexander was ever guilty of. To use a common phrase, he was assuredly *gulled* by the wily Buonaparte.

The following remarks are curious, as coming from Russia :

While Napoleon endeavoured to excite all nations to war against England, the British Government struck one of those blows against Denmark which vulgar politics will try to justify, but which equity and morality will always disapprove. Denmark was a power friendly to Russia ; consequently, the Emperor Alexander could not regard the bombardment of Copenhagen with an indifferent eye. He then determined no longer to defer breaking the peace with England, and to shut his ports against her commerce. But this measure had been illusory, if the English had preserved free access to the ports of the Baltic, which belonged to Sweden. This last power was therefore summoned to renounce her alliance with England, and to adhere to the Continental System. Gustavus IV. having refused to obey the wishes of Russia, the Emperor Alexander declared war against him, and caused Finland to be invaded.

The signs of coolness which began to be manifested in the connections of France with Russia could not escape the penetration of the Emperor Alexander. He felt, that the alliance concluded at Tilsit, and cemented at Erfurt, being no longer for the interests of Napoleon, would not subsist for any length of time, and that the grand crisis was approaching, which ought either to consolidate the universal monarchy which the Emperor of the French pretended to establish upon the Continent, or to break the chains which retained all the nations of Europe under his sceptre. The Emperor of Russia, determined never to subscribe to any condition incompatible with the dignity and independence of his crown, regarded a rupture as inevitable, and even as very near. Then he applied himself to organize quietly all the means of defence which the immense resources of his vast estates presented to him, to sustain a struggle so much more terrible, because he had to reckon alone upon his own forces to make head against those of the greatest part of Europe.

Already the extraordinary augmentation which the Duchy of Warsaw had received by the union of New Gallicia had begun to cause just uneasiness to the Russian Minister, who believed that he ought to take measures of surety, by proposing to Napoleon to sign a convention, by which he would engage himself *never to acknowledge the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland*. The Emperor of the French, while he protested that this *re-establishment did not at all enter into his system*, always refused to sign the proposed convention, under the futile pretext that such an act would be incompatible with his dignity. This refusal unveiled the insincerity of the amicable dispositions which he still feigned to preserve with respect to Russia.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg, under these circumstances, did not dissemble that it ought, above all, to endeavour to constrain the Turks to peace, so as to be able to unite, *without distraction*, all its means of war upon the western frontier of the Empire.

The levy of the conscription of 1811, the extraordinary preparations for war by the Poles in the Duchy of Warsaw, and the progressive reinforcement of the French army of Germany, whose head-quarters had been transferred from Ratisbon to Hamburgh, were unequivocal marks of the hostile dispositions of France. The Emperor Alexander judged it necessary no longer to delay putting himself in a state of defence, by assembling the greater part of his forces upon the western frontier of his Empire. These preparations alarmed Napoleon, to whom "prudence still prescribed dissimulation toward Russia ; and he determined, in consequence, to address new



protestations of his desire to preserve the good harmony between the two Empires to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg." However, "it was evident that the Emperor of the French only wished to gain time, in order to finish his preparations. It then appeared to be the interest of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to anticipate him, by commencing war in the spring of 1811; but the political and military situation of Europe did not permit Russia to begin offensive operations." This power might have been able to have gained some advantages, by invading the Duchy of Warsaw with 150,000 men, who were assembled upon her western frontiers; but they would only have been ephemeral, and might ultimately have proved detrimental, by ending in a disastrous retreat. "Instead of exposing himself to this misfortune, it was much more advantageous for Russia to await the enemy upon her own territory, where the explosion of a national war ought to afford useful auxiliaries to her armies. The Emperor Alexander, therefore, determined to remain in observation upon his frontiers, awaiting the event."

At the commencement of the year 1812, it was evident that some great crisis was approaching for all the states of Europe. The Great Napoleon presented a most inspiring and menacing attitude, for he commanded, not only the armies of France and Italy, but indirectly had power over those of the petty sovereigns and Germanic princes, and of a great part of Poland: Russia, England, and Turkey, among the great, and Denmark, Prussia, and Sweden, among the smaller states, were then the only independent powers in Europe.

After some differences between Russia and France had taken place, Buonaparte still endeavoured to dissimulate, but soon afterwards his armies advanced to the Elbe. Then the Emperor Alexander arrived at Wilna, where the head-quarters of the grand army were already established. An appearance of negotiation was still kept up between the French and the Russian Governments; but Alexander would not consent to the terms of Buonaparte. The latter, therefore, arrived at Thorn on the 24th of May, and determined not to delay the campaign, for fear of losing, in useless negotiations, the season most favourable for military operations. In the meantime, after many difficulties were overcome, a treaty of peace was concluded between Turkey and Russia, through the kind offices of England and Sweden.

The Second Chapter contains a description of the dreadful preparations which were made on both sides for the prosecution of war, of the formation of the armies, and of the country which became the theatre of contest; all of which topics are treated of with great clearness and minuteness by Colonel Boutourlin.

In consequence of Napoleon's preparations and alliances, the overwhelming means of carrying on war, which he had at his command, amounted, at the beginning of the year 1812, to considerably above a million of men, and consisted of the following armies:—

|                                                                       |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| The French Army . . . . .                                             | 850,000 |
| The Italian Army . . . . .                                            | 30,000  |
| The Army of the Duchy of Warsaw . . . . .                             | 60,000  |
| The Bavarian Army . . . . .                                           | 40,000  |
| The Army of Saxony . . . . .                                          | 30,000  |
| The Army of Westphalia . . . . .                                      | 30,000  |
| The Army of Wurtemberg . . . . .                                      | 15,000  |
| The Army of Baden . . . . .                                           | 9,000   |
| The troops of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine . . . . . | 23,000  |
| The Prussian Corps . . . . .                                          | 20,000  |
| The Austrian Corps . . . . .                                          | 30,000  |
| The Army of Naples . . . . .                                          | 30,000  |

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1,187,000

Napoleon, having above a million of combatants at his orders, could easily direct a most formidable and overwhelming army against Russia, without weakening that which he had in Spain. But besides this force, the immensity of his plan required that he should keep a powerful reserve in



garrison. "The channel of the conscription being exhausted, he ordered all the males fit to carry arms," both in France and Italy, to be organised as a National Guard, and divided into three classes, according to their age:—"The Grand Army destined for the invasion of Russia consisted of thirteen corps of the line, and four corps of cavalry, besides the corps of the Guard, and the auxiliary troops of Austria, under the orders of Prince Schwartzenberg."

In the course of the month of April these enormous masses began their march, and after inundating various states of Europe, the Grand Army reached the banks of the Vistula at the commencement of May. Marienbourg, Marienwerder, Thorn, Plosk, Warsaw, &c. were occupied by different divisions; but the Guards were quartered at Dresden.

While Napoleon prepared his means of aggression, the Emperor of Russia did not neglect to put himself in a state of defence. As a rupture between the two sovereigns was foreseen in 1810, orders were then given to fortify different places which were to support the operations of the armies. Directions were given to augment the defences, to raise new fortresses upon the Dnieper, the Beresina, and the Dvina, and the Minister of War ordered an augmentation of the army. In consequence of the new and active measures, on the 1st of January 1812 the forces of Russia were disposed in the following manner: In Finland, the corps of Count Steingell, consisting of 30,653 men; the corps of the Grand-Duke Constantine, composed of 28,526 men, at Petersburg; the corps of Count Wittgenstein, of 34,290 men, in Livonia and Courland; the corps of General Baggavout, of 47,520, in the governments of Wilna and Witepsk; the corps of General Essen, of 41,045 men, in the governments of Grodna, Minsk, and Mohilef; the army of Prince Bagration, of 104,322 men, in Volchinia and Podolia; the Moldavian army of General Kutúsof, of 87,026 men, upon the Danube; the corps of the Duc de Richelieu, of 19,501 men, in the Crimea; and the corps of General Rútichef, of 9,928 men, in the Caucasus; the corps of General the Marquis de Paulucci, of 23,745 men, in Georgia; and at Moscow, the 27th division, newly formed, of 10,641. By adding to the general sum of the above mentioned forces, 2,417 exercising men, 4,051 pioneers, 4,851 artillery of reserve, and 69,166 soldiers in the garrisons, and invalids employed in active service, the total number, 517,682 men, formed, at this epoch, the total of the regular troops of the Russian empire.

According to an ukáz of the 16th of September 1811, a conscription of four men from every 500 males took place throughout the Russian empire, with the exception of New Finland, of Georgia, and the provinces of Bialostok and Tarnapole. By this levy, numerous *dépôts of recruits* were formed in the provinces adjacent to the stations of the Russian armies. In order to provide a certain subsistence for the troops, immense *dépôts of provisions* and forage were formed along the Polish frontier, as well as at Novgoród, Riga, Drissa, &c.

Such was the state of the two vast powers, when Napoleon made known his designs, by causing the French troops to march into Prussia, and toward the Vistula. The Emperor Alexander, who had wished to avoid giving Napoleon the shadow of a pretext for the invasion of his territories, now felt that the moment was arrived to lay aside all *ménagement*, and to occupy himself almost entirely with the organization of the armies upon the western frontiers of his empire. "The Guards received orders to march from Petersburg, and General Kutúsof was directed to detach two divisions of the Moldavian army towards Loutsk." A new levy of two males from every 500 was ordered, in consequence of the exigency of the times.

The whole forces assembled upon the western frontier of Russia were formed into two great armies. The first army of the west was placed under the command of Barclay de Tolly, whose head-quarters were at Wilna. It was composed of six corps, commanded by Count Wittgenstein, General Baggavout, General Tutchkof, Count Shuválof, the Grand-Duke Constantine, and General Essen, besides two corps of cavalry of reserve, under the command of General Uvárof and General Korf. The second army of the

west was placed under the command of Prince Bagration, who was to remove his head-quarters from Jitomir to Loutsk. It was composed of four corps of infantry, and two of cavalry of reserve. The 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th corps of this army were commanded by General Raëvskoi, Count Kaménskoi, General Márkof, and General Dóktorof; and the 4th and 5th corps of cavalry were commanded by General Tchaplits and Count Lambert. The second army had also in its suite twelve companies of artillery, and ten regiments of Kozáks. Besides, two corps of reserve were formed and placed under the command of Baron Muller-Zakomelskoi, whose head-quarters were at Toropets; and of General Ertell, whose head-quarters were at Romén. A strong garrison was organized at Riga, under orders of Prince Labánof; and a division of cavalry remained at Olviopole, ready to join either the Moldavian army, or the second army of the west, according to the exigency of circumstances. Many dépôts of recruits were disposed throughout those provinces of the empire nearest the theatre of war, so as to supply any deficiencies in the armies which might be actively engaged. Immense *reserve lines* of artillery were also arranged along the frontiers of Poland and Russia.

The Emperor Alexander arrived at Wilna on the 16th of April, and immediately an entrenched camp was formed at Drissa, upon the Dvina, and a fortification was raised at Borissof, upon the Beresina. In consequence of the motions of the French army, a number of changes took place in that of the Russians, which Boutourlin details with much clearness.

On the 10th of June Napoleon had fixed his head-quarters at Volkoviski, and the mass of his forces directed itself upon Kovno. The Russians now saw the absolute necessity of reinforcing their first army, as, apparently, it was to be most exposed to the attacks of the enemy. The sixth corps was again united to it, and received orders to move from Volkoviski to Lida. General Platóf proceeded from Bielostok to Grodno. General Bagration received orders to carry the second army from the environs of Pronjani to Volkoviski.

The author here interrupts his narrative, and employs sixteen pages in a dry description of the country which became the theatre of war, and almost as many more in a still more tiresome detail of all the roads which pass through it, especially of those which conduct to Moscow; a description which may become highly useful, in case of another campaign in this part of the world. Some of the concluding remarks of the chapter, however, deserve notice. In the circumstances in which the Russians were placed, the point which it was of the greatest consequence to defend was Wilna, as the enemy, it was expected, would not fail to direct the mass of their forces against that point. The author, after stating the disadvantages of attack by Nesvig and Jitomir, remarks, that "the manœuvres which we have indicated clearly demonstrate the falsity of the opinion too generally spread among military men, that a frontier, to be advantageous, ought to be straitened (*retrecié.*)"

The Russians, perfectly sensible of the importance of Wilna, united their Grand Army in its environs, and caused the second army to approach it. "However," says Boutourlin, "while we render justice to the judicious choice of the point of Wilna, it must be admitted, that the line of retreat which the works executed at the camp of Drissa indicated, and which must have been directed from Wilna upon this camp, was not so fortunately determined. This line, besides the inconvenience of removing the first army from the second, presented also that of giving to the enemy the power of arriving first at the important point of Smolensk, and of placing himself between it and the fertile provinces of the South. It appeared more advantageous to return back from Wilna upon Minsk, where the first army would have been formed in intimate connection with the second, and upon the most natural line of operations, which was the central route from Moscow by Smolensk."

In his Third Chapter, Colonel Boutourlin treats of the position of the armies at the commencement of hostilities; of the passage of the Niemen by Napoleon; of the retreat of the first army of the west to the Dvina, then upon Polotsk, Witepsk, and Smolensk; of the retreat of the second army



upon Mohilef; of the camp at Drissa; of the departure of the Emperor Alexander to Moscow, and afterwards to Petersburg, to order new armaments in the interior of the Empire; of the combats of Ostróvno and Sultánovka; of the junction of the two Russian armies; and of the delay of Napoleon at Witepsk. We shall select a few remarks from it.

At the commencement of hostilities, the first army, whose head-quarters were at Wilna, consisted of about 127,000 men; the second army, whose head-quarters were at Volkoviski, amounted to 39,000, including 4000 Kozáks; and the third army, whose head-quarters were at Loutsk, had about 43,000 combatants, including likewise about 4000 Kozáks. The total of the three armies amounted to about 217,000 men, besides a reserve of nearly 35,000, and a disposable force of 50,000 men, not including Kozáks, disengaged in consequence of the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Russia, and destined to invade Italy under the command of Admiral Tchitchagof. The concentration of the principal forces of the French toward Kovno led to the presumption that Napoleon would not delay the passage of the Niemen, so as to penetrate into Russia. The Grand Russian Army, scattered over too long a line, was not in a state to prevent this invasion, and the General-in-Chief, Barclay de Tolly, determined to avoid a combat till he had united all the corps of his army. A retreat was determined on, and executed according to orders by the generals of the different corps, the rendezvous being fixed at Sventsiani.

While these arrangements were making at the head-quarters of Wilna, Napoleon was busily occupied with his dispositions for opening the campaign. He divided his disposable forces, which amounted to nearly 500,000 men, into three grand divisions. "He himself, with his Guards, the corps of Davoust, Oudinot, and Ney, and the cavalry corps of Nansouty, Montbrun, and Grouchy, in all 25,000 men, prepared to crush the first army of the west: the King of Westphalia, with the corps of Junot, Poniatóvski, and Regnier, and the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg, forming a mass of 80,000 men, was to overthrow the second army; the Viceroy of Italy, with a central army also of 80,000 soldiers, was to throw himself between the two Russian armies, and to cut off their communications; Marshal Macdonald, with his flank corps on the left, consisting of 30,000 men, was to penetrate into Courland; and on the right, Prince Schwartzenberg, with the Austrian auxiliary corps, also of 30,000 men, was destined to keep Tournasof in check.

The declaration of war was at length made known to the opposing armies, who awaited the signal for hostilities with impatience. But the Russian armies fell back upon Drissa, from which place Alexander, fearing that this retreat might have an injurious influence upon the spirit of his troops, and in order to excite new animation, again addressed them.

Meanwhile, the Poles, cajoled by Napoleon, rather prematurely declared the kingdom of Poland re-established.

We cannot pass over in silence what the author says of the camp at Drissa, a point which, we, along with many others, expected to have been the theatre of contest, and of a bloody battle between the contending armies, and the name of which is fixed in the memory of the world by the anxiety which was created in the year 1812. Colonel Boutourlin gives a detailed description of this camp, and of the forces it contained, and then says, "Although the position which we have described, in spite of some faults in the disposition of the works, was sufficiently strong, it was no longer convenient for the French army: it had presented an excellent *strategical* point if Napoleon had manœuvred seriously upon Pskof or Livonia; but as he had only made demonstrations toward his left, while he moved the mass of his forces upon the right, it became evident that the Russians could no longer remain at Drissa, without the risk of being turned by their left, and thrown back upon Livonia and the sea, entirely without communications with the interior of the empire. At length, to avoid this terrible result, it was resolved to evacuate the camp of Drissa, and to ascend the right bank of the Dvina by Potolsk toward Vitepsk:" this evacuation of Drissa took place on the 2d (14th) of July.



The Emperor quitted the army at Polotsk after having dispatched an address to the city of Moscow, and a proclamation to his people, dated from the camp near this town the 6th (18th) of July: and on the 11th (23d) of the same month he arrived there himself, and was received with the most touching testimonials of fidelity and devotion. "The general enthusiasm manifested in the cause of their country by the nobility and the merchants, and the enormous sacrifices they made, as well as the zeal they shewed in procuring the means of defence, are well known to the world, and may be justly cited with pride and veneration. Well might his Majesty Alexander exclaim, 'I did not expect less; you have fully confirmed the opinion which I had of you;' and our author is no less justifiable in the following expressions, which must have flown spontaneously from his heart, "Glory to the sovereign who knows how to appreciate his nation! Glory to the nation which knows how to render itself so worthy of confidence!"

We shall not follow the Russian armies in their retreat, nor the French armies in pursuit, nor notice the trifling engagements to which allusion has already been made. The great object Napoleon had in view was to prevent the junction of the Russian armies; the main view of the Russians was to effect that junction—and they succeeded. "Napoleon, on his arrival at Vitepsk, seeing that his enemies had escaped from him, and that he was not able to arrive before them at Smolensk, and consequently to prevent the union of the two armies, thought it proper to stop for some days, with the design of giving time to the corps of Poniatóvski and Junot to rejoin Davoust, and also to procure some repose for his troops, who had been greatly fatigued by the marches which they had made through a devastated country. The cantonments of the French stretched from Suraje even to Mohilef."

Colonel Boutourlin winds up his Third Chapter by telling us, "that the events which signalized this first period of the campaign do more honour to the Russians than to the Emperor Napoleon;" and then, having praised their masterly movements in the retreat, he adds, "It ought to be remarked, that the errors of the Emperor of the French contributed much to the success of the operations of the Russians. It seems it had entirely escaped Napoleon, that the direct road from Wilna to Smolensk ought to have been his principal line of operations. By following this line in mass, he would easily have succeeded in passing the left of the army of Barclay, and the right of that of Bagration, and then with advantage he would have been able to have beat the one or the other of these armies; or even, taking into view his great superiority, both at once, with the view of throwing the second army upon the marshes of Pripet, and the first upon the Baltic Sea. But to have operated in this manner, it was necessary to have acted with vigour and resolution; on the contrary, Napoleon, apparently frightened with the grandeur of the enterprize which he had conceived, acted with a timidity which unveiled his uncertainty as to the result." In a note by the Editor, it is allowed that Napoleon did not act with the same vigour and activity he had shown at Ulm in 1805, at Ratisbon in 1809, &c.; but he says, that Boutourlin forgets the alarming difficulty of finding provisions, and of the roads, and the enormous loss of men and horses which had resulted from the first forced marches upon Wilna. But as the magazines of supply of Dantzick and of Königsberg were good for nothing at Minsk and at Gluboyozé, and as they were too remote to help to the establishment of an immediate and regular service, it would have been better to have marched quickly, than with so much circumspection.

The two Russian armies, after their junction, formed a force of 120,000 soldiers; and it was necessary to determine their future operations. On the 25th of July, (Aug. 6,) a council of war was summoned, in which Colonel Toll proposed that they should take advantage of the dissemination of the French corps, to attack the center of their cantonments. His plan was adopted, and the troops were put in motion for Roudnia; but in consequence of the movement of some of the French troops, Barclay de Tolly, fearing to have his right turned, and to be cut off from Smolensk, countermanded the march to Roudnia, and ordered it to be prolonged upon the right. Prince Ba-

gration having been informed that the enemy had appeared in the left of the Dnieper at Rasasna and Tchauvsi, feared that the corps of Nevérovskoi was compromised, and that the enemy might arrive at Smolénsk before the Russians. To avoid this danger, he approached the town, and had his head-quarters under its walls. Afterwards, Barclay de Tolly having nothing to fear for his right flank, again determined upon the march to Roudnia, and again the troops were put in motion. But as Colonel Boutourlin, with equal candour and justice, remarks, "during these marches and counter-marches of the Russian army, Napoleon executed the finest movement which he made during the campaign." The advanced guard of the King of Naples, commanded by Sebastiani, had had an affair with Platóf and his Kozáks near Molevo-Boloto. This combat having taught Buonaparte "that the Russian generals carried the mass of their forces towards Roudnia, he felt the sad consequences with which this manœuvre might be attended, and resolved to concentrate himself upon his right, with the intention of endeavouring to repair, upon the spot, the error which he had committed of being too much disseminated." The troops under the orders of the Viceroy and Grouchy marched toward Rasasna upon the Dnieper. "The Emperor of the French, seeing that these first motions had been executed without opposition, and that the Russians still remained in the environs of Kauplia, resolved to turn them by their left by passing the Dnieper *en masse*, and transporting himself by the left bank of this river upon Smolénsk, with the intention of seizing this town against the last of their armies, which he flattered himself he might throw back afterwards by Porekzié upon Velikie-Luki or Toropets, deprived of all communication with the southern provinces, the most fertile in the empire." Accordingly, three bridges were thrown across the Dnieper at Rasasna, and a fourth was constructed at Khomino, by which the French troops crossed. A good deal of skirmishing took place, especially with the corps of General Nevérovskoi, who effected his difficult retreat to Smolénsk in fine style, and was met at the distance of six versts by General Raévskoi coming to his assistance. The Russian forces now assembled in and near Smolénsk, to which town the French advanced. The former made all preparations for defence, the latter for attack, and, according to our author, with a force of 185,000 fighting men. A good deal of skirmishing took place between the opposing armies, and Doktorof even made a successful sally. However, "Napoleon, who expected to have seen the Russian army debouche from Smolensk to give him battle, seeing that this was not their intention, determined at length to make the attack himself;" which he accordingly did, and a dreadful contest followed. Colonel Boutourlin states, that "the combats before Smolénsk cost the enemy 20,000 men *hors de ligne*;" and that the loss of the Russians was also considerable; on the 5th (17th) of August alone they had 6,000 men *hors de combat*. He adds, that the defence of Smolénsk by Doktorof, who remained master of the town on the 5th (17th), was the more honourable to him, because he had only about 30,000 men to oppose to 72,000, which the enemy engaged in the first line.

The extraordinary success of the defence of Smolénsk gave room to hope, that, on the following days, the renewed efforts of the enemy to capture it would be equally vain; but in spite of this, General Barclay judged that Napoleon, by stretching his troops by his right, was able to become master of the road to Moscow, which the second isolated army would not be in a state to defend efficaciously. Upon this hypothesis, the Russian armies would be thrown back upon Porekzié, and the northern provinces entirely without the important line of the centre, and from all connection with the fertile provinces of the south." The General-in-chief of the first army, against the opinions of some other officers, therefore decided to evacuate Smolénsk, and this was executed in the night between the 5th and 6th (17th and 18th) of August: and the bridges upon the Dnieper were removed.

In the night between the 6th and 7th, (18th and 19th) the French established bridges at Smolénsk. We shall take no particular notice of the skirmishes, nor of the details of the combat of Lubino, or of Valutina, which, according to our guide, should be considered as "a chef-d'œuvre of firmness



on the part of the Russians ;" as well it might, if his account be correct. He states, that the French troops of Ney amounted to not less than 25,000, which were joined by the division of Gudin of above 10,000 combatants ; making, at the termination of the combat, an infantry force of more than 35,000 men. The Editor, however, gives data by which it would appear that they only amounted to 28,000 ; still a great superiority over the Russians, if the Colonel can be trusted, and he says its authenticity cannot be put in question. He affirms that Major-general Tútchkof, at the commencement of the affair, had no more than 2,400 men ; that with this handful he sustained the first efforts of the French from six o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon ; and that, after the four reinforcements which he received, the infantry force of the Russians, under arms, at the end of the combat, formed a total of 15,200 men. The Russian infantry which remained in reserve, however, he says, formed a total of not more than 16,000 men.

" We may reckon," says the Colonel, " the loss experienced by the Russians in this bloody combat at 5,000 killed and wounded ; that of the enemy may have amounted to about 9,000 men."

After different movements of the Russian armies, Barclay de Tolly regained his communications with Moscow, and consequently with the heart of the empire ; and seeing himself once more in communication with Prince Bagration, thought that he ought no longer to avoid a general battle, which alone could arrest the progress of the French. The General, therefore, determined to stop on the right bank of the Ujea, near Usviatyè, where the position appeared favourable to receive battle. In the meantime, he sent orders to General Milarádovitch, who was forming new troops at Kaluga, Mojaïsk, and Volokolámsk, to set out immediately for Viasma with the troops which he had armed. The Russian troops concentrated themselves, in the meantime, towards Usviatyè.

The French army began to feel the effects of the fatiguing marches which it had performed. The cavalry especially suffered excessively, and the exhausted horses could with difficulty advance. These reasons caused it to be generally believed that Napoleon would not advance farther than Smolénsk, but that he would employ the rest of the campaign in establishing himself firmly in Poland, and in securing his rear by chasing the army of Tormosof from Volchinia. Master then of all the provinces of ancient Poland, he would have been able to have re-organized this kingdom, and to have drawn from it all the means necessary to have ensured the success of the expedition, which, the following spring, he would have directed against Moscow ; but this plan, traced by a prudence bordering too much in timidity, was not suited to the impetuous temper of the Emperor of the French, who, seeing the Russian armies in full retreat upon Moscow, believed that he ought to push them even to the other side of that capital, where he hoped to conquer *a peace the most glorious and the most useful* for his ulterior projects. To blame this determination would be to expose one's-self to be taxed with the injustice of having judged after the event. How, in effect, could one have seriously counselled Napoleon to stop short in the midst of his successes, by refusing himself the perspective of those still more brilliant which offered themselves to him ? Above all, it must not be lost sight of, that Napoleon could not be ignorant of the interior armaments of Russia, and consequently his first duty was to act with vigour, in the view of anticipating them. Such is the opinion Colonel Boutourlin had formed of Buonaparte's conduct, but since his work has been published, we are told, in a note in Russian, that he learned that this great chieftain, in departing from Wilna, had not formed the *project* of pushing forward to Moscow, but, on the contrary, had declared publicly his intention to halt near Smolénsk and Vitepsk, and there await his reinforcements.

The Emperor of the French decided to abandon himself to his fortune, and left Smolénsk on the 11th, (23d,) with his Guards, to join the forces which were already assembled before Usviatyè.

The French having made demonstrations indicating their intention to



turn the left of the Russian armies, and Prince Bagration fearing that both armies might be cut off from Dórogobúje, and thrown back into the angle formed by the Ujea and the Dnieper, determined Barclay de Tolly to abandon his position, and to seek for another and more advantageous one near Viasma. The Russian armies, accordingly, began the retreat on the night of the 11th and the 12th, (23d,) (25th,) and continued it, not only to Viasma, where no favourable position is said to have presented itself, but to Tsarévo-Zaimitché, where they took up their position on the 17th, (29th,) in the plain.

"General Milarádovitch having arrived the same day at Gjatsk with a corps of 14,466 infantry and 4000 horse, General Barclay, seeing himself supported by so imposing a reserve, determined to receive battle." "This position, indeed, did not present any *appui* for the wings, but the General-in-chief believed he could remedy this defect, by causing redoubts to be raised on the flanks of the army, which he proposed, besides, to cover by his light troops." The preparations, however, were suspended in consequence of the arrival, on the 17th of August, of Prince Golenístchef-Kutúsof, who had been appointed by the Emperor Alexander Commander-in-chief of all the armies employed against Napoleon. "The acknowledged utility of the *centralization*," says Boutourlin, in explanation of this great change, "of all the means in the hands of a single chief, had necessitated this new nomination." "Besides," he adds, "in order the more to *nationalize* the war, it ought to be very advantageous to place a Russian name at the head of the armaments."

As usual, the Colonel concludes his chapter by remarks on the measures of the commanders of both armies. Although, as we have already mentioned, he speaks in the most laudatory style of Napoleon's design of turning the left of the Russian armies near Smolénsk, he is of opinion that he did not profit by all the advantages which "*cette belle manœuvre*" ought to have procured. He thinks, that, by having divided his army, and attacking the Russians, their two armies might have been defeated, thrown back upon Porteche, and cut off from any communication with the heart of the empire. He also reproaches Napoleon for not having put more troops at the disposition of Marshal Ney, for the pursuit of the Russians, and also for not having given him positive orders to advance at first with rapidity by the great road to Moscow, so as to have arrived at Lubino before the Russians.

Colonel Boutourlin likewise censures with frankness the operations of the Russian generals. "The movement," says he, "so well combined upon Roudnia, would have had the most brilliant results, if it had been executed with vigour and resolution; but General Barclay, on the contrary, hesitated, which gave to the enemy the means, not only of warding off the blow with which he was threatened, but even of placing the Russian army in the most perilous situation, by outstripping it before Smolénsk. Nothing less than the heroic resistance of General Raévskoi, on the 4th (16th) of August, could have saved the Russians, who, by rambling in the environs of Roudnia, had risked losing their communications with Moscow. In compensation, the resolution of General Barclay to abandon Smolénsk merits so much the more eulogium, because he acted in this circumstance against the opinion of Prince Bagration, and of the principal officers of the two armies, who believed in the possibility of continuing to defend Smolénsk." The author notices some minor errors of the Russians, and concludes by pointing out—if his reasons be well founded—that a capital error was committed by the Russian chiefs.

"We also think," says our author, who no doubt speaks the language of his sovereign, that the Russian generals, after having passed Dórogobúje, ought to have left the great road to Moscow at Yákof, in order to have posted itself at Známenskoyé, behind the Ugra, near the branching of the two roads from Dórogobúje and Viasma, to Yúchnof and Kalúga. This change of the line of operations presented great advantages, and perhaps would yet have saved Moscow. Napoleon would not have dared to

continue his advance directly upon the capital, leaving behind him the whole Russian army. He would have hesitated even to detach from it a large body; and the Kozáks, who might have been left upon the great road to Moscow, and who would have been supported by the militia of this government, would have found themselves in a condition to oppose the march of a less considerable corps. Thus Napoleon would have seen himself constrained *à faire l'impossible* in order to displace the Russian army from Známenskoyé. Supposing that this army, by not having received the reinforcements it expected, did not yet find itself in a state to measure its strength with the enemy, it had only to retreat slowly by Yúchnof upon Kalúga, or rather by Massalsk, Metchovsk, and Jisdra, upon Briansk. By retiring in this direction, the Russians would have continued to remove (*éloigner*) the enemy farther from Moscow, to draw him toward the south, and to menace his communication with Smolénsk and Mohilef. This new line of operations would have been so much the better chosen, as it would have supported (*adossée*) the Russian army in the most fertile provinces of the empire, and detained the enemy in the government of Smolénsk, a country less abundant, and besides already ruined by the *sejour* of the armies."

But although we have no great pretensions to military skill, we cannot avoid remarking, that Colonel Boutourlin has assumed data, and then reasoned upon them. Why should not Buonaparte have advanced directly to Moscow, had the Russian troops made the lateral motion the Colonel speaks of? Was not this now his darling project? And if the Russian Generals had not thought he would advance directly, why did they formerly make so many movements to save this capital? To speak of the Kozáks and the militia having been able to keep a body in check on this road is absurd. No doubt, Buonaparte would have moved his whole forces, and allowed the Russian forces in his rear to have retreated or advanced as they pleased. Had Buonaparte followed the Russian armies to Známenskoyé, we are not informed why he should have been constrained *à faire l'impossible pour deposter l'armée Russe*. What difficulty was there here to prevent this? Was the situation as strong at that of Borodino, where he caused the Russian army to decamp from that strong hold? No! no! Napoleon would neither have followed the Russians to Kalúga, nor to Briansk in the government of Orel. Therefore we conclude that the accusations against Barclay de Tolly, Prince Bagration, and even against Prince Kutúsof—who, when he took command of the army, might have adopted this line of operation, had he approved of it—are not well founded.

The arrival of General Kutúsof at the head-quarters of Tsarévo-Zaimitché was quite *à propos*, and had an excellent effect upon the army, which had begun to lose confidence in its chiefs, in consequence of the continued retreat. "The very name of Kutúsof seemed already a sure pledge of victory. This illustrious old man, whose whole life had been devoted to the service of his country, happily united in himself the great military talents requisite to counterbalance those of his justly-celebrated antagonist. Endowed with a vast and penetrating mind, he combined the knowledge derived from his own experience, with that of the greatest captains, his predecessors. Wise as Fabius, cunning as the first Philip of Macedonia, he was in some degree qualified to divine and overthrow the projects of the modern Hannibal, who, till then, had but too often triumphed, by a happy mixture of trick (*ruse*) and impetuosity; formidable arms for adversaries of a moderate genius, but which could not fail to be shattered (*briser*) against the enlightened prudence of the Commander-in-chief of the Russians. The new claims which Kutúsof had just acquired to public gratitude, by the subjugation of the Ottoman army in 1811, and by the peace concluded so happily with the Porte on the 16th (28th) of May 1812—a peace more useful to Russia than battles gained—had rendered him the object of the love and hope of all his fellow-citizens. The troops adored him with so much the more reason, that, without ever relaxing the indispensable chain of discipline, he took great care not to be too severe, either by unusual rigour or by



useless deprivation. His solicitude, truly paternal, towards his subordinates, (inferiors,) attached all hearts to him. In a word, the choice which the Emperor had made of him united the suffrages of all well-thinking men : and the small number of those whom personal enmity raised against *le grand honneur* dared not declare itself against him, at this solemn moment, when, arrayed with marks the least equivocal of the confidence of his country, he proceeded to throw himself into the immortal career which Providence had prepared for his old age."

The task reserved for Kutúsof was not easy. The enemy was at the threshold of Moscow, which could be saved only by a victory. A battle was become indispensable. The loss of Smolensk had filled the interior of the empire with consternation. Had Moscow been taken without a general battle, the nation would have been discouraged ; the general opinion would have been that Russia had been the sacrifice of treason or unskillfulness. The troops believed the preservation of Moscow to be one of their first duties.

These and other motives equally imperious determined Kutúsof to adopt the plan of Barclay de Tolly, and give a decisive battle without delay. He did not, however, approve of the present position, and therefore, on the 19th, (31st,) the armies quitted Tsarévo-Zaimitché, and retreated to Borodino, which it reached on the 22d of August, (3d of September,) whither it was speedily followed by the French army.

The Colonel relates with great minuteness all the movements and operations of both armies, as well as their combats and positions up to the 26th of August, (7th of September,) when the memorable battle of Borodino, or of the Moskva, was fought. "The total force of the army amounted to 131,000 men, of which 115,000 were regular troops, 7,000 Kozáks, and 10,000 militia. The Russian artillery consisted of 640 pieces. The total French Army presented 152,000 combattants, with nearly 1000 pieces of cannon."

The battle which was about to take place was an event too important to admit of General Kutúsof neglecting any thing to prepare his troops for it, and to electrify them by all possible means. On the afternoon of the 25th of August, (6th of September,) *he caused an image, reported to be miraculous, and which had been saved from Smolensk, to be carried in procession through all the ranks of the army.* These warriors, so formidable in the day of battle, now humbly, upon their knees, and mingling with their religious chants their fervent prayers for their country, for the safety of which they were about to make the noble sacrifice of their blood, presented a spectacle *à la fois sombre et touchant.*

Both armies passed the night in the expectation of the fulfilment of all their wishes, or of the destruction of all their hopes. It was difficult to foretell on which side the balance would incline. On one side, there was the force of numbers, and the confidence inspired and justified by long experience, and, above all, by the conviction that victory alone could put an end to the evils which they had begun to experience. These *grand mobiles* were balanced on the other side by those of true patriotism, national self-love offended by an unprovoked invasion, and the ardent desire of preserving a capital regarded as sacred.

At half past five o'clock of the morning of the 26th of August, (7th of September,) the sun burst through a thick fog, which had been raised at the dawn of day, and illuminated the fields upon which the fate of nations seemed to depend. The signals being given, the French troops ran to their arms, and the captains read to their companies the energetic address which Buonaparte had prepared for them, dated at the Imperial camp, upon the heights of Borodino, the 7th of September, at *two o'clock in the morning* : thus manifesting to his army his anxious solicitude. As this proclamation has ap-

\* By Bourtoulin, 9th table, which is called *approximatif*, the French army at the battle of Borodino, on the 26th of August, (7th of September,) consisted of 195,000 effective, but of only 152,000 present men. By the same table, the Russian forces amounted to 131,200 ; and this is said to be accurate.



peared in Labaume's work, as well as in the works of others, it need not be here quoted.

The author devotes twenty-four pages to the description of this tremendous conflict.

At half past three o'clock, the French were master of the grand redoubt, as well as the arrows (*flèches*) before Seménovskoyé, which were exterior to the position. They would have been obliged to have fought new battles in the endeavour to cause Prince Kutúsov to evacuate his position, by menacing his rear and his communication with Moscow. But both armies, equally exhausted, and weary of carnage, were no longer inclined to renew their efforts. Napoleon himself, frightened by the cruel losses which his army had sustained, caused all attacks to be suspended; however, a furious cannonade was maintained during some hours, and indeed did not cease till toward six o'clock in the evening. At nine o'clock the French tried a last attack, and took a wood, from which they were immediately repulsed. Prince Poniatóvskoi also took possession of a *mamelon* which supported the left of Kutúsov, and General Baggavout was obliged to retrograde to a height which commands the sources of the rivulet of Seménovskoyé. "At nightfall the French corps retrograded toward the position which they had occupied at the commencement of the battle; their advanced posts were left at Borodino, at Utitsa, and in the shrubbery (*broussailles*) before the front of the Russian armies. In the meantime, new dispositions were made in the Russian army; and it appeared certain that Kutúsov had the intention of accepting battle on the following day in a new position." But the reports of the chiefs, received during the night, having made known the enormous losses which the army had sustained, this caused him to change his resolution. The army had acquitted its debt to Moscow, by striking proofs of devotion in the bloody battle of the 26th. New efforts, with troops so exhausted, could only have completed the disorganization of the army, which it was important to keep together. These reasons determined the General-in-chief to retreat upon Moscow.

"The battle of Borodino may be considered as one of the most sanguinary which was ever fought. It is difficult to compute exactly the loss on both sides; but, according to approximate calculations, which cannot be far from the truth, we ought to estimate that of the Russians at nearly 50,000 men *hors de combat*, of whom 15,000 were slain, more than 30,000 were wounded, and about 2,000 were prisoners." Two commanders were killed, and a number wounded, and among the latter Bagration, who died, in consequence, on the 12th of September.

The enemy's loss is said, by Boutourlin, to have amounted to about 60,000 men *hors de combat*: they had nearly 20,000 killed, and the number of prisoners amounted to above 1,000. Eight generals were killed, and thirty were wounded\*. "The military trophies, like the victory, were balanced; the Russians took ten cannon from the French, who, in retaliation, seized thirteen from the Russians.

Colonel Boutourlin, while he excuses Buonaparte for having missed an

\* Labaume says, that the forces of the French and of the Russians were equal at the battle of Borodino, and that they may have amounted on each side to 120,000 or 130,000 men. *Relation Circonstanciée de la Campagne de la Russie*. Some have computed the loss of the French, on this sanguinary occasion, at 50,000, and that of the Russians at 32,000: so that probably, from a combination of different authorities, nearly 100,000 soldiers were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners, at Borodino. Sir R. Wilson says, "At Borodino, as at Waterloo, lines were opposed to lines, man to man, and the appeal was made to each individual soldier's courage; the issue depended upon the exertion of power, rather than the delicacy of manœuvre, or the caprices of fortune; the example of the chief, the charge, the storm, the repulse, and the stand, were the only tactics; the cross-fire of cannon the operations of strategy." He adds, "That after the retreat of the Russians from Borodino, for twelve days, while they were revolving round the smoking ruins of their capital, they presented a *flank* to the concentrated French army, and offered them an infallible victory."

opportunity of having reduced the Russian army *à la position la plus déplorable*, on account of his being in a strange country, without good maps, and without sure guides, says, "nothing can exculpate him for having terminated, so to speak, the battle of Borodino at half-past three o'clock, P. M., at a moment when new efforts on his part could not have failed to have decided the victory on his side."

We shall neither follow the retreat of the Russians, nor the pursuit of them by the French, to Moscow. The reader may now imagine all the native forces close by the city, and think of the next steps which were to be decided upon. On the 1st (13th) of September, Prince Kutúsôf, although determined to abandon Moscow, called a council of war, according to Boutourlin, merely "with the intention not to have the appearance of having decided to come to the sad extremity but with the advice of his principal generals. This council was composed of Generals Bennigsen, Barclay, Doktorof, Osterman, Korovnitsin, and Yernólof, and the Quarter-Master-General Toll. The Prince, after having exposed the state of affairs, asked each member to give his opinion on the following question: "*Ought we to await the attack of the enemy in the position of the army, or is it necessary to evacuate the capital without a battle?*" Barclay spoke first, and affirmed that the position was not tenable, and proposed to evacuate Moscow, and that the army should retreat upon Nigni-Novgorod. General Bennigsen, supported by Doktorof, maintained that the position was sufficiently strong, and that the army ought there to accept a new battle. General Korovnitsin, although he did not entertain the same opinion as Bennigsen, with respect to the pretended goodness of the position of Fili, believed it still to be the duty of the army to make new efforts before it abandoned the capital, and proposed to march and to attack the enemy wherever they met him. Osterman and Yernólof were of the same opinion; but the latter observed, that it was necessary to know if they had examined the roads which ought to serve for offensive operations. Colonel Toll, having no faith in the surety of the position of Fili, proposed that the army should make a flank march by lines, and by the left, with the design of establishing itself in a lateral position, the right at Vorobeévye, the left between the old and the new road to Kalúga.

The discrepancy of these opinions gave the General-in-chief all necessary latitude for rejecting advices, none of which was absolutely exempt from inconveniences. The debated question, reduced to its most simple expression, might be thus put, "*Is the preservation of the army of more importance to the safety of the country than that of the capital?*" The answer must be in the affirmative, for it would be inconsistent to risk *le plus pour le moins*." It would have been extremely hazardous to have awaited a new battle, for the Russian army, according to Colonel Boutourlin, encamped at the gates of Moscow, did not amount to more than 90,000 men; of which number, only 65,000 were old, regular troops, and 6,000 Kozáks; the rest were composed of recruits and militia: and besides, above 10,000 of these militia were not armed with fusils, but only with pikes. To have faced the 120,000 men which Napoleon had at his orders, would have been to expose the army "to a too probable defeat, whose results would have been so much the more fatal, that Moscow could not have failed to have become the grave of the Russian army, obliged, in its retreat, to defile across the labyrinth of the streets of this immense city."

Prince Kutúsôf spoke in his turn: he considered that the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia; he declared that he thought it his first duty to preserve the army, to approach the reinforcements which he expected, and finally to profit even by the cession of the capital, in order to *tender the enemy a snare*, where his ruin would become infallible. In consequence, he was decided to abandon Moscow, and to take the road of Kolóma. The members of the council of war not having any objections to offer against the determination of the General-in-chief, orders were instantly forwarded to put it in execution.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 2d (16th) of September, the camp of



Fili was raised, and the army withdrew by the barrier of Dórogomílof. The troops knew the decision of the council only on entering the town. Consternation spread among all ranks. "The march of the army, though performed with admirable order, circumstances considered, had more the appearance of a pompous funeral than the march of an army. The downcast countenance of the troops rendered it very evident how much they were affected by the cruel necessity of abandoning Moscow to the enemy, which they had been accustomed to regard as 'the soul of the Russian empire;' the officers and soldiers wept with rage and with despair."

The army, after having traversed Moscow, proceeded to the distance of ten miles upon the road to Kolómna, and Prince Kutúzof fixed his headquarters at Panki. Colonel Boutourlin wishes his readers to believe that this was only a preparatory operation for the *manœuvre sublime*, of transporting his army in three marches into the rear of the French, upon the road of Kalúga, as will be mentioned by-and-by; but this seems a very dubious point.

We shall here pause for a little on the question, "Who burnt Moscow?" Dr Lyall, in his history of the city, has examined all the opinions of any consequence upon this subject, and then stated it decidedly as his own opinion, that *the Russians themselves burned their ancient capital*. He attributes the disavowal of the burning of Moscow to self-preservation; and calls the report, that this city was burned by the French, *a political ruse de guerre*, which was invented by those who knew their country and its people. The truth of this is admitted by Boutourlin, who says, "*Moscou n'ayant commencé à brûler qu'après l'entrée des Français, il devenait facile de persuader au vulgaire que c'étaient les ennemis qui y avaient mis le feu.*" This opinion, by exasperating the country people, gave a more decided character to the national war, which was lighted up in the rear of the French army. In another place Dr Lyall says, "It is surprising, however, after the voice of nations had proclaimed the *burning of Moscow* a deed of the most sublime patriotism, that the Russians did not frankly avow that the city was immolated by imperial mandate. But having once so openly denied the act, and so furiously denounced the French as the incendiaries, it would be difficult to retract their statements, without losing their credit for veracity."

When the same author made the following prediction, we believe he did not expect to have its truth so soon proved, as has really happened, by the disclosures made in Colonel Boutourlin's work. The Doctor says, "The time, I doubt not, is not far distant, when the Russians will claim all the merit of having offered Moscow for the general good; and then, perhaps, the world will be less inclined to laud the northern nation." In one of the above quotations, Dr Lyall seems to imply, that Moscow was really burned "*by imperial mandate*;" and in another place he says, in speaking of the same event, "the naked truth will appear in all her majesty, and unfold a tale which will astonish the world." Colonel Boutourlin gives the following account of the conflagration, and the events connected with it.

"Some months before the war, Count Rostoptchin had been nominated Governor-General of Moscow. During the whole course of the campaign, he had succeeded in repressing the tumultuous movements of the populace, whom the misfortunes of the war plunged into despair. Less a military man than a zealous citizen, he had believed in the possibility of defending the town step by step, and took all the necessary measures to inspire the inhabitants with the generous desire of seconding the efforts of the army. The resolution of Prince Kutusof to evacuate Moscow was a thunder-stroke to his patriotism. But even at this moment he did not neglect the only means that remained to him of serving his country. Unable to do any thing more for the safety of the city confided to his care, he determined *à utiliser sa porte en la ruinant de fond en comble*. This project, worthy of a Scævola, was ably executed. While the Russian troops were in the city, fire could not be set to it, without injury to their retreat; but combustibles were placed in many houses, and a troop of paid incendiaries was spread throughout the city, directed by some officers of the old police of Moscow, who remained there in disguise. Count Rostoptchin had even taken the precaution to carry with him all the fire-engines, and other instruments for assistance at fires. These measures had the deserved success."



The above citation we thought had put the question to rest, till reading a note referred to, which we shall also translate, that the Colonel may tell his own story. "That which has just been read," says he, "with respect to the burning of Moscow, had been communicated to Count Rostoptchin by the author, of whom he had asked to see the memoirs selected to serve as the outline of this work. The Count does not appear to have been always disposed to *sa vérité*\*, for he sent back these memoirs without having made the smallest objection to them. How foresee, after this, that, ten years later, he would behold things under a different aspect, and would think it *à propos* to publish *cette vérité*? One would have *mauvaise grace* in not believing a man, who, by a generous but tardy generosity, deprives himself of the civic crown, in order to throw himself among the crowd; yet, on the other side, *les renseignements les plus positifs* do not allow the author to doubt that the *incendie* of Moscow was not prepared and executed by the Russian authorities. There does not therefore remain any other means of reconciling such different versions but by supposing that Count Rostoptchin had at this epoch *sous ses ordres, quelque personnage à grand caractère qui agissait à son insçu*. The author, resting upon this opinion, has not thought it his duty to make any change in the text, since the facts are there recorded with accuracy. He contents himself with merely forewarning his readers, that they ought to ascribe to the personage in question the eulogies so unjustly lavished on *Mons. le Comte*:" and in all justice, he should have added, with extricating him from the load of abuse which has been heaped upon him, for having duped the inhabitants of Moscow by false hopes, which he himself knew to be futile; for now it appears that the fate of Moscow took him by surprise, and that in reality he wished to defend that city.

We hope the Count will be induced again to take up his pen and defend himself, and suffer the truth to be made known, as the drift of his pamphlet seems to be to prove that the French were the incendiaries of Moscow. If he does not comply with such a suggestion, the Colonel would oblige the world by publishing a few more particulars about the *personnage à grand caractère*, and by favouring the world with his name.

In page 122, Vol. II. the Colonel says, "The energetic man, who armed himself with the torch to destroy Moscow, only followed a duty dictated by the nation, and of which it had already given examples;" alluding to the inhabitants burning their villages, &c. But still we are kept in the dark as to the individuality of this *homme énergique*.

The masterly retreat of the Russians, first by way of Kolomna, and afterwards by the road of Tula as far as Tarútina—all the movements of the different divisions of the French army—and the account of the skirmishes and the partial engagements, form the remainder of the contents of the Fifth Chapter. In a short supplement to it he says, that Napoleon, by the occupation of Moscow, attained the object he had had in view from the commencement of hostilities; but that this object, badly calculated, did not produce the effect which he had expected. He again blames *la vicieuse ligne* of operations followed by Napoleon after the battle of Borodino; and says, that he should have changed his direction, in parting from Mojaïsk, and passed rapidly by Vereá to Podólsk upon the Tula road, which he afterwards ought to have followed to Moscow, and to have entered by the Serpuchof barrier. "By this *manceuvre* he would have completely succeeded in cutting off the communications of the Russian army with the provinces of the south, and would have forced it to execute a precipitate retreat upon the road of Vladimir, where it would have found itself in an isolated state, which it would not have readily recovered." But it must be kept in mind, that Buonaparte was a stranger in the country; and, besides, he seems to have believed, that when Moscow was captured all was gained. Neither the burning of that city, nor the retreat of the Russians in his rear, nor

\* This alludes to a pamphlet lately published by the Count at Paris, under the title "*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou*," in which he throws the blame of having burned Moscow upon the French: a most extraordinary procedure in him!

the havoc made by the elements among his troops, nor his disastrous retreat, were then foreseen; they were in futurity. Nothing is more easy than to reason well, after the decisions of time.

We agree with Colonel Boutourlin, in the compliment he pays to Kutúsof, in the following sentence: "Prince Kutúsof ably profited by the error of his enemy: the manœuvres which transported the Russian army first upon the road of Kolómno, and then upon that of Kalúga, (in which town there were great magazines,) were learned military combinations, which assured the safety of Russia, by preparing inevitable ruin to the still formidable legions of the Emperor of the French." Such was also the opinion of Lord Cathcart.

The author leaves the grand armies in their positions, in order to inform us what was going on upon the Dvina and the Danube.

As we have formerly seen, on the 24th of July, (5th of August,) Count Wittgenstein had placed himself at Pokaëvtsi with about 25,000 men; to which must be added a brigade of both infantry and cavalry, of 3,700 men, which he found at Dunaburg. Marshal Macdonald, who formed the *extreme left* of the French, proceeded towards Riga; and with the division of Grandjean, he himself went to Jakobstadt. General Grawert, with the Prussian auxiliary corps, which made part of the army of Macdonald, occupied Mittau, Bäisk, and the posts of Draken and Ranken. The Russian troops which occupied Courland retreated upon Riga, but General Essen, who was Commander-in-chief of the Russian corps destined for the defence of Riga and Dunamunde, believed it his duty to make an attempt to sustain himself in the field, which, after some skirmishing, was found to be impracticable. He therefore retreated, declared Riga to be in a state of siege, and caused its suburbs to be burned.

Nevertheless, the Emperor Napoleon, seeing that Marshal Macdonald alone was not in a state to cover the long line of operations of the French army, thought proper to leave the corps of Oudinot in the environs of Polótsk, that he might be able to oppose himself to that of Wittgenstein, whom he was not only to hold in check, but even endeavour to beat, so as to push forward upon Petersburg, while Napoleon, with the mass of his forces, marched upon Moscow.

Wittgenstein had now to oppose, or play between, two armies, one on his left and the other on his right. The corps of Oudinot crossed the Dvina at Dissna, and advanced to Polótsk, toward Sebeje, while Macdonald prepared to pass the Dvina at Jakobstadt; so that the two armies appeared to be pushing forward on the left and on the right of the Russian corps, with a view of forming a junction in its rear, in the environs of Lutsin, and thus cutting off Wittgenstein's communication with Petersburg. Of course it was the grand object of Count Wittgenstein to prevent this operation; for which purpose he determined to attack the French corps in detail. Oudinot's force is said by Colonel Boutourlin to have been superior alone to Wittgenstein's; and he also states, that the French General had received orders to act separately against the Russians. By the opinion of a council of war, it was resolved that the French should be attacked. Both armies moved upon Kliastitsi, which became the scene of the contest, on the 19th and 20th of July, (the 31st of August and 1st of September.) The Russians had the advantage, and the French were necessitated to retreat. On the 20th, General Kulnef, contrary to his orders, crossed the Drissa in pursuit of the French, and, elated with his success in having overcome their rear-guard, he attacked Oudinot's corps, met with a signal defeat, and sacrificed his life to his temerity, having been killed by a cannon-ball while he endeavoured to cover the retreat with a regiment of hussars. The same line of conduct was followed by General Verdier, who had been ordered to pursue the Russians. In his turn, carried away by success, he hurried forwards in presence of the principal forces of the Russians, and, as was to be expected, was completely defeated, and forced to retreat. In an attack which Count Wittgenstein himself conducted, he received *un coup de feu* upon the head:



he, however, caused himself to be dressed upon the field of battle, and continued his operations.

"The operations of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July, (30th, 31st of July, and 1st of August,) cost the French nearly 10,000 men *hors de combat*, of whom nearly 3,000 were prisoners. Our loss amounted to 4,300 men killed, wounded, and prisoners. The victory, which, according to the last result, remained on the side of the Russians, was of so much the greater importance, as it entirely overthrew the projects which Oudinot had formed against Petersburg." Count Wittgenstein was rewarded by the great cross of the order of St. George, of the second class; and was also granted an annual pension of 12,000 roubles, and, after his death, in reversion to his spouse."

Napoleon having heard of the unfortunate issue of the battle at of Kliastitsi, sent the Bavarian corps of Saint-Cyr to reinforce Oudinot. This General, assured of his approaching assistance, advanced from Polótsk before the arrival of Saint-Cyr.

On the 29th of July (10th of August) the Russian troops moved forward to oppose the French, and Wittgenstein finding himself much incommoded by his wound, confided the attack which he meditated to Major-General Dauvray. The battle of Svolna followed, and the French were defeated, with the loss of 1,500 men killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners: the Russians had 700 men *hors de combat*.

Oudinot having heard that Saint-Cyr was near Polótsk, did not think of accepting a general battle before being joined by his reinforcement, and retreated to that town.

On the 2d (14th) of August, Wittgenstein, having recovered from his wound, resumed the command, and instantly made dispositions to continue the offensive, with only about 20,000 men.

Oudinot, now joined by Saint-Cyr, resolved to await the Russians in the plain before Polótsk, with a combined force of nearly 43,000 combatants\*; but allowing they did not exceed 35,000, this was a great superiority over the force of the Russians. The battle of Polótsk now took place, and although the Russian troops sustained themselves with honour on all points, yet Wittgenstein, remarking the great superiority of force which the enemy deployed against him, thought proper to continue his retreat behind the Drissa. In this battle the French lost two cannons, nearly 500 prisoners, and more than 2,000 men *hors de combat*: four Generals were wounded, two of whom died a few days afterwards. The loss of the Russians was likewise above 2,000 men: three Generals were wounded, and seven cannons fell into the hands of the enemy. Some minor affairs succeeded.

On the 11th (23d) of August, Wittgenstein transported his head-quarters to Sokolitchi-Tchita. Saint-Cyr caused Polótsk to be fortified, and the Russians also worked at the fortifications of Sebeje, where Wittgenstein proposed to place his dépôts, magazines, &c.: the two parties having felt, that, being occupied only with secondary operations, it was not their interest to undertake hazardous enterprizes, which could have no great influence upon the general state of the war, and that they should limit themselves to maintaining the line which they guarded, till the decision of the campaign between the two great armies.

Upon the lower Dvina, Macdonald, apprised of the destruction of the works at Dunaburg, gave orders that this place should be abandoned. The brigade of Ricard, which had been there, took up a position at Jezeros, so as to prevent the Russians from pushing forward parties toward Wilna: the troops which formed Macdonald's right wing approached Yakobstadt, while the Prussian corps, occupying Mittau and its neighbourhood, observed Riga.

(To be concluded in our next.)

\* So says Boutourlin; but his editors assert that the fourth part of the combatants whom he supposed to be present, lay in the villages of Lithuania, or in the miserable hospitals of Wilna.



## THE DEATH OF NERO: A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

"Oh, flatter'd fool!  
See what thy godhead's come to!"

Tragedy of *Valentinian*.

*Nero.—Tigellinus.—Metellus.—Senators.*

## SCENE I.

*A hall in the Palace, with a feast set out\*.*

*Tig.*—Peace! *Cæsar* speaks.

*Nero.*—In arms! well, let them fight;  
the Titans warr'd  
Against their kinsman, *Jove*—and have  
we not

A godhead of our own?—Our brother  
gods  
Must fight our battles! But this rebel  
slave—

This *Julius Vindex*, like the *Phrygian*  
*Marsyas*

Who jeer'd *Hyperion's* music, scoffs at  
ours.

*Chirurgeon Phœbus*, help! Thy righteous  
knife

Play'd off the satyr's hide, and thou shalt  
give

This *Vindex* to our hand, while we our-  
selves;

Like thee, will play the executioner.

He shall not 'scape us, as the wealthy  
pedant

And the mad poet did. Good brother  
god,

Kind *Phœbus*, help us, else we'll use thee  
worse

Than *Caius Cæsar*, Great *Caligula*,  
Our honour'd uncle, did! Thine effigy,  
Which looks so proud, and gazes on the  
shaft

That slew the *Python*, shall be scourged  
with rods,

Till the Greek marble bleed. Yea, we  
will bind thee

With seven-fold chains, break off thy  
taper joints,

And cast thy headless and thy senseless  
trunk

Into the *Tiber*, there to sink or swim,  
As suits thee best!

*1st Senator.*—A god! a present god!

We thank thee, *Cæsar*, that thy potent  
rage

Shook not the golden palace, nor brought  
down

High heaven's round canopy!

*Nero.*—Thou worthy slave!

That we can do, and more. It was a  
prank

Of thundering *Jove*, the *Cretan* driveller,  
sung

By blind old *Homer*. *Tigellinus*, say,  
What was't you saw beside the *Appian*  
road,

Before we enter'd *Rome*?

*Tig.*—Great *Cæsar*! I remark'd  
Upon the right an ancient sepulchre  
Of some dead *Roman* warrior. On its top  
Were set two statues—one an armed  
knight,

A *Gaulish* chief the other. But our *Roman*  
*Achiev'd* the victory, and in triumph  
dragg'd

His savage and reluctant enemy  
Fast by the hair—

*Nero.*—Hold, hold! we are the knight,  
And *Vindex* is the *Gaul*! so we explain  
The omen. Let us think. Our former  
ways

Of death are stale. Our *Mauritanian* beasts  
Are gorged with *Roman* carrion, till they  
loathe

The flesh of men. And since our holo-  
caust

Of *Christian* dogs, the price of wood ex-  
ceeds

Our poor exchequer. And *Locusta* says,  
That now the drugs of *Pontic Mithridate*  
Have grown so common, that your *Roman*  
lord

Quaffs his *Falernian* from a temper'd cup;  
And racks his brain for tests and anti-  
dotes

Of poison. Sister *Ate*! unto thee

This *Vindex* shall be offer'd. We would  
have

A new, new mode of killing. We decree  
This golden cup to him that shall invent  
A signal way of torture.—Hush! not  
now,

For we would sup. This shall be made  
the subject

Of morning council. Now we mean to  
shew you

Our water-music—

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

—Why intrude you here? (*to him*)

Whence come you to disturb us now?  
Away!

We cannot hear your tale. O letters!  
letters!

\* Our "Dramatic Sketch" makes no pretension to historical accuracy. *Vindex* was dead before *Galba* revolted. *Galba* was not at *Rome*, or even in *Italy*, at the time of *Nero's* death.

Vindex is dead, mayhap. 'Tis a broad seal—

The legend *Venus Victrix*. Lucky omen !  
We read it now—it serves as dainty sauce

To our good supper—

(*reads*) May a Caesar's curse

Wither the hand which wrote this ! But we laugh,

And tear the hateful scroll, and scatter it  
Thus to the winds ! thus—thus.

(*he faints.*)

*Metellus*.—Speak out ! he hears not.  
I knew of this before, but spoke not of it.  
My head went else. That torn epistle tells  
That Galba's joined with Vindex.

*1st Senator*.—Then good-night  
To Caesar's empire. What a somersault  
His falling godship made !

*2d Senator*.—When he was thrown  
Out of his bauble chariot with ten horses  
At the Olympic Games, it was not half  
So fair a fall. See, he has broke in pieces  
The two Homeric vases, which god Claudius

Bought at so vast a price, and used to quaff

His Massic from, till his Silenus eyes  
Fix'd in his head.

*1st Senator*.—Hush, this may cost us dear—

For he revives, methinks.

*Metellus*.—How fares great Caesar ?

*Nero*, (*rising*).—Ha ! what are these ?  
you with the myrtle wreaths

Are named Aristogiton and Harmodius.  
I know ye well, and ye have murd'rous  
falchions

Hid in that leafy screen ! Come, close  
the curtains,

For we have orders touching Cassius  
Cherea,

Who means to slay us. Treason—treason—  
treason !

Will no one help us ?

*Tigellinus*.—Cassius Cherea !

We know him not. The man who bore  
that name

Slew Cains Caesar, and was thence pro-  
scrib'd

By Divus Claudius.

*Nero*.—You are right ; we rave.

Where's my imperial wreath ? My Ty-  
rian robe

Is torn to shreds, and my gemm'd brace-  
lets fallen

Among the dust. Away ! methinks I've  
dream'd

Some hideous dream. What means that  
scatter'd feast—

Those broken vases, and that tablet torn ?  
Alas ! I know it all—and I must take

Some signal means of vengeance. I will  
hie me

Unto the cursed Senate—smite them all

With this almighty hand—and strew the  
pavement

With their dissever'd limbs. No ! we  
will ask

The Senate to a feast, which friend Lo-  
custa

Has cook'd before they eat. This were  
indeed

A master-stroke. I would I saw them all  
Gasping and blackening on their festive  
couches,

Like the dead Ptolomies whom once I  
saw

Embalm'd at Heliopolis !

The mushroom mess of Divus Claudius  
were

But a mere type of this. No ! better still ;  
Turn in our Afric lions, lock the doors,  
While the kind monsters flesh their  
hungry fangs

In senatorial vitals—steep their manes  
In proud Patrician gore. It were a sight  
Worth half a lifetime—Hark ! I heard  
a noise !

Again ! again ! Vindex and Galba come  
With their Iberian cohorts, and their  
hordes

Of big-boned Gauls. They shout—their  
brazen throats

Cry *Nero ! Nero !* Guard the gate ! It  
shakes—

It totters. Let them enter—we will sell  
Our lives most dearly. Here, good Ti-  
gellinus,

Give me my dagger.

*Tigellinus*.—Caesar, 'tis your ears  
That cozen you.

*Nero*.—O liar—traitor—slave !

Are you leagu'd with them too ?

(*he tries to draw the dagger.*)

Alas ! it sticks

Fast to the scabbard, and my utmost force  
Cannot unsheathe it.

*Tigellinus*.—Nay, 'tis silence now ;  
There's no one at the gate.

*Nero*.—Aye ! 'tis the pause

That doth precede the earthquake ! we  
are weak

And faint.—Assemble our Praetorian  
guard

Within there ; and let triple guards be  
placed

At every avenue. We fain would sleep.  
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

### The Servilian Gardens.

*Nero*.—Boy,

*Nero*.—What ! no one here ? sure they  
mistook my orders.

Poor knaves ! I know they love me, and  
would lay

Their votive lives down at my feet, to  
save

Their god—their Emperor. Ho! who waits within there?  
 What ho! who waits? Will no one answer me?  
 Where's Tigellinus? ho!—the empty halls  
 Ring with my lonely voice, that seems to sound  
 As empty as the tomb, or when the shrines  
 Echoed the violated vestal's cries,  
 And no one heard her shriek—Well! I must don  
 A mourning garb, and change this laureate wreath  
 For funeral ashes, mount the rostral pulpit,  
 And with salt tears, and supplicating hands,  
 Cry out for mercy till their hearts relent!  
 Alas! when Tarquin pleaded, all those hearts  
 Refus'd to melt.—Thou hast a lyre, my boy,  
 And a soft voice.—'Twill pass the dreary hours—  
 Short let it be—

## SONG.

O star of Rome! to thee we sing—  
 To thee, our god—our priest—our king;  
 For Jove the thunderer's hands resign  
 His red and lurid bolts to thine.

Thy power the swarthy Afrites own,  
 And Asia pours before thy throne  
 Barbaric gold and starry gem,  
 To form my zodiac diadem!

*Nero.*—Boy, boy, that strain  
 Was sung in better days—it suits not now.

Hast thou none other?  
 (*Shout at a distance.*)

Ah me! what hideous clamour bursts so loud

Upon my startled ear, and apes Jove's thunders!

What—drums and timbrels too! (*Music.*)  
 Go, boy, ascend yon garden wall; its trellice

Gives you sure footing. Thence you may observe

What these loud shouts portend. Speak out! What is't?

What is't they do?

*Boy.*—The torch-lit streets are throng'd  
 With myriads of arm'd men—and in the midst

Walks your Augustan legion—I can mark  
 The golden eagle.

*Nero.*—Speak they of us?—our name?  
 We can hear all.

*Boy.*—Within a gilded car  
 Rides one, who, by his glittering panoply  
 And living laurel, seems to bear the state  
 That Emperors use. His face I cannot see,

For he holds out his hands, and bows his head

To Virile Fortune's statue. Ah, it is—  
 'Tis Sergius Galba!

*Nero.*—Sergius Galba! why  
 Don't you laugh out—to see that bald old man,

That wintry grey-beard, style himself Augustus,

And sit among the gods? You fool! the gods

Will cast old Sergius from their councils, all

Save ancient Saturn. What a jest it were!

How now—what else?

*Boy.*—Alas! they doff their helmets,  
 And with their falchions beating on their shields,

Salute him Cæsar! (*Shout.*)

*Nero.*—Say—speak they of us?

Say—or I'll cast thee headlong.

*Boy.*—They cry out  
 Murderer and traitor, and they liken you  
 To Sextus Tarquin. Gods! they drag a statue

Which should be yours along the muddy streets—

Drag by the hangman's hook.

*Nero.*—I'm calm. Speak on.

*Boy.*—The crowd increases,—legion follows legion—

Eagles on eagles throng. And now a train

Of milk-white oxen, with their gilded horns

And crimson filets, seek the Capitol—  
 One man (O bless his honest heart!) calls out

Your name, and with rais'd hands implores the people

In your behalf.

*Nero.*—How now—how now?

*Boy.*—Ah me!

A million stones sent by a million hands  
 Fly at his head—alas! he tumbles head-

long,  
 All bruised and bleeding, from his gallery;

And now they rend him limb by limb—  
 and stick

The black and quivering joints upon the heads

Of spear and javelin.

*Nero.*—There was a time

When the bare mention of a Cæsar's name

Calm'd all these tumults.

*Boy.*—Cæsar—Cæsar, fly!

The Senate sends a message. I can see  
 A herald with a scroll. The lictors bear

Inverted fasces. Fly to save yourself.  
 They come this way.

*Nero.*—Fly! am I not Augustus?  
 Fly from these rebel slaves!—I'll seek  
 the house



Of some good friend, who owes his fortunes  
To what I gave him. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

(Phaon's Cottage, near Rome.)

Phaon.—Centurion.

Phaon.—Nay, blame me not! He went from door to door

Bareheaded, like a common mendicant.  
He pray'd—he knelt—he wept; but every gate

Refus'd to open—nay, they drove him thence

With threats and insults: I was once his slave,

And could not see him so.

Centurion.—Where is he now?

Phaon.—He rests within our homely chambers, stretch'd

Upon a wretched flock-bed.

Centurion.—Who attends him?

Phaon.—The eunuch Sporus and a foreign slave

Sit by his side, and, by his own command,  
Chant a barbaric dirge, like what they singIn their own country, at the obsequies  
Of a Bithynian king. His slaves relate  
Strange misadventures and prodigious omens,

Which happen'd in his flight. The city gates

Were hardly pass'd, when elemental flames

Blaz'd from the rack. The pale blue bolt hiss'd by

His fated head, and scath'd the sacred stem

Of an old gnarled oak-tree, that had stood  
Since good Evander's reign. An earthquake next

Made tower and temple rock. The stately tomb,

Where slumber his patrician ancestors,  
Burst its vast brazen gates, and from its womb

Breath'd a portentous groan, while a stern voice

Was heard to call his name. The Tiber ran  
Back to its source. The half-extinguished

flame

Grew blood-red, and upon that naked head,

That once did lord it over east and west,  
A hail-shower stream'd \*—But Nero comes—'twere fit

We should retire.

Centurion.—Can that be he?  
So fallen—so faded now!

[Exeunt P. and C.

(Enter Nero, Sporus, and Slaves.)

Nero.—So—omen heap'd on omen—prodigy

On prodigy. I see it all. The gods  
Are jealous of my glory, and conspire  
To rob me of it. O you Roman fools!  
And have you left your god to die? Ye saidI was eternal. You are weary now,  
And I again am mortal. Hie you hence  
Unto your new Augustus—with soft tongues

And supple knees—hence, hence, and greet him well!

Applaud him for a season—when you're tired,

Kill him as you did me!—

Who weeps for Nero now?—What! none but Sporus?

Thou, Sporus—thou—my slave—my victim—thou

My laughing-stock! Poor boy, whose life I hold

To be a miracle. That life is cheap,  
For thou hast nought to live for—take this poniard—

(Start not)—and kill thyself. I need thee, Sporus,

To herald me to Pluto's realm. Go, tell them

That Nero follows next. But this is trifling;

I need not play the coward.

(Re-enter Phaon and Centurion.)

Well, you come (to them)

Straight from the Senate—speak, what news—what say they?

Centurion.—Senate and people, with one common voice,

They have condemn'd you,

Nero.—How—condemn'd—condemn'd!  
Condemn'd to what?

Centurion.—Read here.

(gives a paper and exit.)

Nero.—What loyal stuff

Is this? "For sundry crimes and misdemeanours

Of heinous sort," (a good preamble this!)  
"Whereas he forced a vestal virgin—

slew

The young Britannicus, the empire's heir—

Compass'd his mother's death"—

Gods, grant me patience! O the wondrous knowledge

\* Sol quoque mæsta dedit tantæ præsagia mortis,  
Lugenti similem; madida nunc Iride cinctum,  
Nunc caput obscura tectum ferrugine Solem  
Attoniti videre homines; pecudesque locutæ.  
Destituere amnes cursum; terræque cavernas  
Spiritus erumpens detexerat.

Of this wise Senate! "Doom him, as a traitor

To die the death, which Great Publicola  
Decreed to traitors." Say, what death is that?

Phaon.—I must not tell you.

Nero.—Ah! I do remember

A painted tablet in the Capitol;

A father sat in judgment, with a stern,  
Unbending aspect. Two pale, bleeding youths

Died at his feet—their naked bodies torn  
With murderous rods. O how they seem'd to writhe!

'Twas Junius and his sons, and they were traitors—

So Burrhus told me.

Phaon, thrust this dagger  
Into my throat—come, thrust it home—thy hand

Trembles—So—so—Now let the Senate thunder

Decree upon decree. I heed them not.

Enter Centurion.

Now, friend, go tell the Senate I've escaped them.—(Falls.)

Aye, do your worst!

(They attempt to bind up his wound.)

Away, this is no kindness!

Hence with thy cloak! Away! it is too late—

This your fidelity!—(Dies.)

Centurion.—Thanks to the gracious gods! his sacred blood

Rests not on us. Even Sergius Galba wept

With bitter grief, when forced to sign the mandate

Which doom'd this man to die. How stern and fierce

Those unclos'd eyes, projecting from their tense

And haughty lids! A Caesar's high command

Sits on his marble front. Let no rude hand

Pollute his corse—but let us bear it hence

To honourable burial. He must lie  
With his great fathers, the Domitii.

W. W.

#### EVENTUAL DISUSE OF WAR—CAUSES OF WAR.

(Continued from page 547.)

#### Book II.

#### Wars peculiar to the several Stages of Civilization.

#### Preliminary Observations.

THE causes of wars may be classed under the two divisions of primary and secondary.

The primary causes are,

1st, Local and casual circumstances, which, in times of defective refinement, and the consequent prevalence of mistaken notions of policy, afford occasions for the infliction of mutual injuries, and the partial regulation of opposite interests.

2d, The exercise of disordered passions, more especially incident to man in an uncultivated state, which eagerly seize on the occasions thus afforded for their mischievous gratification.

It is already sufficiently evident, that the operation of both these causes may be considerably checked, if not altogether prevented, by the concurrence of those circumstances which tend to improve and elevate the human mind, as particularly pointed out in our observations on the higher stages of civilization. This part of the subject requires, therefore, no further illustration; but of the secondary causes of war, which may be subdivided into general and particular, a somewhat more detailed notice is necessary, in order to enable us to estimate with the greater accuracy in the succeeding book, the probability of their ultimate cessation.

What we understand by the particular secondary causes are the various circumstances, infinite in number and in their shades of difference, which are the immediate apparent occasions for contention between detached communities or nations. Their minute investigation belongs to the province of the ordinary politician, and their record forms the business of the historian: they can find no place in the confined pages of a philosophical treatise, which must be strictly limited to matters of a general nature. Our inquiry is

thus narrowed by an attention only to the *general* causes of war. These consist of the circumstances which have especial reference to the ages of nations, not as respects their duration compared with that of others, but their progress in the march of civilization. Their nature will be best understood by stating them, in short, to be those general causes of wars which are peculiar to the respective stages into which we have divided the order of civilization. It will be readily perceived, on the slightest consideration, that the manners and attainments of the people existing in the several eras being widely different from each other, a corresponding difference must naturally take place in the motives which impel them, separately, into so serious and important a situation as that of a state of warfare. To arrive at definite notions of the nature of those motives, is necessary for the development of the conclusions to be drawn in the sequel, and it will therefore be our duty to make some attempt at the delineation, but without charging ourselves or the reader with any laboured or diffusive discussion respecting them, which would be altogether unnecessary for the purpose we have in view.

It will be only necessary to observe in the outset, with respect to the wars, or petty contests, between barbarians, that their causes are palpably too single to require any particular notice. Want and revenge are their principal excitements; and these, almost always unmitigated by inducements of a less baneful or more generous character, will naturally continue to operate until the first advance made in the process of civilization.

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### *Chapter I.*

#### *Wars in the First Stage of Civilization.*

A people recently reclaimed from the lawless habits of savage life must expect disturbance from their still-unawakened neighbours. The fruits which the earth has yielded to their labour will frequently be attempted to be wrested from them by the vagrant inhabitants of uncultivated wilds. The necessary resistance to these inroads is the justifiable cause of arming the first adventurers in the career of civilization. War, in the infancy of civilized society, being nothing more than a struggle between the obstinate savage and the laudable candidates for a better destiny, may, in an enlarged view, be considered to be generally beneficial, rather than detrimental to the interests of the latter: although in no case divested of its peculiar abhorrent circumstances, it may sometimes act as a salutary stimulus, and become no inconsiderable instrument in effecting the necessary union of the several detached members of the improving community. The practice of war, in social combinations of a higher order, has very generally been attempted to be justified as the inevitable result of uncontrollable circumstances; but perhaps in no other case than the one here instanced can it, with so much appearance of truth, be recommended on the score of utility.

In the simple view thus taken, an arena is marked out, which is presumed to be completely filled, on the one hand, by a reckless community of predatory savages, and on the other by the first rude essayists in the untried labours and enjoyments of civilization. Such a mode of considering the subject is best adapted to the order in which we have felt it convenient to arrange it: it must not, however, be omitted to be observed, that, in the present age of the world, communities in the first stage will be frequently brought into hostile contact with a third party, in a more advanced state of social improvement. Wars arising from this source will, in their ultimate consequences, be either detrimental or beneficial to the former in proportion to the degree of moral superiority against which they may be called upon to contend. When that superiority is but small, they may probably become the victims of a headstrong and impolitic passion for devastation and destruction, whereas in a warfare with a highly-civilized people, they will have less to dread from the power than to gain from the



knowledge and humanity of their opponents \*. In both these cases, some alteration must take place in the order of the several causes of war, which remain to be described ; but to this more complicated view we shall forbear, for the present, more particularly to advert, either in this or the subsequent stages ; but proceed, generally, as we have heretofore done, in reference to the supposed progress of a barbarous community, uninterrupted by extraordinary circumstances, towards the higher walks of civilized life.

### Chapter II.

#### *Wars in the Second Stage of Civilization.*

At the commencement of the second stage, the neighbouring barbarians have been effectually repulsed, or have yielded to the force of example, and at length conformed to the manners, and imitated the pursuits of the early settlers. The latter continually inroad upon the hitherto uncultivated wastes ; and their affairs become more complicated, in proportion as their numbers increase, and their boundaries are enlarged. A luminous attention to the multifarious concerns of the extended society exceeds the capacity of the age ; and the integral state is insensibly split into various petty communities, separated by equivocal land-marks, but more and more alienated from each other, in each succeeding generation.

In this early period of society, when the general stock of experience is exceedingly small, and error, of course, triumphant, each little state supposes itself to be as completely detached from its neighbour in interests, as if they were the separate occupants of distinct planets. They have, in their confined apprehension, nothing in fellowship with each other except the air, and, perhaps, the river which irrigates their common soil. Even the tutelary deity of the one is most generally a totally different personage from that of

\* Much declamation has frequently been hazarded by enthusiastic writers against the intrusion of the European people upon the territories of savages. The best justification of which such an act is susceptible may, we are induced to hope, be discerned after a due consideration of the present humble, unassuming pages. When the Spaniards invaded the lands of the unoffending inhabitants of Mexico and Peru, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were themselves not very far advanced in that period of civilization which we have characterized as the Fifth Stage. Bigotry, the result of an imperfect introduction of Christianity, avarice, and cruelty, the remaining seeds of the fourth era, vitiated their character and proceedings. Their entrance into the new world was accordingly portentous of mischief and ruin to the unhappy Aborigines ; and the advantages eventually to result from the contact of barbarous tribes with a people of superior attainments, were exceedingly remote, and could scarcely be maintained by the most ingenious casuist of the time as compensatory of the immediate evil. But we must not refer to such an instance, when we take upon ourselves to decide upon the merits of a similar act, (unaccompanied by the same atrocious circumstances,) by a people of much higher attainments than the Spaniards of that day. Great Britain and the United States of America in their sixth, and near approximation towards their seventh term, must, in their transactions, of whatever nature, with the less-cultivated communities of mankind, be the dispensers of unquestionable blessings. Who can doubt of the eventual advantage to the natives of their settlements, effected by these highly-endowed nations on the shores of Africa, or in central America ? Some violence, always to be deeply lamented and solicitously avoided, may in those cases be occasionally necessary ; but in an enlarged view of ultimate consequences, little real and no permanent injury or injustice will be inflicted. Perhaps a forcible introduction into some of the Pagan kingdoms, particularly of Asia, will eventually be found indispensable, with a view to an universal reformation of manners ; but it must take place in the only time when it can be tolerated upon enlightened principles of equity,—when the exalted attainments of the Reformers may furnish a certain guarantee of the purity of their intentions, and of their proposing to themselves, as the single reward of their enterprise, an equal share in that general benefit which must result from the final expulsion of superstition, ignorance, and despotism, from the face of the earth.

the other. Hence the bitter enmities by which they are mutually actuated, the fierce and bloody contests in which they are continually engaged, until they gradually pass into a more enlightened age; and the several isolated fraternities become at length, through the increasing inequality of their respective forces, consolidated into larger masses, and separated from each other by more natural and consequently less palpable limits.

The wars of the first stage are in the earliest times almost entirely confined to justifiable conflicts with barbarians; those of the second are the first essays of cultivated communities in the unnatural employment of wasting and destroying each other.

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### *Chapter III.*

#### *Wars in the Third Stage of Civilization.*

Hatred and ill-formed notions of self-interest are the primary excitements of the conflicts of the second stage: every individual member of the community is hostilely embarked in the quarrel; and the powerless chieftain, the creature of the people, follows, instead of leading the general impulse. The third era introduces a new character: a sovereign or tyrant rules the destinies of the enlarged state.

A singular phenomenon, in consequence, presents itself to the view of mankind. The interests of a single member of the community is separated from, frequently balances, and more generally preponderates over the united interests of all the rest. The interests of a state whose territorial possessions are already commensurate with its acquired means of good government, demand repose and the innumerable benefits resulting from a long course of peaceful communication with foreign powers: but the great leviathan, sated with the unmeasured enjoyment of the sensual, as well as the legitimate pleasures of domestic life, seeks to enhance his personal gratification by the factitious acquisition of a splendid name, or the plunder of the possessions of a neighbour. The people are dragged into the field, under the same exercise of the faculty of volition as is allowed to beasts driven to the slaughter-house; and whilst they are made the mechanical instruments of all the horrors which disgrace the age under contemplation, find themselves compelled, by a distracting fatality, to squander their blood and treasure in the hateful task of sowing the seeds of future misery for their descendants.

Whether the tyranny be of one or a few—whether the despotic Government be monarchical or aristocratical, the result is nearly the same. In the latter case, it may sometimes happen that the people are deluded by the appearance of a more popular system, to share in the insensate demand for glory and extended dominion; but they soon feel, although their ignorance may preclude their deeply reflecting upon the sensation, that, while the pains attending the acquisition are all their own, their remorseless masters are the sole retainers of whatever gratification may belong to these questionable benefits.

The wars during this period may therefore be exclusively attributed to the restless ambition of unlettered despots, whose vicious inclinations are suffered to riot in all the intoxication of power—above the restraint of social laws, and triumphant over the natural feelings of humanity.

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### *Chapter IV.*

#### *Wars in the Fourth Stage of Civilization.*

The caprice and ambition of princes continue to influence the conduct of society; but the wars of the Fourth Stage are not chargeable solely to them. The laws originating in the third era, which were at first exclusively intended to rivet more firmly the fetters of the people, by degrees encircle the whole mass of the community, and reach even the tyrant upon the throne. His power becomes insensibly circumscribed, although still exorbitant; and he is compelled to trust for the attainment of his sinister ends, not to the energies of his uncontrolled will, but to the folly and ignorance of his unenlightened subjects.

Commercial enterprise, the source of much ultimate good, increases the comforts and enjoyments, long before the union of more powerful causes has softened the hearts and improved the understandings of men. Hatred, avarice, and envy, are the attendants of commerce, untempered by the corrective hand of pure religion. Passion rages with augmented powers. The arts and sciences assist in the work of destruction. Formidable engines and potent navies extend the ravages of war. A great part of the population are committed in the responsibility of the awful scene of blood and devastation; while the politic sovereign, resigned to his new state of diminished splendour and importance, contents himself with openly directing, and secretly fomenting the stormy elements.

Among the ingenious contrivances of despotic power not independent of exterior resources, must be reckoned, in the very chief place, the establishment of hereditary dignities and offices. Unquestionably, no means could have been devised better calculated to secure the usual objects of tyranny, or of perpetuating the miseries which their attainment, equally with their pursuit, never fails to inflict: none, certainly, could have possibly been discovered more consonant with the natural prejudices of mankind, in ages of imperfect civilization, or of increasing the number of those prejudices in favour of the ruling powers, and of ensuring their duration in times of superior light.

Wars have been indebted to this institution for much of their ferocity, and many of their horrors. By attaching indelible marks of honour to actions and services which are intrinsically vicious and disgraceful to our nature, it has contributed to confound the received notions of right and wrong; and, by a refinement in perverted reasoning and conduct, held forth the atrocious crimes of cruelty, murder, and robbery, as the praiseworthy objects of the highest class of terrestrial rewards. Its regular establishment is contemporaneous with the fourth era; and the causes of the wars of that and the subsequent times cannot be adequately appreciated, without some notice of the singular combinations to which it has given rise.

Hereditary rank was first usurped by the family of the sovereign; it was afterwards, from motives of policy, extended by them to successful or formidable warriors; and has, in later times, been conceded to individuals of other professions, distinguished either by talent or fortune.

To estimate the propriety of such an institution, we have only to inquire if it could possibly have taken its rise under a more perfect system of legislation and government than has yet been experienced—such a system, for instance, as we presume must prevail under the seventh stage of civilization. Among a people then yet low down in the sixth—the United States of America, soon after they had established their independence, and who may be fairly adduced as a sample of a nation considerably advanced in refinement, whom peculiar circumstances had impelled to deliberate upon the erection of a new system of civil polity, the attempt on the part of those who were strongly influenced, by the force of example and prejudice, to comprehend in their plan the institution (prevailing almost universally in the old governments) of hereditary ranks, wholly failed of success. The motives which led to its rejection would, of course, be still more powerful in the era to which we have adverted. In a state of things, one of the main characteristics of which would be the general diffusion of a spirit of harmony, both in the transactions of cabinets and of private life, united with the establishment of equal laws, and the predominance of the true religion, the warrior, the statesman, the lawyer, and the courtier, the four principal candidates for the perpetual possession in their own person, and those of their descendants, of exclusive rights and privileges, would be altogether bereft of grounds or occasions for the establishment of their pretensions; and it is equally evident, that no circumstances could lead to the gratuitous dispensation of so extraordinary, and, in reference to the real happiness of the individuals to partake of it, of so questionable a benefit.

It is not necessary to enter into a statement of all the several adduceable arguments for producing the conviction that this institution is essentially



the offspring of a semi-barbarous age. They must be abundantly obvious to those who are sincerely disposed to divest their minds of the least excusable of vulgar prejudices, and who may be desirous, in their judgment of the natural course of human affairs, of separating such factitious combinations as have, in unguarded moments, been intruded upon the great social system, from those truly legitimate institutions which are founded on the basis of justice and utility. We do not hesitate to assume it to be conceded by every enlightened and disinterested mind, that the institution to which we allude is ONE OF UNNATURAL GROWTH, and which can have no permanent hold upon the general constitution of society. A time will arrive when it will cease altogether to exist; and the only questions are as to the period and mode in which its removal is most likely to be affected.

The removal of an evil, which, however improperly introduced, is only one in a partial degree, and which although, in an enlarged view of things and events, it can be considered only in the light of a nuisance, is not utterly subversive of the sounder principles upon which a well-ordered community is founded, will not, and ought not to be produced by any violent concussion. An attempt so to dispose of it will, as in a recent instance, infallibly involve an attack upon institutions of real utility, and cannot, at any rate, be proceeded in with perfect innocence, or without the infliction of very considerable injustice. We are convinced that its complete removal will be postponed to times so far remote from our own, as be included within that period which we have designated as the last stage of civilization; but considering the high properties which must enter into the constitution of that desirable and splendid era, we believe that the event in question will be one of the earliest signs of its arrival.

All violence being excluded from our notion of the mode in which the practice of conferring, or of permitting the enjoyment of hereditary dignities and offices is to be made to cease, it remains to explain the manner in which, in our apprehension, that event will probably be produced. We conceive that the process will be gentle and gradual; that, in proportion as men advance in the attainment of knowledge and virtue, the possession of exclusive privileges by a patrician order, whether as they respect a real and tangible property, or in connexion only with opinion and feeling, will be so clearly perceived to be essentially irregular, impolitic, and unjust, as to be re-demanded, and by degrees surrendered without harshness or difficulty. Their true character will be better appreciated; their possessors will at length learn that their tendency is only to place them in a state of unnatural elevation above their fellows, without affording, in compensation for the many obvious inconveniences of such a situation, any real dignity, security, or enjoyment; and in looking back to the exceeding difficulty with which they had in early life withstood, or partially overcome, the temptations and allurements in which their extraordinary position had involved them, they will tremble for the happiness of their children and more remote descendants, and at length bring themselves to contemplate with complacency the only measure—the voluntary surrender of an absurd and unnecessary tenure—by which the inconveniences and dangers incident to their peculiar situation can be effectually obviated.

Any combinations introduced into society, arising out of a departure, however apparently small, from the strictest principles of justice, possess a necessary tendency to interrupt that harmony in which alone its true happiness can consist, and of diffusing the seeds of discord into its relations with exterior states. Such has been the case, in ways sufficiently obvious, with respect to the institution to which we have thus cursorily alluded. It may be said, however, to be one of the occasions of fomenting the virulence of wars, rather than a distinct cause of those wars. Wars of the fourth era, to which our attention is now particularly directed, may most properly be considered as the fruits of the vices of the more wealthy and considerable part of the people, under the guidance and misdirection of a master rendered powerful by their errors, and who proposes to himself, as the sole object of all the miseries they inflict, the single gratification of his low-minded passions.

At this period (i. e. the fourth era) Christianity has not yet interposed to enlighten the deep gloom which has settled over the deplorable scene. It is perhaps working its silent, unobtrusive way in the bosoms of a small, but increasing portion of the oppressed population ; but it is known only to the government, and the lords of the society, as an object of contempt and persecution. Abuses of every description are consequently at their height—fostered, on the one hand, by the influence of a false religion, and an inordinate accession of luxury and power on the other ; and wars daily increase in number and ferocity, so as at length to threaten, without the special intervention of Providence, to reduce society to its original state of barbarism.

### Chapter V.

#### *Wars in the Fifth Stage of Civilization.*

A prominent part of our undertaking is to inculcate the inseparable connexion of Christianity with the leading transactions of this life. We have elsewhere hazarded the assertion, that the world itself is indebted for its continued existence to the mysterious circumstance which rendered that dispensation consistent with the economy of Providence ; and we feel equally assured, that, without its promulgation in the more distinct form it assumed under the immediate direction of the incarnate Redeemer, society would never have passed that barrier which we have designated as the fourth stage of civilization. Nations would have fluctuated between that and the first stage—sometimes have retrograded into absolute barbarism ; but the uncontrolled passions—the terrific dissensions incident to a people abandoned to the resources of reason, assisted only by the transient light of the early revelation—would have effectually prevented all higher advances in the order of improvement.

In the present age, the population of some countries are still in a state of nature : others are yet lingering in the first, second, third, or fourth stages of improvement. But of all the countries so circumstanced, none have yet adopted the Christian religion upon the concurrent suffrage of the majority of the people.

This great feature in the principle of civilization being distinctly understood, we are readily enabled to trace the peculiar causes of the wars which harass mankind subsequently, as well as prior, to the introduction of Christianity. In the first stage, the contest is to maintain possession of the little that society has then acquired ; in the second, to gratify a spirit of petty rivalry ; in the third, to humour the caprice and ambition of an ignorant and remorseless tyrant ; and in the fourth, the wildest passions are placed in conflict with each other, inflamed only, instead of being alleviated, by the powers with which the knowledge acquired during a long course of cultivation had armed the human mind. Those passions threaten to become paramount, and to compel mankind to retrace their steps, by pushing them back into the state of darkness from which they had emerged ; but they are soon tempered and soothed, although not forcibly subdued, by the benign influence of Christianity.

At the commencement of the fifth era, a great change is effected in the affairs of men. The wars which afflicted and disgraced the antecedent period begin insensibly to lose a part of their peculiar ferocity ; and the labour of softening and improving the heart, as well as that of cultivating the understanding, is, for the first time, introduced into the process of civilization. But the causes of wars are yet far from being extinguished, although the wars themselves are somewhat ameliorated in character. The stock of experience is still greatly inadequate ; and prejudices, instead of being wholly eradicated, are, in certain directions, increased, in consequence of the new position in which society finds itself placed. One effect of this accession of prejudice is to produce the admixture of the true with the false religion. Hence BIGOTRY becomes a principal agent in the wars of the fifth period, to which are to be added, the surviving embers of those peculiar causes which chiefly characterized the one it succeeded.

A philosopher living in the fifth period, without the means of comparing the fortunes of his country with those of one in a more advanced stage, would perhaps, notwithstanding its actually constituting the crisis of a happier destiny, observe few consolatory data, to relieve the gloom with which he might be inclined to contemplate the probable future fate of society. He would discern, indeed, with admiration and wonder, many individual instances of charity and subdued passion, to which the world had hitherto been a stranger; but the intolerant spirit of bigotry—the pride and avarice of churchmen—the wild excesses of ambitious or fanatic sectarians, which followed in the train of Christianity, would, in his estimation, more than counterbalance any advantage to be derived from the new system. But the eye of Omniscience surveys this scene of confusion with the calm assurance of its eventually settling, by the silent operation of an irresistible power, into one of order and peace. Christianity arrested the progress of corruption, and prevented the final subversion of the fabric which civilization, during the lapse of many ages, had with so much difficulty erected; but in the execution of this important work, the passions of mankind were necessarily diverted from the long-accustomed into new, and consequently more revolting channels. Novel combinations, errors, and crimes, were temporarily introduced, and seemed, on a hasty view, to justify the declamations of short-sighted cavillers: but in the midst of the apparent misrule, civilization, under the protection of its divine auxiliary, enlarged its strides, and was rapidly advancing to that better and less equivocal state which could not fail triumphantly to vindicate the conduct of an overruling and ever-righteous Providence.

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### *Chapter VI.*

#### *Wars in the Sixth Stage of Civilization.*

The sixth era opens with the reformation of some of the principal abuses of Christianity, or the first important attempt to effect a permanent separation of the true from the false religion. This attempt being the work of a minority, necessarily occasions contests and wars, the causes of which might all be traceable to the same spirit of bigotry which was their chief excitement in the preceding period, if the secular policy which at length became embarked in the dispute had not mingled with it a large portion of more selfish, and, perhaps in other respects, less excusable elements.

The danger of an eventual relapse into a state of barbarism might appear, on a cursory consideration, not to have finally ceased at the expiration of the fourth period. The disturbances of the following era were of so inveterate a description, as to leave, at the end of each paroxysm, an indelible impression upon the human mind, and to prepare it for the unqualified re-establishment of the old superstition. Christianity, less firmly supported by its own peculiar and surpassing merits, might indeed have justly appeared only to have sprung up for the purpose of protracting, through a few ages of suffering, the ultimate disunion of all society.

But the true religion once effectually established, although by the overpowering weight of circumstances it might be temporarily depressed, never actually incurred the danger of durable obstruction. The Reformation formed a point in its destined course at which it was inevitably sooner or later to arrive. Commenced in times of peculiar darkness, it was attended with much error and violence, which were of course wholly foreign to the object in pursuit, and were, indeed, the principal causes of the state of imperfection in which the great work is to this hour presented to our view, but which imperfection, joined with our conviction of the divine foundation of the dispensation itself, affords a sure presage of that further reformation—that final and effectual separation of the true from the remains of the false religion—which is destined to be accomplished in happier times.

The reformation of religion, the more it was considered and discussed, was found to be a subject which branched out into many and wide rami-



fications. The true religion was discovered to be intimately blended with all the generous affections of the heart, with the vindication of RIGHT in every department of life, and the full possession of that inestimable property which alone can render existence desirable. In short, it became more and more evident, that religious and civil liberty are inseparably connected, and the struggle to secure the one necessarily involved the attempt to obtain the other.

Thus the wars of the sixth period are principally excited by that restless, feverish spirit, which flows from an impatient sense of injury, and the eager, but imperfect, hope of securing, by a resort to force, that redress which can only be the spontaneous fruit of a more virtuous and enlightened age. They mainly consist of the desperate and, because accompanied by violence, the premature efforts of the smaller number to shake off the oppression of the MANY ignorantly employed in strengthening their own chains, as well as of those to whom they are opposed, and of ministering to the tyranny and factitious gratifications of a very FEW. No doubt, the most enlightened and virtuous of the reformers of this age have often felt and deplored the inadequacy of their means, compared with the magnitude and importance of their respective undertakings; but the best men are sometimes the most impatient under the weight of those evils which associate, with their individual pangs, the degradation and miseries of society. The rage for resistance soon expands and rankles in minds of less purity; it at length becomes incapable of being restrained within reasonable bounds, and too frequently wastes itself in the most criminal excesses.

We are very far from presuming to inculcate that the reformatations achieved in the European commonwealth, during this period, in the great departments of religion and government, were deteriorated in value by the tragic events with which their history is unhappily connected. The sacrifices made in the pursuit of a blessing of high intrinsic worth may not diminish its amount, however we may be called upon to lament the cost of its attainment. But it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public mind, that a rash resort to arms is of all others the least likely to promote the objects of reformation. This course inevitably leads to the perpetration of injustice—rarely, if ever, to the ultimate good which it proposes to accomplish. The acquisitions in civil and religious liberty which exalt the annals of the sixth stage in the progress of civilization, are chiefly attributable to the legitimate source of improvement—an accumulating store of experience, and the corresponding diminution of prejudice; while the wars which appeared as their inevitable attendants were the mere offspring of those turbulent and malignant passions, of which the united powers of reason and revelation had not yet accomplished the control.

It is then to the further accumulation of experience, and the consequent further decay of prejudice, that we look for the still greater acquisitions of a future period; while we expect, from the increased dominion of reason and religion over the evil passions, that those more valuable attainments will ultimately be found to be altogether unconnected with the ends of destructive war. This view of the subject cannot be too steadily borne in mind: in a treatise of this nature, the line cannot be too strictly drawn between the love of genuine liberty, in connection with the invaluable blessings in the production of which liberty is the indispensable agent, and the depraved passion for libertine innovation; because, among the numerous errors of a half-enlightened age, the opinion has too frequently prevailed, that the advocates for reform are necessarily the patrons of reckless anarchy, who aim at the violent and indiscriminate overthrow of all existing institutions. These two characters are in reality completely distinct; and what promotes the objects of the one, inevitably defeats those of the other. THE GENUINE REFORMER IS EXCLUSIVELY ANXIOUS, IN THE FIRST PLACE, FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MORALS AND RELIGION OF SOCIETY; and he looks only to this source, and its peaceful results, for the gradual extinction of such institutions, whatever they may

be, or however apparently sanctified by time and usage, which were founded on prejudice, and are consequently detrimental to the general prosperity.

Our principal object in this chapter was to show that the wars undertaken in the second era, after the reception of Christianity are, for the most part, the result of a peculiar social position. On the one hand, tyranny, bigotry, and ambition, availing themselves of the advantages afforded by the prejudices which, in the course of ages, had fastened upon the public mind—on the other, the impatient efforts of a small but increasing number of enlightened individuals, to counteract so formidable a conspiracy against the peace and happiness of mankind: such are the opposite principles which, in modern times, have most frequently brought the inhabitants of the same, as well as those of detached countries, into collision with each other.

This fact would have been self-evident, if all the nations of the earth had marched with an uniform step in the order of civilization. But unequal as are their respective attainments, it sometimes happens, that the causes of war incident to the several stages are all at once in activity; and nations, widely remote in the race of improvement nevertheless frequently meet together in hostile contact. This circumstance may occasionally involve the subject in some apparent intricacy; but we believe that a discerning mind, after duly reflecting on the history of the most cultivated European communities, from the age of Charles V. of Germany to the present day, will not hesitate to assign the ultimate cause of the greater part of the wars, whether insurrectional or national, of that period, to THE CONFLICTING INTERESTS OF SOVEREIGNS AND PEOPLE—OF CHURCHMEN AND RELIGION.

### Chapter VII.

#### *Wars in the Seventh Stage.*

So far as relates to the numerical quantity of the causes of war, our preceding brief observations may be considered as having exhausted this part of our subject. No new grounds for contention can be adduced; and the wars of future periods must therefore be the result of a combination of the circumstances we have already detailed. Their causes will continue to be thus complicated, only during the continuance of the existing variety in the course of civilization: when the whole human population shall have entered within the pale of the sixth stage, the single remaining ground of war will be the necessary vindication of the interests of civil and religious liberty; and after the full attainment of this great object of political pursuit, (and attained it assuredly will be, although its possession may be unhappily deferred to a remote period of time,) wars will absolutely cease, from the mere want of motive and excitement. As men move onward in the broad road from barbarism to an exalted rank in civilization, they have, providentially, to struggle with impediments, respectively proportioned to their increasing attainments: at last, in their mature age, they are called upon to contend with the giant enemy, *USURPATION*, which, under the joint support of crime and prejudice, has, in the time of their infancy and adolescence, grown into extraordinary dimensions, and requires the exertion of their best energies (moral rather than physical) to overthrow.

Usurpation, tyranny, prejudice, are all susceptible of a gradatory scale: their existence is filled up with lingering hours of decline, as well as of growth. They may at one time be so overpoweringly and oppressively felt as inevitably to produce desperate and sanguinary resistance; and, at another, have diminished into almost imperceptible limits. These two extremes are descriptive of their relations with the sixth and seventh stages. They can only accompany the human population into the latter era in their mitigated state. They may then serve to keep alive the dying embers of discord, and to inflame the other excitements to contention, arising out of the unequal distribution of civilization over the habitable globe; and thus protract, in times of extraordinary light, the term of the foulest stain of humanity.

We are from these considerations taught to regard, with an eye of jea-

lousy, those less obtrusive defects of government which are generally supposed to be perfectly venial, and to oppose ourselves determinately to the career of Error, even when she may attract our attention under her mildest or least repulsive character. No notion can be formed of a political abuse, however insignificant its apparent magnitude, and whether it acts in deterioration of a tangible possession, or in violation only of the feelings of the mind, which is not inimical to public rights. It can be tolerated only upon a well-established plea of temporary expediency, never of durable use or advantage. We should even accustom ourselves to consider it as an enemy, whose existence can only be permitted during the process of extricating it from its connection with those institutions which are, with all justice, permanently to endure. It is one of the numerous holds of despotism; and as such, a vestige of imperfect civilization, and, in its ultimate tendency, fatal to the repose of nations. No compromise, with a view of perpetuating its existence, can be entered into, if we sincerely wish to promote the happiness of mankind, and accelerate the arrival of a superior era.

When we have brought ourselves thus to think of all defective institutions, we obtain a clear view of the brilliant scene before us. Some time before the whole of the detached communities shall have passed out of the sixth stage, the practice of war will be kept alive solely in consequence of the existence of those impediments to perfect reformation. But left to a single combat, with abuses already exceedingly weakened, and even partially subdued, through the general prevalence of knowledge and enlightened opinion, the victory cannot be doubtful, or long deferred. A purer system of political conduct and arrangement than any that has yet been experienced or attempted, will finally and generally be introduced, and offer full scope for the development of those favourable results to which we shall have more particularly to advert in the subsequent part of our work.

(To be continued.)

### Francesca of Rimini.

#### Dante—*Inferno*, Canto V.

“Lo comenciai Poeta, volentieri.”

“POET,” I said, “with that unhappy pair

I fain would speak, who move together there,

And seem so light upon the wind to fly.”

He answer’d, “When the blast shall bring them nigh,

Call on them by their loves, and they shall hear.”

Soon as that rolling whirlwind bore them near,

I rais’d my voice: “Unhappy souls,” I cried,

“Come speak with us, if speech be not denied.”

As doves that seek their nests with parent care,

On fluttering pinions speed them through the air,

So from that band of spirits did they fly,

Cleaving their course along the sullen sky,

So powerful was the spell of that all-piteous cry.

“O spirit kind and gentle!” one did say,  
That through this darksome air pursuest thy way,

’Midst those who with their blood the earth have stain’d,—

Oh! were the Ruler of the skies our friend,  
To Heaven, through thee, our tears and prayers should flow,

For thou canst see, and, seeing, weep our woe:

Speak as thou wilt, and say what wouldst thou hear,

And we will speak to thee, or lend an ear;  
Now while the roar of this infernal blast  
Sinks for a space in silence at the last.

My home of youth was by the ocean side,

Fast by the spot where Po’s descending tide

Seeks, with its tributary rills, the sea.  
Love, who in gentle hearts delights to be,  
Fired with his subtle flame my Guido’s mind,

For that fair frame of flesh I left behind—



Love, who demands from all his gentle train  
That he who loves shall be belov'd again,  
Woke in my heart that lasting fire, whose  
bloom

Lives after death, and triumphs o'er the  
tomb—

Love join'd us in one hapless death, but  
hell

Awaits him by whose guilty hand we fell."  
The spirit ended, and as ceas'd the  
sound,

I bent my looks in sorrow to the ground,  
Till, at the last, my guide and master  
cried,

"What thinkest thou?" "O Poet!" I  
replied,

"What thoughts too sweet, what warm  
desires, alas!

Have brought these lovers to this mourn-  
ful pass?

Thy woes with tears, Francesca, fill mine  
eyes,

But, in the season of thy secret sighs,  
What first reveal'd the mutual feeling? say,  
How burst the smother'd passion into  
day?"

"No greater grief there is," she  
answer'd me,

"Than, in the depth of present misery,  
To think of what hath been—no  
more to be;

But if thy friendly bosom long to know  
The source of all my pleasure, all my  
woe,

I will unfold the story to thine ears,  
And pour my tale of sorrow through my  
tears.

One day, to wile the weary hour, we  
read

How Lancelot was by love o'erma-  
stered

Alone we sat, suspicionless, apart;  
And as we read, the rushing blood  
would start

Into our cheeks—we heard the beat-  
ing of the heart;

But when we read how such a lover  
there

Prest his first kiss upon a lip so fair,  
Then he whom nothing from my side  
shall sever,

Bound to my fate for ever and for ever,  
Was vanquish'd at the last, and trem-  
bling o'er,

He kiss'd my mouth—that day we read  
no more."

She ceas'd; but as she told the mournful  
tale

So loud that other spirit pour'd his wail,  
That at the piteous sight my senses fled;  
I swoon'd, and sunk, and fell as falls the  
dead.

A DEFENCE OF THE LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
ON MIRACLES.

(Continued from page 557.)

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,

WHAT, then, is the important conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing premises? It is this, that the Church, possessing the qualities before mentioned, must necessarily be infallible in her doctrine. We have seen from Isaiah the covenant made with the Redeemer and his seed—we have seen our Saviour himself promise that he would build his Church upon a rock, that the gates of hell should not prevail against her, and that he would continue with her pastors all days, even to the end of the world. He also promised to send them the Spirit of truth, that he might abide with them *for ever*, and that the Holy Ghost, whom the Father was to send in his name, would teach them all things<sup>1</sup>. St. Paul accordingly denominates the Church "the pillar and ground of truth<sup>2</sup>," and he enforces this precept for the observance of the faithful, "Remember your prelates, who have spoken to you the word of God, *whose faith follow*<sup>3</sup>;" and he advises them not to be "led away with various and strange doctrines<sup>4</sup>." Farther, we are expressly commanded by Christ himself to "hear the Church<sup>5</sup>;" a precept inconsistent with the idea of *fallibility*, for if it were possible for the Church of Christ to fall into error, we would be no longer bound to hear her. But separatists and innovators, who go out of the Church, must necessarily adopt the preposterous and anti-Christian pretence, that the Church which Christ "purchased with his own blood<sup>6</sup>,"—for which he delivered himself up that he might make it glorious, holy, and without blemish<sup>7</sup>,—that this Church,

\* Virgil.

<sup>1</sup> Acts xiv. 16, 17, 26.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Tim. iii. 15.

<sup>3</sup> Heb. xiii. 7.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. 9.

<sup>5</sup> St. Matt. xviii. 17.

<sup>6</sup> Acts xx. 28.

<sup>7</sup> Ephes. v. 25, 27.

which he had promised to lead into all truth, and to abide with for ever, had, notwithstanding, fallen into error ! But mark well the opinions of these men, and you will see how they are condemned by their own judgment. While they rail at the infallibility of the Church, and maintain that the Church has erred, they hold their own opinions as infallible, and set them up as the standards of orthodoxy. " Thus," says Bossuet, " the proceedings of our adversaries shew, that, on the subject of this supreme authority, without which no difficulty in religion can be determined, they agree with us ; and though, when they would shake off the yoke, they denied that the faithful were bound by the judgment of the Church, yet the necessity of establishing order forced them to acknowledge, in the end, what their first undertakings had compelled them to deny <sup>1</sup>." The problem why there exist so many divisions among Christians—why so many " are learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth <sup>2</sup>," may appear strange to Protestants, but Catholics can see nothing singular in this. When the supreme authority of the Church in matters of faith was disclaimed, it required no extraordinary foresight to anticipate the endless variations in faith which ensued—those *fruits* which are not of the Spirit of truth, but of error. The cure for all these disorders is obvious. It was well observed by the learned Dr Champney, about 200 years ago, that the reason why so many never arrive at the truth is, that " they first seek to know what they should believe, before they know, or seek to know, whom they should believe, or of whom they should learn their faith and belief <sup>3</sup>."

I now propose to offer a few remarks on the *Christian rule of faith*, as to which there is a very marked difference between Catholics and Protestants. The Catholic rule of faith is *the word of God written and unwritten, or scripture and tradition, as propounded and explained by the Church*, which, as Dr Milner observes, " implies that we have a *two-fold rule or law*, and that we have an *interpreter or judge to explain it*, and to decide upon it in all doubtful points <sup>4</sup>." When our Saviour commissioned his Apostles to " teach all nations," and promised to be present with them *to the end of the world*, (a promise which necessarily attached to their successors,) he did not leave them any *written* code of Christian doctrine and morality, nor did he order them to compose a regular written system themselves, which should embrace every possible point. Some of the Apostles and Disciples have committed parts of their doctrines and precepts to writing, in the Gospels and Epistles which have come down to us, properly authenticated by the broad seal of Church authority ; but these are all detached pieces, written without any design of forming, either separately or collectively, a *complete* body of faith and morality, and were written, moreover, on particular occasions, and were addressed either to individuals or to a particular body of persons. Besides, it does not appear that eight of the Apostles ever committed any thing to writing for the use of the Churches which they established, but, like St. Paul, they had their Timothies, who kept the charge committed by these Apostles to their trust, who held the form of sound words in faith, and who again commended the same to faithful men, able to teach others also. Thus Apostolical traditions, or the unwritten word, have always been held of equal authority by the Catholic Church with the written word ; and however lightly these traditions may be regarded by the generality of Protestants, to these, and to these *alone*, as preserved by the Church, must they finally have recourse to instruct the authenticity of the Scriptures of the New Testament, as well as some of those doctrines and practices which are common to them and Catholics. To suppose, therefore, that these writings (divine and precious as they are) were to supersede the commission given by Christ to his Apostles and their successors, to " teach all nations," and of course to *explain* all divine truths, is foolish, and at variance with the practice of every age since the Christian era. But farther, the idea that the *written* word is the only rule of faith, is in direct opposition to the inspired

<sup>1</sup> Past Instruc. <sup>2</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 7.

<sup>3</sup> Treatise on the Vocation of Bishops, &c. C. 1. § 2. <sup>4</sup> End of Relig. Controv. Let. X.



writings themselves. Thus St. Paul, in the only Epistle he wrote to the Galatians, says, in reference to some new teachers, who endeavoured to pervert the gospel which he had orally delivered to them, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, *preach* a gospel to you, besides that which we have *preached* to you, let him be anathema <sup>1</sup>." And he desires his beloved Timothy to "keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words and opposition of knowledge, falsely so called, which some professing, have erred concerning the faith <sup>2</sup>." Again, "hold the form of sound words which thou hast *heard* of me, in faith, and in the love which is in Christ Jesus. Keep the good things committed to thy trust by the Holy Ghost who dwelled in us <sup>3</sup>." "And the things which thou hast *heard* of me before many witnesses, the same *commend* to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also <sup>4</sup>." The same Apostle, in alluding to a revolt or defection from the Church, cautions the Thessalonians to "stand fast and hold the TRADITIONS which they had learned, whether BY WORD or by his epistle <sup>5</sup>;" a caution meant for all who wish to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints <sup>6</sup>."

Let us now hear the sentiments of the early fathers on Apostolical traditions. The oldest authority next to that of the Apostles is that of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, one of their disciples, who exhorted the Christians "to shun all heresies, and to stick fast to the *traditions* of the Apostles <sup>7</sup>." St. Irenæus, the disciple of St. Ignatius, observes, that "nothing is easier to those who seek for the truth, than to remark in every Church the *traditions* which the Apostles have manifested to all the world <sup>8</sup>." "Since it would be tedious to enumerate the succession of all the Churches, we appeal to the faith and *tradition* of the greatest, most ancient, and best-known Church, that of Rome, founded by the Apostles Sts. Peter and Paul; for with this Church all others agree, in as much as in her is preserved the *tradition* which comes down from the Apostles <sup>9</sup>." Passing over the testimonies of Tertullian <sup>10</sup> and Origen <sup>11</sup>, let us see the opinions of two of the fathers of the fourth century: "There are," says St. Basil, "many doctrines preserved and preached in the Church, derived partly from written documents, partly from *Apostolical tradition*, which have equally the same force in religion, and which no one contradicts who has the least knowledge of the Christian laws <sup>12</sup>." St. Epiphanius speaks to the same effect: "We must make use of *tradition*, for all things are not to be found in Scripture, the Apostles having delivered unto us some things by writing, and other things by *tradition* <sup>13</sup>." In the fifth century, St. John Chrysostom, in expounding 2 Thess. ii. 14, says, "Hence it is plain that the Apostles did not deliver to us every thing by their Epistles, but many things without writing. These are equally worthy of belief. Hence let us regard the tradition of the Church as the subject of our belief. Such and such a thing is a *tradition*, seek no farther <sup>14</sup>." Lastly, St. Augustin remarks, that "there are many things which are observed by the Universal Church, which are justly held to have been delivered by the Apostles, though they are not written <sup>15</sup>." Lord Bolingbroke candidly confesses, that our arguments for tradition are sound. "Writers of the Roman religion," observes his Lordship, "have attempted to shew that the text of holy writ is, on many accounts, insufficient to be the sole criterion of orthodoxy. I apprehend, too, that they have shewn it. Sure I am, that experience, from the first promulgation of Christianity to this hour, shews abundantly with how much ease and success the most opposite, the most extraordinary, nay, the most *impious* opinions and the most contradictory faiths, may be founded on the same text, and plausibly defended by the same authority <sup>16</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Gal. i. 8.<sup>2</sup> 1 Tim. vi. 20.<sup>3</sup> 2 Tim. i. 13.<sup>4</sup> Ibid. ii. 2.<sup>5</sup> 2 Thess. ii. 14.<sup>6</sup> St. Jude 3.<sup>7</sup> Euseb. Hist. L. iii. c. 30.<sup>8</sup> Advers. Hæres. L. iii. c. 5.<sup>9</sup> Ibid. c. 2.<sup>10</sup> L. de præscrip. c. 21, 37. De Cor. Mil. c. 4.<sup>11</sup> Tract. 27, in c. 23, St. Matt.<sup>12</sup> In Lib. de Spirit. Sanct. <sup>13</sup> De Hæres. 61.<sup>14</sup> In Epist. ad Thess. 2. c. 2.<sup>15</sup> De Bapt. Cont. Donat. L. v. c. 25.<sup>16</sup> Letters on the Use and Study of Hist. Let. 6.



The Protestant rule of faith, if I understand it right, is almost the reverse of the Catholic rule. It is this, that the *written* word of God alone, or the Bible, as understood by every person of sound mind, is the rule of faith. Such is the *theory*, but what is the *practice*? Do any of the Sects or Churches which have separated from the Church of Rome, or from one another, really allow individuals in their respective communions openly to hold opinions contrary to their received tenets? Nay, will they allow such liberty to any one of their pastors? By no means; church authority, (such as it is,) here interposes, and the obnoxious dogmas are anathematized as unscriptural. Put the case of a minister of the Church of Scotland, in the exercise of his private judgment, becoming a convert to the doctrine of the *real presence*, and enforcing it from the pulpit, would not the ecclesiastical courts depose him? Yet such a sentence would not only be an infringement of the rule above stated, but would be setting up a claim to infallibility on the part of the Church of Scotland, in the particular point at issue; and if in one point, why not in all? In fact, not one of the Protestant Churches act upon the rule, and it is a mere pretence, got up to justify their separation from the Catholic Church. It is quite inconsistent with the design which our Saviour had in appointing pastors in his Church, to bring all to the unity of the faith, and expressly contrary to the declaration of St. Paul, that "no prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation."

But the true rule of faith has certain properties laid down in Scripture, which specially distinguish it. By reference to different parts of Scripture, and particularly to the 35th Chapter of Isaiah, in which he foretells the glory of Christ's kingdom, it appears, that the rule must be *plain*, *comprehensive*, and *certain*; qualities excellently adapted to a revelation of mercy which all are bound to believe.

1st, The rule is *plain*, fitted for all capacities. If the written word *alone* were a rule, those who cannot read must be without any written rule at all; and this must have been the case with an immense majority of Christians, for 1400 years before the invention of printing, and even long after that important era. But even to those who can read, and who try to interpret the written word themselves, it is not a plain rule, otherwise there would not be so many contradictory opinions about its sense. Besides, St. Peter says, that, in the Epistles of St. Paul there "are some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction <sup>1</sup>." How different is the Catholic rule, which excludes private interpretation, and removes that hardness of understanding of which St. Peter speaks! However illiterate a person may be, by *hearing* the pastors of that Church which is in possession of the promises, he will easily acquire a competent knowledge of his religious duties, of what he is to do and believe. They will suit their instructions to his capacity, will make what appeared to him hard to be understood plain and easy. Thus millions have been instructed in the Christian religion who had never learned to read, and it is thus that *all* Christians, learned and unlearned, have been instructed in their infancy.

2dly, The rule is *comprehensive*, embracing all revealed truths. Now the *written* word does not contain all these. Where, for instance, is the written authority to be found for dispensing with the observance of the seventh day of the week, and ordering the first day to be kept holy in its place? What plain text of Scripture authorizes infant baptism? And where is the dispensation to be found to eat blood, or things strangled, contrary to the command of the Holy Ghost? But the most important of all *unwritten* truths is the belief in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures themselves, a point which these writings themselves cannot prove. *Tradition*, however, here interposes, and we learn therefrom, with as great certainty as any written revealed truth, the abrogation of the seventh day, and the substitution of the

first day in place of it, by proper authority ; the lawfulness of infant baptism ; and that the injunction to abstain from blood, and things strangled, was intended to be of a temporary nature. And it is by tradition, and tradition *alone*, that we know the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, the genuine from the spurious, and that they were written by the authors whose names they bear.

3dly, The rule of faith is also *certain*. What certainty is in *private* interpretation? No certainty at all. On the contrary, it is clear to a demonstration, from the innumerable divisions and contradictions resulting from its practice, that it leads to uncertainty. What certainty can any person have that *his* interpretation is right, when he finds men possessed of as much sense as himself, and perhaps his superiors in learning, and other necessary qualifications, disagreeing with him ; and when he finds, moreover, that persons of the same opinion with himself often change their opinions, carried and tossed about with every wind of doctrine, always learning, and never arriving at the knowledge of the truth? In the Catholic Church, and among Catholics, however, things are differently managed. "The certainty," says one of the ablest Catholic divines of modern times, who was originally a Protestant, "of this rule appears chiefly from three considerations: 1st, From the nature of the rule itself ; for this does not consist in the private opinion of a few particular persons, but in the *unanimous* doctrine of the great body of the pastors of the Church spread throughout the world. Now these pastors are exceedingly numerous ; they are spread throughout all nations, and they differ from one another in their country, language, manners, government, and worldly interests, and even in their opinions about other matters of knowledge and learning. When, therefore, they all agree in giving us the same interpretation of Scripture, or in declaring to us any truth of religion, is it not infinitely more certain to follow their decision, than to trust our own private judgments in opposition to them? Would not a man be a fool to prefer his own interpretation of the civil law of the land in opposition to the unanimous decision of the whole body of judges and lawyers? Besides, does not such an unanimity, in so delicate a matter as religion, in which experience shews how jealous men commonly are of their own opinions, evidently shew the finger of God to be there? What but an over-ruling Providence could keep such multitudes of men united in religion, who so widely differ in every thing else? Among those who do not follow this rule we can scarce find two of the same opinion in every article, though of the same nation and language, yea, of the same family, which evidently shews the uncertainty of their rule. How is it possible, then, that such vast multitudes, so every way differing in all things else, should agree in every article of revealed truths, if the rule they follow were not perfectly secure? This will still further appear, if we consider, 2d, The method they observe in declaring these truths ; for, when the pastors of the Church declare any article of religion, they never give it as their own private opinion, or as what they believe in their own private judgment, but they all protest and declare, that what they teach their people is precisely the same, without addition or diminution, which they received by tradition from their forefathers. Their predecessors, from whom they learned these truths, declared the same thing, and pledged their salvation for the truth of their declaration ; every preceding generation did the same, till we arrive at the Apostles themselves ; assuring us, in all ages, that they hold it as a damnable sin to add or diminish one single iota from the faith once delivered to the Saints. Now it is manifest, that a body of people, faithfully observing this rule of tradition, can never vary, alter, or change any article of their religion ; and therefore, that the faith they hold at present is the selfsame that was held in all preceding ages, and first taught by Christ and his Apostles. But what renders the certainty of this rule beyond all dispute is, 3d, The sacred charter of infallibility promised by Christ to his Church, and laid down in the plainest terms in the Holy Scriptures themselves.<sup>1</sup>" I dismiss this subject with

1 Sincere Christian Instructor in the faith of Christ from the written word, by Dr Hay, Chap. xi. Q. 14.



quoting the authority of Dr Whitaker, one of the opponents of Bellarmine, and of Hooker, in support of the Catholic rule: "When Bellarmine (says the former) states the question thus, viz. Whether the Scriptures are in themselves so clear and so plain, as, without interpretation, to decide controversies of faith, he fights without any adversary, for in *this* we agree with him <sup>1</sup>." Hooker observes, that "the Scriptures could not teach us the things of God, unless we did credit men who have taught us that the words of Scripture did signify those things <sup>2</sup>." I was almost omitting a curious passage from Luther, written by him two days before his death, pretty apposite to the present point: "Let every man," says he, "bear in mind, that, to be able to understand the books of Holy Writ, he ought, during the space of one hundred years, to have governed the Church, assisted by the prophets Elias, Eliseus, John the Baptist, Christ and his Apostles. Attempt not to fathom this divine Eneid, but, prostrate in spirit, adore its wisdom. This is true, the 16th day of February 1546 <sup>3</sup>." Whatever may have been his opinion in the outset of his career, he acted upon a very different principle; but *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*.

This preliminary discussion was necessary, in consequence of the reviewer's assertion, that "the religion of the Protestants is the religion of the Bible, while the religion of Roman Catholics is that of tradition and Paganism, mixed up and blended artfully with revelation." The religion of the Protestants the religion of the Bible! Truly this is a paradox. The capricious and inconstant Chillingworth was, I believe, the inventor of this unmeaning expression. To make it pass for intelligible, however, the reviewer should have attempted to have given a definition of "the religion of the Protestants;" but this would have been no ordinary task, composed as it is of a mass of multifarious, contradictory, and changeable opinions; possessing no principle which can ever bring its various denominations to that "unity of faith" for which Christ appointed pastors in his Church; but, on the contrary, founded on a principle which contains in itself the seeds of perpetual error, division, and separation. "The word of God (says a learned Protestant Bishop) "does not consist in mere letters, whether written or printed, but in the *true sense* of it, which no one can better interpret than the true Church to which Christ committed this sacred pledge <sup>4</sup>." Another late celebrated Protestant Prelate thought the *true sense* of Scripture so difficult to find out, that he confesses it safer to tell "*where* they (the Christian doctrines) are contained, than *what* they are <sup>5</sup>." The difficulty, therefore, being about the "*true sense*" of the Bible, and Protestants not admitting any living tribunal to declare it but the dead letter, which can give no judgment at all, it is evident that the exercise of their boasted prerogative, to interpret the Scriptures as each listeth, can lead to no definitive or sure result.

"As long as words a different sense will bear,  
And each may be his own interpreter,  
Our airy faith will no foundation find,  
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind <sup>6</sup>."

But to descend to a few particulars, by way of illustration. Some Protestants hold a real presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while others maintain a real absence; yet both denominations are said to follow the religion of the Bible! One branch of Protestantism contends that Episcopacy is of divine institution, while other branches denounce it as anti-Christian; the one, that Episcopal ordination is necessary to confer lawful mission; the others, that it is not necessary at all. Yet all these denominations are said to follow the religion of the Bible! One denomination denies the validity of infant baptism; another repudiates baptism altogether; ano-

<sup>1</sup> Whit. contriv. 1. Q. 4. c. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Eccles. Pol. p. 116.

<sup>3</sup> See his life by Ullenbergius of Leipsig, and the book titled "Table Talk," published shortly after his death.

<sup>4</sup> Walton, Proleg. to his Polyglott, c. 5.

<sup>5</sup> Bp. Watson's Charge to his Clergy in 1795.

<sup>6</sup> Dryden's Hind and Panther, Part I.



ther rejects the mystery of the Trinity, and the doctrine of the divinity of our Saviour ; another maintains, that hell is not eternal ! Yet all these are said to follow the religion of the Bible !! Allow me now to ask the reviewer, if it be any part of the religion of the Bible to reject Apostolical traditions, the observance of which is so often enjoined by St. Paul ; to oppose the authority of the Church, when we are commanded by Christ himself, to “ *hear the Church ;*” to believe that the Church of Christ has fallen into error, contrary to the Redeemer’s promise, that he would abide with her for ever, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against her ; to reprobate the pious practice of fasting, when our Lord himself set the example, gave a rule for its observance, and mentioned, that when he should be taken away, his disciples would fast ; to scoff at miracles, when our Saviour promised that these signs should follow them that believed ; to laugh at celibacy, so strongly recommended by St. Paul, and adopted by himself ; to reject the sacrament of extreme unction, or the last anointing mentioned by St. James ? Finally, if it be any part of the religion of the Bible to hold that every man and woman can understand it sufficiently, when we are warned that no prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation, and that the unlearned and unstable wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction ? These are, however, only a *few* of the points in which the Protestant religion, as it is called, is directly opposed to Holy Writ, and yet this religion is pompously declared to be exclusively the religion of the Bible !!!

“ Their Bibles cannot reconcile  
Parsons themselves, when once in broil,  
Or any else fallen into wrath,  
About self found-out *points of faith* :  
For every one has leave to cite  
Texts to his fancy, *wrong or right*,  
And put what sense he pleases on ‘em :  
This brought ten thousand sects among ‘em,  
And rais’d up in all places preachers ;  
Hammond and Kett set up for teachers ;  
Carlisle, and Bannister, and Glover <sup>1</sup>,  
Did each a different faith discover ;  
So Hacket, Arthington, and Brown,  
Had diff’rent faiths, each man his own ;  
And so had Harrison and Barrow,  
And Snape and Wigston, Payn and Barlow :  
Another sort did more approve  
Of H. N.’s *Family of Love* <sup>2</sup>.  
Hume’s, Paget’s, Gifford’s Catechisms,  
Rent Protestantism into schisms ;  
And ev’ry leader had his sect  
Of disagreeing subjects packt ;  
*Yet to the Bible all pretended,*  
*And what they held, swore it defended* <sup>3</sup>.”

But, in truth, there never has been an error, however absurd, nor a tenet, however impious, from the days of Nestorius down to those of Joanna Southcote, and the blue-stocking gospellers of Lancashire, that has not been defended from text of Bible. It was from the Bible that Luther pretended to draw his fundamental doctrine of *imputed justice*, to the utter exclusion of virtuous acts and good works—and from it Calvin justified his impious tenets concerning free will and predestination. “ God,” says Luther, “ works the evil in us, as well as the good ; the great perfection of faith consists in believing God to be just, *although, by his own will, he necessarily renders us worthy of damnation, so as to seem to take pleasure in the torments of the miserable* <sup>4</sup>.” Again, “ Free will is any empty name ;” and “ if God fore-

<sup>1</sup> Vide Cambden p. 453. <sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 48. <sup>3</sup> Ward’s England’s Reformation, Canto III.

<sup>4</sup> Luth. Op. ed. Whitt. Tom. 11. fol. 437.

saw that Judas would be a traitor, Judas *necessarily* became a traitor, nor was it in his power to be otherwise <sup>1</sup>." "Man's will is like a horse: if God sit upon it, it goes as God would have it; if the devil ride it, it goes as the devil would have it: nor can the will choose its rider, but each of them strives which shall get possession of it <sup>2</sup>." From this system of necessity, he argues thus, "Let this be your rule in interpreting the Scriptures; wherever they command any good work, *do you understand that they FORBID it*, because you cannot perform it <sup>3</sup>." "Unless faith be *without* the least good work it does not justify: it is not faith <sup>4</sup>." "See how rich a Christian is, since he cannot lose his soul, *do what he will*, unless he refuse to believe: for *no sin* can damn him but unbelief <sup>5</sup>." This execrable system was afterwards refined upon by Amsdorf, a favourite disciple of Luther, whom he made Bishop of Naumburg; and he actually wrote a book to shew that good works were not only *unnecessary* but *hurtful* to salvation, for which he quotes his master's words <sup>6</sup>. "God," says Calvin, "requires nothing of us but faith; he asks nothing of us, but that we believe <sup>7</sup>." Again, "I do not hesitate to assert that the will of God makes all things necessary <sup>8</sup>." "It is plainly wrong to seek for any other cause of damnation than the hidden counsels of God <sup>9</sup>." "Men, by the free will of God, without any demerit of their own, are predestinated to eternal death <sup>10</sup>." Yet these are the patriarchs of the lauded reformation, said to be chosen by God to reform his Church, and to promulgate the pure doctrines of Scripture and Christian morality! I may now say with the illustrious Fenelon, when alluding to the Protestant rule of faith, that "it is better to live without any law, than to have laws which all men are left to interpret, according to their several opinions and interests <sup>11</sup>." Let it not, however, be supposed, as is falsely said, that the Catholic Church, by inculcating the authority of Apostolical traditions, wishes to depreciate the value of those sacred records, of which she has been the careful and anxious preserver; for her pastors have always made these their perpetual theme in their instructions to their flocks, knowing well that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness <sup>12</sup>." And by virtue of the sacred authority with which she has been invested, the Catholic Church, by the mouths of her pastors, has shewn how *all* Scripture is profitable for the ends mentioned by St. Paul <sup>13</sup>. Neither let it be ima-

<sup>1</sup> De Serv. Arbit. fol. 460.    <sup>2</sup> Ibid, Tom. II.    <sup>3</sup> Ibid, Tom. III. fol. 174.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid, Tom. I. fol. 361.    <sup>5</sup> De Cap. Babyl. Tom. II. fol. 74.

<sup>6</sup> Brierley's Protest. Apol. p. 393. Mosheim's Eccles. Hist. Vol. VI.

<sup>7</sup> Calv. in John vi. Rom. i. Gal. ii.

<sup>8</sup> Instit. l. iii. c. 23.

<sup>9</sup> Ibid.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid.

<sup>11</sup> Life of Archp. Fenelon, by Ramsay.

<sup>12</sup> 2 Tim. iii. 16.

<sup>13</sup> Nothing is more common, now-a-days, than to speak and write a great deal about the Catholic Priesthood, as wishing to deprive the Laity of the use of the Bible, because, forsooth, they object to its being a school-book, and put into the hands of ignorant people without note or comment. Witness the speeches at the meetings of the Bible Societies, their reports, and the numerous lying tracts which are circulated over the kingdom. There may be much piety, (misguided, certainly,) and zeal, (but without knowledge,) in all this. However, to shew that the Catholic Church is *not* hostile to the circulation of the Scriptures, I shall here insert a translation of a letter from Pope Pius VI. to the Archbishop of Florence, on his translation of the Holy Bible into Italian, as prefixed to a Catholic edition of the New Testament, printed in this very city, in the year 1797, by that very correct printer, Mr John Moir.

"Pope Pius the Sixth.

"BELOVED Son, health and Apostolical benediction. At a time that a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well, that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity; especially when you shew and set forth, that

gined, that, because we maintain that the Protestant religion is not and cannot be the religion of the Bible, we hold that no Protestants can be members of the true Church; for our doctrine is, that as *invincible ignorance* is no crime in those who sincerely desire to be in the true Church, and use their best endeavours to find it, they are thereby *interiorly* united with her, and are members of the mystical body of Christ, though unfortunately not in communion *exteriorly* with the Church, and, in consequence, deprived of many important spiritual advantages<sup>1</sup>. Who these are is known alone to the Searcher of hearts. It will, I think, hardly be expected of me, that, after the explanations given, I should say much as to the remainder of the sentence already quoted, that "the religion of the Roman Catholics is that of *Tradition* and *Paganism*, mixed up and blended artfully with revelation." As to tradition, the reviewer must *now* be aware, that revelation will always be revelation, whether handed down traditionally or in the inspired writings, (and be it remembered, that our divine belief in *these* is founded purely on the *tradition* of the Church;) and unless he can show, which he cannot do, that *all* revelation is contained in the Sacred Writings, we must be allowed to follow the direction of St. Paul, and stick fast to the Apostolical traditions we have received. In fact, all the *written* New-Testament revelation, (the Apocalypse excepted,) was promulgated *orally*, before any part of it was committed to writing. With regard, again, to Paganism being blended with our religion, even the reviewer's admirers will, I suspect, require something more than his mere *ipse dixit* to establish his averment. Had he endeavoured to support it by any shew of reasoning or analogy, I could very easily have refuted him, though he had enlisted Dr Middleton's letter from Rome into his service.

Having now disposed of the reviewer's induction, I need say very little as to the "conclusion" to which he says it leads, "and for which it was undertaken." The conclusion is, "that these cures (performed by Prince Hohenlohe) are not from Heaven, and therefore are no *attestation* to the doctrines which they are said to establish;" and this conclusion Dr Doyle is challenged to overturn. If this challenge shall ever reach Dr Doyle's ears, and he shall be made acquainted with the gratuitous assumptions and false hypothesis on which the reviewer's conclusion is founded, most assuredly the learned Bishop will not require the aid of Erasmus on Folly, (a book he sometimes peruses,) to excite his risibility. What must Dr Doyle think of the following specimen of logical deduction? "If we (the reviewer) cannot believe this, (the mass, and that the Church of Rome is the only true Church, &c.) if no rational being can believe it who has not been educated in all the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome, *THEN* we have a complete demonstration, as clear and *perfect* as the *moral character of God can make it, that these cures are not from Heaven!*" Dr Johnson, in his anxiety to do justice to the sincerity of Dryden's conversion to the Catholic faith, observes, perhaps partly with reference to himself, that "if men of

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you have added explanatory notes, which, being extracted from the holy fathers, preclude every possible danger of abuse. Thus you have not swerved, either from the laws of the congregation of the index, or from the constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV., that immortal Pope, our predecessor in the pontificate, and, formerly, when we held a place near his person, our excellent master in ecclesiastical learning; circumstances which we mention as honourable to us.

"We therefore applaud your eminent learning, joined with your extraordinary piety, and we return you due acknowledgments for the books which you have transmitted to us, and which, when convenient, we will read over. In the mean time, as a token of our pontifical benevolence, receive our Apostolical benediction, which to you, beloved Son, we very affectionately impart. Given at Rome, on the calends of April 1778, the fourth year of our Pontificate.

To our beloved Son,  
Anthony Martina, at Turin. }

(Signed) PHILIP BUONAMICI,  
Latin Secretary."

<sup>1</sup> Epist. ad Episc. Don. Bellarmin Controv. Tom. II. L. III. c. 66. Catechism of the Counsel of Trent. Part I. on the 9th art. of the creed, § 2.



argument and study can find such difficulties or such motives as may either unite them to the Church of Rome or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never inquired why he was a Protestant<sup>1</sup>, should, by an artful and experienced disputant, be made a Papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments<sup>2</sup>. The rapid improvements in chemistry can have scarcely kept pace with the progress made in theology since the days of Dr Johnson; and the Doctor's "men of argument and study" must now be considered to have been almost destitute of rationality, and their difficulties and motives must be cast into deep shade, or vanish altogether, before the resplendent theological intellect of the reviewer!

In the course of his analysis of my letter, the reviewer, with reference to the different systems of miracles adopted by Protestant writers, observes, that, "I forget to remark, that these systems are the mere opinions of their respective authors, and bind not the Protestant world to them." Of this I was fully aware, and my object in noticing these discordant systems was, to shew the absurdity of them all, in attempting to limit to any particular period the exercise of miraculous powers, contrary to a divine unlimited promise. But the reviewer seems to doubt whether my extracts from these authors "are correctly and honestly given," and even "strongly suspects the concluding sentence on presumptive evidence to be apocryphal," because he has not the works of these authors "at hand!" Here is charity indeed! No matter, however; let Dr Middleton and others say what they please, "the truth of the Protestant religion, any more than the truth of the Bible itself," would not be affected, "although miracles continued to this hour." Really the truth of the Bible, so far from being affected by miracles, would be thereby even farther corroborated; but if miracles, which have been justly denominated by Paley, Grotius, and the other learned advocates of revelation, the criterion of truth, are confined to, or have been continued in the Catholic Church *exclusively*, how can it for a moment be maintained that the Protestant religion is not affected by such extraordinary manifestations of Providence against it?

The reviewer skilfully evades discussion on the *presumptive* evidence in favour of a continuation of miraculous powers in the Church, the arguments for which are too strong to be rebutted. But conceiving the *positive* evidence more vulnerable, he attacks it, by calling in question its authenticity; and, lest his arguments should fail to produce conviction of themselves, he resorts to sarcasm and raillery, the usual expedients of those who support a bad cause. The *positive* evidence, the reviewer maintains, is "not entitled to any great degree of credibility," because it "is drawn from Catholic Church historians chiefly." Silly reasoning indeed! The miracles I have alluded to are not to be believed, because they are not attested by the enemies of the church, or by Pagan authors, but are related by Christian historians!! An infidel might, with equal shew of reason, argue against the credibility of the miracles of the New Testament, because the genuineness of the books in which they are related is authenticated by Christians! The *credibility* of the Church historians is well supported by the *incredulous* Middleton. He observes, "as far as Church historians can illustrate or throw light upon any thing, there is not a single point in all history so constantly, explicitly, and unanimously affirmed by them all, as the continual succession of those powers through all ages, from the earliest father that first mentions them, down to the time of the Reformation; which same *succession is still further deduced by PERSONS OF THE MOST EMINENT CHARACTER, FOR THEIR PROBITY, LEARNING, AND DIGNITY in the Roman Church to this very day. So that the only doubt that can remain with us is, whether the Church historians are to be trusted or not? for if any credit be due to them in the present case, it must reach either to all or to none; because the reason of believing them in any one age, will be found to be of equal force in*

<sup>1</sup> But he knew well why he was a Catholic. See his Hind and Panther,

<sup>2</sup> Life of Dryden.

all, so far as it depends on the characters of the persons attesting, or the nature of the things attested <sup>1</sup>." As the basis of his examination of the positive evidence, the reviewer adopts the rule, or "*invariable maxim*," of Mosheim, (an historian too metaphysical and fanciful to be much relied upon,) "that no events are to be esteemed miraculous which may be rationally attributed to natural causes, and accounted for by a recourse to the ordinary dispensations of Providence." And he observes, that this rule, "if observed and acted upon in the case of Mrs Stewart and Miss Lalor, (why not in those of Misses O'Connor and Dowell too?) would have spared the discussion of this question now, and saved Drs Murray and Doyle the blush of conscious shame." Yet, strange to tell, it was by observing this very rule, that not only these Dignitaries, but all who have concurred with them in opinion, have inferred the miraculousness of the cures; but this conclusion, that an incurable disease cannot be cured by natural causes, the learned reviewer denounces, in the outset of his speculations, as "unwarranted, on the principles of fair reasoning, analogy, and experience!"

Without questioning the general accuracy of Mosheim's rule, (for it by no means follows that every event which may be attributed to natural causes is the result of these causes, or of the ordinary dispensations of Providence,) I beg to differ *toto cælo* from the reviewer in his application of the rule. Dr Cheyne, whose private opinion on miracles is not known, thinks that there was not any thing miraculous in the change which took place in Mrs Stewart's health, "and that her case can, to his entire satisfaction, be accounted for on natural principles." This single opinion of Dr Cheyne is said to be "quite decisive;" of what, to be sure, the reviewer does not say; but be it observed, that this "*decisive*" opinion affects the case of Mrs Stewart alone, and the case of Miss Dowell was pronounced incurable by the late Dr Bailie, Sir Henry Hallford, Drs Mills, Crampton, and Cheyne. Again, with regard to Mrs Stewart's case, it is clearly proved by certificates of different medical practitioners, and from the "sworn testimony of respectable persons, that Mrs Stewart had laboured under an apoplectic tendency, and long-continued paralytic disorder, by which she was confined to bed for better than six months, and on the 31st July was speechless, and declared to be dying by her physicians; yet, contrary to the opinions of the most eminent men of the different periods above quoted, she declares herself suddenly free from palsy on the following day, August 1st, enjoying the power of motion, and all her lost faculties. Limited indeed must the understanding of the man be, and unacquainted with the laws and operations of Nature, who could suppose, that in one short day such abolition of bodily power could be restored, and that such pristine vigour and strength could be established, as to fit the body for the exertion of the many functions which health required <sup>2</sup>." The able writer from whom I have borrowed this extract observes, that "it is really a curious consideration, how, at a certain hour, appointed at the distance of many hundred miles, and on a future day, at least one month distant, that those three incurable cases should be suddenly restored to health, contrary to the humanly appointed fixed principles of Nature. But this has been ascribed to the force of imagination. Ridiculous assertion! Can man suddenly renew such destruction of bodily power by the force of imagination? Can he remodel the most trivial complaint to which he is liable by thought? If he can, how comes disease? Imperfect indeed would the human body be, if we could remove and metamorphose it at pleasure. But the idea is an outrage on common sense <sup>3</sup>." Here it may not be amiss to notice the different opinions of Protestants regarding these cures, which seem destined to destroy each other by their contrariety. The more general opinion is, that no cures have been effected at all, which the reviewer, on weighing the evidence adduced, very justly reprobates as an absurdity. Another, of which the reviewer is the champion, (I

<sup>1</sup> Introd. to Free Enquiry, p. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Def. by J K. L. App. Note A. p. 116.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, p. 118.



should have said the *inventor*,) admits the cures, but does not consider them as supernatural, though wonderful. And a third opinion, which has been adopted by the *sceptical* sons of Æsculapius, attributes the cures to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or the operation of the mind upon the body, through the medium of the nerves. The two first systems have been already rendered *hors de combat*, and the last is thus happily ridiculed and refuted by J. K. L. "Oh, happy nerves! Were Erasmus now living, he would not select folly as a theme for praise, and pass by the unspeakable and incomprehensible beauty and convenience of the nervous system. This system, which can kill and cure with equal facility, or administer relief to the dumb and hypochondriac,—which can rescue life from the grasp of apoplexy, and say to him or her who has been bowed down with infirmity for years, 'Take up thy bed, and walk!' *le medicin malgré lui* of Moliere was unacquainted with it, or bleeding and hot water would not have been his only specifics. Exquisite system, and, like the mines of Potosi, as yet not half explored! Why were you not familiar with Hippocrates and Galen, or the incantations by which you could be regularly excited to do your works of mercy taught or sung in the days of Homer and Euripides? The batteries of your moral galvanism have hitherto been unknown to us, and we pined and died, like our fathers, whilst you were in the midst of us, always ready, if only conjured by a rightful spell, to minister relief. We have at length, however, discovered the recesses where you sleep; we shall often have recourse to you: we will make you queen of all chronic diseases, and proclaim you the Deity of the lame and blind—of the deaf and dumb! All this we promise you, provided you abandon those silly Papists, or not confine your favours to them alone. My correspondent will excuse this trifling; '*Ridentem dicere verum quid velat* 1."

Leaving the case of the "paralytic Nun," the only one he has vainly endeavoured to overthrow, the reviewer, after admitting the miraculous events which took place when the apostate Julian attempted to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, proceeds to consider the other instances of miracles I have adduced. The first is, that of the wild beasts being restrained by a divine power from touching the martyrs destined to be devoured by them. These "phenomena" the reviewer admits, but he rejects the idea of any miraculous interposition, and that on the authority of three modern Protestant authors, who had nothing to oppose to the naked facts, as attested by undoubted historians, but their own conjectures; and who might, with almost equal propriety, have called in question the miraculous preservation of Daniel among the lions.

The reviewer also admits the amazing instance of the Catholics in the fifth century retaining their speech after their tongues had been cut out; "a fact," he observes, "which has been supported by the testimony of witnesses the most credible and respectable." The reviewer would fain think the event natural; "yet as we," he observes, "do not think it as easy to speak *without*, as *with* a tongue, we are ready to admit it *wonderful*." But it seems the admission of this miraculous event in the persons of Catholics, for holding the true faith in opposition to the Arian heresy, "benefits not the letter-writer's theory with respect to the continuation of miracles in the Church, for it was done without the instrumentality of man, or any of the members of the Romish Church." Does the reviewer really mean to say, that miracles wrought upon the members of the Church is no proof that miracles continue in the Church, because they have been accomplished without the instrumentality of man? The miraculousness even of this event, he observes, has been disputed, however, as *two* of those who suffered could not speak at all, which led to the conclusion that the tongues of those who retained the use of speech had not been rooted out altogether, but that a small part of that muscle had remained. But how stands the fact? St. Victor says, that the order "to cut out their tongues to the roots, and to chop off their right hands," was executed 2; and Æneas of Gaza testifies,

1 Def. by J. R. L. p. 18.

2 Lib. iii. c. 4.



that he examined the matter with his own eyes, and "saw that their tongues were entirely cut away, root and all." Procopius, who had also seen these confessors, and St. Gregory the Great, who both attest this wonderful event, say, that the *two* who lost the faculty of speaking did retain their speech, after their tongues had been cut out, along with the rest, but having fallen into certain immoralities, they lost the use of speech, in punishment, as was supposed, of their crimes.

Having no means of rebutting the evidence adduced for the cure of the blind man, and the restoration of three bodies to life, by the bones of St. Stephen, the reviewer attempts to wield those weapons of ridicule which an infidel would employ against the miracles mentioned in the Acts, wrought by means of the aprons and handkerchiefs of St. Paul. To match these miracles, the reviewer, by way of digression, relates a fabulous story about St. Jerom's ghost, taken from a forged Epistle of St. Cyril, which he, following the misrepresentations of fraudulent authors, states was got up, among others, "to encrease the wealth and power of the Clergy." This clumsy story was detected, but by whom? By Catholics. "Yet," observes the reviewer, "*Catholics believe it nevertheless. If it was not true, THEY SAID it should have been true; they had only to believe it, and all was well enough!*" Being desirous to spare the reviewer the "blush of conscious shame," I shall not urge him to prove the truth of this assertion; for I am willing to suppose him one of those writers who thoughtlessly borrow this and similar falsehoods from their predecessors, in the work of misrepresentation and abuse; and who, having acquired their antipathies by a sort of inheritance, insensibly allow their prejudices to warp their understanding, without considering the folly and credulity to which they lead. Of a piece with the story about St. Jerom are those of Constantinus Turrivanus, and Bishop Theobald, of all which I shall leave the reviewer undisturbed possession. If these are the results of his favourite "study," far be it from me to detract from the value of the acquisition.

But the testimonies of those great lights of Christianity, Sts. Ambrose and Augustine, who relate the miracles last mentioned, seem to be questioned; "as the former wanted solidity, accuracy, and shrewd observation," and the latter "has involved himself in the most extraordinary contradictions." For me to attempt to become the defender of such men would be presumptuous indeed. Their zeal in the cause of truth, and the sanctity of their lives, have been embalmed in the page of history, and every passing age has added fresh and unfading lustre to their memories. Of St. Ambrose, a minister of our National Church thus expresses himself: "St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who died in the year 397, and to whom Spottiswood compares Mr Erskine of Dun, was a person of noble birth, and received a most pious education. In the first part of his life he was Governor of a province in Italy, in which he acquired great fame, for his justice and moderation. After he became Bishop of Milan, he bade adieu to all secular affairs, and devoted himself wholly to the pastoral duties of his office. He spoke to Princes with courage, but also with prudence and moderation. He was firm in the defence of the doctrine of Christ, against the persons who had deviated from it; and such was the sweetness of his natural temper, and the honied or agreeable manner of his eloquence, that the name of the 'Mellifluous Doctor' has by some been conferred upon him."<sup>2</sup> The reviewer remarks, that "were we to quote one father sooner than another, against miracles, after the first preaching of the gospel, it would be their champion St. Austin;" and to establish his "extraordinary contradictions," the reviewer quotes two passages from the Saint's book *De Vera Religione*, to instruct that St. Augustine thought that miracles were no longer necessary; and with an air of triumph, the reviewer asks me to reconcile these sentences with "the narratives of the alleged virtues of these relics." Now, I am afraid, notwithstanding the reviewer's "acquaintance with the historians and others

<sup>1</sup> Dial. between Theophrastus and Axithens.

<sup>2</sup> Scott's Hist. of the Lives of the Scottish Reformers, p. 19.

whom the letter-writer adduces," the memorable passage in the Saints' Book of Retractions, in which he himself reconciles the point, has escaped the reviewer's observation: "What I also said, that those miracles were not allowed to continue in our times, lest the soul should always seek after things visible, and mankind should wax cold by their frequency, who had been inflamed by their novelty, is certainly true. For when hands are laid on the baptized, they do not receive the Holy Ghost *now*, in such a manner as to speak with the tongues of all nations; nor are the sick *now* cured by the shadow of Christ's preachers as they pass by them, and others such as these, which, it is manifest, did afterwards cease: *But what I said, is not so to be understood as if no miracles are believed to be performed now in the name of Christ*: for I myself, when I wrote that very book, (*De Vera Religione*,) knew that a blind man had received his sight in the city of Milan, at the bodies of the Milanese martyrs, and several others besides; nay, such numbers are performed in these our days, that I neither can know them all, nor, though I knew them, could I enumerate them <sup>1</sup>."

The miracles of St. Augustine of Canterbury are next alluded to, and dismissed, by asking "how we can believe St. Augustine, when we see him working miracles to convince the Britons that for cousins-german to marry is a sin, and that those who did so would have no children, when the whole Jewish nation, he must have known, sprung from that connection?" But is it true that St. Augustine wrought miracles for the absurd purpose stated by the reviewer? By no means; for all his miracles, with the exception of one, related to have taken place in presence of the British Bishops, were wrought to convince the Pagan *Anglo-Saxons* of the truth of the Christian religion. Neither does the exception support the reviewer's averment. Indeed there is not a vestige of evidence to instruct that St. Augustine held the opinion, which all experience contradicts, that no issue could ensue from the marriage of cousins-german, nor is there any proof that *any* churchman or layman ever held such an opinion, if we except the doubtful case to be immediately noticed. The Church has indeed always reprobated marriages within certain degrees of kindred as unnatural <sup>2</sup>, extending the prohibition to the fourth degree; but she has been in the practice, when good reasons existed for it, of dispensing with the prohibition in the third and fourth degrees; but very rarely, and not without the strongest grounds in the second. Cousins-german, by the Canon law, which the Church follows, stand in the second degree, but in the fourth, according to the Roman law. With regard to the opinion attributed to St. Augustine, I find, on consulting Venerable Bede <sup>3</sup>, that St. Augustine proposed certain interrogatories to Gre-

<sup>1</sup> Item quod dixi. Nec miracula ista in nostris temporibus durare permissa sunt, ne anima semper visibilia quæreretur, et eorum consuetudine frigesceret genus humanum, quorum novitate flagravat. Verum est quidem: non enim nunc usque cum manus imponitur baptizatis, sic accipiunt Spiritum Sanctum ut loquantur linguis omnium gentium: aut nunc usque ad umbram transeuntium prædicatorum Christi sanantur infirmi, et si qua talia tunc facta sunt quæ postea cessasse manifestum est. Sed non sic accipiendum est, quod dixi, ut nunc in Christi nomine fieri miracula nulla credantur. Nam ego ipse, quando istum ipsum librum scripsi, ad Mediolanensium corpora martyrum, in eadem civitate cæcum illuminatum fuisse jam noveram, et alia nonnulla, qualia tam multa etiam istis temporibus fiunt, ut nec omnia cognoscere, nec ea quæ cognoscimus enumerare possimus. *L. I. Retrac. C. xlii.*

<sup>2</sup> Montesquieu, in treating of the prohibition of marriage between relations, considers it "extremely delicate to fix exactly the point at which the laws of nature stop, and where the civil laws begin;" and he attributes the prohibition of marriage between cousins-german to the same causes which led to the prohibition against nearer relations. "These principles are so strong and so natural, that they have had their influence almost all over the earth, independently of any communication. It was not the Romans who taught the inhabitants of Formosa that the marriage of relations of the fourth degree (cousins-german) was incestuous: it was not the Romans that communicated this sentiment to the Arabs: it was not they who taught it to the inhabitants of the Maldivian islands." *Spirit of Laws, Vol. II. B. xxi. Chap. 14.*

<sup>3</sup> *L. I. c. 27.*



gory the Great, one of which was, Within what degrees of kindred Christians might marry? and the Pope, with reference to the marriages of cousins-german, says, in answer, that "experience shews that no children are born of them;" an opinion so singular, that some have supposed this answer an interpolation or forgery; and Dupin says, that "it must be confessed, that some of the answers are extraordinary enough <sup>1</sup>." But as it is quoted by Bede, and as Pope Zachary referred to the answer in a council held in 743, the authenticity of it seems to be rather established.

The miracles of St. Bernard, it seems, are not to be believed, on account of his conduct in the Holy War, and the want of success which attended the Christian arms in the Second Crusade. The enemies of the Saint, in his own times, did not hesitate to reproach him with its failure; but he satisfactorily defended himself, in his address to Pope Eugenius III. "*Sed dicunt forsitan isti: unde scimus quod a Domino serino egressus sit? Quæ signa tu facis ut credamus tibi? Non est quod ad ista ipse respondeam: parcendum verecundiæ meæ: responde tu pro me et pro te ipse, secundum ea quæ vidisti et audisti* <sup>2</sup>."

The miracles of St. Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, not being liable to the same objections as those urged against the miracles of Sts. Augustine and Bernard, the reviewer passes them without particular remark, and he even condescends not to *hinder* any body to believe them who will, though he "must admire their credulity." These credulous persons, if assured that the reviewer had examined the evidence for these miracles rationally, and without prejudice, would, I am sure, feel greater admiration at his *incredulity*. It is no exaggeration to say, that this Apostolic man converted more heathens in one year than all the Protestant Missionaries have done since the commencement of their labours. Mr Hackluyt, a minister of the Church of England, thus speaks of him: "That godly Professor, and painful Doctor of the Indian nation, in matters concerning religion, Francis Xavier, after great labours, injuries, and calamities, suffered with much patience, departed, indued with all spiritual blessings, out of this life, A. D. 1552, after that many thousands were by him brought to the knowledge of Christ <sup>3</sup>." He again says, "of this holy man, his particular virtues and wonderful works, all the latter histories of Indian regions are full <sup>4</sup>." Babbæus, in his Indian History, and Monsieur Tavernier, in his *Recueil*, (both Protestants,) concur with Hackluyt in the above eulogium. Grotius must undoubtedly have had the miracles of St. Xavier in view, in arguing for a continuation of miracles. "As the latter ages, also, are full of testimonies of the same thing, I do not know by what reason some are moved to restrain that gift (of miracles) to the first ages only. Wherefore, if any one would even preach Christ, in a manner agreeable to him, (mark this,) to nations that know him not, I make no doubt but the force of the promise would still remain." *Vide St. Mark xvi., 17 and 18.*

By the aid of a few quotations from Mosheim and his own fancy, the reviewer easily resolves the problem proposed by St. Jerom to Vigilantius, but in a way which Vigilantius, I am sure, would never have thought of. "The priesthood of those days" stand, however, acquitted in the mind of every impartial person, of the foul charge made against them; and their successors have learned not to repine at the reproaches of their enemies; for if the goodman of the house has been called Beelzebub, what treatment can those of his household expect? That the desire of gain may have induced crafty knaves to attempt to pass off false relics as genuine, I do not mean to dispute; but whether they succeeded, I cannot well know, till I am *better* acquainted with the facts than those historians who say so. When they considered the wonderful efficacy of the bones of Elisha in restoring the dead to life, the cures performed by the applications of the aprons and handkerchiefs which had touched the body of St. Paul, and the no less miraculous, well-attested events which had happened by the use of the relics of

<sup>1</sup> Vol. V., Art. St. Greg.<sup>2</sup> De Consid. L. ii. c. 1.<sup>3</sup> Principal Navigations, Part 2., Vol. II., p. 81.<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*



other Saints, it was no wonder indeed that the Christians of the early ages, in the fervour of their piety, should become desirous of possessing the precious remains of holy men. The reviewer will require better authority than that of Mosheim to make good his assertion; but the fact is, that it was only in the sixteenth century, when calumny and misrepresentation became the order of the day, that the falsehood was invented of the Priesthood nourishing and fomenting this rage for relics, for "the prospect of gain, and the ambitious desire of being revered by the multitude." Though apparently no admirer of relics, the reviewer, if he be an antiquary, would, I presume, be as anxious as I would be to get hold of a handkerchief which had been used by St. Paul. He perhaps would keep it as a *curiosity*, to exhibit it occasionally to the Monkbarns' brotherhood, as he would keep the original manuscript of Luther's conference with the Devil, or the license which he and his reforming companions granted to the Landgrave of Hesse; but I would hold it as a sacred relic, destined, perhaps, again to be the means of miraculous cures.

To meet the force of the testimony in favour of miracles, the reviewer says, that, by adopting my method, "and believing every thing for gospel that he finds stated by Historians and Fathers," he "could make out a much stronger case for the existence of witchcraft;" and that he would "be able to prove it from the history of the Jews and Christians," records of the Justiciary Tribunals, judicial confessions, &c. &c. Now, it was no part of my plea to believe "*every thing for gospel*" that has been stated by Historians and Fathers; but what I maintained was, that as the whole history of the Jewish nation was illustrated by a succession of miracles and miraculous powers,—that as Christianity was established by means of miracles,—that as its Divine Founder had promised to invest his followers with miraculous powers, without any limitation as to time,—and that as the *facts* of a continuation of miraculous powers had been attested unanimously by the Fathers and Historians, who had either been witnesses themselves of the facts they relate, or had received them from undoubted authority, and that as these Fathers and Historians were men of undoubted probity, the continuation of miraculous powers in the Church was beyond doubt. That a general belief in the existence of witches and witchcraft existed both among Jews and Christians, must be known to every body, and that they *did* exist, what man is there who believes in the Bible that can deny the fact? I should wish to know from the reviewer, who professes to found his religion upon the Bible, what his opinion is concerning the noted instance of the witch of Endor bringing up the ghost of Samuel "before the affrighted Saul <sup>1</sup>." Or of what we are told respecting Manasses having used enchantments, and dealing with familiar spirits <sup>2</sup>. It cannot, however, be denied, that many deluded creatures have fancied themselves possessed of powers of a description exercised by the wizzards of old, and that Churchmen, Historians, Judges, and others, (Protestants as well as Catholics,) have been deceived in their opinions as to the actual existence of such powers. What is the reviewer's opinion of the astonishing cases mentioned in the New Testament, of evil spirits or demons having possessed the bodies of men? If he refer to Middleton, he will tell him that the possessed persons were affected by the *epilepsy*, or the *falling-sickness*; but lest the reviewer should be led away with this opinion, out of a blind admiration of Middleton, I would ask him to consider whether it was the epilepsy, or the falling-sickness, with which the two men were afflicted out of whom our Saviour cast the devils, who again were permitted, at their own solicitation, to enter into a herd of swine, and which, in consequence, rushed down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters <sup>3</sup>? Whether it was the epilepsy, or the falling-sickness, which occasioned the dumbness of the man who spoke after the devil, with which he had been possessed, had been cast out <sup>4</sup>? Would the reviewer infer, that because *demoniacs* are not *now* known, that they never existed, after the clear scriptural testimonies alluded to? But the reviewer, also, by adopting

<sup>1</sup> 1 Sam. xxviii.<sup>2</sup> 2 Kings, xxi.<sup>3</sup> St. Matt. viii.<sup>4</sup> Ibid. ix.

the same method of "believing every thing for gospel that we find stated by Historians and Fathers," (a plan which I have shewn I have not followed,) says, he "could bring as strong miracles from *Pagan* authors, wrought to disprove *Christian* miracles, as I have to prove miracles wrought by Saints." Indeed! But who believes the *Pagan* miracles, even the best attested? Are the miracles of Moses rendered the less credible, because they were rivalled by the lying wonders of Pharaoh's magicians? But divine revelation has put us sufficiently on our guard against such impositions, however credible they may be made to appear.

The reviewer, after all his labours, appears to entertain some misgivings as to the success of his attack on the *old* miracles, and accordingly he observes, that admitting I had made out a stronger case than he thinks I have done for the existence and continuation of miracles and miraculous powers, posterior to the Apostolic age, "this leaves the *Irish* miracles where they were, and neither proves nor disproves their authenticity further than rendering them *probable*." But who could be so weak as to suppose that, by instructing the miracles of Xavier, Bernard, Augustine, and others, I meant to attempt to prove by them those of Prince Hohenlohe, farther than to render them independent of their own facts and circumstances, extremely probable? The object of my letter was rather to instruct a continuation of miraculous powers in the Christian Church after the Apostolic age, in opposition to the sweeping declaration of the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, than to establish (if any thing I would have said could have added to the irresistible and overwhelming force of the testimony) the recent miracles which have taken place, not merely in England and Ireland, but also in Germany and other European kingdoms, and in the United States of America.

The consequences which we draw from these miracles are ingeniously metamorphosed by the reviewer into *objects*, and these objects are said to be, "to settle doctrines," while "the object of the primitive miracles was not to explain doctrines, but to convert Pagans," and Jews too, certainly. Were not the truths of the Christian religion taught and explained by Christ and his Apostles, and were not the primitive miracles wrought to establish these? And if any of these truths are called in question, and a great defection from Christianity take place, is it not reasonable to suppose, that the same powers would be granted in later times to vindicate the truths of Christianity as formerly? Do we not find, that although Moses proved his mission by miracles, and established the worship of the true God, that miracles were often wrought in defence thereof, and to bring back the Israelites from idolatry? The reviewer thinks it absurd to imagine that the cures in question are wrought, "that the faith in the divinity of Christ, which in these days is so much fallen away, might be revived amongst the many denominations of Christians"—adding, that "signs are for them that believe not, not for them that believe," a quotation which corroborates the position he argues against. If he meant to apply it to the Catholics of Ireland, I am sure they require not even the aid of miracles to convince *them* that their Church is a pure Church, the mass holy, and that Christ is a *divine* person, notwithstanding the unhallowed attempts which have been made to eradicate the ancient faith introduced into Green Erin by St. Patrick. Let those who deny the divinity of our Saviour deride the mass, "blaspheme whatsoever things they know not!," and disbelieve the promises of Christ to his Church, take warning and examine themselves whether they be in the faith, for it is undoubtedly certain, that that Church in which a continuation of those miraculous powers promised by Christ is exhibited, *must* be the true Church, and that the rites by which they are effected are of divine origin. This is the opinion of Dr Conyers Middleton, the ablest and most subtle, yet the most candid antagonist that ever assailed the miraculous powers of the Church: "If we admit the miracles, we must necessarily admit the rites for the sake of which they were wrought: they both rest on the same bot-



tom, and mutually establish each other. For it is a maxim which must be allowed by all Christians, that whenever any sacred rite or religious institution becomes the instrument of miracles, we ought to consider that rite as confirmed by divine approbation <sup>1</sup>."

The reviewer, near the conclusion of his labours, introduces a long detail taken from a note by Moshien's translator about certain practices of some wicked Dominicans, who, for their impieties, were degraded from the priesthood and suffered death, after the whole affair had been inquired into by commissaries from Rome, and the fraud fully proved. For what purpose, then, does the reviewer introduce such an affair into the present discussion, if it be not for effect? Is the Church to be responsible for crimes which she herself condemns? Or is the guilt of a few persons to be extended to the whole body to which they belonged? Common sense says No; but prejudice, and passion, and ignorance, answer otherwise. The same observations would apply to the story told by the reviewer respecting the pretended false miracle at the Chapel of Loretto, near Musselburgh, if true; but I do not hesitate to state my conviction, that the account given is a COMPLETE FABRICATION from beginning to end, the invention of which, however, I do not attribute to our national reformers, as it must be the contrivance of some modern bungler. A laborious Protestant author, who has unravelled many of the pious frauds of our Reformers, says, "FORGERY, I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed." And he candidly acknowledges, that he looked "in vain for one of those accused outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery <sup>2</sup>." It could not, therefore, arise from any want of inclination on the part of our reformers to invent a story similar to the one in question; but to have published it—"aye, there's the rub"—would have been too flagrant an act to have escaped instant detection; and the best proof we can possibly have that the affair is an imposition, is the complete silence of Knox, Buchanan, and their reforming contemporaries, in regard to any such occurrence. What a glorious theme this would have been for their venal quills? Our head Reformer would assuredly have given us another "blast of the trumpet," which would have been heard from the Lands-end to John o'Groat's. But it is now full time that I should dispose of this Protestant wonder.

After giving the details relative to Jetzer and his associates, the reviewer observes, that, notwithstanding of the failure of their plans, detected and exposed as they were by commissaries from Rome, "new attempts were made; and the Reformation, in this country, a short time after, was, by a miracle also, endeavoured to be overthrown, but its instant detection brought them (who?) low." The affair is said to have happened in the year 1559, but no account of the transaction appears to have been published till 4th June 1772, that is to say, two-hundred and thirteen years thereafter, when a ridiculous letter, dated from Kyle, appeared in the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine, under the fictitious signature of "*Palemon*," giving a long and articulate account of what is said to have taken place at the Chapel of Loretto, and of the circumstances said to have preceded and followed that strange event; but without reference to any authority whatever; and upon the authority of this anonymous writer the Rev. Mr Scott, in his "History of the Lives of the Protestant Reformers in Scotland," says he "must beg leave to rely for "some of the circumstances relating to the detection of a false miracle." He adds, "The anecdote of the false miracle, as therein mentioned, had, indeed, been before pretty generally known, especially to the families who are descended from Mr Row. But the ingenious writer, whose letter is dated from Kyle, thought proper to detail it, perhaps it may be said, rather too freely, but in a very animated and entertaining manner. I presume that he had found a relation of it, at least of its leading circumstances, in one or more of those numerous historical books and manuscripts which were collected by Mr Robert Wodrow, Minister of Eastwood, in the shire of Ren-

<sup>1</sup> Introductory Discourse, pp. 17 and 18. 2d. ed.

<sup>2</sup> Whitaker's Vind. of Mary Queen of Scots, Vol. III. p. 2.



frew, who wrote and published, in two large volumes, 'A History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.' Indeed I am well assured that Mr Wodrow received several accounts of the said miracle, *some of them differing in some circumstances*; and that he found it about the beginning of the last century" (*about 140 or 150 years after the alleged event*) "*attested by an aged lady, who was a great-grand-daughter of Mr Row, and widow of a minister, and also attested by the tradition current among some old people of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood.*" Upon the *authority* of the nameless man of Kyle, Mr Scott relates the whole circumstances of the pretended plot, which are so ludicrous and absurd, as to carry a conviction of their falsity along with them. Yet the author of the Life of Knox repeats the calumny with a confidence which even his own belief of its truth (for I shall suppose he did believe it) could not warrant. A reference is indeed made by the learned Doctor to a *copy*, said to be transcribed in 1726, of a work which it seems passes under the name of Row's MS. History of the Kirk, which history, Mr Scott says, "was begun by Mr David Ferguson, Minister of Dunfermline, continued by Mr John Row, Minister of Carnock, and *interpolated* and completed by Mr John Row, Principal of King's College, Old Aberdeen," the grandson of "the celebrated John Row," whose conversion to Protestantism is said to have been occasioned by the detection of the alleged false miracle. He also refers to Scott's history, already quoted, and to the "account" given by the nameless man of Kyle, which he thinks was "*probably taken from the above MS.*" It is remarkable that Principal Row, instead of ascribing his grandfather's conversion to any such cause as is now alleged, should impute it to "the pure, godly, and pathetic preaching of the famous Knox." But enough has been said to convince every rational and *impartial* man of the utter falsehood of the alleged story, and if the reviewer shall still continue to give ear to such stuff, his credulity must be greater than that of any man in the land of St. Patrick.

It would scarcely be credited, were it not known, that among sober people a belief so harmless and reasonable in itself as that of miracles could have called forth such acrimonious feelings as those displayed in the numerous writings, the produce of malice or ignorance, which have of late issued from the press, on the state of unhappy Ireland. Ignorance, barbarity, and superstitiousness, are their perpetual themes, and to remove these, every political empiric comes ready furnished with a recipe, compounded as bigotry, ignorance, or interest may direct. Now, of every kind of quackery, this appears to me to be the worst for professing liberal opinions. Writers of this description generally seek to perpetuate intolerance, under the pretence, that opinions purely religious, in which *they* cannot conscientiously agree, are inimical to that liberty which they themselves enjoy, but of which they are incapable of appreciating the just value. Accordingly, we incessantly hear a great deal of plausible nonsense about the glory of the British Constitution, as they fancy it, as if it consisted in those penal laws which disfigure it, or as if no part of it had existed antecedently to these blots upon humanity and religion, which stain the fair charter of British freedom. But who ever heard of liberty by restraint? Who ever heard of a free constitution of pains and penalties, of tithes and the glorious ascendancy? Yet this is the blessed constitution which has been "*forced*" upon the Irish nation, and because they spurn at it, they are declared incapable of freedom! "The essence of the constitution is, to make all who live under it free and happy; and the hoary bigot, or selfish monopolist, who would exclude us from it, on account of our religion, neither understands that religion nor the law of Nature, which has been written, not with ink, but with the finger of the living God, on the fleshly tablets of our hearts. Such a one does not, cannot understand the heart-burnings of a high-minded man, who is unjustly excluded from his rights; nor that first-fruit of the law of self-preservation, which makes us love our country, reject whatever could diminish her glory or independence, and labour to make her free and happy. When I am told that I am unfit for freedom, on account of the religion which I profess,—when I have considered all that has been said in support

of so heinous a proposition, I feel amazed and confounded, and ask, Is it possible that any man could suppose, that, were I in possession of the rights and privileges of a British subject, that all the power on earth would induce me to forego them,—that I would be influenced by any consideration to reject the first and clearest principles of my religion,—to hate my country,—to subject her to the sway of a stranger, to destroy my own happiness and that of my kindred? No; I conclude it is impossible that any rational man could suppose that Catholics, under equal laws, would be less loyal, less faithful subjects, than any others<sup>1</sup>. The followers of the religion of a Wallace, of a Bruce, of a More, and of a Fenelon, incapable of freedom, and “the dupes of a barbarous and slavish superstition!” Those who say so have every claim upon our pity, but their sentiments must receive the reprobation of our unqualified contempt. The eloquent writer from whom I have so often quoted, in his address to the Marquis Wellesley, thus speaks of our creed: “It was the creed, my Lord, of a Charlemagne, and of a St. Louis; of an Alfred, and an Edward; of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the Emperors of Greece and Rome: it was believed at Venice and at Genoa; in Lucca and the Helvetic nations, in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the Barons of the middle ages; all the free cities of later times professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my Lord, that the charter of British freedom, and the common-law of England, have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night of the middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the new world, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were not they almost exclusively the professors of our creed? Were they, who created and possessed Freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable; our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of Nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it. In Poland, it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary Sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional King indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared, that he who was King *de facto* was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their Prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the constitution required it; the same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart; but since the expulsion of James, (foolishly called an abdication,) have they not adopted, with the nation at large, the doctrine of the Revolution, ‘that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance?’ Has there been any form of government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a Prince, or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?”

But we are said to be intolerant too. This charge we utterly deny, and it comes with a very bad grace indeed from British Protestants, who of all others should wish the very word to be obliterated from our language.

<sup>1</sup> Vind. of the Civil and Religious Principles of the Irish Catholics, by J. K. L. pp. 26 and 29.    <sup>2</sup> Vind. by J. K. L. pp. 24. 25.

The laws of Draco are said to have been written in characters of blood ; but I am not aware that they were intended to violate the consciences of men, by robbing them of the noblest prerogative implanted in their breasts by the Deity ; but that frightful code, which was commenced under the Tudors, struck at the very roots of religion and humanity,—denied the exercise of the most sacred rights,—and interfered with those relations which exist between man and his Creator. It is dreadful to contemplate the practical operation of that system ; but I will not harrow up the feelings of my readers with those bloody details, at which humanity shudders. The most obnoxious of the penal laws are now happily repealed ; but enough yet remains to remind us that we are *not* freemen. If Catholic states, in former times, enacted laws against Protestants, they were done more out of a cautious policy, to avoid those disorders and oppressions which ensued in other kingdoms, where the new opinions prevailed, than from any spirit of intolerance. But it is not my intention to defend these measures, and I merely allude to them, to shew how necessary it is for both parties to forget and forgive. The allusion made to France by the reviewer, as affording an example of intolerance, is most unfortunate ; for whatever may be the plan of the French Government, regarding the *national* schools, in combining religion with education, it is certain that France now exhibits to the world, and to us in particular, a lesson of toleration and Christian forbearance which this nation would do well to imitate, by restoring six millions of our Catholic fellow-subjects to the full enjoyment of their rights.—I remain,

Mr Editor,

Yours with esteem,

1st November 1824.

C. C.

### To the Evening Star.

*From the Spanish.*

"Pura luciente estrella."

O FAIR and goodly star,  
Upon the brow of night,  
That from thy silver car  
Shoot'st on the darken'd world thy  
friendly light !

Thy course is calm and bright  
O'er the smooth azure of the starry way ;  
And from thy heav'nly height  
Thou see'st how systems rise and pass  
away—

The birth of human hopes—their blossom  
and decay.

O that my spirit could  
Cast off its mould of clay,  
And, with the wise and good,  
Make wings unto itself, and flee away,  
That, with thy bright array,  
We might look down upon this world of  
woe

Even as the god of day  
Looks on the restless ocean flow,  
And eyes the fighting waves that pant  
and foam below !

Alas ! it may not be—  
For mortal fetters bind  
To dull mortality  
The prison'd essence of th' immortal  
mind ;

Our course is too confin'd ;

And as beneath the sun, that blazed too  
bright,

The Cretan's waxen wing declin'd,  
Before the splendour of immortal light  
Our fainting pinions fall, and plunge us  
back to night.

Then let my course below  
To thine be near allied ;  
Far from the worldly show,  
Through dim sequester'd vallies let me  
glide ;

Scarce be my step descried,  
Amidst the pompous pageant of the scene ;  
But where the hazels hide  
Cool stream or shade beneath their leafy  
screen,

Mine be the grassy seat, all lonely, calm,  
and green.

Within those verdant bounds,  
Where sweet to ear and eye  
Come gentle sighs and sounds,  
The current of my days shall murmur by  
In calm tranquillity ;  
Not doom'd to roll o'er passion's rocky bed,  
Nor slothfully to lie,  
Like the dull pools in stagnant marshes  
bred,

Where waving weeds are rank, and nox-  
ious tendrils spread.



CURSORY NOTICES OF SEVERAL WORKS ON ELOCUTION, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO MR ROBERTS' GUIDE TO ELOCUTION, AND MR HINDMARSH'S RHETORICAL READER.

It gives us great pleasure to remark, that, of late years, Elocution has been regarded as an object of considerable importance, and that it is now beginning to be considered as an essential branch of polite education. That the orators of antiquity devoted their most assiduous attention to the acquisition of a graceful and efficient delivery, appears from the writings both of Cicero and Quintilian; and that, in their efforts to accomplish this point, they were guided by rules evidently founded on a knowledge of that variety of modulation of which the voice is in a great measure susceptible, seems obvious, from the following passage, quoted from Cicero's work, *De Oratore*: "*Mira est natura vocis; cujus quidem e tribus omnino sonis, inflexo, acuto, gravi, tanta sit, et tam suavis varietas, perfecta.*"

Concerning the application of accents to the notation of speaking sounds, (for the precise manner in which the ancients applied them to this purpose has not been handed down to us,) modern writers on Elocution, even at a period so recent as the middle of the last century, were able to form but very vague and indistinct notions. Mr Sheridan attempted, indeed, in a series of lectures written about that time, to lay down rules for reading and speaking with propriety,—and, in a treatise on the Church Liturgy, endeavoured to point out, by the use of accents, the true method of delivering particular sentences; but as these accents marked the words which required a greater percussion of the voice, without any reference *whatever to the tone or inflexion* with which such passages were to be delivered, they conveyed little or no satisfactory information. For what could be expected, on this subject, from an author who compared the notes of speech to those of a drum, differing only in degrees of force; or from Mr S.'s cotemporary,

Mr Rice, (a teacher of Elocution,) who states, in his introduction to the Art of Reading, that he repeated, at different times, several passages from Milton and other poets, in the hearing of one of the greatest masters of the science of music, who, after paying the utmost attention to the several articulate sounds in each sentence, declared them to be all of the same tone!

Involved in much the same labyrinth of confusion and error lay the science of Elocution, till the time of Mr John Walker, who, by completely analyzing the voice, discovered, that, whether words are uttered *with* the tone of passion, or *without* it, they must be pronounced sliding either upwards or downwards, or else go into a monotone, or song; and that these slides cannot, where emphasis is concerned, be used indiscriminately. Mr Walker, who thus shewed us that *accent of force* uniformly, in our language, coincides with *accent of tone*, and who, by means of this analysis, founded a system\* (and it has never been shewn to be in any material points incorrect) to direct us in the pronunciation of almost *every species* of sentences, we must therefore acknowledge as the father of Elocution in this country, and consider his productions as the source from which, since his time, elocutionary information has been chiefly derived.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr W.'s works, from the diffuse manner in which the several branches of the science are handled, are not exactly adapted to the purposes of tuition. In consequence of which, some teachers, in the Northern Metropolis in particular, have modelled and abridged his system; and in order to combine cheapness with utility, have annexed to it a copious selection of pieces in prose and verse. This freedom taken with the original, it is far from our design to cen-

\* We beg to refer our readers to an excellent treatise on Elocution, by Mr B. H. Smart, public reader of Shakespeare, London, which contains a complete confirmation of the soundness of Mr W.'s system, as well as a farther extension of his plan.

sure; still we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise, to see a reviewer who has noticed one of these performances, bestow on the compiler those encomiums which are due only to Mr Walker: ["Both teachers and students will find Mr Ewing's performance serviceable, since his rules are, in general, good," &c. *Monthly Review*, No. XLV.;] and to find the compiler himself studiously avoid mentioning even the name of the author whose works \* he has literally transcribed.

Mr Roberts, author of "A Guide to Elocution," with an equal share of illiberality towards Mr W., but with a greater degree of arrogance, in his preface expresses himself thus: "Having felt great inconvenience from the want of an efficient Elocutionary Class-Book, I at length resolved on the formation of one on my own plan." We have been induced to compare the theory contained in this work, with the doctrines which had been published by others; and we are sorry to say, that this gentleman has added to the mass of treatises on the subject, without bringing forward one new observation which will bear the test of examination. We would therefore strenuously advise Mr R., and others who may feel in themselves an impulse to become authors, but whose talents are not fitted to make any new and correct discoveries in this or any other branch of science, to take care lest their works should *mislead*, rather than *assist*; those who consult them. Of this tendency is Mr R.'s 7th rule, page 19. "Where a relative," says he, "*follows immediately after an antecedent, the antecedent must have the falling inflexion.*" To point out the inefficacy, not to say absurdity of this rule, we select the following passage: *We should avoid all gaming; which tends to give a feverish stimulus to the mind.* Hence, the sense may be, either, "We should avoid all gaming, of that particular kind which gives a feverish stimulus to the mind," or, "We should avoid all gaming; for *all* gaming (not merely a particular species of it)

tends to give," &c. &c. This sentence affords an instance of a relative and an antecedent, the one *immediately following* the other, and yet it is evident, if the former paraphrase is our meaning, we must use the *rising inflexion*; and, if the latter, the *falling inflexion*. Mr R.'s rule, therefore, effects nothing. Let him observe, that, if the relative clause *modifies or restricts* the meaning of the antecedent, the antecedent *must* have the *rising inflexion*; but if it merely *extends* the meaning, the antecedent must have the *falling inflexion*. The same observations may be made to disprove the truth of his 11th rule, which, so far as it respects inflexion, runs thus: "If the clause to which the substantive is attached be declarative, it must terminate with the falling inflexion; if otherwise, the rising inflexion." Then follows a set of examples, from which this passage is selected. "He was a prince accomplished, magnificent, and brave." Now, as it must be evident to every one, that when the ellipsis in this phrase is supplied, (he was a prince *who* was accomplished, &c.) the passage will be under the same circumstances with the example adduced, to point out the fallacy of the 7th rule.

It were tedious to follow this author through his exemplification of his 9th rule, ("Adjectives generally require accentuation,") such as his accenting "*pàlet*" death, as if it were contra-distinguished from *death which was NOT pale*. We certainly agree with this author, in his assertion that adjectives, when *opposed to each other*, require to be pronounced with accentual force; but this is not less true of any other parts of speech *similarly situated*.

We cannot dismiss the work of this soi-disant philologist, without noticing his observation on reading verse. As he seems to pride himself on his wonderful discovery, that verse should be read exactly as if it were prose, we would advise him to get his poetical extracts, in all future editions of his "Guide," *printed as prose*, since we can see no propriety

\* See Mr Walker's Principles of Elocution and Rhetorical Grammar.

† See his work, page 22.

in his preserving the appearance of verse to the eye, when, by his mode of pronouncing it, he does not intend the ear to recognise its peculiar characteristics.

A mode of proceeding quite opposite to that of the two gentlemen whose works we have been noticing, is adopted by Mr J. H. Hindmarsh, editor of a volume of extracts, entitled, the *Rhetorical Reader*. He generously avows Mr Walker as the author of the principles which he prefixes to his compilation; a volume which, we venture to affirm, contains a more copious selection of the elegancies of English literature than any book of the kind *hitherto published*. The second edition, which made its appearance last month, is enriched with upwards of ninety pages of *fresh* extracts, from the most popular and favourite poetical and prosaic writers of the day—a circumstance which must highly recommend it on the score of novelty.

In elucidating Mr W.'s system, by a judicious choice of examples, as well as in his further attempts to exemplify the rules, by inflecting several of the pieces, we must do-

Mr H. the justice to say, that we think he has been, generally speaking, very successful; while his observations on pronunciation, that are occasionally to be met with in the form of notes, are warranted by the most polite usage of the language.

It were to be wished, that, in speaking of a performance so highly creditable to the judgment and taste of this gentleman, we could have concluded our remarks without having occasion to notice a slight degree of irregularity in the notation, which we would have him amend in future editions. For instance, "I dointreat the candid reader to believe me," would have been more uniform with his usual mode of marking the inflexions, had he placed the rising inflexion on *lieve*, thus, *lievé*. This, and a few similar inadvertencies, appear to us to be rather typographical errors, than the effect of design. Upon the whole, we have seen no work better calculated than Mr H.'s *Rhetorical Reader* to promote the object it professes to have in view; namely, the improvement of British youth, in a graceful and efficient delivery of their native tongue.

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### Sonnet.

*From the Italian of Vincenzo Filicaja.*

Providence.

EVEN as a mother o'er her children bending  
 Yearns with maternal love,—her fond embraces  
 And gentle kiss to each in turn extending;  
 One at her feet, one on her knee she places—  
 And from their eyes, and words, or speaking faces,  
 Their varying wants and wishes comprehending—

To one a look—to one a word addresses—  
 Even with her frowns a mother's fondness blending;—

So o'er us watches Providence on high,  
 And hope to some, and help to others lends,  
 And yields alike to all an open ear:  
 And when she seems her favours to deny,  
 She for our prayers alone the boon suspends,  
 And seeming to deny—she grants the prayer.

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BYRON AND BURNS; OR A VOICE FROM TARTARUS.

*Burns.*—Welcome, Byron, to the realms of immortality! I am Robert Burns, a being who on earth would have claimed with you some congeniality of feeling; your course there has not been unmarked by me,

and beholding your approach hither, I came the first to salute you on these shores.

*Byron.*—Ah! Burns, give me your hand; an excellent fellow; I knew you even at first sight. Strange coun-



try this, and singular journey ! I feel rather confused and *queerish*. My head rings with the hypocritical regrets and bombastical eulogies with which the world I have left is in one buzz bestowing on me. O man ! what a moulthing of set sentences, spilling of ink, and wasting of unprofitable brains, the exit of one of us great geniuses makes ! What chisseling of uncouth busts, and scratching of wretched monkey-looking copperplates ! It is almost hell enough of itself to see the variety of shapes, and hear the diversity of sage comments with which one is tortured by these triflers. But what is your lot here ? How do you fare ? And what part of the regions of space do you occupy ? I find that, although I shall be subjected to some restraints, and suffer some inconveniencies, yet, on the whole, I will be pretty snug—better even than I anticipated. That Minos is not a bad fellow, after all—a little strict, and a shade of stern justice in his aspect : but, on the whole, I cannot complain of the audience I had. But mark, mark—who have we there ? What a troop of beautiful beings ! how they soar, with snowy wings tipt with the blue æther, and countenances radiant as the gleam of morning ! They make for those enchanting valleys in the distance, where soft streams of light fall, as my enraptured soul never witnessed before ; let us mount up and join their course. I shall die of languishing, if they should fly away and leave us.

*Burns.*—Softly, softly, my friend ; these are beatified spirits, which glide along as they list. These are they who are purified from all stains of earth, and the sins and sorrows of humanity. You cannot yet mount as they do ; you see when you attempt it, you fall back like a gross substance of materiality.

*Byron.*—By Jupiter ! I see that one can't do as he wills here. When I came to that sullen, *drumlie* river Styx, and saw the wretched boat which the ferryman proposed to row me over in, I, in spite of Charon's remonstrances to the contrary, perceiving that the stream was not half so wide as the Hellespont, across which I and Mr Ekenhead swam, as you may have heard, immediately plunged in, with the intention of swimming

over ; but presently such a suffocating stench of sulphureous and pitchy vapour so unnerved me, that I gasped for existence, and called loudly to the boatman to pick me up, which he did, amid the insufferable jeers and laughter of a group of spirits on the other side.

*Burns.*—These are consequences, my friend, which a too great self-sufficiency, or an incurbed wilfulness, must always expose both men and spirits to. Oh, when on earth, how often did I sigh over my obscure lot, and exclaim against hard-hearted, unrelenting Fortune ! Fool that I was ! In a mind formed acutely to perceive the good, the beautiful, and the sublime, were also implanted the seeds of wickedness, which the winter of adversity alone kept from springing into luxuriance. We both, my Lord, were formed with many propensities similar,—acute feelings, strong passions, and ardent, vigorous, daring minds. I was born in obscurity, where the discipline of unremitting toil, and the chill pressure of adversity, subdued the passions. The loneliness of seclusion, the slights of the world, and the absence of all adulation, suppressed hope, and induced humility ; and when the constant view of meek, gentle, and pious resignation, and contented and uncomplaining want, irresistibly forced upon my mind the truth, that surely there was reserved “some recompence, to comfort those who mourn ;” while you, my Lord, set adrift on the enticing sea of pleasure, floated heedless along with every tide and current, and failed of gaining the pitch of excellence Nature destined you to achieve.

*Byron.*—Now, upon my honour, this is all very fine from you, Burns. Have you forgot your many Bacchanalian orgies—your frailties with the blue-eyed daughters of men—and—

*Burns.*—Far be it from me to extenuate my faults ; I allow that I was guilty of many frailties. Often did the intensity of my passions carry me headlong into error ; but I must say this for myself, that as often, in my cool moments, did I, with exceeding sorrow, bewail my transgressions ; nor did I ever audaciously attempt to sophisticate truth, or palliate and gloss over vices, to excuse

myself in the commission of them. I never sat down, coolly and deliberately, to write what would inflame and agitate the passions, or bewilder the reason of mankind. I sung the ardent loves and affections of men, in a chastened and innocent strain. I tuned their hearts to meek hope, gentle benevolence, or noble and disinterested patriotism; and I think I may say, without incurring the charge of vanity, that few readers ever rose from the perusal of my works with their minds in a worse frame than before; how much they may have been elevated, soothed, and ameliorated, it does not become me to say.

*Byron.*—Pooh! pooh! what do you make a fuss about? What shall our writings do either towards the good or ill of the human race? a few sands on the sea-shore—a drop of water in the eternal ocean. I wrote just as the whim struck me, or as passion or caprice dictated. I cared little about my writings after the first pleasure of their production was over; and they owe to the fostering care of my friend Murray their nursing up and dispersion in the world. What had I to do with the good of mankind?—I was not bred a methodist parson.

*Burns.*—Pardon me; the influence of such writings is immense and universal, though dull men may doubt, and mechanical drudges scoff at the averment. The sentiments and associations of poesy “grow with our growth,” and twine about the mind in all its stages, and under all its modifications. And as to the benefiting mankind, it is the only truly noble action which can be performed on earth, and the only one, the remembrance of which, lives beyond the grave. You know also the precept, “of him to whom much is given, much shall be required.”

*Byron.*—I too have had my aspirations after excellence, and exalted views of what humanity should be; but seeing it often so mean and low, perceiving the little and insignificant vanity of all things, I deemed it the wisest thing to look upon all as but trifles, and laughed often, that I might not weep.

*Burns.*—I can excuse much of your repugnance to the ordinary dullness, selfishness, and littleness of

men. Your perceptions were too exalted, and your mind, tintured with the aerial glow of heaven, turned with loathing from the murky gloom of earth. But you will excuse me, if I should be plain enough to give it as my opinion, that your inherent self-will and caprice lay at the bottom of all your faults, and carried your resentments beyond the bounds of reason, or even common sense. The wisest of mortals have always looked with a tender eye on the failings of mortality, and the best of mankind have been the sincerest lovers of their fellow-men.

*Byron.*—I never hated mankind, my heart can bear witness! I never turned my eyes aside from the needy, and I would have scorned to have forsaken the helpless! Could any exertions of mine have made the whole race happy, I would have cheerfully done it. Ye poor Greeks! how I should have exulted to have seen you free! And as to patriotism, why should it be confined to a partial spot of earth? Yet I loved my country, although I hated her follies, and gave credit to mankind for their virtues, though I have been stung to madness with their ingratitude and intolerance.

*Burns.*—I believe it! I believe it! give me your hand; you are a noble fellow; let us leave these knotty points, and enter on the more delightful subject of poesy. O! had I you at *Johnnie Dowie's*, what a glorious evening we would pass together, over a cup of his ale! But I forget myself; talking of sublunary things, I almost fancied myself amid former scenes, and did not recollect that my former honest host is now as airy a being as myself.

*Byron.*—O let us forget the poor empty trifles of earth for ever! I long to enter on the speculations of infinitude and eternity. My mind, even when clogged to dull clay, continually attempted to dive into the mysteries of things unseen, and beyond the ken of mortality.

*Burns.*—Yes, my friend, you will now experience that enlargement of existence, for which every noble mind pants, while as yet bound to mortality, and enjoy in full fruition those heavenly visions of which the poetic wanderer on earth has a

partial foretaste. Here poetry reigns supreme. The fulness of perfect knowledge is a delightful enjoyment, but bounded and unvaried. The enlarged mind comprehends, at one glance, the origin and causes of all things, and, in this knowledge, remains in a serene satisfaction. The emotions and passions, perceived through the medium of matter, are useless to a refined essence ; but the

faculty of imagination, ever active, and ever unimpaired, affords an unceasing and ever-varying delight. The spirit, by reason of this faculty, can call up to itself ten thousand thousand beautiful images, in endless modifications, and luxuriate in worlds of its own creation, splendid, magnificent, and pure, beyond the conception of man, in his most glowing dreams of enjoyment. C.

### Canzone.

*Jacopo Sannazzaro.*

To the Tomb of Androgeus.

“ Alma beata e bella. ”

O PURE and blessed soul !

That, from thy clay's control  
Escap'd, hast sought and found thy native sphere,

And from that lofty throne  
Look'st down with smiles alone  
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear ;  
Thy happy feet have trod  
The starry spangled road,  
Celestial flocks by field or fountain guiding,  
And from their erring track  
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back  
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

And other vales and hills,  
And fresher groves and rills,  
And fairer flow'rs thou see'st in heaven above ;

Through slopes and sunny glades,  
With more than mortal maids,  
In happier loves new Fauns and Sylvens rove ;

Whilst thou, beneath the shade,  
'Midst balmy odours laid,  
By Daphne's side or Melibee's shalt be ;  
And see the charmed air  
Hang meek and listening there  
Unto the magic of thy melody.

As to the elm the twine  
Of the enlacing vine,—  
As to the summer field the waving grain,—  
So, in thy short-liv'd day,  
Thou wert the pride and stay,  
The hope and glory of our youthful train.  
O ! who shall death withstand !  
Death, whose impartial hand  
Levels the lowliest plant and loftest pine ;

When shall our ears again  
Drink in so sweet a strain,  
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine ?

The nymphs bemoan'd thy doom  
Around thine early tomb ;  
The hollow caves, the woods and waters  
wail'd ;  
The herbage, greenly gay,  
In deadly paleness lay ;  
The mourning sun his sickly radiance  
vail'd :

Forth issued from his den  
No sprightly wild beast then ;  
No flocks the pasture sought, or cooling  
fountain,  
But, in desponding lone,  
Thy much-loved name alone  
Rang through the lonely grove and echoing  
mountain.

But fairest flow'rs shall grace  
Thy last sad resting-place ;  
And there shall votive gifts be ever lying :  
And thine enduring name,  
From age to age the same,  
Our guiding star shall be, and light un-  
dying ;

While shepherds haunt the woods  
Or fishes seek the floods,  
Or Time the tenor of his course main-  
tains,

Thy name shall live divine,  
Not hymn'd in notes like mine,  
But by a thousand lyres, on thousand  
strains.

Ye oaks ! that broadly wave  
Your branches o'er her grave,  
Shade in your quiet breast his cold remains !



## A TRIP TO LOCHLOMOND AND DUBLIN, BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

*Ayr, December 1824.*

AN ancient desire to visit the Emerald Isle,—the facilities of cheap and expeditious travelling, now afforded by steam-boat navigation and opposition coach-driving,—and the prospect of opening a commercial intercourse there, induced me to set off from my native town in August last. From Ayr, I never before had been absent longer than a fortnight at once. My locomotive experience being hitherto limited to the confines of the Tweed and the Don, crossing the Irish Channel appeared to my first view an effort as big as Captain Hall might regard that of traversing the Atlantic. However, with a willing mind, and matters arranged, I seated myself in the Glasgow Mail, and in five hours afterwards found myself snug at supper in the King's Arms Inn. There, by appointment, I met Captain Henderson of the Trongate, than whom there is not, in all Glasgow, I believe, an individual more disposed, by acts of kindness and hospitality, to make the stranger feel himself at home. Having ascertained that the Eclipse steam-packet was not to sail from Glasgow for Belfast until the second day following, I resolved to spend the intervening one in an excursion through the scenery of Lochlomond. This, as every one in the west of Scotland knows, can now be easily accomplished in one day, whereas, before the grand discovery of steam navigation, the voyager might have laid his account with perhaps six days. Captain H. most readily and kindly agreed to accompany me, and his excellent lady also honoured us with her company. We got into the Dumbarton steam-boat at the Broomielaw, and immediately afterwards commenced sailing down through the beautiful scenery of the Clyde, as described in your Number for August. We got, about nine o'clock, to a comfortable breakfast at Dumbarton. This meal finished, we, and other travellers on the same errand, stepped into coaches, which are every day in waiting to convey voyagers to Balloch, on the southern border of the lake.

Fortunately for our excursion, the day was beautiful; and under the canopy of an unclouded sky, with the cares of the world for once thrown at his back, what traveller could not enjoy the beautiful scenery presented, and varied at almost every step, during his progress of six short miles, from Dumbarton to Lochlomond? Enjoy it we did, while whirled along with that light-heartedness so seldom experienced after the era of youth, (the remembrance of which is so apt to be called up and associated with one's own native scenery,) while here, every now and then, the picturesque windings of the Leven are presented to the eye of the traveller, calling to his remembrance the lines of Smollet:

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave, &c.

If here any feelings of a heavier nature are apt to disturb the buoyancy of spirit, or the mental tranquillity, I can only suppose them to be what, under such circumstances, I transiently experienced—those of sorrow and envy. The former prevailed, as we were whirled past the column erected to the memory of Smollet, in his native soil, and which his genius has rendered classic ground. Of that column, the inscription is broken, the base unprotected, dilapidated, and surrounded by a profusion of rubbish. Situated as it is almost close to the public road, I fear much its present condition exhibits less of time's decay than of that propensity to mischief for which our national peasantry have become almost proverbial. In England, Ireland, or indeed in any other country, except Germany, I can readily believe that such a monument would have been protected from vulgar approach, and some small space of ground fenced around it, and regarded by every passing pilgrim as consecrated earth. But the spirit of whisky, whose ascendancy over the brains of our countrymen is unfortunately too much

akin to those exhalations from beer and tobacco, which make muddy the brains of the German students, impels them alike to acts of "renowning \*," in which "Christian, Pagan, or man," might blush at having a share. Though no turf of his native soil marks the depository of Smollet's hal-lowed remains, yet his genius still breathing in the gale, over his country's hills and dales, whispering, "in still, small accents," to every ear not totally callous, that the earth which surrounds his column here is holy, might have ensured its protection from any act of desecration on the part of countrymen.

Leaving the column, which, in our progress, the winding of the road soon shut from view, the feeling of regret now gives place to a tincture of envy, or to what I may term the more gentle and harmless disposition of castle-building in the air, for such is in some degree excited at the appearance of the elegant delightful mansions, so beautifully situated here and there upon either side of the Leven, surrounded by all the picturesque accompaniments of hill and dale, lawn, wood, and water, the combination of which renders the landscape as lovely and inviting as the imagination can suggest, or the eye delight to dwell upon,—unless it be, that scenery of the richest cultivation shall give place, in the estimation of some individuals, to that where the gentle, the stupendous, and sublime, are united, and which we were soon to behold. In the romance so apt, amid such scenery, to be inspired by buoyant spirits, and an unclouded atmosphere, one is apt to indulge in the aspiration of Campbell's Wanderer, and hope half mingles with it too :

O that for me some home like this would smile !

and to imagine, in the excitement of the moment, that scenes like these must be the abodes of unintermitting health and happiness, and that here, "redolent of joy and youth," is to be found

The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn.

But the idea so fondly entertained, and incompatible with the lot of humanity, is the mockery and delusion of a moment ; for even here biting anguish of heart may be as keenly felt as in the clay-built cottage on the barren heath, where, united with age, poverty, and disease, perhaps oppression too, the clinks and crannies expose its helpless inmates to the rude mercy of "every wind that blows." A feeling of this harsher tone dispelled at once the dreaming illusion in which I had just been indulging, and, with a merciless lever, forced me down from my aerial position into this world's realities ; for while gazing with admiration at one mansion nigh to the borders of the Lake, and, if possible, still more delightfully situated than any I had this day beheld, my friend H. informed me of the sad condition of its owner. When his family is assembled, he is doomed in its circle to gaze through the tear-dimmed eye on one chair now empty, and so recently occupied by the mother of the mourners which surround him ; and when at noon he walks through his parterre, or in his garden and grove, she, whose presence was like the vivifying sun to the vegetation around, is no where to be found.

"Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair  
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,  
Nor soft declivities, with tufted hills,  
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,—  
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,  
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,  
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,  
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,  
'Can call up life into his faded eye,  
Who passes all he sees unheeded by ;  
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels."

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\* See Russel's interesting Tour in Germany, for a curious, though perhaps somewhat overcharged account of the Students attending the University of Jena.

Arrived now at the source of the Leven, and the border of Lochlomond, we alighted from the Dumbarton coach, and, by traversing a plank, got into a long narrow hulk, which doubtless had performed service, like the dagger of Hudihras. However, it served its purpose, in conveying us to the steam-boat in twenty minutes, or half an hour, impelled against the stream of the Leven, by four sturdy fellows, with long poles reaching to the bed of the river. At length we got on board the Marion steam-boat, which soon commenced sailing on her diurnal voyage. I have read of the immense fresh-water lakes of America, and had formed some conception of Lochlomond; but I could not, without seeing it, have been persuaded that a lake of such extent was to be found in Scotland. We had proceeded no great way when we caught the mountain-breeze, which rushing pretty keenly upon us through one of the intervening vallies, caused such a swell on the surface of this enormous mass of waters, that I could almost have fancied we were putting out into the Ocean from one of its friths, and impelled by its tide. Some one on board, dreading a change of weather to the worse, ere our voyage should be finished, the boat's piper set that fear to rest: "Na, na, ye'll ha'e nae rain the day, for the top o' Benlomond's sae clear;" and, sure enough, we saw distinctly the lofty Benlomond, with clear sunshine settled upon its head, towering above the wild and sublime scenery which surrounds it; and the Highland seer's prophecy held good for this day. Here an accident occurred of rather a serio-comic nature. A party were walking upon deck, near the fore-castle of the vessel, when a smart dash of water over the bow bestowed a liberal share upon each. A lady, who had been much drenched, was conducted to a seat close by the funnel of the engine, for the purpose of having her clothes more speedily dried; but her rest here was doomed to a very short duration; for on pulling a seat, in order to sit down beside her, one of her attendants most unluckily and inopportunistly kicked the safety-valve of the engine; and out rushed the steam, with a prodigious and alarming *fuss*! The lady had but a moment to deliberate whether being both scalded and blown to atoms, or mere simple drowning, was to be preferred. Quick as thought, the latter was resolved upon, as the coolest and most poetical of either, and she bounded instantly to the side of the vessel; but fortunately a friendly arm saved her in time to convince her that fate either way was not then inevitable. The panic of the moment soon gave place to a hearty laugh, in which the bystanders participated.

Proceeding eastward, and then northward, we got out of the current of wind, and experienced more agreeable sailing, as the vessel steered her course through the cluster of beautiful islands with which the Loch is here studded. These islands, of various sizes, all exhibit abundance of vegetation; some of cultivation, and the abodes of men. Leaving these, the Loch becomes narrower, and exhibits a more regular and less-varied appearance, surrounded on both sides by lofty eminences, the bases of which relieve the eye by every variety of sterility and cultivation. Here a solitary cottage, and there an inn, or house of refreshment, after its kind; and now the beautifully-situated mansion of some lordly proprietor. The great military road northward to Inverary extends, for many miles, close by the west margin of the lake, and doubtless it had more customers before the art of steam-sailing was discovered than now. Its formation produced the following couplet, which breathes more of gratitude than of poetry:

Had you seen this place before this road was made,  
You'd now hold up your hands, and bless General Wade!

On our right appears the small village of Luss, and close by it the residence of Sir James Colquhoun of that ilk; also his slate quarry, in the steep acclivity of the hill, which, I was informed, is wrought to good purpose. Here we had a short interruption to our progress, which, in commemoration of the party who occasioned it, I shall stop to relate. The said party consisted of two young and beautiful females from Glasgow, the very best specimens of the very few of this description which Glasgow can exhibit;



the heroine of the fête, Miss \*\*\*\*\* , appeared to know it well. They were, for want of better, 'squired by one of those little empty-pated things, in which Glasgow is so prolific, and whose pockets happen to be better lined than the interior of the intellectual bumps,—whose enjoyments are more feelingly alive to the unvaried machinery of a cotton-mill, than to the perceptions of moral or natural beauty (except, perhaps, in women),—and who, when absent from the former, are fit only to dangle at a woman's train. Miss \*\*\*\*\* had been walking briskly on deck, during almost the whole of our voyage, even the roughest part of it, with this spark, wheeling alongside at every angle, apparently deriving more pleasure from his slip-slop than from the surrounding scenery, which appeared to attract but little of their attention. It was the reverse with her no less lovely, but apparently more amiable (if there be any truth in physiognomy) female companion. The former of the two began at length to be very peevish and fretful, and would needs get on shore, because, forsooth, she was sick! The landing became matter of debate, which was not settled when our vessel stood off Luss, and a small boat alongside came in obedience to the signal. The spark was altogether passive; the other lady gently remonstrated. "You have seen," exclaimed Miss \*\*\*\*\* , "all that is worth seeing, and yonder is the head of the Loch, (it was many miles distant); the boat is waiting; will you go on shore or not?" "Even just as *you* please," was the mild reply of her lovely companion, but conveyed in a tone that implied disappointment from this curtailment of her voyage, and the conviction, in common with the other passengers, that all this was nothing else than a consequential *flirtation*.

Thus lightened of part of our cargo, we proceeded, and shortly after sailed close by the base of Benlomond itself—the majestic and lofty Benlomond, whose height is more than 3000 feet above our track; but, pre-eminent above its fellows, as its cloud-capt head appears from a distance, had I not been previously assured of the fact, I could hardly have persuaded myself, upon the spot, that it was much higher than Arthur's Seat; the clear sunbeams which played upon it rendered a track to its very summit so easily traced, not the speck of a white cloud hovering above or around it, that I should have joked at the idea of calling for a guide towards its ascent. This visual deception, (for deception it is,) as to height and distance, is noticed by Captain Hall, in his interesting work on South America, while sailing past the base of the still more lofty Andes, on the western shore of the Pacific. Here, however, it is easily accounted for, because the eye comprehends, at one view, the immense lofty ridge of hills which surround Benlomond, and render its comparative height not so peculiarly striking as when its summit is beheld alone from a distance more remote.

But I am in haste to return to Glasgow, to set out for Ireland, and, consequently, have not leisure to prose at more length in scenic description. If, Mr Editor, any of your readers has not enough of such matter, I recommend him to prosecute, *in propria persona*, the same track next summer. But if (which the Fates avert) either father Time, or an empty fob, or both, encumber such a wight with their ugly protest, then I can only recommend him to the perusal of that delightful work, called *The Traveller's Guide*, from the pen of John Thomson, Esq. the very *pink* and *lanthorn* of the erudite in description, and the sublime in composition. My friend Capt. H. having ascertained that the Oscar steam-boat must, about this time, be in waiting at the end of Lochlong, proposed, that, in order to vary our journey, we should land at Tarbet, now within sight, and proceed on foot to Arroquhar, and there get on board. To this I readily consented, upon being informed that Lochlomond would present little or no further variety, during one hour's sailing northward; that Rob Roy's Cave, the bourne of our excursion, was but a humbug, and that, after this, we had only to retrace our course to Dumbarton. Accordingly, the signal was made, and leaving our fellow-voyagers, we were, in five minutes afterwards, in the beautifully-situated inn of Tarbet. Here a bumper of Scotia's mountain-dew gave a *flip* to our spirits, and additional zest to the romance and enjoyment of the day's excursion, as now, still more light of heart, we

took our way from Tarbet towards Arroquhar. A pleasant walk, of rather more than a mile, brought us to the latter place.

There is something indescribably fine in the romantic appearance and comparative solitude of this glen. I have seen few spots where a temporary tranquillity, removed from the bustle and business of the world, might be better enjoyed; one end of it laved by the fresh waters of Lochlomond, the other by the ebbing and flowing tide of Lochlong; at each, an inn ready to administer to the wants, and even the luxuries of life;—the road extending its way through cultivated and varied scenery, encompassed on each side by lofty eminences, from which sparkling rills descend, and meander through the glen;—the view terminated at one end by the majestic Benlomond, and at the other by the scarce less lofty mountain, the Cooper, with its shattered sterile summit, as if by the stroke of a thunderbolt—all conspire to render this secluded spot one of the most delightful that can be imagined. Had Don Quixotte roamed here in search of adventures, no one might have called in question the sanity of the knight-errant for his mistaking Arroquhar inn for a castle; I could even be tempted to suppose that the scenery around it had also felt the rod of the enchanter.

After partaking of another cordial at the castellated inn of Arroquhar, we descended a gentle slope to the border of Lochlong, where we got into the Oscar steam-boat. This Loch is an arm of the Frith of Clyde, below Greenock, on the opposite shore, extending inland about from twenty to thirty miles, encompassed on each side by lofty acclivities. The scenery, though bold and magnificent *per se*, is somewhat unvaried, and not peculiarly striking, to those who have so recently gazed upon that of Lochlomond. We sat down to an abundant dinner in the cabin, with appetites little disposed to quarrel either with the cooking or the service, or, *à la Messieurs les Anglois*, to curse the waiter because the mutton was cold. An excursion like ours dissipates the bile and the spleen of Mr Smellfungus, and renders increase of appetite wonderfully in love with what it feeds on.

Dinner and a single can of grog finished, we now found ourselves entering the large expansion of the Clyde, near Greenock, from which place, after receiving and discharging passengers, we soon retraced our morning track off Dumbarton, and ere "twilight's soft dews" began to steal over the green banks of the Clyde, we were snugly deposited on the Broomielaw, well pleased with the feat performed, of voyaging 100 miles since leaving the same spot in the morning. After bidding my kind friends adieu, I hied me home to the inn.

To-morrow came, of course, to dispel the shadows of night, to awaken the myriads of Glasgow's population to sober, every-day realities, and me for a trip to Ireland. After sauntering about Glasgow until two in the afternoon, the time fixed for starting, I then got on board the Eclipse. "Once more upon the waters" of Clyde, I was again impelled along its winding course, amid scenery which the eye does not soon tire of contemplating; and by the time that night's dark dominion encroached upon the cheerful light of day, and warned us from deck into the cabin, we were, from the Frith of Clyde, passing the Island of Arran, into the Irish Channel. The Eclipse has uniformly maintained the reputation of a safe and fast-sailing vessel, and so has its Commander, Captain Dalyell, that of an excellent seaman, uniting to professional skill the character of a gentleman, invariably exhibited in his demeanour, and polite attention to his passengers. It is no fault of his, therefore, that, when the hour of sailing from Glasgow renders a night upon the Channel inevitable, the cabin of the Eclipse (I presume it is the same with the other packets on the same voyage) becomes a nuisance. But such is the case. It is the consequence of opposition having reduced the fare so low, as to enable many, upon whose fronts Nature had written "goat!" to overleap the steerage barrier, and mingle with the legitimacy of the first cabin. There, although no more than eighteen beds are disposable, the proprietors make all comers welcome, in order that the vessel may pay; and for eighteen beds we numbered upwards of thirty passengers. The voyager here who gets into a bed previously secured, may bless



his stars if he can obtain sleep, for 'tis eighteen to one that he finds sleep "too coy a dame" to win her that night to his pillow. With the rocking of the engine, and the abominable stew occasioned, amidst a scene of dissipation, sickness, or gambling, on the part of those who must either "open their knives, and pick for the softest plank," or become watchers for the morning light, sleep is not attainable by every one. There is indeed a rule on board the vessel, which prohibits the steward dealing out liquor of any kind after ten at night, and this rule is strictly enforced, for at its arrival the Captain takes possession of the barrels' keys; but some passengers have had abundance for noisy mirth *a priori*, and the knowing ones may secure at half-past nine what will prolong it *a posteriori*. Even the cabin for the ladies, dear creatures, is not exempt from similar annoyances. We had on board a snuff-merchant, whom I had known in business in the High-Street of Edinburgh in his better days. He had removed to Glasgow, and got into habits of dram-drinking in the forenoon. Its never-failing consequence, the decline of business, prompted him now to cross the Channel in quest of a change to the better—exemplifying the truth contained in the rhyme of mine excellent friend, Dr R—— \* of Glasgow,

The accommodation bill trade !  
 Joined with the forenoon gill trade ! !  
 Is sure to make an ill trade ! ! !

It was not at the first glance of his reddened eye and shrivelled physiognomy that I could recognise the features of the once plump and rosy-cheeked industrious tradesman; there all-potent time, and still more potent whisky, had done their office; the effects of the latter emboldened him to rank among his acquaintance any one on board who would condescend to enlist in the number, and the bounty allotted to every recruit was not the fee-simple of "the King's picture in little," but that of a more sublimated potentate—in plain Scotch—a dram! His excellent and loving spouse, doubtless on the recommendation of Lord Byron, and in defiance of the interest of the steward, had smuggled on board some mutton-pies, in addition to his Lordship's recipe of beef-steaks and brandy, as preventives of sea-sickness; and to the brandy bottle she paid unceasing homage, until its spirit, warring at once with the infidelity of beef-steaks and his Lordship's opinion, cast forth into the ladies' cabin more unclean spirits than attend upon sea-sickness in common, to the great annoyance of the more patrician dames.

Her liege lord and ardent fellow-worshipper, in virtue of the steam-boat barrier act, had his lodgement for the night in our cabin; and there the potent spirit, having at length done its office, he was early lulled to a repose so sound, that the Babel confusion could not awaken him. I could have wished that more of our companions had been in a similar condition, for as the wished-for hours of rest approached, "the mirth and fun grew loud and louder." Some engaged with whisky or brandy, others at cards—at first resorted to for pastime, the play at length degenerated into sheer gambling, in its quickest process. Then, amid the shouts of the winner, the imprecations of the loser, and the loud laughter of spectators, all, or nearly so, inspired, by liquor, into a frenzied eloquence, there was produced a scene of tumult, which must have now and then disturbed the slumbers of every one in or out of bed in the cabin, excepting only the snuff-merchant. His

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\* Dr R., as is well known in the west of Scotland, has long occupied the throne of *Rex Facietiarum* in Glasgow, and before that spawn of a *pellock*, the Glasgow Odontist, was puffed into unmeaning notoriety. This sapient Odontist once said in my hearing, that your Magazine, Mr Editor, is a dull driveller. Upon cross-questioning him, I found that he had never once opened a Number of it. The Doctor was as fairly put out, as he was one evening in the Tontine of Greenock, when boasting there of his literary attainments, a merciless wag, but a *knowing one*, offered to bet a dinner and punch that the Odontist could not decline "*penna*." The bet was no go, and the Doctor declaring himself insulted, walked off in a pet. *He a man of literature! The blockhead knows as much of it as the pellock knows of a cork-jacket!*



appeared, for that night at least, to be of a nature so secure, that nothing short of an eighteen-pounder at his ears could disturb him. We had on board a Catholic Priest, whose success in so many tricks at cards betokened a practised hand, and whose noisy mirth, not at all chastened and tempered by clerical obligation, hardly even by lay-decorum, betokened also the sad discrepancy which is so often found to exist betwixt professor and profession, among the sect to which he pertains. Nevertheless, he appeared to be what the more liberal spirits called "men of the world," would term "a good, honest, jovial fellow."

I had crept into bed at eleven, but it was not until two o'clock in the morning, when, aided by the blessing of a wholesome constitution, I obtained at length a sound and refreshing sleep, which was not again interrupted by the still protracted clamour at the table.

Getting upon deck at seven next morning, I found we had got out of the swell of the Channel, and were then in the smoothen waters of the Bay, or as it is called, Loch of Belfast, and sailing past the ancient town of Carrickfergus. And now the condition of our cabin inmates presented a most woeful contrast to the clamour which had so recently rivalled the engine-machinery in its "rocking of the battlements." The countenances of some, in their livid hue, exhibited still a remnant of the transient glow of mirth and revelry; those of others were

"Pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom."

Here were some stretched at full length, still wooing, with doubtful success, the comforts of slumber; there others, circumscribed by the Fates into the limits of merely a sitting posture, rubbing their eyes, and yawning most piteously; while another was to be seen stalking like a spectre, above or below, as if, during the night, the angel of destruction had hovered over the Channel, and emptied his phials of pestilence upon the devoted heads of his former kindred. One, and only one, effulgent spirit displayed itself, and that too (*mirabile dictu!*) in the person of a Cockney, from whose brain sleep had not chased away the fumes of intoxication, and made "the extravagant and erring spirit hie to its confine." His tongue, during the time of our after sailing, was as busy as the piston of the engine, and in incessant wild and frenzied talking, sometimes bordering upon humour, but of that illegitimate species which made him to be not laughed with, but laughed at. He would address every one disposed to listen to him, and slap them on the shoulder with the familiarity of a twenty years' acquaintance; and, moreover, he made it no secret that he had arisen from the gaming-table with no more than five shillings in his fob, to carry him to Dublin.

In the foreground of the vessel a scene was presented which, happily, not marked by any positive moral degradation, might otherwise be termed a miniature of Alsatia. It was composed of a grouping of the *third rate*, or deck passengers, consisting, I believe, chiefly, if not wholly, of Irish peasantry. Upon this rate of passengers a *decensus* to comfort through the hatch-way is as hermetically sealed as are the gates of the upper regions (if *their* creed is the right one) against those who have not paid their shots to the priests. Here a tattered group of old, young, and middle-aged, seated higgledy-piggledy, were handing from one to another the joke, the tobacco pipe, the whisky, or, as may be, the thwack; there others extended at full or half length on deck, in all positions,—one resting his pow on a coil of rope, and perchance his brogue heels close upon the mouth of a sick or slumbering damsel; another, with his face downwards, and hands at his temples, reclining on the back of his nearest comrade, no matter who. A heavy rain had fallen during the night; in the morning, these poor shivering creatures were seen crowding and pressing towards the funnel of the engine, like as many drooked poultry at the barn-door; but other stimulants, towards heating the shivering frame, were not wanting, for at the head of the group there was to be seen a chopin bottle raised to the mouth of one, and passed to that of another, until, like *Æsop's* burden, it became more easily

carried. The steward and his deputy had the best of it, towards counteracting the effects of a raw hazy morning; they were kept in most admirable exercise, running and returning with filled and emptied measures of whisky, at an expence to its morning consumers which might have secured them dry lodgings\* under deck. The voyage from Glasgow to Belfast, a distance of 156 miles, is, in fine weather, performed, at an average, in fifteen or sixteen hours; but the impatient passenger is sometimes detained in the Loch until the returning tide shall float the vessel betwixt sand-banks into the harbour, through a course describing the letter S. We landed betwixt nine and ten, to a comfortable breakfast in Ward's Commercial Inn†.

And now, Mr Editor, landed at length upon Irish ground, I here premise, that it is no intention of mine to adopt the book-making practice, and swell this communication to an inordinate length, by gleaning from Road-Books, County Guides, and Gazetteers, (which are accessible to all,) any lengthened abstract of statistical, geographical, political, or commercial information, relating to Ireland. Nor shall I be cautious, and compare my own with the notes of any other traveller. It is my purpose to tell nothing more than I saw or heard, to record only impressions which I felt, and observations (however superficial) on matters which presented themselves. And if your readers discover that I have little to communicate, in the shape of original matter, I can assure them that I have still less from resources not my own, and no inclination to caricature and embellish. I recollect but little, and have still less to say about the size of Belfast, the number of streets and houses, its population, and in what its main trade consists. But, as being more poetical, I may relate that its situation is delightful. It is on the southern extremity of its Loch, which forming here its harbour, becomes narrowed, under a long venerable bridge, (separating the Counties of Down and Antrim,) consisting of twenty-one arches, through which the Loch receives the waters of the river Largan. The scenery is bounded by an amphitheatre of hills; excepting on the pass by the Loch to the Channel, a distance of about twenty miles. The southern ridge of eminences is at considerable distance, and enriched between with the highest cultivation, in most delightful variety; the eastern and western ridges take their rise at no great distance from the sides of the lake, betwixt and which, excellent roads run along in front of many delightful residences or by pleasant bathing-quarters. The cottages, even of the peasantry, hereabouts, may fairly vie with those of the English for neatness and cleanliness. In their exterior, most of them washed over with a substance as white as snow, exhibit an attention to those wholesome qualities, beyond what is seen in the interior of many of ours. And though, now and then, a solitary half-clad object of humanity is to be seen whistling along, such is the general aspect of content, bustle, and happiness, that were one to draw inferences as to the state of Ireland, from the appearance of its northern counties, he would be led to imagine all he had read of its misery, depression, and murders, a dream or romance.

There is little of the genuine Irishman, or the "Irishman in all his glory," to be seen about Belfast; only an occasional importation from the South. They have among them here no small mixture of the blood of cautious Saunders. They are kind and hospitable, but not extravagantly so, as about Dublin, and still more quiet and industrious. The Protestants

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\* "Dry Lodgings," painted over the doors of humble-looking dwellings, is common in Ireland, at least, in passing through Drogheda, I observed innumerable instances. I asked the meaning twice, and received different explanations.

† It is not longer than twelve months since travellers could be welcomed to an inn in Belfast, in every respect comfortable, *i. e.* in regard to good articles, genteel accommodation, attention, and extremely moderate charges. Such is Ward's Commercial Inn, and to it the traveller is commended. The different inn-keepers have their scouts upon the quay, to entice passengers; but at what was formerly reckoned the principal inn, the charge for a bed was two shillings and sixpence per night—Ward asks only one shilling, and for other matters in proportion.



here have the ascendancy in numbers, and of these I believe the majority are Presbyterians. From inherent and natural preference to the forms of the latter, I attended divine service on Sunday, in one of their chapels. The dress of the clergyman attracted my first attention. He wore a white muslin or linen scarf, in breadth and longitude much larger than the sleeve of a man's shirt, tipped with crape, and suspended from the shoulder of his gown, downwards, to its middle. I learned that the custom here is, when a respectable member of the congregation dies, his family survivors present their clergyman with this *memento mori*\*, in honour of the dead, to be thus exhibited in public, the Sunday after the funeral. The Reverend Doctor's sermon contained no funeral eulogium on any departed individual. It was upon the harmony and credibility of the four Gospels, in support of the divine origin of Christianity; and it appeared to me the result of study, abounding in felicitous illustration, in elegant and chaste composition. It contained also one piece of information new to me, viz. that St. Mark, accustomed to act in the capacity of interpreter to St. Peter, collected the materials of his Gospel from the preaching of the latter Apostle. I pretend to no more of Theological lore than falls to the knowledge of laymen in general, and am far indeed from any disposition to have even the appearance of casting an air of ridicule, either upon the worthy divine, or the subject of his preaching. It is pretty generally known, however, that Scapula composed his Greek Lexicon by stealth, from the materials of Henry Stephens, to whom Scapula acted in the capacity of amanuensis. And since, under circumstances nearly analogous, it would now appear that St. Mark obtained the materials for his Gospel, and since St. Peter required the aid of an interpreter, *Quaero*, where was the efficacy of the gift of tongues? The Doctor did not reconcile this. The music of the congregation was led by three choristers, situated at the back of the gallery, fronting the pulpit; they sung one hymn, "The hour of my departure's come," in such strains of delightful harmony, that I would walk ten miles to hear the like again. "They put me in mind of those heavenly airs which are played to the departed souls of good men," &c.

One of the novelties which Belfast presents is its market, or fair, held at the extremity of the town, in a large square called Smithfield. For want of other employment at the time, I sauntered there for a little, and beheld indeed a motley scene of merchants and merchandise, which reminded me of old John Bunyan's Vanity-fair. Here is to be seen exposed for sale almost every article of its kind that the population of a whole kingdom may be supposed to require,—antiques, armoury, architectural and agricultural implements, accoutrements, &c.; beef, beds, butter, bread, bacon, bombazeens, beasts (dead or alive,) &c.; cheese, chalk, chesnuts, cork, cordial-bottles, clocks, cloaks, &c.; drums, drapery, dilce, delf, dirks, drugs, dupes, and every thing from the latter stage of humanity, down to an old rusty lock and key, or a rusty nail. The sale of pigs in particular arrested my attention. An intending purchaser steps within the swinish inclosure, and once fixing on the grunter of his choice, gets into traffick with its owner; the latter offers it for a price above what he will ultimately take, and the other below what he will ultimately purchase it for. In the meantime, the owner now and then stirs the grunting animal with his stick, to make it pass in review before the gentleman who fancies it,—eulogising, the while, its good breeding, and its corporal qualities. At every stage of reduction on the part of the seller, or of advance of price on that of the purchaser, the offer is ratified and solemnized, by the one clapping a penny-piece into the hand of the other. After a number of offers on either side, they, resolving to fight shy, separate; but eyeing each other askance like game-cocks, resolved to fight out the battle ere they finally separate, they come to the scratch

\* Instances of mortality being frequent, and the Clergymen of Belfast having frequently more than one of those scarfs to put on, on some Sundays, if they are blessed with wives economical and industrious, their haberdasher's bill, at the end of the year, can amount to only a trifling sum.



again ; and the penny-piece is again clasped into one hand from the other ; the bargain settled, by their meeting half-way as to price, it is sealed by a dram ; after which, the Patlander may be seen driving home his pig in such a manner as shall be best arranged betwixt the two ; if, somewhat high-fed and rebellious, the pig is not disposed to obey the marching orders of its new general, then his last resource is to seize it by the hinder, and compel it to march upon its fore legs, during which slow march it regales him with some of his native airs, though not set to the measure of Tom Moore's Irish Melodies.

After finishing business matters in Belfast, I set out on the morning for Dublin. Travelling here is superior to any thing yet to be found in Scotland. The distance is upwards of 100 English miles, an outside seat on the Dublin Mail costs only 15s., and the run is performed in 13 hours, on as excellent a road as can be desired. The vehicles are lighter and cleaner than ours, and the horses shew higher mettle and breeding. As to the drivers, instead of ragged, greasy, insolent boors, making a demand at every seven or eight miles, the jehus, (only three in number upon one coach,) on this line of road, have a more patrician appearance and garb, and will thank the passenger who puts a tenpenny piece into their hand : I do not recollect an instance of having observed them demand it ; and thus 2s. 3d. here, for drivers' fees, does the business of 5s. in Scotland, through the like number of stages.

We started from Belfast at the early hour of four on a fine Saturday morning, and passing through the delightfully situated and clean villages of Lisburn, Hillsboro', Dromore, &c. we got to Newry, a distance of more than 40 miles, to breakfast. Of a truth, I found that being whirled along so many miles in the prime air of morning is a whetter to the appetite, inducing to sad havock among the *matériel* of the breakfast-table. Let the snoring wight, a-bed until nine of a morning, perform the like feat, and he will not, as heretofore, "twist his grundle wi' a glunch of sour disdain" at buttered rolls, ham, eggs, and coffee, &c. ; I would also recommend it to any candidate for the sock, ambitious to excel in the part of Jeremy Diddler, and he will find it an excellent rehearsal of the eating-against-time scene. Verily, Davis, mine host of Newry, cannot profit in catering for his morning customers from Belfast.

Leaving Newry, for Dundalk, our next stage, we ascend immediately a very steep hill, at the foot of which two additional horses are put to the vehicle. This stage presents more variety than any of the others, and is the most beautiful and romantic upon the journey. Elsewhere there is little relief to the uniformity of a country rich in cultivation, except in what is not acceptable to either the sense of feeling or of sight ; to the contemplation of beautiful villages, hamlets, and snug, clean, wholesome cottages, is added that of clay huts, the habitations of human beings, into which one might feel some remorse at driving his swine—of groups of peasantry, boorish in appearance, and barely covered with garments, all miserably tattered and patched, portions of which seem ever and anon at the mercy of the winds, and yet to all appearance a right merry-hearted crew : these miserable huts, of no other composition than clay, are to be seen in the immediate vicinity north of Dublin.

The last of our three drivers took possession of the reins at Dundalk. I introduce him for the sake of exhibiting a trait of character which the accidents of the journey called forth. Besides the mail-coach, on which I rode, two other coaches start from Belfast at the same hour. Our new driver displayed uncommon activity, to keep foremost on the road, in order to pick up passengers, probably, also, because he wore the King's livery. But in spite of the rapidity with which he effected changes of horses, and his assuring the passengers there was no time to alight, a series of accidents that day kept him in the rear : 1st, A veteran wight of from sixty to seventy years, seated beside the guard, and calling for a twopenny worth of whisky at every stage, got at length so intoxicated, that, to secure his person aloft, the guard lashed him to the coach with a rope ; but rolling from side to side,

his hat and wig, like John Gilpin's, were "twice upon the road;" to recover them, the driver had twice to pull up, and swear at the "drunken beast," until at length the guard secured them with a cord to the wight's shoulders. 2d, It became my turn to blunder, for having alighted during the halt at Drogheda, I mounted another coach, and discovered not that I had got upon "the wrong box," until I observed on the stern of the other "the Dublin Day Mail," beyond call, at the extremity of the street. My friend Jehu, in his anxiety to get one passenger, seemed willing to leave another. As the one guard did not discover he wanted a passenger, nor the other that he had one too many, I kept quiet possession, as either coach must convey me to Dublin. After crossing the Boyne, at the verge of the town, I was missed, and waited for. The Jehu who discharged me got the start of my liege driver, who reclaimed me, and, as luck would have it, picked up the only stray passenger the road that day afforded. With a countenance "*both in sorrow and in anger,*" my liege beheld the scene, and upbraided me:—"I recriminated, on the score of "*the more haste the less speed.*" 3d, Another passenger craved an extra delay of five minutes at Ashbourn, the last stage on this side of Dublin. While waiting his return, the guard only remarked, "*If he's in a hurry now, he don't look like it.*" The driver having now lost all hopes of any addition to his cargo, gave vent to his disappointment in these words:—"By — such a set of blundering passengers as I've been in the luck for to-day! If I had advertised all Ireland for such another stupid set, I could not have been better served,—*faith and indeed I could not!*" A further ride of twelve miles, and coachee pulled up his reins in Sackville-Street. Alighting, I tipped him an extra tenpenny for the loss of his passenger, and wished him a better set on his return. Crossing the street, I got planted at the dinner-table in Bilton's Hotel at five o'clock on the Saturday afternoon.

After a hurried repast, I sallied forth, eager to view the localities, and to gaze on the multifarious objects to be presented for the first time to the eyes of a stranger. So here I am, for the first time, in Dublin!—Dublin, with all its spacious streets, and squares, splendid edifices, columns and colonnades, the sudden transition to which from clay huts is striking indeed,—Dublin, the abode of splendour and of misery in their extremes, with its gay equipages, hundreds of cars rattling along its pavements, and its groups of perfumed dandies, beaus and belles, elbowing now and then groups of human beings exposing one-half of their sun-burned skin to all the contingencies of the weather. Passing to the end of Sackville-Street, and there roll the waters of its Liffey, through the middle of the city, along the quays, under its seven bridges, and in front of its palace-like custom-house, and crossing Carlisle Bridge,—you soon come to the Parliament House, "*peace to its ashes!*" (as Curran says): it is now the Bank of Ireland. This magnificent pile, fronted by columns of the Ionic and Corinthian order, is nearly of a semicircular form, and stands on an acre and a-half of ground; its building cost £.100,000; a more magnificent structure of its description I have not beheld, but, unskilled in the technicalities of architecture, I attempt not dwelling upon them. Suffice it merely to state, that the public buildings of Dublin, composed of freestone, in contrast to the brick buildings of its streets, and placed in situations so advantageous, have a most imposing effect. A pelting shower of rain drove me home to the inn, and cut short my observations, as I now do my architectural descriptions.

I stepped forth again in the quiet of Sunday morning, to stroll about at leisure ere the first hour of call, and was not a little surprised at witnessing stall-keepers of street merchandize at their daily posts; grocery and fruit-shops open; and a row of ragged urchins casting lines into the Liffey, to drag out stupid flounders and eels; and some more gentleman-like fishers, with their rods and pirms, walking out of the city for angling amusement elsewhere; all this I thought quite enough of its kind, but I was destined to witness more. In the afternoon, Mr Bilton and I drove out in his car for an airing; part of our way lay through the Phoenix Park. This Park is a large track of land, or pleasure-grounds, consisting of about 100



acres, close to the city of Dublin : it contains, besides some other buildings, a country seat of the Lord Lieutenant, a residence for his Secretary, and is beautifully diversified by pleasant walks, one large plain of about 50 acres for reviewing troops, with shrubberies, water, &c. ; and with a liberality unknown to the Scottish Aristocracy, the citizens of Dublin have unlimited permission to perambulate in it ; but instead of either using or abusing it, (in both our Scottish populace would be found to excel,) the Dublin citizens are fonder of hieing them in their cars to the scenes and places where their legitimate motto, "*vive la bagatelle !*" shall be the order of their leisure hours. The comparative solitudes of the Phoenix Park are of too contemplative an aspect for the buoyancy of the Irish character. As many pedestrian groups may be witnessed upon the Calton-Hill of Edinburgh on a lowering day in November, as grace the walks in the Phoenix Park of Dublin in the sunshine of an autumnal afternoon. Leaving the Park, we crossed the Liffey at Chapel-Izod, on the Dublin road ; here some little art of driving is necessary, where hundreds of cars, going or returning, constantly pass alongside ; a few yards onwards, and there is "Palmerston Fair." This Palmerston Fair is kept up during one week, and here, as of old, Sunday is the "first day of the week." Then there is "hurrying to and fro" indeed, much akin to what Russell describes in the streets and promenades of Vienna. The fair is held on a small eminence close to the side of the road, and there all were in active motion,—some gambling at dice, Fortune's-wheel, or roly-poly,—others seated upon the grass, passing alternately to their mouth the whisky-bottle and tobacco-pipe. Here and there you might descry some Jew or Catholic devotee, prostrate to the earth, in one unvaried round of cant and blasphemy, imploring alms ; while others were boiling upon fires, newly raised, herrings, beef, potatoes, &c., for the active population within the tents, busily employed in drinking, fiddling, and dancing ! Introduced for the first time to such a Sunday-scene, I can say, without any sanctimonious affectation, that I felt shocked ; so did Mr B., who, though he had heard that such things were, had never himself witnessed them. He held up his hands in astonishment, and we did not remain long to contemplate the scene, but found our way home as quickly as safe driving would permit in the face of so many cars rattling upon the road, with their full cargoes, eager to enjoy the scene we had just quitted in disgust. Yet many a sober-minded, well-meaning Presbyterian, who would scorn to participate in the Sunday-exhibitions of Palmerston Fair, will be disposed to make some allowance for the conduct of the Irish, when he reflects how many inconsistencies in the way of Sabbath-keeping are among ourselves superinduced and reconciled by the force and influence of habit. How many of our countrymen, enjoying better means of information, and with stronger aptitude of the reasoning faculty, will, for instance, after twice attending on public worship, (or perfectly aware that such ought to have been the case,) be found reeling homewards from the Bacchanalian revelry of the tavern, more heinously culpable than these merry-making, unlettered Irish peasantry. Such matters might supply subject for comparison or debate, beyond the limits which this communication might warrant. I shorten it by remarking, that though Palmerston and Donnybrook Fairs appear, by use and wont, to be annually privileged scenes of merry-making, and perhaps of riot too, that during a fortnight's residence in Dublin, I witnessed far less drunkenness and sheer blackguardism than may be seen on the High-Street and Bridges of Edinburgh, or the Salt-Market and Gallowgate of Glasgow, almost every Sunday or Saturday evening ; in Dublin there is almost nothing of this kind ; and in proportion to its size, there is no place in the British dominions where charitable and religious institutions are at once so numerous and so liberally endowed.

An excursion to the county of Wicklow affords constant recreation to the cits of Dublin, and is still more fashionable than a trip to Roslin to Edinburgh migrators. Consequently, to strangers visiting Dublin, it becomes indispensable, and they can never be much at a loss for willing guides and companions. I was told of one Irish gentleman who went out, perhaps for



the hundredth time, in quality of *Cicerone*, with a posse of strangers. After conducting them through the varied beauties of the scenery, and expatiating on them with a degree of eloquence and of poetical enthusiasm similar to that which is said to have detected a celebrated University Professor, when, acting as waiter at an inn on the Lakes of Cumberland, he forgot to change the knives and forks to his guests, in entertaining them with a lofty poetical panegyric on woods, cliffs, and waters, the Irishman concluded his day's harangue with the very antithetical remark, that all was "d——d stuff and nonsense; and that, for his part, he saw not a vestige of beauty in what they had been all day gaping and gazing at." Mr B. having some small matter of business to look after in Wicklow county, in order to accommodate me, kindly proposed the day following for the excursion, and invited me to a seat in his car. We started early on Monday morning. This route, south from Dublin, far exceeds the approach to the city from the north; and instead of miserable clay huts, and ragged peasantry, all around exhibits, amidst beautiful scenery, picturesque villages, clean and comfortable cottages, and lordly dwellings. The traveller here, as he approaches Bray, is feasted with scenery crowded with a group of grand poetic objects. The Bays of Dublin and Killiney, confessedly the noblest in Europe,—mountains varied with all the shapes of mimic fancy,—on one side the beautiful fairy land of Wicklow; on the other, the city of Dublin, and the interjacent country; varied by hill and dale, studded with cottages, villas, hamlets, thrown into artless irregularity, on a sloping bank, six miles in extent, and terminated by the city. The fantastic shapes of the mountains, each an Olympus of its kind,—one peak towering alone,—another double topped—a third depressed, yield all the delight of Nature's varied works. After a ride of ten Irish miles, we crossed the bridge (which divides the counties of Wicklow and Dublin) in the beautiful village of Bray, situated upon a steep eminence; ascending which, the eye now commands a most picturesque and extensive prospect, embracing the deep and dark blue rolling ocean in all its majesty; and in a clear day, even the mountains of Wales may be seen. After a ride of about four miles farther, we alighted to breakfast at an Academy for the instruction of boys, situated in a very healthful, and most inviting landscape, and at which two of Mr B.'s sons are boarded. The youngsters, on seeing the approach of the well-known horse and car, came running to meet their papa in all the innocent liveliness of youthful spirits, and with that bounding joyousness of heart which soon subsides, after a participation in the cares and business of the world. To them, and such as them, at present, their lessons are their only cares, and a long-expected, and at last fulfilled visit of an affectionate father, is the consummation of happiness. The scene conjured up anew to me the recollections of similar scenes in other days, that, with the actors in them, are alike for ever fled.

Leaving our travelling machinery here, we walked forth on a visit to Bellevue, the seat of the celebrated and worthy Peter Latouche, Esq. This is the gentleman instanced by Mr Grattan, in the House of Commons, as an example of what residents may do towards improving the condition of Ireland. That Mr Grattan was right, a thousand other acts, besides what may be here enumerated, must testify. His father alike preceded him in affluent means, a liberal taste, and in the disposition to do good to all around: these inestimable qualities have long since been found hereditary in each and every member of the present family; and their constant and unwearied co-operation in acts of princely munificence, kindness, and charity, render Bellevue and its neighbourhood an earthly Elysium.

We were first shewn the amazing range of hot-houses, conservatory, &c. and next the chapel, a commodious, and most tastefully-fitted-out building. We then proceeded to the house, and were received by Mrs Latouche in the entrance hall, who welcomed us to take a view of the apartments, with an invitation to partake of some refreshment afterwards; the latter, however, we declined, having learned, just before our entrance, that Mr L. was unfortunately stretched upon a sick-bed, and the doctor in attendance. We

therefore took only a hurried walk through some of the principal apartments, affording little leisure for general observation. I can only mention having been struck with wonder and astonishment at the style of splendour and elegance in which they are furnished and decorated, far surpassing what I had ever before witnessed. Harps, immense mirrors, costly books of prints, (such as Macklin's Bible, Boydell's Shakespeare, &c. &c.) in sumptuous bindings. In one parlour, we were shewn a portrait of his present Majesty, sent by himself to Mrs L. In one of the drawing-rooms, the border ornaments are finished in such a style of excellence, that nothing short of actual touch can persuade one they are not in relief. Uneasy at the thought of our presence incommoding the family in its present state, we made an early retreat, and Mr M., the house-steward, was commissioned to attend us through the grounds; and such is the scale of princely magnificence here, that the present occupant of that station is removed beyond the sphere of those whose attention and services to strangers are to be purchased by an expected tipping of the fingers with pieces of silver. Hinting something of this, aside, to Mr B. ere we parted from Mr M., the former told me by no means to offer it, or it would be considered an affront. "That gentleman," said he, "is above it; he was brought up from infancy under the charge of Mr Latouche, and received a classical education:" of the truth of which I had so far confirmation, in as much as in our after walk through the demesne, Mr M. conversed about some of the living authors,—in particular of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Southey, with whose writings he appeared to be quite familiar. Leaving the Mansion-house, we next visited, at a short sloping distance on the grounds, the female school instituted and maintained by Mrs Latouche. We were shewn into a tolerably large room, in which were seated, at a long table, about ten or twelve girls, of from fifteen to twenty years of age, occupied at their needles. They sung a hymn during our visit, in strains which I could almost be tempted to call of celestial harmony. These females are collected from the cottages of the neighbouring peasants, and they not only receive the blessings of education, religious instruction, and maintenance, but they are retained until they obtain a settlement in life, either by a respectable matrimonial alliance, or some comfortable engagement in business. One from this place was recently married to the gentleman who presides in the academy before mentioned.

We now proceeded to perambulate the mazes of the pleasure-grounds, stretched over an extent of at least 400 acres, uniting with the tasteful embellishments of art, the most delightful varieties of Nature. Now our way lay through the shaded avenues of some activity,—again winding down some romantic descent towards a glen,—now a smooth lawn, studded only by shrubberies on artificial mounds;—at one place, from between eminences, the eye luxuriates through an opening on one side, over an exceedingly rich cultivated and varied scene, stretching to where it is terminated by the expansive waters of the ocean. In no spot throughout these grounds is the eye offended at reading "man-traps and spring-guns set here;" the native, as well as the stranger, is at liberty to enter, and recreate his eyes and limbs where and while he pleases. We found only one gentle admonition stuck up in a large resting-place, canopied and ornamented in imitation of a tent, to this effect, that "Parties are requested not to dine here without permission." This was in consequence of some persons, enjoying a rural *fête*, having exceeded in the "circulating medium," and taken to their shillelas after dinner, for a bit of amusement.

Throughout this domain there are several little cottages of two stories, for parties strolling from the Mansion House, to partake of a refreshment, or rural dinner: these cottages are furnished and decorated with a numerous assemblage of curious antiques, mimic grottoes, and great varieties of prints, French fancy wicker-work, &c. Each contains a small library, consisting of some popular French and English authors. They afford residence to, and are kept in order by, some aged pensioned pair. One of these buildings is an octagon, erected on the top of a precipice overhanging a glen. The pedestrian who, for the first time, approaches it, as he issues abruptly from



the coppicewood, [is apt to make the start-theatric, on his eyes meeting those of a panther stationed at the cottage door inside ; but if his intentions are harmless, he may soon recover his natural attitude, and discover that the animal's eyes are glazed, and his hide stuffed ; after which, he may pass the mummy without further interruption. After resting here a little, we pursued our track along a winding path cut out in front of the eminence, towards the glen ; arrived at which, we entered another cottage, situated amidst the shrubbery in this seclusion, and still more fancifully decorated than the other. Here Mr M. displayed, much to our satisfaction, his powers of "calling spirits from the vasty deep," with the talismanic aid of his keys of office, the "open sesame" to a concealment from which he dragged forth a bottle of old Madeira, a glass of which, after our forenoon excursion, was declared by a lady of our party to be quite refreshing. We parted here with the house-steward, well pleased with his kind attention, and with all that we heard and witnessed of the princely munificence and the manifold acts of goodness and of charity, the family to which he belongs have spread around this happy portion of Ireland. Numerous these acts are, in the record which their effects exhibit in the improvement of the country, and the happiness extended to the individuals around. Mr Latouche conveyed land for, and expended besides £5000 in building the neighbouring church of Delgany, an edifice uniting convenience and elegance with a noble simplicity. The progressive improvements in his own grounds, introduced while lack of employment elsewhere produced misery in Ireland, have rendered happy the hearts of the peasantry around. But deeds of kindness on the part of himself and of his family have not been restricted to the ostentatious agency of wealthy profusion scattered through the means of other hands. Mrs Latouche herself unites a most minute acquaintance with all the details usually employed and expected only in a man of business ; and while she is writing a letter to an agent, she can at the same instant listen and reply to the wants of an humble petitioner, seated in her parlour ; and with her own hand and scissors, she can cut from her stores, with a nicety of calculation, the necessary dimensions of broad-cloth for a coat, to that or another individual of her tenantry, while her daughters are employed at their needles in the service of some of their expectants.

Mrs Latouche is in years much the junior of her husband ; yet *em-bon-point*, with all her active habits, and, in full and free use of all the mental faculties, unweariedly employed in devising good. Mr Latouche is, if I recollect aright, a man approaching ninety years of age. In contemplating that sphere of usefulness which he and his father occupied so long, one is induced to regret that such men should experience any of the ills incident to humanity, and still more that they should be subjected to our nature's common doom. Yet, in as far only as the honours of posterity, and an approving conscience, may reasonably be supposed to gild the prospect of the descent to the tomb, Mr Latouche, like his father, may rest assured,

" ————— that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
Will have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them !"

We next pursued our journey through the deep glen of the Downs, the most romantic and picturesque road in the vicinity of Dublin. It runs between two ridges of mountains, which shelve down in various graceful shapes. The surrounding scenery, having an Alpine wildness and magnificence, is uncommonly delightful ; the lofty mountains almost clothed to the summit, under whose spontaneous woods we travelled a mile,—the gray rocks peeping out in various places, and forming a varied contrast. The vale is wide enough only to admit the road, and close by it the meandering of a small river. The swelling verdant prominences of an immense conical mountain add to the beauty of the scene ; while the octagon building hanging over us strikes the eye in a peculiarly fanciful manner. A short perambulation farther, and we arrived at the academy we left in the morning, and where we found a comfortable dinner awaiting us ; after which, step-



ping into the car, we drove off for, and at eight in the evening arrived in Dublin.

My subsequent stay in this city was devoted entirely to business arrangements in the forenoons, and attending the dinner-parties of the hospitable Irish in the evenings; with the exception only of one half day at Donnybrook Fair, and an occasional peep into the interior of some of the public buildings. If it may be fair and equitable to offer here an estimate of the Irish character, from the result of my own experience of the conduct of those my avocations brought me into contact with, and those of the most important set of merchants, I can have little hesitation in stating, that the Irish are just as much famed for humbugging, or, to give it a gentle name, delaying business-matters until the latest hour, as they are for acts of sincere kindness and genuine hospitality. This apparent anomaly in their disposition can only be reconciled by the fact, that their love of shew and parade is incompatible with a close attention to matters involving steady and accurate calculation. Too much of this evidently fatigues them, and some who delayed coming to the scratch until the latest hour, became at length fatigued at the prospect, and left the terms of arrangement to myself. Some of the natives will tell you, with the utmost *sang froid*, after waiting upon them for eight or ten days in succession, that they have not yet had leisure to think of those matters, in which both are interested; and they will accompany this polite "go by" with an invitation to dinner. Such invitation it is folly to refuse; for any stray pilgrim of an evening, attempting to transact business, not only attempts in vain, but he is at the same time looked upon as a knight-errant that no one cares for. The remark holds good even in the case of shop-keepers. Their luxuries of the table, their pine-apples, melons, choice liqueurs, and varieties of wines after dinner, are exhibited in such profusion, as might denote a "galaday" at the tables of the first-rate orders of society in Scotland. I formed one, by invitation, at a dinner-party of some select friends, in one of the principal hotels in Dublin. On entering the dinner-room, I was struck with the magnificent display of massive plate, which decorated the table and side-boards, realizing to the imagination its early dreams of Eastern splendour, as if the landlord had been really in possession of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp. Here and elsewhere, as the time of "Port, O port! shine thou a wee," began to arrive, I saw Irishmen in their glory; some sally uttered at one quarter of the table producing a repartee from another; next crowned by its climax, unexpectedly from a third;—these flashes of merriment would so effectually "set the table on a roar," that I have been compelled to hold my hands on my sides, while in imminent danger of tumbling from my chair.

One great auxiliary to the pleasurable enjoyments of the Irish is the immense number of cars rattling in and about Dublin. These vehicles are of various forms, but the most common of the street cars are so constructed as to admit, besides a seat for the driver in the front, six passengers, who sit, three on each side, with their backs to each other, and their faces to opposite sides of the road, their feet resting upon an uncovered and clumsily-projecting step, the whole load having the appearance of one large ass and panniers. They are, however, extremely convenient for travelling short distances. On Sundays, and fair-days in particular, the street pedestrian, as he approaches the stations of these machines, is sure to be accosted by numerous drivers, "Going out, Sir? Going out, Sir?"—and if such be his intention, he has only to seat himself upon one or other, which always sets off, with its full compliment, in a few minutes; and these well-filled machines are constantly driving and returning through every avenue of the city. The restless inhabitants thus have their rides, to distances of from one to ten Irish miles, at rates seldom exceeding a penny per mile. I had frequent recourse to bathing in the Bay of Dublin, in the mornings, and sometimes at mid-day, by way of counteracting the fatigues of the business and the pleasures of this large capital, during so hot a period of the season. One of these cars soon whisked me to and from the spot, the large wall or *Mole*, upon the south side of which is the en-

trance to a slope, like a landing branch of a pier, and at the walled side of it a shed erected for the dressing and undressing of the Dublin swimmers. Once, while I was in the act of leaping off the stones into the Bay, a fellow, who had just undressed, came running at my heels, and bawled out in the genuine brogue, "*Is there room for two?*" This odd and unexpected query so tickled the muscular risibility, that in the immediate immersion I encountered some small risk of choking. It is related as one instance out of many how readily an Irishman's noddle will produce some *outré* saying upon the most trivial occasion.

Were it only through the medium of the song which Jack Johnstone has sung in public a thousand times, I presume one half of our island has heard of Donnybrook Fair. I had the luck to see it. Like its precursor, Palmerston Fair, in the week immediately before, it was wont to commence on Sunday. This year, however, the Lord Mayor Smith, who has no jurisdiction at Palmerston, issued a proclamation to the effect, that no fair should commence at Donnybrook, nor would the erection of tents be permitted, until Monday morning. The proprietors of the ground, indignant at this unlooked-for prohibition of ancient "*use and wont*," petitioned the Lord Lieutenant, in the face of the mansion-house mandate. The vice-regal authority of Ireland very prudently declined interference; and now that one Lord Mayor has set an example here, it is to be hoped, I fear only to be wished, that his successors in office would tread in his footsteps, and the natives would in a very few years get reconciled to the want of their former unlawful privilege. The prohibition, however, did not operate against many hundreds visiting the fair-ground upon Sunday, to see whether a fair was going on or not; the disappointment was perceptible in the countenances of many, as the armed police on horseback and on foot were patrolling the grounds, to prevent either riot, or the erection of tents. Here and there, along the roadside, and margin of the grounds, were to be seen only solitary stalls, covered with fruits, whisky-bottles and glasses, and a number of importunate and blaspheming beggars, as are usually in attendance at such scenes. The dawn of Monday morning, however, arose upon the work of preparation, and Donnybrook Fair once more commenced in all its jollity and bustle. The want of it might go far to disturb the mental peace of many an Irishman; servants of either sex, and the labouring classes, often to the great annoyance of their masters, *must* have a day, perhaps two, at the fair, and, deprived of this, it would be regarded as an unlucky omen all the year round. Some, I have been informed, will beg, borrow, or steal, or pawn an unsparable portion of their wardrobe, rather than want a little of the blunt, for the price of fun and whisky at the fair. I was invited to make one of a small party to visit it, and there have an afternoon pic-nic. It is at about a mile, or a mile and a half, from the south-east extremity of the city. The number of cars constantly running on this dusty road, had caused it to be named the first portion of terra-firma that became dry after the Flood. At the entrance to the busy scene, such is the number of those vehicles, going, returning, or in waiting, that the civil authority emissaries are in attendance to keep order and arrangement, so that they may not entirely block up the road. We soon got ushered into the busy scene, and beheld it all in motion, on a much larger scale than is presented at Palmerston Fair. Parties, of patrician and plebeian aspects, parading through its scenery, gazing upon the motley and varied groups which meet the eye at every glance,—the proprietors of low vulgar gambling establishments soliciting, with all the flowers of Irish eloquence, the passers by to try their luck,—the sellers of confectionaries, fruits, cheese, beef, and potatoes, making calls upon the purse and the palate,—the merry-andrews in front of shows, exhibiting their wit, and their fantastic tricks, to induce visitors to enter,—large and long tents, at the entrance to which is a counter with all appurtenances of the bar, ready to supply customers without or within; at the extremity of these tents is a temporary kitchen, with large boilers for the cooking of beef, pork, greens, and potatoes; the intervening space exhibits a row of tables on either side, at which are seated parties, lunching, dining, or

drinking, and a portion in the middle is all in motion with fiddling and dancing.

We peeped into two or three of the shows, and found them to contain only those exhibitions of horsemanship, tumbling, and wire-dancing, which, to most of my countrymen, once seen is enough. In another, we saw a gentleman wanting both hands, and who, by means of his toes, went through the evolutions of eating, drinking, firing a musket, and writing,—the latter he performed both expeditiously and legibly. I was amused with some specimens of Irish wit and humour, offered during our perambulations through the fair, but most of them have now escaped my recollection. One damsel, not peculiarly inviting to the sight, either for youth or beauty, was seated munching, with fingers and mouth, a piece of salted beef, and as I passed, she said, “Will you partake, Sir?” I answered only by a wry face, on which her companion remarked, “Troth the gentleman an’t hungry, for it’s too good an offer to refuse.” A dandy brewer in Dublin, stalking along, was eyed by a ragged peasant, who, knowing the person and circumstances of the “big swell,” remarked to his companion in rags, “*Sure and don’t the small beer carry a fine head now?*” Lord Byron, in his letter on Pope and Bowles, asserts, that “an Irish peasant, with a little whisky in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem.” Doubting even the high authority of his Lordship’s assertion, that invention and imagination form only minor attributes of poetry, I willingly admit the truth of the illustration itself.

We left the fair at ten at night, and I confess having felt a little disappointed in not witnessing a single row all the while, or any strong ebullition of Irish humour; I learned afterwards, that some such had taken place towards morning, after the Lord Mayor and his officers had retired. The mode those bent on frolic go to work is this;—primed up to the proper degree with whisky, they set to, groping with their hands outside of the tent canvas for a touch of the head of some wight in the inside, overcome and sleeping; the discovery once made, they immediately thwack it with their shilelahs, which, awakening the sleeper within, makes him and his companions rally, when out they rush, and there “the Irishman in a row becomes any one’s customer;” if not dispersed by peace-officers, they fight until they are tired, and walk home, arm in arm, as they best can. One wight, belabouring an old bald-headed pow peeping through a rent-seam in the canvas, was nabbed, and taken before a justice; on being asked what induced him to the act, he replied, “*Och! and plase your honour, only think of the bald-pow so natly peeping out at the hole; it was so tempting, I could not refuse it.*” The Lord Mayor of this year, already mentioned, is such a one as Dublin, or any other capital, requires for office, for his personal labours are unceasing; so early as four in the morning, he is to be seen among bakers, and in the markets, to enforce the regulations of order and of good weights. Donnybrook Fair had his attendance from morning until night; I saw him with his rod of office, and myrmidons in his train, walking the rounds; one honest Patlander remarked, after passing, “Aye, that’s the man who does his duty.” Among Irish politics I choose little or no interference, such being incompatible with my situation and circumstances. He who, visiting the Irish as I did, for the first time, and partaking of their kindness and hospitality, does well to avoid touching on political agitations, being unaware whether he is seated among men, all or in part Protestants or Catholics. Once I heard a stranger, like myself, heartily rebuked by the landlord, for proposing the toast “Catholic emancipation;” which rebuke, the landlord followed out by a perhaps rather too sweeping denunciation of the sect, as cheats and vagabonds. He next told us a case of deception which he lately witnessed on the street, opposite to his own door:—Some member of the sect there fell prostrate on the pavement, got into a fit and a foaming at the mouth (with soap-bells!); one of their priests, like the good Samaritan of old, passing by mere chance, stood over the prostrate victim a while, muttering some Latin gibberish, when soon up leaped the devotee, blessing God, and the good Prophet, and walked



off. The spectator, our host, was only restrained from applying a whip to the shoulders of the two actors in this farce, for fear of exasperating the croud of bystanders, who witnessed—the MIRACLE!!!

But I am exceeding your limits Mr Editor, as I exceeded my time in Dublin, and must now recross the Channel. After bidding my friends adieu, whom I parted with under feelings of gratitude, for numerous acts of kind attention, I took my passage by night in the Mountaineer steam-boat, for Liverpool. They order matters here better than on the Belfast and Glasgow passage, for every cabin passenger is accommodated with a bed; in the forenoon of next day we passed the Welsh mountains, and got into the mouth of the river Mersey. The first novelty that offered was the numerous windmills upon either side of the river, which, being all in motion, give animation to the surrounding scenery. We soon got to the landing-place, in front of the immense range of docks, and the huge forest of masts, which denote the vast importance of this place of commercial enterprise. It is a beautiful prospect to witness, at the flow of the tide, the hundreds of vessels leaving Liverpool, dropping down the river with their sails spread in the sunbeams, and destined to shape their course to almost every corner of the globe. But what can a three days' residence afford, in the shape of novelty, to be said of Liverpool, which must be well known to the majority of your readers? I quitted it for Manchester, the Bœotia of England, as Glasgow is the Bœotia of Scotland. One newly arrived here from Ireland cannot but regard the inhabitants of the two sides of the Channel, alike the antipodes of each other in manners as in local position. The Irish, as I have already described them, are a thoughtless, indolent, off-putting, kind-hearted, social set. The English here are just the reverse. They have indeed that quality precious in the eyes of a commercial man; they are at a word in matters of business; but their own views once accommodated, they are a cold-hearted, selfish set, and exhibit not one feeling of sympathy for the condition of a stranger who for the first time makes his appearance among them. An Englishman will hardly take the trouble of stepping to his door to point the stranger his way through the filthy, narrow, crowded streets, in which he is in danger, at almost every step, of being run over by carts and immense waggons, close to the narrow puddle called a footpath. If an Irishman can but anticipate, himself, his horse, and car, are at your immediate service. The rising importance of Manchester, as a place of manufactures and of opulence, is not to be questioned; but I complain of it as a town insufferable for a residence, and where the kindlier qualities of our nature, exhibited in the same classes of individuals in Scotland or Ireland, do not appear to operate, nor indeed are they much more active in the other places in England which I visited north of Manchester.

The selfish qualities of the English are abundantly exhibited in the persons and conduct of those numerous herds of commercial travellers—the mere business-machines—who are perpetually flying from inn to inn. A more selfish, self-important, ignorant, gasconading race, in the garb, too, of gentlemen, I have not seen or heard of existing in any other country: I must here make some exceptions in favour of individuals among them, well educated and informed, and endowed with liberal sentiments; but I am writing of them in the aggregate, and viewed in this light, their invariable object is their own personal comfort and convenience. Give them, what is their whole days desire, their dinner well cooked, and they care not when, or with whom they eat it. Their conversation is limited to admiration of the barbarities of horse-racing—the blackguard immoralities of Newmarket betting, or the brutal exhibitions of the ring; but once attempt to draw them into a conversation on literary or moral subjects, or into any refining speculation on matters of fact which occasion may offer, then, *dem me*, (as they say,) they are off at the obtuse angle. The etiquette of the traveller's room is perhaps as strictly maintained as that of the military mess, for nothing positively mean or decidedly offensive to the general sense is tolerated; but only witness the thronged rooms at inns in places like Manchester, and among the

parties seated at different places, such conversation as the following may be heard.

"Good L—d, how fatigued I am!" "Waiter, do order me a beef-steak for supper, and tell the cook to let me have it soon, nice and fat." "Waiter, another bottom of brandy." "Waiter, remove this wine, why, *dem* me, it's coa'k'd, and fetch us another bottle." "I'll bet you a thousand guineas to one, that Sir John's Warwick distanced the other by three yards." "Why *dem* me, you are misinformed, there isn't such a horse on the turf." "These *damn'd* Scotch roads jolt one almost to pieces." "At the Bull and Sun we had the nicest bit of roast-beef for dinner that ever I tasted." "By Jupiter, she's the prettiest chambermaid on all the road." "He fight him! 'pon honour, my friend Jack would tickle his victualling-office at the first onset." "I assure you, upon my word, Mr M.'s grey mare had the starting-post three seconds earlier." "The nasty Scotch landlord sets down such a dinner as I would not drive my pigs to." "It wont pay, he's an arrant humbug." "I cut him last journey." "They fought fifty minutes before either of them had a black eye." "*Dem* me if there was a single warm dish set down, except a shocking ill dressed one of veal-cuttlets." "I taught the waiter a lesson, by leaving nothing for him in my bill." "Pardon me, my good friend; I can assure you Spring had the advantage of the fight." "I'll bet you five guineas on't." "I can't afford the bet, I lost more than that sum at cards, t'other night, but I know you are wrong." "Waiter, take payment of this here bill; I allow nothing to the chambermaid, for her having put me into a small bed-room." "The Sawney gave me no wine, but almost forced me to drink three tumblers of their Scotch whisky and water, so that I lay in bed until twelve next day, as sick as a dog." &c. &c.

In crossing the Tweed northward, I fancied that I inhaled the breath of a purer and kindlier atmosphere.

Patient Mr Editor, who, for proof-sheet accuracy, *must* have accompanied me, and no less patient Mr Reader, who may have accompanied me through the pages of this trip, if it doth appear to either of you that I have set down aught in malice, I can only say, in self-extenuation, with Sterne, that I have but newly set out on my travels, and may learn better manners as I get along.

SCOTUS.

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### Sonnet.

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#### Morning.

'Tis morning o'er the mountain-heights I see,  
 With rosey feet, and blushes cover'd o'er,  
 'Mid mists that circle, like a sea so hoar,  
 Their distant copse-clad summits beauteously!  
 Anthems arise from every brake and tree,  
 And Nature, joyful, hails her blest return;  
 The ocean glows beneath her crimson ray,  
 And pleasure sparkles in the skies that burn;  
 The zephyr sleeps, or languidly does play  
 Upon the rippling water's conscious breast,  
 That heaves as virgin's, when, by lover preat.  
 The landscape smiles as some fair infant boy,  
 That dreams within his nurse's arms at rest—  
 A scene so beautiful 'tis Heaven's bliss to enjoy!

D. A.

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WOMAN.

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Women are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservations; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation are desirable retreats from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity, and while they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.—*Citizen of the World.*

Oh, woman! lovely woman! thou wert made

To temper man. We had been brutes without thee!—*Otway.*

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I AM a bachelor, and likely to continue so; but notwithstanding my misfortune—for I am not one of those crabbed beings who boast of my single blessedness—I am well convinced that there is not a more blessed state of human existence, or a more truly enviable condition of life, than a union with an amiable and virtuous woman. This is a curious declaration, by the bye, from one who may seem to have forsworn the whole sex; but let that pass. My reasons for continuing as I am did not certainly originate in any pique or displeasure: I have always delighted to be in the society of women; and I hear that even now—and the frost of sixty years begins to whiten my temples—I am quite a “lady’s man.” I therefore consider myself privileged to prate about woman; and if my lucubrations will justify my temerity with the reader, I shall be amply rewarded, and well contented with the result of my achievement.

The substantial comforts which are produced by an affectionate and well-proportioned marriage are so numerous and exquisite, that no means, one would imagine, would be left untried, by which a blessing so valuable might be attained; but I am sorry to say, that marriage now-a-days, at least among the higher classes, is influenced more by the glittering sceptre of Plutus, than by the soft and silken fetters of Cupid: and this, perhaps, may be one reason why I have not ventured upon matrimony in my old age. I met my young friend, Jack Neville, the other day, in high glee and spirits. “Wish me joy, my old buck,” said he, as he shook me by the hand, “wish me joy; I’m going to be married!” “Indeed!” said I; “to whom?”

“To Emily Wentworth, a devilish fine girl, and a twenty-thousand pounder. What say you to that, my old boy?” “Say!” I replied; “I don’t know what to say. Is she amiable, accomplished, well-bred, and so forth?” “‘Pon honour, I never asked,” quoth he; “but I dare say she is. At any rate, she has got twenty thousand pounds, and that’s quite enough for me;” and away he went, just as happy, and precisely with the same feelings, as if he had obtained a prize in the lottery. Really the taking to one’s self a wife is now little better than engaging with a partner in business, the amount of capital being the first and most necessary consideration, while qualities a great deal more requisite and beneficial are never once taken into the account. The times seem to be passed, writes a favourite, though by no means a fashionable author, when, in the prime of life, virtuous love led young men to select a companion for the amiable qualities of the mind and person, independently of all pecuniary considerations. Such Arcadian simplicity has long since fallen into decay, and the loveliest of women may now pine in hopeless celibacy; for if they cannot purchase a husband, as they would purchase a gown, they may live and die without one. In vain has Nature given them the vermeil cheek, and the eye of sensibility, if Fortune has refused her more brilliant gifts. Young men gaze, indeed, like children at the peacock, and turn away without any tenderness of sentiments, or at least without any wish to possess the beauty they admire upon honourable conditions. It is indeed observable, that young men of the present age often consider marriage as an evil in itself, and only to be engaged in when the pecuniary



advantages attending it afford a compensation. For the sake of the good, it seems they sometimes condescend to accept the evil; a most insulting opinion, and no less unreasonable and untrue than it is contumelious and disgraceful; for marriage, prudent and affectionate marriage, is favourable to every virtue that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of the individual, while, at the same time, it extensively and most essentially benefits society.

This heartless and mercenary custom is, in a great measure, attributable to an erroneous opinion of the true character of woman, as well as to the unfeeling profligacy of man: for it is an opinion which is only entertained by those whose unruly passions and pursuits lead them to contemplate the opposite sex in situations where no kindly or tender virtue can be displayed, but where all the boisterous and sordid passions of debased nature are exhibited in their most engaging and most enticing attire. It is from such sad specimens of alluring profligacy that an opinion of woman is adduced, as perfectly fallacious as it is perfectly degrading; and because there are some women who have no virtue, no fine and tender feelings in their nature, the whole sex is adjudged to be deceitful, vicious, intriguing, and distrustful. It is from the frequent contemplation of woman, in the most degrading and deplorable of all conditions, that the modern atheist, and the base pander to the worst of passions, unblushingly asserts, that marriage is the most inveterate foe to human happiness. Alas! that there should be such wickedness in the world! Thank Heaven, in this instance the pestilence is not contagious. The venomous sting of the slanderer is innocuous; and his unceasing efforts to poison the happiness of mankind have recoiled upon himself, in the bitter, bitter disappointment, which has awaited his satanic exertions. But let us return to a more pleasing theme.

They who estimate woman at the cheap and slender rate of worldly calculation will be woefully deceived. In the broad glare of prosperity and happiness, her more endearing virtues may not be so apparent, be

cause there is but little necessity for their display; but, in adversity, she is a ministering angel, whose kind and affectionate solicitude breaks forth with all the grace and loveliness of female fondness, and whose inspiring and consoling tenderness wipes away the tear of misery, alleviates the pang of disease, assuages the agony of mental suffering, smoothes the ruffled brow of misfortune, and soothes into placidity the anguish of the troubled spirit. There is in every woman—to borrow the words of my young friend Irvine—a spark of heavenly fire, which is dormant in the broad day-light of prosperity, but which kindles up, and burns, and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.

But let us hearken to the character of a good, tender, and faithful wife, as depicted by Erasmus, who seems to have entertained a due estimation of connubial happiness. Is there, he asks, any friendship among mortals worthy of being compared to that between man and wife? Woman will forsake her friends and her kindred for the sake of her husband; to him alone she looks for happiness; in him does she fearlessly and fondly confide; with him she wishes to live and to die. Is he rich? He has one who will endeavour to increase and preserve his wealth. Is he poor? He has one who will willingly toil with him in the acquirement of gain. If he bask in the joyous sunshine of prosperity, she will double his happiness; if he be overcast with the gloomy shadows of adversity, she will console him—she will sit by his side—she will attend him with all the sweet and winning assiduity of love, and only wish that she could appropriate to herself the sorrow which gives him pain. When he is at home, she will amuse and delight him with the intuitive accomplishments of love, and after absence, she will welcome his arrival with joy, and hail his return with rapture.

Thus it is with a happy marriage, where there is a mutual interchange of love and respect; but it may be alleged, in extenuation of purchased

marriages, that these fascinating qualities are by no means possessed by the generality of the fair sex, and that they occur but rarely. But by whom will this be alleged? By those only who are truly ignorant of the tenderness of woman; by those whose minds, grovelling in apathy, are destitute of all fine and manly feeling; and by those who have never witnessed how fervently woman can love—how patiently she can endure—how nobly she can act and feel. To such beings, woman is but a toy, which they may be amused with, it is true, but which they can never love,—which may engage their attention for a moment, but which they cannot, as they ought, affectionately and everlastingly cherish. It is Dr Johnson, I believe, who says, “I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence will always make marriage happy;” an opinion, to the truth of which I most cordially subscribed; for although an old bachelor of sixty-five cannot affect to have derived any personal experience in such matters, yet a careful and constant observance of mankind has led him to assent, most un fashionably, but most unequivocally, to the great moralist’s opinion; which he will endeavour, in a slight degree, to illustrate by a tale, simple enough, it is true, but not the less applicable on that account.

I had the good fortune to be educated at a public school, where I became attached to a youth named Edward Oakley, who was about my own age, and one of the most generous, open-hearted fellows, that ever lived. The eager friendship of boyhood does not very often mature into the more calm and steady attachment of riper years, at least it depends a good deal upon circumstances; for there is not always opportunity for its growth, nor is there always inclination:—

“Forsuch the change the heart displays,  
So fail is early friendship’s reign;  
A moth’s brief lapse—perhaps a day’s—  
May view the heart estranged again.”

But it was not thus with Edward Oakley and myself. A congeniality of sentiment, and a predilection for similar pursuits, strengthened an attachment, which became eventually so firm and sincere, that even to this

day it has continued unshaken and unchanged. At the usual period, we left school for the University, and it was so arranged, that we both became inmates of the same college; and thus we had an opportunity of pursuing our studies together, and of augmenting that friendship which we both so warmly entertained.

I have said that Edward Oakley was an open-hearted, generous fellow; he was also somewhat of an enthusiast; that is, a very large proportion of sensibility, and a heart powerfully imbued with benevolence, prompted him to regard the world with feelings far too flattering. He could not be induced to believe that self-interest and ambition would lead mankind to practise all the wickedness of pride and hard-hearted hypocrisy. He looked upon Nature with the vision of a poet, and not with the eye of an experienced worldling. There was in Edward’s mind, too, a fine and noble feeling of piety and virtue; and, without any bigotry—without one particle of canting sanctity—he was, in every possible respect, a Christian, and an honest man.

I had carried with me to college a letter of introduction to a widow lady, who resided about four miles from Oxford, on the road to Woodstock, and I lost no time in paying my respects to Mrs Maitland, and in introducing to her, at the same time, my friend Edward. Mrs Maitland was the widow of an officer in the army, and had been in her youth a very beautiful woman. She was still handsome, and her manners were exceedingly elegant. But this was not the principal charm which attracted us so frequently to “the cottage.” Mrs Maitland had a daughter—and such a daughter!

Maria Maitland was about eighteen, and one of the most lovely creatures I ever beheld. To her mother’s fascination of manner were added all the winning attractions of youth, and artless, unassuming innocence; and Maria Maitland was indeed a being which mortal eye could not behold unmoved.

“Oh! all unlike a creature form’d of clay,  
The blessed angels with delight  
Might hail her ‘Sister!’ She was bright  
And innocent as they!”

With a mind so finely moulded, and a heart so tenderly susceptible as Edward Oakley's, it would have been somewhat strange had he not been smitten—and desperately smitten too—by the beauty and attractions of Maria Maitland. In fact, he had not seen her twice, before he fell over head and ears in love with her; and I soon perceived the change which this overpowering passion had wrought in him. His whole conversation was now of Maria and her mother,—of the exceeding kindness and urbanity of the one, and of the exceeding beauty and attractions of the other; and I discovered about his room divers scraps of paper, on which were inscribed sundry sage verses. The following, I remember, I rescued from the flames, the paper on which they were written having dropped from the handle of the tea-kettle into the fire:

Too fair for daughter of mankind,

What marvel if thou dost appear,  
Beloved! to a poet's mind,

Some Houri come from realms of mind  
To grace our lower sphere?

The rose-tree forms a pleasant shade,

To shield thee from the burning sun;  
But ever, as the zephyrs play'd,  
They caught the fragrance, and convey'd  
Its sweets to thee alone.

As Edward and myself were, by this time, ardently attached to each other, I soon became his confidant in this momentous business, and his whole delight was to talk of his Maria, and—as I believed is usual in such cases—of the utter hopelessness of speeding successfully in his wooing: she was too beautiful and too good for him, he said, and could never, never love so obscure and humble an individual. But he was mistaken, for Maria did love him, and with all the fervent sincerity of female fondness. Then was my friend happy; and although I almost envied his destiny, I could not withhold a participation in his happiness.

Edward, like myself, was an orphan; but an uncle had kindly taken him under his protection; and when he left college, the same relative procured him a comfortable living, about ten miles from London. Soon after this the uncle died, and, as his property was entailed, none of it devolved upon Edward. He had, however,

previously provided for him with the living, so that he considered himself as settled in life. His first care was consequently to urge Maria to bestow upon him her hand—her heart he had long since won, and the blushing girl consented: the wedding-day was fixed, and a small and select party of very intimate friends were invited upon the occasion. Reader, hast thou ever witnessed the nuptials of a young and loving pair? If so, thou hast witnessed one of the most blessed and delightful sights upon this earth—

It is a happiness

That earth exceeds not! not another like it:

The treasures of the deep are not so precious

As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air

Of blessings when I come but near the house:

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!

The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedding-lock

Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,

On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight

To cast their modest odours.

This, by the way, is a strange rhapsody for a bachelor to indulge in: but I am not a bachelor by choice. There was a time—and in my idle hours of meditation I never fail to let my imagination recur to it—there was a time, I say, when, with all the buoyancy of ardent youth, I loved a being who was as a divinity to me, and whose gentle heart throbb'd in unison with mine, till death paralyzed its motion. More than thirty years have passed by since then, and although the healing hand of Time has somewhat chastened the intensity of my sorrow, still it has not obliterated from my memory even the most minute incident connected with the object of my love and adoration; neither has it restored to my heart the joy which once reigned there.

Oh! never more—oh! never more

This earth again shall smile for me;  
I'll listen to the tempest's roar,

Or gaze along the stormy sea:



And from the sunshine I will hide,  
But as the moon in silver gleams,  
I'll lean me o'er the vessel's side,  
And see *her* in my waking dreams.

Oh, *Ida*! ever lost, yet dear,  
Soon come the day, and come it must,  
When I shall seek thy happier sphere,  
And leave this perishable dust;  
Then grief shall flee my troubled eyes,  
And gloom forsake my troubled heart,  
And through the fields of Paradise  
We two shall roam, and never part.

Well; Edward and Maria were married, and I saw them happy. Mrs Maitland had taken up her residence with them at the parsonage, and Providence seemed to regard, with peculiar care, that blessed abode of peace and love. I spent most of my time with this enviable pair, for I was an idle man, and was never so happy as when I made one of this blissful circle. I had thought that no occurrence could possibly have augmented the felicity of my friend and his wife; but the birth of his first-born, and the safety and well-doing of its delighted mother, added another link to their happiness, and prompted another prayer to the Almighty benefactor of mankind. Could it be possible for two mortals to be *now* more happy and more blessed?

About two years after the birth of Edward's son, who was named, in compliment to myself, Edward Melville Oakley, my presence was urgently required at some estates which I had in the West Indies, and I left England for Demerara, with the intention of speedily returning to my native land. A favourable voyage soon bore me to my destination, but circumstances unforeseen, as well as unavoidable, prevented me from returning to England till I had been absent more than seven years. Soon after my arrival abroad, I was suddenly sent for by a near relation, who lived in a distant island, and it was there that I became acquainted with one who was snatched from me in the prime of youth and loveliness, and whose death threw me upon a bed of sickness, where I languished in uncertain safety for many weary weeks. Owing to some blunder of my agent at Demerara, several of my letters were detained there; and upon my return, I found some

from Edward, the contents of which surprised and grieved me.

One of the earliest dated bore the tidings of the birth of a daughter, and of the death of Mrs Maitland; another detailed the roguery of one of the executors, an attorney, who had contrived, by some nefarious means or other, to embezzle the property which Mrs Maitland had bequeathed to Maria; and a third contained the afflicting intelligence of his utter ruin! A pretended friend, for whom, with all the willing unsuspecting readiness of his nature, he had become security for a very large amount, had fled his country, and my poor friend was compelled to seek that concealment which was so repugnant to his noble mind. But he had no alternative, except a prison; and he therefore secretly quitted the parsonage at —, and, with his beloved wife and two children, sought, amid the confusion of London, a shelter, at least, from his unfeeling creditor.

It was now that Maria proved herself worthy of all his love. "Maria," he wrote, "is indeed a ministering angel to me. She cheers my drooping spirits with her unshrinking fortitude, and, amidst all our misery, utters no word, and evinces no symptom of despondency. She has just returned from disposing of some screens which she has painted,—you know how well she paints, Henry,—and the few shillings which she has just placed upon the table before me, with one of her sweetest smiles, will suffice for our subsistence for a few days longer. Oh! you cannot imagine, my dear friend, what I feel when I look upon this heavenly being, accustomed as she has ever been to affluence, now toiling through all the bitterness and misery of poverty: and the dear children too:—Oh God! I could almost wish for madness, and total oblivion!" The remainder of the letter contained a request for pecuniary assistance; and two other letters, written at intervals of four months, upbraided me for my silence and unfriendly neglect; informing me, at the same time, that Maria's efforts for their maintenance were unremitting, and that he himself had obtained an engagement with the proprietors of a

respectable Newspaper, so that they were then comparatively comfortable. He had changed his name, he said, and now went by that of Smithson: The last letter was dated more than a year previous to the period at which I received it; and my heart smote me when I reflected upon my own negligence, in not making a better arrangement for the transmission of my letters from England. However, I was about to return, and I hoped my arrival would not be too late to benefit my friend; with this hope, therefore, I once more set sail, but not, I must confess, without many melancholy forebodings.

I reached Portsmouth in safety, and having previously commissioned my agent to prepare a good house for my reception, drove to London as fast as four horses could carry me, and reached Russel-Square towards the evening. But I could not rest till I had seen Edward Oakley, and I was at first somewhat puzzled as to the best mode of ascertaining his residence. I recollected, however, the paper to which he contributed, and inquiring for the office, which was in the Strand, drove thither without delay, and asked the clerk if he could favour me with Mr Smithson's address, as I had intelligence of very great importance and benefit to himself to communicate. "I am sorry, Sir," said he, "that I cannot afford you the information you desire, as we are not generally acquainted with the addresses of any of our contributors. But I expect a messenger from Mr Smithson every instant, with an article for to-morrow's paper, and if you can wait, you will most probably obtain his address." I waited, therefore, but not long, for presently a little boy, neatly dressed, and with the fine open brow of my friend, entered the office with a packet, which he delivered to the clerk, saying as he did so, that it was from Mr Smithson, and asking if there was any message. I sprang from my chair, and snatching up the little fellow in my arms, gazed earnestly in his face, and then imprinted a kiss upon his white forehead. "And whose pretty boy are you?" I asked, as I set him down; "do you belong to Mr Smith-

son?" "Yes, Sir," said he, looking at me with some surprise, "I do belong to Mr Smithson." "And where do you live?" I asked again. "I must not tell," was the answer. "Why not?" "Because papa told me never to answer impertinent questions." "Nay, but won't you tell me, that I may come and see you, for I like pretty boys?" The child regarded me with a strange expression, shook his head, and was silent. "Come, Edward," said I, "let me take you with me to your own home in my coach." "Edward!" repeated the boy; "how do you know my name?" "That is a secret; but if you will ride in my coach I will tell you all about it." "Very well," said the child, "but you must take me to my home, and not to your's, for papa and mamma will be frightened if they do not see me soon. I lifted him into the carriage, and after obtaining from him a tolerably distinct direction, I found myself at the door of a small house, in a quiet street near Covent-Garden.

"Is your father at home?" I asked, as we alighted. "Yes, and mamma too." "Well, then, go and say that a gentleman from India wishes to see them;" and while he ran up stairs, I followed him closely, and entered a very genteelly-furnished room, where I found Edward at his desk, and Maria busily at work, with two little girls by her side. Time and affliction had clouded the expressive features of my friend, and cast a shade over the beauty of Maria; but the children looked healthy and happy. Edward and Maria both rose as I made my appearance, and so altered had my features become, for I too had had my share of sorrow to contend with, that I was not known even to my best and earliest friends. But an explanation soon took place. I related my adventures, and the midnight hour still found me seated between Edward and his affectionate wife, in all our former happiness and friendship. Before we parted, I prevailed upon them to have pity upon the desolate situation of their friend, and to take up their abode with a bachelor, who had nobody in the world to care for him but themselves, and who could not make a better use of his fortune

than to share it with those who loved him as they did.

Need I relate the sequel? In a few days we were happily situated together,—a considerable portion of Maria's property was restored to her, by the exertions of my worthy

solicitor,—Edward's creditor was satisfied,—I was happy,—and we were all happy. And now, reader, imperfect as this narration may be, thou mayest, if thou wilt, assuredly believe that it is neither more nor less than "*owre true a Tale.*"

TRANSLATION OF METASTASIO'S POEM, ENTITLED "LA LIBERTA."

*To Nicò.*

Now, thanks to the gods, the just rulers  
above,  
My soul has escap'd from the thralldom  
of love!  
I have broken your chains, I have conquer'd  
your smiles,  
And the vision of freedom no longer be-  
guiles.  
The flame is extinguish'd that glow'd in  
my breast;  
To revenge I'm a stranger,—my heart is  
at rest;  
No change in my colour your name when  
I hear,  
No throb in my breast when I see you  
appear.  
I dream—but my dreams are not always  
of you;  
I wake—but my thoughts other objects  
pursue;  
In your absence I care not to see you  
again,  
Your presence excites neither pleasure nor  
pain.  
Of your charms I can speak, and not feel  
my heart swell,—  
On my wrongs with the coolest compo-  
sure can dwell;  
Your beauty, once lov'd, unembarrass'd  
I view,  
I even can talk with my rival of you.  
Your looks may be proud, or your words  
may be kind;  
Your favour and scorn are the same to  
my mind;  
Your eloquent strains have now ceas'd to  
control;  
The darts of your eyes cannot pierce to  
my soul.  
If with grief I'm deprest, or with glad-  
ness elate,  
It is not that I care for your love or your  
hate;  
Without you, how bright is sweet Nature's  
fresh bloom!  
But with you, each scene is envelop'd in  
gloom.  
So candid I am that I still think you fair  
But yet not possess'd of a beauty so rare

As unrivall'd to be; nay, the truth must  
be told,  
In those features, once perfect, defects I  
behold.  
When I wrench'd out the dart, and ex-  
tinguish'd the flame,  
My heart almost broke, I confess it with  
shame;  
But where is the toil I would not  
undergo,  
To escape from the chains of oppression  
and woe?  
If once in the bird-lime the linnet is  
caught,  
With the loss of his plumage his freedom  
is bought;  
Soon new feathers grow, and his beauty  
repair,  
And with caution in future he shuns every  
snare.  
I know you will say, I am pain'd at my  
heart,  
That my proneness to speak is a proof of  
my smart;  
But I dwell on this theme, and of that be  
assur'd,  
As with pleasure we tell of the woes we  
endur'd.  
Thus the hero relates, when the battle is  
o'er,  
The dangers he met, and the toils that he  
bore;  
Thus the slave, if once cheer'd with  
sweet liberty's sound,  
Displays the hard fetters with which he  
was bound.  
I speak, it is true; but I only desire  
Myself to amuse, not belief to inspire;  
I speak—but my object is never to find,  
If my words you approve, if your heart is  
yet kind.  
It is hard to say who has most reason to  
grieve—  
You, a true heart to lose—I a false one  
to leave;  
You never can meet with a lover more  
true,  
Though one may be found as inconstant  
as you.



SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. VII.

Soon after the meeting of the Sixth General Assembly, the Queen set out on a progress through the west of Scotland. Knox mentions that mass was celebrated at all the places where she stopped. It was also performed, in her absence, for the benefit of such of her domestics as remained at Holyrood-house. The Act of Privy Council which was passed \* when the Queen came to Scotland certainly provided that neither she nor her domestics should be disturbed in the exercise of their religion. But this Act was never relished by the more zealous Reformers, and when it was proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh, the Earl of Arran took a formal protest against the toleration which it afforded to the service of the mass. It would appear, too, that, in the absence of the Queen, this service was performed with greater publicity and pomp. The Reformers naturally enough took offence at this, and sent some of their number to see who attended this idolatrous service. The domestics of the Queen, alarmed by their appearance, dispatched a messenger for the Laird of Pitarrow, who repaired in haste to the palace, accompanied by the Magistrates of Edinburgh,

and many of the Reformers. They found that no violence had been committed, but that Patrick Cranstoun had pushed into the Chapel, and demanded of the officiating priest how he dared, in the absence of the Queen, to proceed with a service which had been declared to be idolatry, and only to be tolerated in her presence. This matter being reported, and probably exaggerated, to the Queen, she summoned Cranstoun, and another person of the name of Armstrong, to answer for felony, and invasion of the Palace. Knox, with the concurrence of such of his brethren as were then in Edinburgh, wrote a circular letter, warning the Reformers to be at hand when the trial of these persons should take place. A copy of this letter, which may be seen in Knox's History, having been handed to the Queen, she summoned Knox before a meeting of the Privy Council, to answer for tumultuously and treasonably assembling her subjects. But his defence was so powerful, that, much to the mortification of the Queen, he was acquitted of any treasonable intention.

These proceedings took place about the middle of December. On the

\* Soon after her arrival, the Queen directed the furniture of her Chapel at Holyrood-house to be delivered into the custody of her almoner, Mr Archibald Crawford. The original inventory is still in the possession of the family of Crawfordland, and a copy of it is here subjoined, as illustrative of the "pomp and circumstance" of Catholic worship in Scotland at the time alluded to.

"Imprimis, tua blew damaiss capis, stripit wt gold. Item, tua reid welnouss, champit wt gold. Item, ane fyne caipe of claieth of gold, on blew welnouss feild. Item, three black welnouss carpis for the mort, ane of them studit wt gold. Item, tua tunikillis, wt ane chesabill of black welnouss, for the mort stand, wt three albis, annits, stolis, and savnanis and purse. Item, tua auld alter towalls. Item, ane frontall, and ane pendikill of black welnouss studit wt gold. Item, four tunikillis, twa chesabillis of fyne clayth of gold, wt three albis, stolis, savnanis, annitts and purse. Item, ane mess buik of parchment, wt ane antiphonate of parchment. Item, an coffer wt lok and key, within the glk thair is pt. of this foresaid garniture. Item, ane pendakill of silk, ane frontall of clayth of gold and purpour velvat."

By an acquittance dated 1567, it appears that the said Mr Archibald Crawford had also in keeping for the Queen—

"Ane sylver chales with the patery (border) gylt. Item, tua sylver chandelaris gylt. Item, ane watter fat, with ane watter styk (spout) gylt. Item, ane syliver bell gylt. Item, ane purse with ane boist gylt. Item, ane cup with ane cover and ane salver gylt. Item, ane crowat wt ane lyd gylt. Item, ane flaggon wt ane charger gylt. Item, twa hall crowatts."

It is doubtful, however, whether these vessels were employed in the service of the Chapel.

25th of that month, the General Assembly met in the New Tolbooth, Edinburgh. Besides "Ministers and Commissioners, Barons, Burgesses, and Gentlemen in great number," there were present "James Duke of Chatelerauld, Archibald Earl of Argyle, James Earl of Murray, James Earl of Morton, Alexander Earl of Glencairn, William Earl Marischal, William Maitland of Lethington, Secretary; Sir John Wishart of Pittarrow, Comptroller; Sir John Bannatyne of Achnoull, Justice-Clerk; the Superintendents of Angus, Lothian, Fife, and the West; Alexander, styled Bishop of Galloway, and Adam, Bishop of Orkney. The exhortation was made by Mr John Willock."

At the opening of the Assembly, the Ministers petitioned for more liberal stipends; and, according to Simson, (in his *Annals of the Scottish Church*,) represented tithes as the seamless garment of Christ, and not to be divided, without incurring the guilt and danger of sacrilege. Their petitions, however, were treated with contemptuous opposition by the Nobles, and those who had parted this garment among themselves, and a scene of angry and disgraceful invective ensued. When the tumult had in some measure subsided, Knox demanded the judgment of the Assembly in reference to his conduct in warning the friends of the reformed religion to repair to Edinburgh on the day when Cranstoun and Armstrong were to be put upon their trial. He pleaded that he had the same authority for doing what he had done, in this matter, as he had for preaching the doctrines of the Reformation; and declared, that, if his conduct was not justified, he would feel himself bound to retire from all the duties of the Ministry. The Assembly, however, found that he had formerly received a special commission to convene the members of the Church, when any danger should appear, and therefore acknowledged the summoning of the Reformers as their own act, and acquitted Knox of all blame—very much to the disappointment of the Queen and her party, who had thought that his conduct would have been condemned both by the Council and the Assembly.

Hitherto, the business of the Church had been managed without a President. But the heat which was displayed in the preliminary discussions of this Assembly seems to have shewn the propriety of some arrangement of this kind; and it was agreed, that, "for avoiding confusion in reasoning, a Moderator should be appointed to moderate during the time of every Assembly." This honourable duty during this Assembly was devolved on Mr John Willock, Superintendent of the west.

The First Session was occupied by the trial of the Superintendents. In the Buik of the Universal Kirk, the proceedings of the Second Session are altogether omitted; but it appears from Calderwood, that they were of the same kind as those of the First.

In the Third Session, complaints were lodged against several persons, in different parts of the country, for saying mass; and the Justice Clerk required the particulars to be authenticated and delivered to him, that he might call the accused to trial. It was also ordained, that the petitions of Ministers, relative to the payment of their stipends, should be given into their respective Superintendents, to be presented by them to the Lords of Secret Council; and that application should be made that every Minister have his stipend assigned to him in the bounds where he served; and that the provisions of the Act anent Manse and Glebes should be made more plain and explicit. Those who were in possession of tithes were urged to remit them to the labourers, for a reasonable composition in money or victual. Several of the Nobility and Barons, who were present, professed their willingness to do so; but the final adjustment of the measure was deferred; and, in the mean time, the Superintendents were enjoined to "travel" with all who held tithes in tack, for a remission or composition in behalf of the tenants. These exertions were honourable to the humanity and patriotism of the Ministers.

In the Fourth Session, a committee was named to revise the Book of Discipline, and report to the next Assembly, or to the Parliament, if it should meet in the interval. From this appointment, Keith is anxious



to infer (Book III., p. 529) that the authority of the Book of Discipline was not yet fully established: but the intention of the Committee was, not to question, but to confirm its authority; and the appointment of this committee is cited by Calderwood as an evidence that the Book of Discipline was all along recognised by the Assembly.

In this Session, Mr Andrew Johnston prayed that the sentence pronounced by the late Archbishop of St. Andrew's against him and his brother, for alleged heresies, should be removed. In consequence of this sentence, he had been deprived of his patrimony, and reduced to poverty. The Assembly readily granted his request, and ordained the Superintendent of Lothian, with the assistance of the Session of Edinburgh, to take the necessary steps for carrying it into effect.

John Baron, Minister of Gaston, having complained that his wife, Anne Goodacker, had deserted him, and fled to England, the Assembly ordained letters to be written to the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, requesting them to cause edicts to be proclaimed, in either of their bounds, or personal citation to be executed against the said Anne, that she should appear before the Superintendent of Lothian, and the Session of the Kirk of Edinburgh, within sixty days.

The parishioners of Calder repeated their complaint of being deprived of the ministrations of their pastor, since he had been appointed Superintendent, and required that he should either demit the office of Superintendent, or the parsonage of Calder. The Assembly judged the answer which was formerly given to this complaint to be sufficient, viz. that in the present scarcity of Ministers, the general interest of the Church could not be sacrificed to that of a single parish.

In the Fifth Session, David Rae, Minister of Forrester, who seems to have been too personal in his pulpit addresses, compared, and was admonished to "observe a decent order in doctrine, without inveighing otherwise than the text *sal* require."

The following Act ancient Residence deserves notice. "Forsameikle as

Ministers, Exhorters, and Reiders, remain not at the Kirks quher their Charge lyes, bot dwell in Townes farre distant frae the saids Kirks, quher throw the peiple want the continuall comfort quhilk their daylie presence sould give, be mutuall conference of the Minister with the Flocke; Heirfor the Kirk ordanes the Ministers, Exhorters, and Reiders, having Mansis to dwell in, that they make Residence at the same, and visite the seik as they may; and, quher the parochin is large, that the Minister crave the support of the Eldars and Deacons to help him in the said visitation."

Under the head "Of Burial," in the First Book of Discipline, the Reformers gave their opinion against singing or reading at the grave, and also against funeral sermons, as tending to superstition and inconvenience. But while they discharged all ceremonies which had been formerly used, they ordained that the dead should be "committed to the grave with such gravity and sobriety, as those that be present may seeme to fear the judgment of God, and to hate sin, which is the cause of death." For the burial of the poor, it was ordained, in this Session, that, in every landward parish, a bier should be provided, and that the family in which the person had died, with their immediate neighbours, or some out of every family, should convey the corps to the grave, which was to be six feet deep.

The Scottish Reformers enforced, with almost primitive strictness, the discipline of the Church against offences which called for public repentance: and in this Assembly several regulations were made to prevent the possibility of avoiding the censures of the Church.

In the Sixth Session, four women were delated for witchcraft, by the Superintendents of Fyfe and Gallo-way. But the Assembly devolved the matter upon the Privy Council. It was ordained in this Session, "That everie Superintendent, within his bounds, sould cause a Collection to be made for six brethren taken at Rouen, and detained in the galleys for want of ransom." The Earl of Glencairn was requested to concur with the Superintendent of the West,



in visiting the Hospital of Glasgow. Commissions were renewed for a year to several Ministers to plant Kirks in their respective districts. The remainder of the Session was occupied with cases of discipline. Robert Ramsay, in the district of Angus, was accused of entering into the ministry without election of the people, or admission of the Superintendent—of affirming that there was a mid-way between the Popish and reformed religion, and of borrowing money from the town of Inverness, to buy books, and not returning it. He was, in the mean time, suspended from the ministry, and ordained to compare at St. Andrew's on the 19th of January, before the Superintendent of Fife, who was to take farther trial of his case. Thomas Duncanson, Schoolmaster and Reader in Stirling, who had committed

fornication, was ordained, although he had made public repentance, to abstain from his office of Reader till the Church of Stirling made suit to the Superintendent, who should present their suit to the next Assembly. In like manner, Alexander Jarden, Minister of Kilspeindie, Inchture, and Raitt, who had committed fornication, although he had married the woman and satisfied the Church, was suspended from all function in the Ministry, till next Assembly. In addition to these cases, Petrie (*Century XVI.*, p. 242,) mentions the appointment of a Committee of five Ministers, to take cognition of the complaint made against George Leasly, Minister of Strathmiglo, and to notify their sentence to the Superintendent of Angus. But the nature of the complaint is not specified.

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#### HINTS REGARDING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

[We request the particular attention of our readers to the suggestion contained in the following communication. It is one in the adoption of which a great and valuable body of the community are immediately interested; and as it is perfectly simple and practicable, it is on that account the more deserving of, and the more likely to meet with due consideration. We think the proposed scheme an extremely happy thought, and too important to be lost.]

SIR,

It has often occurred to me, that the manifest advantages which have already resulted, not only to the lower orders, but to the community at large, from the School of Arts in Edinburgh, ought to have induced those possessed of sufficient influence to attempt the establishment of similar institutions in a number of our manufacturing towns. In such a country as this, where the class of mechanics and tradesmen, of every description, is particularly numerous, their instruction becomes a matter of moral, if I may so speak, as well as of national importance. A well-regulated institution, upon the simple, though singularly efficient plan of a School of Arts, is peculiarly fitted for the accomplishment of that end; and it is unnecessary, therefore, to be so particular here in explaining what I conceive to be the best scheme of internal management of such institutions, as in shewing the mere practicability of establishing them in

various provincial and manufacturing towns in Scotland.

The main difficulty that generally occurs, in forming plans of amelioration of any sort, is the want of pecuniary means to carry them into effect. This difficulty, in the case of which I am about to speak, is certainly, at first sight at least, a formidable one; for many of the manufacturing towns, in which it would be peculiarly desirable to disseminate scientific knowledge, are so small, and, except in so far as their manufactures are concerned, so inconsiderable, that it would evidently be preposterous to suppose that each of them could, independently, support its own institution. The expence, even of the apparatus necessary for performing scientific experiments, independently altogether of the Lecturer's salary, would be greater, perhaps, than such towns could be expected readily to defray.

The only other plan, therefore,

which seems at all practicable, and the one which it is the purpose of this paper to recommend, would be to class several neighbouring towns together, each contributing to purchase apparatus for their common use, and appointing one or more Lecturers to deliver the same series of lectures in the institution of each town successively.

In this way, a Lecturer with very ordinary activity, but with the necessary qualifications, of course, could easily deliver at least three or four courses of lectures in the year. There would be a difficulty, it is true, in transporting the apparatus from one town to another, but this difficulty could also be overcome; it would, in fact, resolve into a matter of mere skilful *packing*. What ought to be considered in the first place, therefore, is simply the best mode of getting different towns to unite in attempting such an experiment; and the first thing likely to induce them to do so, will be a satisfactory exposition of the practical means of carrying such experiment into effect.

I would not propose, then, that there might be such a variety of subjects treated of in provincial institutions as in the Edinburgh School of Arts. One Lecturer, indeed, would be sufficient for an institution. The course of lectures, for the first year, might, with advantage perhaps, be devoted exclusively to the elucidation of the simple principles of Natural and Mechanical Philosophy; and this department, I doubt not, would be found sufficiently extensive to engage the student's attention, and occupy the whole of his spare time during that course. But in case it were thought that a little more variety would be of advantage to the student, a Lecturer could be found, I should think, combining qualifications to treat various scientific and philosophical subjects on particular evenings; for instance, he might with advantage treat on the principles of Arithmetic, Algebra, or Geometry.

This course being finished at the first town, the Lecturer would then have only to repeat the same series of lectures to a class in the neighbouring town, and so on till he had completed a circuit of the towns in the district.

Next year he might enter upon a

different course—upon Chemistry, for example, and treat occasionally the subjects he had handled the year preceding, both in order to prepare the new students for such subjects, when, in a subsequent year, he came to lecture upon them exclusively, and also to refresh the memory of such students as had heard these subjects enlarged upon the year before. This course, after being repeated at the three or four towns comprehended in the district, would finish his labours for the second year. In the third, he might make the principles of Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry, the main topics of his lectures; again rendering Natural Philosophy, and also Chemistry, subordinate to that course; and in that year he might likewise explain the more obvious principles of Astronomy.

In the fourth year, it would be time to resume his lectures on the subjects with which he commenced, namely, Natural and Mechanical Philosophy. And I may here remark, that besides the new students which would join his class this year, he might safely count upon the attendance of many of those who had studied Chemistry and Arithmetic, &c., in the two preceding years. Thus a constant, though gradual, change of the students in his class would take place.

This, then, is an outline of what appears to me to be a most simple plan for establishing throughout the kingdom institutions of a nature which I doubt not would, ere long, prove invaluable to the country. I have stated the plan in its simplest form, that it may the more readily strike the mind of the reader; and the very circumstance that it is obviously susceptible of great improvement, goes so far to recommend the adoption of its principles, at least.

As to the expence of supporting such institutions, the gross fees received from the students in the different towns (after defraying the expence of apparatus) would, I should suppose, amount, at a very moderate calculation, to fifty pounds at least; and three or four towns would be miserably poor and destitute of public spirit indeed could they not, by their united efforts, add to that sum eighty or a hundred pounds more.

The salary which would thus be raised would be sufficient to induce many an individual, sufficiently qualified for a Lecturer, to compete for the office. The Divinity-Hall is itself an emporium of talent, fated to go down to oblivion unknown, for want of opportunities to call it into exertion. There is, in short, many an aspirant after a church—but who, unfortunately, will never get one—perfectly ready, and, I doubt not, able enough to fill a Lecturer's chair in a provincial town. It would be desirable, it is true, to obtain Lecturers combining scientific with practical knowledge; but it would be needless, I fear, to hope that persons so qualified could be found willing to undertake such a charge for so small a salary. But it will be observed, that the salary above counted upon is guessed at the very minimum.

From an actual experiment that has been made in a town in the south of Scotland, (the inhabitants of which are deserving of much credit, for the desire to diffuse useful knowledge which they have evinced,) I would not be afraid of an attempt to establish such institutions as those I have suggested failing on account of a paucity of pecuniary means. In Hawick, a School of Arts was begun last summer, and Mr Wilson of the School of Arts in Edinburgh was appointed Lecturer. The voluntary contributions of the inhabitants, aided by a handsome donation from a benevolent and very excellent individual\* in the neighbourhood, amounted to a sum sufficient to purchase a small assortment of apparatus, and to afford Mr Wilson a remuneration, with which he was at least satisfied. Now, Hawick is but a small town, containing, I understand, only about 5000 inhabitants. But if it can alone support a School of Arts, there is surely room to infer, with considerable probability of being pretty correct in the inference, that were Hawick to unite with some of the neighbouring towns—with Jedburgh and Kelso, for instance—a School of Arts upon a more extensive, and probably also upon a much more useful plan, might be erected in the first-mentioned town; and at

the same time schools of the same nature, equally extensive and efficient, might be established in the other two towns. In the same way, Schools of Arts might be formed in all the towns in Scotland—dividing them into districts of three or four towns each, as in the case above supposed.

An attempt is now making to form a scientific institution in Dundee, similar to that of Edinburgh; but from what I have heard of the plans proposed by the *scavans* of Dundee, I think, with all deference to their views, that they are attempting too much at first. The institution in Dundee, from what I have heard of it, is meant to be adapted to the instruction of mechanics exclusively. But for more reasons than one, this is doubtful, if not evidently bad policy; for, in the first place, were people of every description invited and encouraged to become students, the funds would be thereby so much increased, the whole body of the institution would be strengthened, and its stability rendered doubly secure. In the next place, students, not actually mechanics or tradesmen, would have an opportunity of being instructed in matters of useful knowledge, of which they might otherwise remain as ignorant as the most illiterate mechanic. And, lastly, the attendance of genteel lads, and even school-boys advanced in their education, would render the institution many degrees more respectable, and command a greater decorum in the class. One of the most pleasing peculiarities, indeed, which strike a visitor in the Edinburgh School of Arts, is the remarkable decency in appearance and neatness in the dress of almost every student in it; and much of this may be attributed, I doubt not, to the circumstance that genteel people send their sons to it as students, and even a certain number of subscribers are permitted to be regular auditors. But the first is the most important consideration in reference to a School of Arts in a country town, where it would be necessary to make every exertion in order to raise pecuniary means. In every view, however, it would be necessary,

\* James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers.



and at all events most advisable, to use every means for securing an attendance of miscellaneous students in a provincial institution.

The last remark with which I shall at present trouble you is, that such institutions are so evidently advantageous to the country in general, and so conducive to the improvement of young tradesmen, not only in a secular point of view; but also in regard to their morals, that they are deserving in an eminent degree of parliamentary encouragement. It is not when the mechanic has his tools in his hand, or when the tradesman sits on his loom, that he ruins his own morals and those of others, by debauchery and seduction. The few hours which he ought to spend in relaxation, or devote to study after retiring from the workshop, are set apart for these purposes; and instead of becoming useful to society, therefore, he too often becomes in it a moral pest. But the prevention of these evils is only consequent upon such institutions as Schools of Arts. Indeed I would not urge this as a reason for inducing Parliament to patronize them. I would rather point out the palpable good that would accrue to the nation by training up a body of scientific mechanics and operatives to carry our manufactures to still greater perfection; and at the same time, nothing could so materially contribute to raise their moral grade in society. There is

something salutary, indeed, to the feelings of a mechanic, and ameliorating to his whole character in the mere abstract, though very influential circumstance, of his undergoing a course of education so nearly resembling that which is followed by those of the learned professions in seminaries and colleges.

Though there is something moral, certainly, in the idea of establishing throughout the country such secondary colleges, if I may so designate them, upon a plan so systematic as that which I have ventured to suggest, yet the scheme is not destitute, in my estimation at least, of something approaching to grandeur; while there appears to be nothing in it at all extravagant, or even impracticable. The practical result, however, not the mere honour, which such institutions would reflect upon the country, is what ought, in such a case as the present, to be chiefly counted upon; and we have pretty sure data before us, from which to infer, that that result would be of a nature incalculably profitable and advantageous to the nation. I should think, therefore, that were the matter fairly laid before Parliament, a grant of a few thousands would not be grudged, to establish these institutions upon a more enlarged and useful plan than any that could be adopted without such aid.

PHILALETHICUS.

Nov. 4, 1824.

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#### DOCUMENTS IN THE COAL AND OIL GAS CONTROVERSY.

THE following Documents are of sufficient importance to deserve to be embodied in some more permanent Register than flying Pamphlets, or the columns of a Newspaper. We have therefore resolved to devote a few of our pages to this (as we flatter ourselves) useful purpose. The question at issue is one in which the public at present take a great interest, both in a commercial and scientific point of view; and though there cannot be a doubt of the conclusion at which all persons competent to investigate the subject must ultimately arrive, the Memorials of the Controversy are worthy of being preserved, and will perhaps be sought after with avidity, when the petty hostility with which a great name in science is now so industriously, but ineffectually assailed, will only be remembered to be pitied and despired.

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#### *Illuminating Powers and Comparative Prices of Gas from Coal and Oil.*

THE attention of the Directors of the Edinburgh Gas Light Company was early directed to the lighting from Oil Gas,

with a view to ascertain how far it might at any future period, become prudent to adopt its manufacture in the Establishment under their charge, either in conjunction with that of Coal Gas, or by itself, to the exclusion of the latter; but

they were soon convinced that there could be no competition of Oil with Coal Gas, in point of economy. As a profitable adventure, therefore, they gave up all thoughts of recommending it to their constituents.

Since the formation of a most respectable Company in our city for supplying it with Oil Gas, much has been said and written on the comparative illuminating power of Oil and Coal Gases; and the Directors naturally became most desirous, by actual experiments, to arrive at the truth of the various discrepant statements, tending (many of them) most materially to undervalue the qualities of Coal Gas, and to place the superiority of Oil Gas beyond all possible question.

At the commencement of last winter, the Directors, therefore, earnestly requested the favour of Professor Leslie's undertaking a series of such experiments, solely for their *private* information. But the very incorrect and unfounded assertions that are continued to be made on this subject, would render the Directors chargeable with a want of duty to the Proprietors of their Company and to the public, if they refrained from publishing the following letter, which they received the other day from that learned Professor, confirming most explicitly the opinion which the Directors had formed on this subject.

*" To the Directors of the  
Edinburgh Gas-Light Company.*

*Edinburgh, 19th July 1824.*

" GENTLEMEN,

" The various discrepant accounts, and the confident assertions, repeated, I suspect, without due examination, concerning the relative advantages of the Coal and the Oil Gas, made me desirous of instituting an inquiry into the subject, with more precise and accurate means of investigation than had been generally employed. Your invitation last winter to make experiments on this important subject prompted me to defer this research no longer; but as I projected several changes and modifications in the instruments to be used, I could not conveniently commence the operations till within these few weeks. I am now engaged in the prosecution of an extensive series of such experiments, which promise all the information that could be desired.

" Though I have had time to explore a part only of the subject, yet the results, however different from the common averments, are consistent and satisfactory, and may be deemed important. I therefore think it right to make a report at this stage of the inquiry, but shall

confine my remarks to two points; 1st, the comparative Density of the Gases; and, 2d, their relative powers of illumination.

" *First*, The Density of your Coal-Gas commonly does not much exceed *six-tenths* of that of atmospheric air: when I began the operations, its density was only  $\cdot 593$ ; but it was afterwards  $\cdot 618$ , and is now  $\cdot 623$ . In winter I once found it to be  $\cdot 680$ , and at another time as high as  $\cdot 700$ , though it was oftener at  $\cdot 600$ . The variation, I presume, seldom exceeds the *eighth* part.

" A small quantity of Oil Gas, procured for the experiments, I found to have the specific gravity of only  $\cdot 674$ , not greater, indeed, than that of your Coal Gas, when made of the best coal. The Oil Gas, however, furnished by Mr Milne, manufactured on a small scale, and apparently with great care, at his works, was materially denser, being as high as  $\cdot 943$ , though, on a former occasion, I found it to be only  $810$ .

" If we assume in round numbers the density of Coal and Oil Gas to be six and nine-tenths of that of atmospheric air, it is easy to compute, that, under the pressure of half an inch of water, the quantities discharged from the burner No. I, of the Oil Gas, which contains ten holes, each having the  $\frac{1}{40}$  of an inch in diameter, would be respectively  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $3\frac{5}{8}$  cubic feet. The quantities actually consumed, however, are only about the halves of these measures, because the aperture is always contracted by partly shutting the cock, to bring the flame to the same standard height. When the flame is thus regulated, I find the consumption of the same Gas, and with the same burner, always the same, whatever may be the load placed on the Gasometer. For instance, after increasing the load four times, and consequently doubling the velocity of discharge, yet, on adjusting the cock, so as to reduce the flame to its former height, the expenditure of the Gas was not altered.

" *Second*, The illuminating powers of the two Gases were measured with great accuracy, by the application of my Photometer, which I had somewhat modified, to exclude every irregular influence of heat. The indications were steady, and easily noted, nor could the judgment of the observer be liable, as in other cases, to any sort of bias or indecision. It hence appears to be ascertained, that with the same burner the powers of illumination of different Gases, and of the same Gas in different states, are very nearly proportional to their densities. The same weight of Gas of any kind gives out the same

quantity of light; but if equal bulks be taken, the illuminating powers follow the ratio of their densities. But the quantity of light emitted is not uniformly proportioned to the measure of the Gas expended. A certain burner, for instance, was observed to produce double the illuminating effect, though it consumed only one-half more of either species of Gas. With No. 1, of the Oil Gas burner, the relative illumination of Mr Milne's Oil Gas to that of your Coal Gas, was found to be, as six to five. But a cubic foot of the former lasted thirty-eight minutes, while a cubic foot of the Coal Gas was spent in thirty minutes and a half. The relative volumes consumed were hence, in the space of an hour, 1.58 and 1.97, or in the ratio of four to five. Wherefore, while five cubic feet of Coal Gas give five degrees of light, four cubic feet of the best Oil Gas give six degrees; that is, for equal volumes, the illuminating power of the Oil to the Coal Gas is as *three to two*. The same conclusion was obtained on passing those several Gases successively through the Argand Coal Gas burner No. 2.

"Thus the illumination of Oil Gas is actually less than the half of what has been currently asserted.

"I have the honour to be,

"GENTLEMEN,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN LESLIE."

From the ratio of illuminating power, which Professor Leslie has thus found to subsist between Oil and Coal Gas, it follows that 1000 cubic feet of the former are equal to 1500 cubic feet of the latter, giving out the same quantity of light, and being in every respect equal in value.

The lowest price at which Oil Gas has yet been sold is 40s. per 1000 cubic feet, and that of Coal Gas in Edinburgh is 12s. per 1000 cubic feet.

Thus the price of 1000 cubic feet of Oil Gas is £2 0 0

And the price of 1500 cubic feet of Coal Gas (affording the same degree of light) is 0 18 0

Hence, there is a saving, by the use of Coal Gas, of £1 2 0

Or, in other words, the same quantity of light which, when produced from Oil Gas, will cost £20, will cost only £9 when produced from Coal Gas.

By order of the Governor and Directors,

ALEX. KIDD, Sec.

Edinburgh Gas-Light Company's }  
Office, 26th July, 1914. }

*Illuminating powers of Gas from Coal and Oil.*

*To the Proprietors of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Light Company.*

The Directors of the Oil Gas Light Company, upon observing a widely-circulated statement, by the Managers of the Edinburgh Gas Light Company, transmitting the opinion of Professor Leslie on the relative illuminating power of the Coal and the Oil Gas, found, that their duty to their constituents and to the public required a minute and careful examination of the results pointed out by the learned Professor;—such results being not only prejudicial to the undertaking of the Oil Gas Company, but, in so far as the Directors know, contradictory of all that has hitherto been stated upon the subject. The Directors saw, at the same time, the propriety, from respect to the high scientific character of Mr Leslie, and still more in justice to their constituents and to their own characters, of proceeding with the most scrupulous care, in their investigation of this important subject.

Two modes occurred to the Directors of proceeding in this inquiry: *First*, By philosophical experiments, conducted by persons of scientific eminence: *Secondly*, By ascertaining how the merits of the two modes of lighting have borne comparisons with each other, where the experiment was conducted on an extensive and practical scale, by rival Companies. They have now the honour to lay before their constituents the result of their inquiries upon both points, with the reports on which those results are founded; and have, at the same time, the pleasure to congratulate the Proprietors upon these being in every respect highly satisfactory.

In inviting persons of science to assist them in investigating this subject, the Directors of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Light Company have been particularly careful to avoid calling in the assistance of any of those interested in the Company's prosperity, as shareholders, or otherwise;—because, such must be, in some measure, regarded as parties interested;—and, because the most acute minds, in the prosecution of a train of experiments in which their own credit and interest are less or more concerned, have been frequently found to arrive at conclusions rather corresponding to previously-conceived wishes and opinions, than to accurate deduction from fact, on philosophical principle. The Gentlemen of science to whom the Directors submitted Mr Leslie's statements, which aver the superiority of the Gas Light from Coal, to that formed from Oil, are, Dr Turner, Lecturer on Chemistry in this city, and Dr Christison, Professor



of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh;—Gentlemen, whose competence to the task of investigation cannot be disputed; and the Directors had also a separate communication to the same effect, with the celebrated Dr Brewster. None of these gentlemen are proprietors of the Oil Gas Light Company; and Dr Brewster is interested as a shareholder in that of Coal Gas; so that his prejudices, (supposing him to be capable of entertaining any,) must have been opposite to the result, to which it will presently be seen he was conducted by his experiments.

It is the unanimous opinion of these learned Gentlemen, (concurring with that of almost every chemist who had previously given attention to the subject,) that, according to the most accurate experiments hitherto performed, the proportion of the Oil Gas Light, in comparison to that of Coal, varies, between two and a half, to three and a half, to one;—being the proportion which the Directors of the Oil Gas Light Company have always announced to the public, instead of being only as three to two, the proportion stated by Mr Leslie. The same eminent chemists have stated, in different terms, but to the same effect, that Mr Leslie's apparent miscalculations have arisen in this instance from his trusting to an instrument of his own device or adoption, termed a Photometer, affected in a much greater degree by heat than by light, and thus rendered utterly unfit for measuring light alone. It is true that Mr Leslie announced that this instrument was "somewhat modified," for the purpose of conducting this investigation; but the nature of the alteration is no where explained; and that which has been surmised as the process is, in the opinion of Drs Turner and Christison, totally inadequate to render the Photometer an accurate mode of measuring light. Yet it is upon the results obtained by this instrument alone, said to have been "somewhat modified," to render it applicable to a purpose for which it is quite unsuitable, that Mr Leslie's isolated opinion—respectable as the Directors admit it to be—is opposed, in solitary dignity, to that of almost every other chemist who has investigated the subject. It has always been objected to the Coal Gas, that it emits, during consumption, an inconvenient degree of heat; and if the Photometer, faithful as an indicator of heat, confirms this fact, it is no more than has been always known and insisted upon, as rendering it very unfit for domestic purposes, and inferior, in proportion, to that procured from Oil.

The Directors have to solicit the attention of the proprietors to the important evidence supplied by the Letter of Mr Pollock, Secretary to the Oil Gas Company of Dublin, which, supported by documents of the highest respectability, shows plainly the superiority of Oil Gas, when in opposition, not to one, but to two Coal Gas Companies. This, it may be observed, depends upon no train of experiments, conducted in the solitude of a chemist's laboratory, by an instrument confessedly inaccurate, until said to be adapted to an investigation for which it was not suitable, by some slight modification, which remains unexplained; but, on the contrary, rests upon the opinion formed by the public at large, where a fair opportunity had been afforded them, of judging for themselves, and adopting that species of light which should be found most brilliant, wholesome, and economical.

The Directors of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Light Company regret the necessity of thus replying to the charge pretty directly launched against them, of having circulated "discrepant statements," and "confident assertions," suspected to be made without due examination, respecting the relative advantages of the Oil and Coal Gas. They indeed asserted, upon the authority of Brande, Phillips, Faraday, Henry, Hawes, Ricardo, Dewey, and other competent judges, that the powers of the Oil Gas, compared to the Coal Gas, are from two and a half, to three and a half, to one, according to the quality of the Gases. In this, the opinions so formed have been contradicted on the authority of one instrument, which is better calculated to measure heat than light, and indicates total darkness, and is insensible to the light of four wax candles, when removed at such a distance, that their heat does not affect it. They beg leave to appeal from so incompetent and inconsistent an authority, to the actual experience of the public, who, if not willing to decide, when men of eminence disagree, will speedily, like the citizens of Dublin, have a more satisfactory opportunity of deciding the question by their own experience.

In conclusion, the Directors, without entering more into detail, have no hesitation in stating their conviction, that the price of Oil Gas, besides the other advantages attending it, will be found, upon trial, not to exceed the price of Gas produced from Coal.

By order of the Directors,

ROD. MACKENZIE, Sec.

Edinburgh, 6th October, 1824.

*Letter from Edward Turner, M. D. Lecturer on Chemistry, Edinburgh, and Robert Christison, M. D. Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh.*

*Edinburgh, 9th Sept. 1824.*

GENTLEMEN,

We have considered, at your request, Professor Leslie's Letter of the 19th July to the Coal Gas Proprietors, relative to the illuminating power of Oil and Coal Gases, and have made a variety of experiments, with the view of ascertaining what weight may be attached to the statement there given.

Before the appearance of his letter, the public were in possession of results differing materially from those obtained by Professor Leslie, but agreeing very closely with each other, although procured by various unconnected experiments. Mr Brande found the relation between the light of Oil Gas and Coal Gas to be as  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1; Messrs Philips and Faraday as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 1; and Mr Dewey, who was sent from the United States to examine the chief Gas Works in Britain, confirmed the results of the two last Gentlemen. Other persons of less note have likewise published on the subject, some of whom assign to the Oil Gas so high a comparative power as 4, and others one so low as 9-5ths. But, for several reasons, the opinions of Messrs Brande, Phillips, Faraday, and Dewey, appear to us most worthy of confidence.

The singular and unexpected conclusions, at which Professor Leslie has arrived, could not fail, therefore, to excite some distrust of their legitimacy; and accordingly, we apprehend, he has allowed himself to commit an important oversight, in relying on the indications of his Photometer. Although many objections exist to the employment of this instrument as a measurer of light, (so that, after being known upwards of 20 years, it has not hitherto been recognized by the scientific world,) yet these objections have nowhere been very forcibly stated. This it is high time to do, now that an attempt is made to apply it to a practical purpose of such vast consequence.

We have examined, with some care, the fallacies to which it is liable; and have thus been led to the following conclusions, which you will at once perceive render the Photometer totally incapable of determining the point in question.

I. It is not a sufficiently delicate instrument. It indicates total darkness in the brightest moonshine, and at the distance of a few feet from *four* wax candles burning with their fullest intensity.

II. When placed at different distances from a light, it does not indicate the corresponding intensities. Thus, at the half of any given distance, instead of indicating *four* times the light, as it ought to do, it indicates only a little more than *twice* the light.

III. It is powerfully affected by *heat*, as well as by *light*; a fact which is easily proved, by placing it before a ball of iron heated, but not so as to be luminous, or even before a vessel of boiling water. This objection has great force, because it is well known that the relation of the light to the heat, emitted by burning bodies, is very far from being the same; and, consequently, a body burning with less light and more heat may influence the Photometer as much as, or even more, than another which burns with greater light, and less heat.

Professor Leslie, obviously aware of this difficulty, says, he has arranged his apparatus so as to "exclude the irregular influence of heat;" and although no mention is made of the manner in which this was effected, it is understood to have been done by interposing screens of some transparent material between the lights and the instrument, under the belief that the heat (for a certain period at least) is absorbed by the screens, while the light alone passes through to the Photometer. It has been shown, however, by a late celebrated chemist, (De Laroche,) that a large proportion of the heat is transmitted, or *radiated*, at once through such a screen, just as through the air itself. As we are not aware that the experiments now referred to have ever been publicly confirmed, we have investigated the subject anew, and in a different way from that resorted to by De Laroche; and the results obtained agree with his, both in substance, and even also, in some instances, numerically. Hence it is impossible to exclude the irregular influence of heat in the way attempted.

The Committee will readily perceive how much this fact takes away from the value of Professor Leslie's results, since the Coal Gas, which gives, according to his Photometer, so brilliant a light, greatly exceeds the Oil Gas in its heating power. We apprehend, therefore, that the Company must recur, for the present, to the statements given by Messrs Brande, Phillips, Faraday, and Dewey. We have made preparations for repeating and varying the researches of these gentlemen, and will acquaint you with the results as soon as possible.

It is our purpose to support the conclusions stated above, by publishing, at an early opportunity, the experiments on

which they are founded. Meanwhile, we may mention, for your satisfaction, that the essential part of them have been exhibited before Dr Brewster, and Dr Duncan, jun. who expressed themselves satisfied of their accuracy.

We have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient Servants,

(Signed) EDWARD TURNER.

R. CHRISTISON.

To the Directors of the  
*Edinburgh Oil Gas Light Company.*

*Letter from Dr D. Brewster, F. R. S.*

&c. &c.

*Allerly, September 14, 1824.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN compliance with your request, I have examined the results obtained by Professor Leslie, respecting the illuminating powers of Oil and Coal Gas, and I now beg leave to state to you my opinion of them, and the grounds upon which it has been formed.

1. The instrument, called a *Photometer*, by which these results were obtained, though bearing the name of Professor Leslie, was proposed in 1760 by the celebrated Prussian philosopher, M. Lambert; but he proposed it only to point out its inaccuracy, and he never used it in his numerous experiments on the Mensuration of Light, which he has recorded in his admirable work on Photometry.

2. This instrument, even if it were correct in theory, is entirely useless in practice, as it indicates *total darkness* when exposed to the light of the brightest moon, though condensed many hundred times by the most powerful burning lenses or mirrors.

3. The Photometer under consideration is founded on the assumption that the quantity of heat in any beam of light increases and diminishes in the same proportion as the intensity of the light; whereas it is well known, that between a mass of hot iron, where there is plenty of heat and no light, and the brightest moonbeam, where there is plenty of light and no heat, there is an infinite number of cases of combustion where the light and heat are combined in various proportions.

4. Although the Thermometrical Photometer has been known to the public for sixty-four years, and Mr Leslie's revived instrument for more than twenty, yet it has never been regarded by men of science as of any utility; and, so far as I know, has never been used by any philosopher whatever.

5. When Mr Leslie's instrument was first made for sale, the illustrious philosopher, Sir William Herschel, examined it with great care; but he found it to give such inconsistent and absurd results, that he rejected it as unfit for any useful purpose. This fact Sir William communicated to me in a letter written soon after he made the experiments.

6. As the Coal Gas is known to give out, during its combustion, a much greater quantity of heat than the Oil Gas, any person acquainted with the Thermometrical Photometer could have foretold that such an instrument would ascribe to the Coal Gas a much greater, and to the Oil Gas a much less, illuminating power than actually belongs to them.

7. For the reasons above assigned, I am decidedly of opinion that there is no method which can be relied upon for determining the relative degrees of illumination of Oil and Coal Gas, but the method of shadows, devised by Count Rumford, which measures the actual light emitted by each flame, independent of all theories and suppositions; and as I believe Mr Brande and other chemists used this method in their comparative trials, I am of opinion that the ratio of the illuminating powers of Oil and Coal Gas should be considered as between  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, and 3 to 1, till other experiments, made by the method of shadows, shall establish a different proportion.

In concluding this letter, I beg leave to state, that I was present at the repetition of several well-devised and accurately-conducted experiments with Mr Leslie's Photometer, made by Drs Turner and Christison, and that I entirely concur in the conclusions which these Gentlemen have drawn from them, respecting the incorrectness of the instrument, and the fallacy of its results.

I have the honour to be,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) D. BREWSTER.

To the Directors of the  
*Oil Gas Company of Edinburgh.*

*Letter from John Pollock, Esq. Secretary  
to the Oil Gas Company Dublin.*

*Oil Gas Light Office,  
Dublin, 21st September 1824.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN compliance with your request, that I would furnish you with a few particulars relative to the Gas Establishments of this city, and especially with regard to the one with which I am connected, I subjoin a few details, which, I believe, will be found accurate.



The Dublin Coal Gas Company was formed in 1821. They have lately, however, sold their works and whole concern to the General Gas Company of London. The Hibernian Coal Gas Company was instituted in 1823. The Dublin Oil Gas Light Company commenced their regular operations in the beginning of last winter; and I am happy to say, that, notwithstanding every effort by the two opposing Coal Gas Companies, we have succeeded beyond our expectations,—although the Coal Gas has been improved as far as it is believed possible to improve it. We have already actually gained upwards of 700 lights from Coal Gas, in addition to our own regular consumers; and at the very moment I am writing, the requisite measures are proceeding, to make a change from Coal Gas to Oil Gas, on the 29th instant, (quarter-day,) in a very large establishment, where there are upwards of 100 lights. This is in the Royal Arcade, the property of a very intelligent citizen, Mr Home. There are in this concern a number of fancy and other shops, the occupiers of which have found so much inconvenience from the use of Coal Gas, that they have addressed a letter to Mr Home, (a copy of which is annexed,) requesting him to change to the Oil Gas, with which request he has complied. Every quarter-day we obtain from ten to twenty shops and houses from the Coal Gas. The churches of St. John's, St. Bride's, St. Thomas's, and St. Catherine's, with several dissenting places of worship, are lighted with Oil Gas. The two first-mentioned churches were lighted with Coal Gas, but the managers were compelled to turn it out. Only one church, St. Andrew's, is now lighted with Coal Gas. Within the last week we have received orders from the governors of several hospitals to light them with Oil Gas. The private houses of many gentlemen of rank in this city have been lighted by us for some time, all of whom express the greatest satisfaction in the use of Oil Gas, on account of its freedom from all injurious qualities. Among others, are lighted the houses of Sir J. K. James, Bart.; Hon. and Rev. J. Pomeroy; Sir William Betham; S. Kildalk, Esq.; J. Beaty, Esq. M. D.; &c. &c. &c. Nearly all the public and most fashionable hotels and public buildings are lighted by Oil Gas; namely, Gresham's, O'Dienne's, Bittow's, Ryeland's, Dwyer's, and Hope's hotels; the Mansion-house, the interior of the Post-Office, the Rotunda Rooms and Gardens, the Club House Sackville-Street, and the Dublin Institution. The latter establishment is scientific; the managers paid at

first a fixed rate for the Oil Gas, but were so pleased with it, that they agreed to pay, by measure, on their being informed that we could not continue to supply them at a fixed rate.

The interior of the Post Office was formerly lighted with Coal Gas, but on representation of the clerks, who stated that they could not continue in the Office if Coal Gas was used, the Post-Master-General ordered it to be lighted with Oil Gas,—you will find subjoined a certificate by Sir E. S. Lees, the Secretary, relative thereto, which he wrote after Oil Gas had been used a considerable time. It may be well to mention, that last Session of Parliament the same Gentleman was called on to furnish Parliament with a certificate to the same effect, which he did in a much stronger manner in favour of Oil Gas than the one now subjoined. I should suppose that the foregoing detail, as to the use of Oil Gas in this city, will be ample; but if you wish for more evidence, I shall feel no difficulty in supplying you. I shall only add, that the only part of the city lighted by Gas at present is lighted by Oil Gas, that is Rutland Square.

I was very much surprised by the statements made by Professor Leslie, in his letter to the Edinburgh Coal Gas Company, and cannot conceive how he found the results he has published, they differ so materially from all who have gone before him, and can be so easily controverted. The authority of Professor Brande, of Dr Henry, of M. Ricardo, Esq., Michael Farady, Esq. F.R.S., Richard Phillips, Esq. F.R.S., Benjamin Hawes, Esq., and Dr Barker, Professor of Chemistry, Trinity College, Dublin, not one of whom make the relative illuminating powers of Oil and Coal Gases less than  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 1, are not so easily overturned as to be esteemed as nothing, when compared with the isolated statement of Professor Leslie. It has never been disputed in Dublin, notwithstanding the conflicting interests, that Oil Gas, in illuminating power, is to Coal Gas as 3 or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to 1.

If Professor Leslie would condescend to resume his experiments on Oil Gas, manufactured on a large scale, I am quite confident that he would find the results far different from those he has published. He is evidently not aware that Oil Gas, manufactured on a small scale, is so deficient in specific gravity, that it consumes in much larger quantity, in proportion to the light given, than when it is manufactured on a large scale. The condensed Oil, which goes to waste, is also much greater, in proportion, in a small, than

in a large quantity of Gas. As to the produce of Gas from a given quantity of Oil, I can only state from actual experience, that from a gallon, Irish gauge, of good Whale Oil, I have got even 110 cubic feet. The Irish gauge is one-sixteenth less than the English. Oil Gas advocates in England found their calculations, on 100 cubic feet only being produced from one gallon of Oil, English gauge. The point I have stated I am willing to verify. The charge for Coal Gas in Dublin is 15s. per 1000 cubic feet, and for Oil Gas, 54s. 2d. We do not supply the Oil Gas in any case except by the meter; and yet we are gaining ground in the manner stated in the beginning of this letter. The Coal Gas Companies charge by a fixed rate for each burner; our charge of 54s. 2d. per 1000 feet is regulated by the relative proportion of the Gases generally acknowledged;—54s. 2d. being to 15s. about as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  is to 1. And it is my decided opinion, that in all cases where Oil Gas is burned fairly, and not allowed to run to waste, it will be found as cheap, if not cheaper, than Coal Gas. But the strongest fact, as to this point, will be found in the Parliamentary documents, which appear in the Report relative to the Bristol Oil Gas Bill, when applied for two Sessions ago. The Collectors of some of the Oil, and also of the Coal Gas Works, exhibited their different rates before a Committee of the House, when it appeared, that, on an average, the Oil Gas was quite as low as Coal Gas. I am sorry my time is so limited that I cannot go farther into detail at present, and I remain.

GENTLEMEN,

Your very obedient Servant,

(Signed) JOHN POLLOCK, Sec.

To the Directors of the  
Edinburgh Gas-Light Company.

*Extract of a Letter from Dr Barker, Professor of Chemistry, Trinity College, Dublin, to the Directors of the Dublin Oil Gas Company.*

"I FEEL myself bound to declare, that I believe this to be the best, the most economical, and the safest mode of obtaining light; and I am also confident that a Lecturer on Chemistry, and his pupils, would derive many advantages from a supply of Oil Gas to be used at Lecture."

*Extract of a Letter from Sir E. S. Lees, Secretary General Post-Office, Dublin, to the Directors of the Dublin Oil Gas Company.*

"I CAN have no hesitation in stating, that, so far as the experiment of produ-

cing light from Oil Gas has been made in the Post Office, it has completely succeeded. A light extremely brilliant has been produced, completely exempt from unpleasant odour, and equally free from soiling quality. I am thoroughly convinced of its superiority over Gas hitherto attempted in the Post-Office, in respect to the considerations above mentioned."

*Letter from the Shopkeepers of the Royal Arcade, Dublin, to Mr George Home, the Proprietor.*

"September 1824.

"SIR,

"WE, the undersigned, occupants of shops in the Royal Arcade, being desirous of enjoying the advantages peculiar to Oil Gas, particularly as regards its freedom from tarnishing fancy or plated goods, will be obliged by your taking the necessary steps to insure us so desirable a light before the ensuing winter.

(Signed)

"Charles Smith, Edward M'Culloch, Robert Morran, Samuel Dixon, M. Baile, John Lawless, James Morran, William Elsegood, E. Walsh, Peirce Brett, E. Fitzgerald, John Jackson, Henry Thomas Dobbie."

*Report of the Bishop of Kildare, and Drs Brooke and Pentland, a Committee of the Managers of the Dublin Lying-in-Hospital, appointed to examine the Dublin Gas Lights, and to report.*

*Lying-in-Hospital, 9th Aug. 1822.*

YOUR Committee, &c. have carefully examined the Gas Lights produced by the Oil and Coal Companies, respectively.

There can be no doubt, that both kinds of light are applicable to the public streets; but we find that in the intensity of light, the Oil Gas has the superiority at least of three to one. The escape of Coal Gas not ignited is attended with a very disagreeable smell; but that of the Oil is little or nothing unpleasant.

We are of opinion that the Oil Gas may be safely and beneficially introduced into any rooms or passages whatsoever; but we are aware that the light of the Coal Gas is not so free from noxious effluvia; and, upon the whole, your Committee are of opinion, that if any light by Gas shall be used in, or near this Hospital, the Oil Gas ought to have the preference.

CHARLES KILDARE.

WM. BROOKE.

J. PENTLAND.

*Vindex's Letter to the Editor of the Ca-  
ledonian Mercury.*

"SIR,

"The Oil Gas Company of Edinburgh, in their eagerness to occupy the market, having circulated industriously a paper injurious to the interests of the Coal Gas Company, the Directors of this establishment found themselves reluctantly compelled to publish an unvarnished statement of the facts in their possession. After the lapse of two months, the rival company has returned to the charge, and brought forth a very bulky and patched report, which, except an attempt to deny the *originality* and accuracy of the Photometer invented by Professor Leslie, and employed by him in comparing the illuminating power of the two sorts of Gas, contains nothing new, and leaves the main question exactly where it stood. Instead of plunging into a philosophical dispute, one should have expected that they would have instituted accurate trials of the illumination of the Gas manufactured at Edinburgh, by the favourite method of shadows; but if any such experiments have been yet made, we must conclude that these turned out unfavourably, else the Company would surely not have failed to communicate the results. In the mean time, they would persuade the public, that though the superior illuminating power of Oil Gas above Coal Gas has been reduced, by successive observers, from 4 to 3, and even to 2, these various statements are not discrepant, "but agree closely;" and they modestly take three to be the just proportion. They very prudently pass over in silence the recent and careful experiments of Dr Fyfe, who has obtained, both by a comparison of shadows, and by the relative measure of Olifant Gas, almost the same results as Professor Leslie derived from a very different principle. That those experiments should give  $1\frac{1}{2}$  instead of 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , assigned as the comparative illumination of the two kinds of Gas by the trials at Bristol—the most correct of all those previously made—may be fairly attributed to the superior quality of the Edinburgh Coal Gas, which is generally allowed to be better than any other, except, perhaps, that of Glasgow.

"Not content with depreciating the Photometer of Mr Leslie, the report labours, with singular consistency, to convey a pretty intelligible hint, that the Professor's judgment was biased by the circumstance of his holding some shares in the stock of the Coal Gas Company. Such insinuations savour more of the spirit of petty traders, than becomes the high cha-

racter maintained by several of the rival Directors.

"To set the public right, therefore, they have employed two young chemists, not proprietors of the Coal Gas Company, and have joined with them, as a sort of champion, the "celebrated" Dr Brewster, who, though a proprietor of that Company, comes forward to bear his testimony, it would seem, out of pure zeal for the dissemination of truth. Though he brings up the rear, I shall honour his communication with the first notice, and examine in their order the series of aphorisms in which it is contained.

"1st, Dr Brewster displays the extent of his research, by acquainting the public with a fact which none of the learned of the present age had ever surmised, that the Photometer invented by Professor Leslie was really discovered before the year 1760, by Lambert, (a French, and not a Prussian philosopher, as Dr B., with his usual accuracy, asserts,) and described by him in his *Photometria*. Dr B. may deem himself singularly fortunate, if ever he met with that ingenious work, which is so extremely rare, that Dr Priestly, at the end of his *History of Light and Colours*, printed in 1772, declares that he could not, by his active correspondence, procure it, and of which no copy is known to exist in Edinburgh or London, except in the library of the Royal Institution. So concise and acute a writer as Lambert must have taken very needless trouble, if, as here alleged, after proposing the Thermometric Photometer, he immediately rejected it as useless. But how could that philosopher describe an instrument which depends essentially on a fine application of the Differential Thermometer, with which he is acquainted? I will leave it to the penetration of Dr B. to explain this small difficulty.

"2d, Dr B. says that the Photometer is "entirely useless in practice," because it does not indicate the light of the moon, "though condensed many hundred times" by powerful lenses or mirrors. Dr B. can possibly tell the name of the fortunate man who possessed those extraordinary glasses, and applied them to such a delicate experiment. The Photometer was designed to measure the illumination of the sun, of the sky, or that of artificial lights which bear a sensible proportion to those standards; it is not fitted to indicate, *immediately*, the faint glimmer of the moon, for this obvious reason, that its scale could not be divided into *three hundred thousand visible parts*. No method, indeed, is likely to be ever devised for the *direct comparison* of lights so extremely different in their intensities.



"3d, Dr B. favours the public with his version of the theory of the Photometer, wherein, as far as it appears intelligible, he confounds the heat discharged from a burning body with the light which accompanies it, and which, on being absorbed by the intervention of an opaque substance, causes proportional heat. Whatever hypothesis we embrace, mere heat cannot affect the Photometer, since it has the same action on clear as on black glass. But to dispel any lurking objection on this head, it will be quite conclusive to mention, that the instrument marks very nearly the same impressions when its ball is gilt with thick gold leaf.

"4th, Dr B. kindly informs us that philosophers consider the Photometer as of no utility, and have not employed it in their researches. But the public is not aware how very few original experimenters exist. Men of science are generally satisfied with talking about the discoveries or speculations of others,—they are often unable or unwilling to defray the expence of procuring new instruments,—they want sufficient leisure to apply them,—and they are averse to submit to the training necessary for acquiring habits of expertness. Not more than two or three individuals in this country are known to have repeated Sir Wm. Herschall's experiments on the Solar Spectrum. Though the Mercurial Thermometer was brought to perfection by Fahrenheit, it remained forty years in the hands of physicians. A still longer time elapsed before Hadley's Quadrant was generally adopted by mariners. But a very considerable number of the Photometers have been disposed of; the demand for the instrument has always been increasing; and some eminent philosophers, particularly on the continent, are at this moment directing it to their inquiries.

5th, Dr B. is not slow to acquaint us, that the late Sir William Herschell had tried to use the Photometer, but without success. The good feelings with which he drags that respected name into the controversy is not the least remarkable circumstance. However eminent as an astronomical observer, Sir William was never distinguished by his precision and mathematical accuracy, as an experimenter. In this instance he had strong prepossessions, that were sufficient to account for his failure.

6th, Dr B. next gravely tells us, "that Coal Gas being known to give out a much

greater quantity of heat during its combustion than Oil Gas, (a fact which is not conceded\*), any person could have foretold that the Thermometrical Photometer would ascribe (as he happily expresses it) a much greater illuminating power to that Gas than belongs to it." But amidst all this jumble of ideas, it is worse than ignorance to make such an assertion. The Edinburgh public is already pretty well acquainted with the opinions and predictions of the sagacious Doctor; nor have they forgotten his extacies about the perpetual motion, his attempts to deny the originality of artificial congelation, his threats of exposing the practices of the School of Arts, his rapturous encomiums on Perkin's Generator, and his more recent admiration of Brown's pneumatic engine.

Dr B.'s two coadjutors shall be dismissed with fewer words. It might have been expected that those untried experimentors, before they ventured to use such confident language, would have endeavoured to make themselves acquainted with the subject of light and heat, would have provided a Photometer of the best construction, and learned the art of observing with it. But all these requisites they have presumptuously neglected.

The Photometer, and other similar instruments invented by Professor Leslie, however simple in theory, are yet of nice and difficult execution. None of our principal artists have attempted to manufacture them; but wretched imitations of them, made and vended in London by inferior workmen, having threatened to bring the originals into discredit, Mr Leslie thought it advisable to take the business into his own hands. Of late years, he has therefore devoted some portion of his leisure to the construction and adaptation of these instruments, which have generally been sent up to London for sale to Mr Cary, optician, and a few delivered occasionally to Mr Adie of Edinburgh. The young chemists, it seems, declined applying in the legitimate channels, but contrived to obtain a clumsy and ill-proportioned instrument from the glass-blower who works for Mr Leslie. The intelligence with which they managed this substitute for a Photometer was quite suited to its rudeness.

They begin with saying, that the instrument was not sufficiently delicate, because it is not affected by the light of four wax candles at the distance of a few

\* This is another of those random assertions so confidently repeated. From recent and accurate experiments, it appears that the quantities of heat projected during inflammation from Coal and Oil Gas are, under like circumstances, very nearly the same.

feet. But if they had formed any correct conceptions of the possible extent of the attenuation of light, they might have inferred, that an instrument calculated to measure the intense illumination of day was never designed to measure directly any lights several hundred times feebler. Could such subdivisions of the scale indeed have been at all perceptible? Nor does this constitute any real objection to its measuring the power of artificial lights; for why capriciously diminish their action, by removing them to a distance? This appears just about as reasonable as it would be to estimate the breadth of a hair by the application of a common foot-rule.

They next allege, that the Photometer, at twice the distance, marks the illuminating power as reduced to one half, instead of a fourth. But as this assertion is contradicted by the most precise experiments, it only affords a tolerable specimen of their modesty and skill.

In the next paragraph, they boldly advance, that the Photometer is powerfully affected by heat; which, they are pleased

to say, is easily proved by placing before it a ball of heated iron, or even a vessel of boiling water. This experiment they do not, however, pretend to have tried, and it is decidedly contradicted by a body of the most accurate observations. The Photometer is not in the least affected when held before a heated stove.

Of course, they lay great stress on the experiments of Laroche; but if there were room for discussing the subject, it might be shewn, that the inferences drawn by that chemist are fallacious, and that the facts themselves could be all reconciled to the general principles of Mr Leslie. But even admitting these conclusions, they would not invalidate the theory of the Photometer. It was not from any anxiety on that head that he sought to exclude the irregular action of heat; he was only so licentious, for the sake of greater precision, to have both balls of the instrument inclosed in an atmosphere of uniform temperature.

VINDEL

Edinburgh, Oct. 20, 1824.

(To be continued.)

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### Italian Sunrise.

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Sorge il mattino in compagnia dell' alba  
 Innanzi al Sol, che di poi grande appare  
 Sull' estreme orizzonte, a render lieti  
 Gli animalie, le piante, e i campi, e l'onde.—*Parini.*

SLOW came the morn, on steps of night,  
 And brought with it a glimmering light,  
 Which, blended with the morning's chill,  
 Came gust by gust from off the hill,  
 And made me shiver as I pass'd,  
 Though hush'd was every breeze and blast:  
 This paly light had scarce the pow'r  
 To cast a shade from tree or flow'r,  
 But show'd the shapless mists that rose  
 Like gloomy dreams which haunt repose,  
 And haste to leave some wretch's bed,  
 Where all night long their pall was spread:  
 The larger stars yet shone on high,  
 The guardians of the placid sky;  
 Like centinels they kept their post  
 Upon the hidden heav'nly host,  
 Till one by one they died away,  
 Extinguish'd by a dazzling ray  
 Which beam'd from the bright sun below,  
 Who o'er him cast a crimson glow;  
 Encreasing, till the east became  
 Like to a furnace of red flame.  
 A moment pass'd,—lo! there the sun  
 Now pours his beams the world upon;  
 And through yon crimson curtain drawn  
 Appears the bridegroom of the dawn,  
 O'er whom one lovely star did blaze,  
 Nor lost his lustre 'mid his rays,

But sparkled like a heav'nly gem  
 That deck'd the solar diadem.  
 Now see how in the distant west  
 The waning moon doth calmly rest,  
 And floats upon the cloudless blue  
 A spectre bark of golden hue,  
 Wherein the fairies sail away,  
 Whene'er they feel the breath of day;  
 And leave, where they at night had been,  
 Their dance upon the moorlands green:  
 The glorious day was now awake—  
 The little birds their nests forsake—  
 And thousands, perch'd the boughs among,  
 Chanted their full-beak'd matin-song;  
 Whilst now and then a gentle breeze  
 Would stir and play among the trees;  
 And next, at times, would softly creep,  
 As if to wake the leaves from sleep;  
 And as they, startling, rustled all,  
 The glittering dew-drops off would fall;  
 Which coming in a mimic show'r,  
 Again refresh'd each plant and flow'r  
 Which blooms beneath Italia's sky,  
 Where nought but beauty meets the eye;  
 That land of music, love, and light,  
 Whose firmament is ever bright;  
 Where all that's lovely draws its birth,  
 In that fair Paradise of earth.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

An English translation of M. Molien's *Voyage dans la République de Colombia*, in 1822-3, is, we understand, in some forwardness.

A Collection of the MS. Remains, in Prose and Verse, of the late Rev. Chas. Wolfe, of Trinity College, Dublin, is preparing for publication, by his College Companion, Mr G. Downes.

In the press, *Progressive Lessons*, or, *Harry and Lucy* concluded, by Maria Edgeworth.

Alaric A. Watts, Esq. has in the press, in one thick vol. 8vo., closely printed, a compilation, to be called the *Poetical Album*; or, *Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry*, original and select.

L. E. L. the fair authoress of the *Improvisatrice*, has in the press the *Troubadour*, the *Spanish Maiden*, and other Poems.

A new Edition of Grey's *Memoria Technica* is printing at Oxford.

In the course of the present month will be published, an *Estimate of the true Value of Vaccination*, as a Security against the Small Pox. By T. M. Greenhow.

The *Mechanic's Encyclopædia*; or *General Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Practical Science*. In 8 vols. post 8vo., with numerous Engravings.

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Part III. of *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis* will soon appear; the Editor, having obtained much additional information of value, has delayed the publication to avail himself of it. The work is expected to be completed next spring.

*Lectures on the Lord's Prayer*; with two Discourses on interesting and important subjects. By the Rev. Luke Brooker, LL.D., F.R.S.L., and Vicar of Dudley.

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Mr Field (late Chief Justice of New South Wales,) is about to publish a small Collection of Geographical Papers, by various hands, respecting that Colony.

The *Natural and Artificial Wonders of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith, Author of the "*Grammar of British Geography*." 3 vols.

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*Medico-Chirurgical Transactions* published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XIII., Part I., with Plates.

*Muscologia Britannica*; containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described; with Plates, illustrative of the Character of the Genera and Species. By William Jackson Hooker, F. R. S., A. S. L., &c., and Thomas Taylor, M. D., M. R. I. A., and F. L. S., &c. 8vo. with Plates.

Speedily will be published, in one vol. post 8vo., *Wanderings in Wales*, containing descriptions of Welsh Manners and Customs, by the author of "*Nugæ Cambriæ*."



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A complete edition of the works of the late Dr Baillie, with an account of his

Life, collected from the most authentic sources, will speedily be published by Mr Wardrop.

The Edinburgh Commercial and Juridical Remembrancer for 1825. Containing lists of the Courts of Law, Justices of the Peace, Banks, Bankers, and their Agents, Messengers at Arms, Stamp Duties, Public Offices, arrival and departure of Coaches, with other useful lists, and a diary.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### EUROPE.

SPAIN.—As the period approaches for withdrawing the French troops from this country, the parties interested seem to demur about carrying that measure into effect; and it is now stated, that the complete evacuation will not be at once ventured upon, but that French garrisons will be placed in a number of the Spanish fortresses, and that a small corps d'armee will also be stationed at Vittoria. The anticipated evacuation of the country, it appears, had already caused the assembly of considerable Guerilla parties in various parts of Castille. At La Guardia, and

its neighbourhood, a band of eighty armed horsemen had, the accounts say, levied contributions, seized the curates in every village within their reach, and, according to some accounts, put them to death. At La Puebla, within two miles of Vittoria, the Royal volunteers were called to arms on the 20th ult. in consequence of the appearance of thirty well-equipped individuals, who had also raised contributions in the vicinity, and who retired to the mountains when they found themselves threatened by a superior force. What increased the apprehensions of the friends to the present system was the

abundant supplies of arms which the Guerillas received, without its being known whence they proceeded. Three mules had been seized near Miranda, laden with muskets; but as their conductor had effected his escape, no light had been thrown on the quarter from which they came. Meanwhile the measures of the Government continue to be calculated to exasperate instead of conciliating. During the existence of the Constitution, a great portion of the barren lands or commons which exist in Spain, under the name of Baldios, had been distributed to veteran soldiers, or sold to individuals, by whom they had been cultivated, and brought to a productive state. An ordinance has lately been issued, commanding cultivation to cease, and the land to be suffered to return to its former condition. By an ordinance of police, every person who possesses books, pamphlets, caricatures, paintings, or prints, whether printed in Spain or introduced from foreign countries, from the 1st of January 1820, to the 24th of December, 1823, is enjoined, under penalties of law, to surrender them to the curate of his parish, in the space of thirty days, whatever may be the subject-matter treated of in the books. If, upon examination, they shall be found to contain nothing offensive either in a religious or political point of view, they are to be restored. Nine Constitutionals have been executed at Corunna for crimes alleged to have been committed in July 1823. One of the sufferers sang the *Tragala*, the song of his party, at the foot of the gallows.

**GERMANY.**—Additional proofs continue to be afforded that liberal principles, with respect to trade, are extending themselves over the Continent. Wirtemberg has liberated commerce from the shackles which formerly confined it in its intercourse with several neighbouring States, and is negotiating a similar arrangement with Bavaria. This state is also about to conclude a treaty with Switzerland to the same effect; and the example of these powers, it is anticipated, will soon be followed by the whole of Southern Germany. As connected with this subject, may be mentioned an ukase of the Emperor of Russia, lately published, which abolishes the duties on transfers of property as regards Hanover, Great Britain, and Austria.

**Royal Left-handed Marriage.**—The King of Prussia has been married to the Princess of Leignitz. A circular has been addressed to the public officers and the diplomatic body residing at Berlin, to the effect that “the King, desiring that the

marriage with her Highness the Princess of Leignitz should be considered merely as a private matter, has not thought fit to have it officially published in the journals of this capital.” The Princess is stated to be 26 years of age, adorned with all the charms of youth, grace, and beauty.

**GREECE AND TURKEY.**—The accounts from all parts of the continent confirm the almost total annihilation of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets by the Greeks. After the disasters which the Ottoman fleets experienced, first in the channel of Samos, then off the Island of Coa, and afterwards still more decisively off the Island of Patmos, they were again worsted, on the 6th ult., at Mitylene, whither they had been pursued by the Greeks. This last disaster is represented as being the greatest which the Turks have suffered, as only the Captain Pacha's ship escaped, and regained the Dardanelles in a very shattered condition. The rest of the fleet, the most formidable which the Porte had fitted out in this war, had either become a prey to the flames, or fallen into the hands of the Greeks. The Ottomans were afraid that the victors should blockade the Dardanelles, and cut off the supplies from Constantinople; and one letter goes the length of stating that these fears had been realized.

#### ASIA.

**EAST INDIES.—BURMESE WAR.**—The East-India papers bring the details of two actions with the Burmese. In the one, a stockade was taken by Sir Archibald Campbell, at Kemmendine, in the month of June, with the loss of 16 killed and 117 wounded on our side. The following extract from the dispatch of Sir A. Campbell gives the particulars:

“On the morning of the 10th instant, although the weather continued most unfavourable, I moved upon the enemy's fortified camp and stockades at Kemmendine, with about 3000 men, four eighteen pounders, four mortars, and some field-pieces, sending two divisions of vessels upon the river to prevent the enemy from escaping on that side. Our troops intrepidly charged, and the work was immediately carried, with a trifling loss on our part, the enemy leaving 150 men dead on the ground. While this was going on under my own eye, a very spirited and successful attack was made on the other side of the stockade, by the advanced companies of the 13th and 38th regiments, who, by assisting each other up the face of the stockade (at least ten feet high,) entered about the same time as the party by the breach,

This point gained, the column again moved forward nearly a mile, where our left was posted, communicating with the flotilla on the river about half a mile, under the great stockade and fortified camp. The moment we had sufficient light on the following day, a heavy and well-directed fire was opened from our breaching mortar batteries, which was kept up for nearly two hours, when a party advancing to observe the breach, found the enemy during the cannonade had evacuated the place, carrying off their dead and wounded. The chain of posts occupied by the enemy rendered flight at all times easy, and the thickness of the jungle necessarily prevented our observing when it took place.

"The other action took place in consequence of an assault made on the island of Cheduba, in May, by a British force of 300 men, which succeeded, but with a loss of two killed and thirty-six wounded on the part of the victors. In both cases, the Burmese fought well, and in the tent they made use of European field-pieces in their defence. The war was deemed so serious at Calcutta, that a force of 20,000 men was collecting to open the campaign on the northern frontier. It is pretty clear, that if these people were well disciplined and supplied with munitions of war, they would give our Indian Government a great deal of trouble."

*Steam Navigation.*—Some time since we stated, that the merchants of Calcutta had voted the sum of a lac of rupees (about £10,000) for the first person who should bring a vessel, navigated by steam, to India, in a limited space of time. We now have the pleasure to announce, that a vessel is on the stocks, of upwards of 500 tons burden, which is to be ready for sea next month.—*Asiatic Journal.*

#### AFRICA.

A letter from Cape Coast Castle, dated 6th September, says:—"Our last engagement has completely broken the spirit of the Ashantees. It was a bloody affair, and the first time both parties had fairly joined battle since the fatal day of Assamaen. Assatoo is the Waterloo of this part of the world. It has led to the retreat of the enemy, completely humbled and ashamed. As far as we can judge, there is no chance of their returning in a hostile manner."

#### AMERICA.

**MEXICO.**—General Victoria has been elected President in preference to the claims of General Bravo, which were of

no slight character, as the present state of the Republic attests. The unsuccessful candidate has, however, himself born testimony to the merits of his rival, by consenting to act under him in the capacity of Vice-President.

**PERU.**—Official accounts were recently received of a severe action of cavalry between Bolivar and Canterac, on the plains of Janin, on the 7th August last, in which the former was completely triumphant. The dispatch says—"The cavalry on which the enemy principally relied for the subjection of Peru under the Spanish yoke, has been beaten in such a manner, that it will not again present itself on the field of battle."

By the following extracts from the American papers it would appear that Bolivar had followed up his success; and, if these accounts be true, has gained a brilliant and decisive victory over the Spanish army:—

(From the *New York Gazette.*)

"We have perused a letter from Porto Cabello, dated the 18th of last month, (October,) from which we extract the following paragraph:—'We yesterday received news from Peru. Bolivar and Canterac have met, and had a general action, in which the latter was killed and his army routed. Bolivar had 15,000 men, and lost 6000 in killed and wounded. He has possession of Lima and Callao; he drives all before him.'"

"It will be recollected that our last official news from Peru gave accounts of a signal victory gained by the Patriots over Canterac's cavalry, on the 7th of August, and also stated that Bolivar intended immediately to pursue the royalists' infantry; we have, therefore, little doubt but that the above information is perfectly correct, and the cause of the Patriots in Peru may consequently be considered as completely triumphant. We may also add, that we are perfectly acquainted with the writer of the above letter, and believe him incapable of disseminating any intelligence, of the authenticity of which he was not fully satisfied."

The following is an extract of a letter from Captain Cobden, of the brig *Liberator*, to his owner, dated Quilca, August 19, 1824:—"Callao and this are the only ports open on the coast by the Spaniards, the former of which is at this time blockaded by Admiral Guise. Two days before my arrival here, an American ship, who had been smuggling on the coast, was taken out of this port by a Spanish brig of war, who succeeded in taking her into Callao, through the blockading squadron, and then condemned her."



## PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

**June 25.**—This day his Majesty proceeded in state from Carlton House to the House of Peers, where he arrived at a quarter after two o'clock; and, having alighted from the state coach, was received at the portico by the Great Officers of State and others, and proceeded to the robing room in the customary manner, wearing a cap of state adorned with jewels; the sword of state being borne by Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G. His Majesty was there robed, and having put on the imperial crown, the procession moved into the House in the usual order.

His Majesty being seated upon the throne, the Great Officers of State and others standing on the right and left, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Knight, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was sent with a message from his Majesty to the House of Commons, commanding their attendance in the House of Peers.

The folding doors were then thrown open for the Commons, when the Speaker entered, accompanied by Mr Canning and the other Ministers, and followed by a great crowd of Members. The rush was so great that many Members cried out for "order." A cloud of dust was thrown along the House.

The Speaker then addressed his Majesty. He commenced by stating that the House of Commons had attended to all the recommendations of his Majesty's Speech at the opening of this Session.

In relieving the burthens of the people, two courses had presented themselves to their view—either a repeal of direct taxation, or to disencumber the trade of the country from the impediments which restricted it, and which were condemned by enlarged and enlightened views of policy.

With the view of removing these restrictions, such alterations had been made in our commercial laws as they hoped would improve the great national resources of this country. But they had never lost sight of the necessity of proceeding cautiously in breaking down a system which, however impolitic, had been the growth of ages.

They had found it their painful duty to re-enact the Insurrection Act in Ireland, not with the vain hope of its curing the evil, not concealing from themselves its harshness and severity, and not as a permanent measure, but such as the pressure of the existing emergency ren-

dered necessary, not only for the protection of the innocent, but in mercy to the guilty.

It would ill become him to detain his Majesty by more minute details of their proceedings. He had only to express a hope that the conduct of his faithful Commons would meet with the gracious approbation of his Majesty.

In conclusion, he tendered the Appropriation Bill, to which, and to several other Bills, the Royal assent was given. His Majesty then delivered the following gracious Speech:—

*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

I cannot close this Session of Parliament without returning to you my warmest acknowledgments for the diligence and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the several objects of public interest that have been submitted to your consideration.

I deeply regret the painful necessity under which you have found yourselves of renewing, for a further period, measures of extraordinary precaution in Ireland. I entirely approve of the inquiries which you have thought proper to institute, as to the nature and extent of the evils unhappily existing in the disturbed districts of that country; and I have no doubt that you will see the expediency of pursuing your inquiries in another Session.

I continue to receive from all foreign powers the strongest assurance of their friendly disposition towards this country, and you may rely on my endeavours being invariably directed to the maintenance of general peace, and to the protection of the interests and the extension of the commerce of my subjects.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

I thank you for the supplies which you have provided for the service of the present year, and especially for the grants which you have so liberally made, in furtherance of the interests of religion, and in support of the splendour of the Crown.

I am fully sensible of the advantages which may be expected to arise from the relief you have afforded to some of the most important branches of the national industry.

*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

I have the greatest satisfaction in repeating to you my congratulations upon the general and increasing prosperity of the country.

I am persuaded that you will carry with you into your respective counties the same spirit of harmony which has distinguished your deliberations during the present Session, and that you will cultivate among all classes of my subjects those feelings of content and of attachment to the Constitution, upon the continuance and diffusion of which, under Providence, mainly depends, not only in-

dividual happiness, but the high station which this kingdom holds among the nations of the world.

The Lord Chancellor then declared the Parliament prorogued to Tuesday the 24th day of August next; and His Majesty withdrew in the same form as he entered. His Majesty appeared in perfect health.

## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

### OCTOBER.

**Dundee.**—A very good test of the increasing prosperity of a town like this is the increase of the shore-dues. It is with much satisfaction, therefore, that we announce the extent to which the revenue from these dues has been increasing. In 1816, being the first year of the collection, the dues yielded, *minus* the expense of collection, about £.4719. In 1817, about £.5600. From 1817 till 1820, they were let at £.5605 a-year. From 1820 to 1822, at £.5910 annually. Since the expiry of that lease, the collection has been in the hands of the Commissioners. In 1823, the dues yielded, besides the expense of collection, £.6683. In the year ending May 1824, the free proceeds were £.7831. The collector's reports, for the first sixteen weeks of the current year, show a sum exceeding the last year's collection for the same period by £.54. These augmentations of revenue, be it remarked, have taken place, notwithstanding a reduction in the rate of the dues in the years 1823 and 1824 of one-sixth, and a farther reduction in the current year of one-seventh—the reductions making together one-fourth of the rate of dues levied from 1816 till 1822.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

**Arbroath.**—In the year 1799, and before the patent in favour of Messrs John Kendrew, Thomas Porthouse, and Jonathan Blackhouse, of Darlington, in the county of Durham, who invented the mill or machine upon new principles for spinning yarn, hemp, tow, flax, or wool, was expired, there was only one spinning-mill at Letham, in the parish of St. Vigeans, and another at Bervie. There are now ten spinning-mills in the town and suburbs of Arbroath, and about twenty-two within the circuit of ten miles of that place. The flax-spinners, during the time the patent existed, were in the habit of contracting with the patentees for payment of a penny a-week for every spindle run in their mills. The patent was for fourteen years, from November 1787.

16.—*Longevity.*—John Gordon, who died near Turriff, Banffshire, some time ago, had attained the remarkable age of 132 years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighbouring inn of Turriff were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, “where they would see (she used to say) the oldest man in Banffshire—aye, or in the world.” Among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose, with “So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age.” “Deil’s i’ the man! It will be my grandfather ye’re seeking—I’m only seventy-three—ye’ll find him round the corner o’ the house.” On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself: “You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man; I doubt but you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life.” “What’s your wull, sir?” inquired the person addressed, whose sense of bearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. “O, ye’ll be wanting *my father*, I reckon—he’s i’ the yaird there.” The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the Battle of Harlaw. “I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labour is rather hard for one at your advanced age.” “It is,” replied John; “but I’m thankfu’ that I’m able for’t, as *the laddies*, puir things, are no very stout now.” The

united ages of the worthy trio amounted to upwards of *three hundred years*.

20.—*Selkirk*.—A singular custom is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh of Selkirk. Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess-ticket. These the new-made burgesses must dip in his wine, in token of respect for the "Souters of Selkirk." This ceremony is on no account dispensed with. The ancient and received tradition affirms, that the Souters of Selkirk distinguished themselves in the battle of Flodden, eighty in number, and, headed by their town clerk, they joined their Monarch on his entrance into England. James, pleased with the appearance of this gallant troop, knighted the leader, William Brydone, upon the field of battle, from which few of the men of Selkirk were destined to return. They distinguished themselves in the conflict, and were almost all slain. The few survivors, on their return home, found, by the side of Ladywood Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. "In memory of this latter event," continues the tradition, "the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion."

27.—*A Shark*.—On Sunday the 24th instant, while two boys were herding a field below Redfield, near the nursery, Montrose, they perceived two immense fishes floundering in the basin, which, ebbing at the time, had left its finny visitors in shallow water. The lads, seeing a goodly prize, and anticipating some fun in the adventure, resolved to secure the fishes, whether they were of the porpoise, seal, or grampus kind. For this purpose, they waded in between them and the deep waters of Tayock burn, and belaboured the backs of their game with a small stick. A gentleman, at this time passing, wished to render the boys his assistance, and thought to wound one of the fishes with his umbrella; but, to his astonishment, the animal broke it to pieces. At this time one of them escaped, and the elder boy, (not more than 14 years of age,) ignorant of his danger, seized the other by the tail with both hands, and, after having been thrown down repeatedly, succeeded in pulling it ashore, and, with the help of his companion, dragged it to the house of Redfield. It was afterwards discovered that the fish was nothing else than a shark, about two years old, which, with its mate, had entered the basin with the rising tide. Its length, from the tip of the snout to the extremity of the tail, is upwards of six feet and a half.—*Montrose Review*.

## NOVEMBER.

1.—*Fatal Duel*.—On Saturday the 30th ultimo, a fatal duel was fought on the heights above North Queensferry, between William Gurley, Esq. of Petershope, St. Vincents, Captain in the Aberdeenshire Militia, residing in Edinburgh, and Mr Westall, an English gentleman, well known in Edinburgh, as recently traveller for the respectable house of Fisher and Co. late warehousemen in London. The seconds were Capt. Duguid, for Mr Westall, and Mr David Seaton, of this city, for Capt. Gurley. The parties had met in the morning in the vicinity of Edinburgh, with the purpose of settling the dispute, which originated in a bet between the two principals at the late Doncaster races. The absence of a gentleman who had been engaged as one of the seconds, however, whose friends had got knowledge of the affair, and hindered his appearance, caused them to adjourn to Queensferry. After the ground was chosen, and the signal given, Mr Westall fired, but his antagonist did not, having instantly been shot dead on the spot. The ball entered his side, and penetrated his heart.

9.—*The Bat*.—A curious circumstance, connected with the natural history of this little animal was some time ago noticed in Linlithgow. A worthy burgher, with provident foresight, had laid in a fine double Gloster cheese, against the next inlying, and, for safety, put the kebbuck to win upon a shelf in a remote corner of the house. It is well known that many hundreds of bats were dislodged from their hybernating recesses, when the old church of Linlithgow was lately repaired, but little was it imagined that many of them changed to such a different abode. When the cheese was taken down, it seemed all sound enough, except that a small hole appeared in one side; but the first cut discovered that it was entire'y hollowed out, and that an immense number of bats, in a dormant state, were quietly in the possession of the interior.—*Stirling Journal*.

*Church Presentation*.—The King having presented the Rev. Mr Nelson to the church and parish of Little Dunkeld, vacant by the death of the late Dr Irving, the presentation was laid before the Presbytery of Dunkeld on the 26th October. A petition, signed by about 400 of the parishioners of Little Dunkeld, against the induction, was also laid before the Presbytery. The petitioners stated, that the Gaelic was the vernacular language of the great majority of the parish; and they opposed the presentee, on the ground that he was entirely ignorant of it. The Presbytery, after considering the documents



before them, refused to sustain the presentation, or to proceed farther in the settlement. The Rev. Mr Nelson then entered a protest against the decision of the Presbytery, and appealed to the Synod of Perth and Stirling.

15.—*Discovery Ships*.—The Griper, Captain Lyon, who sailed along with Captain Parry, has been obliged to return to England, after experiencing a continuance of the most extraordinary bad weather. The Griper was to have anchored in Repulse Bay, and to have sent a boat expedition westward along the northern coasts of America as far as Hearn's river, where it was hoped they might communicate with the Hecla, under Captain Parry. While lying at anchor, however, in Sir Thomas How's Welcome, in a hard gale of wind, and on a lee-shore, to prevent her from foundering, a great quantity of provisions, in short, every thing that was portable, was thrown overboard. The poor animals of Shetland horses, which they had carried out with them, were shot, and likewise thrown overboard. The Griper ultimately escaped, with the loss of all her anchors. The consequence of these disasters was, that Captain Lyon found it necessary to return home, and he arrived safe at Portsmouth on the 9th instant. It is expected that he will set out again on a similar expedition in the spring of next year.

22.—*Calamitous Fires in Edinburgh*.—Last week, a series of fires threw this city into the most dreadful state of alarm and consternation, and did more destruction to property than any casualty of the kind recorded in its history. With the exception of one large tenement left standing, opposite the Cross, and in which is situated the Shop of Messrs Manners and Miller, booksellers, the Advertiser Publishing-Office, the Insurance Company of Scotland's Office, &c., the whole buildings on the south side of the High Street, from the head of the Old Assembly Close, round to the new Exchequer buildings in the Parliament Square, with much of the property running backward towards the Cowgate, have been destroyed; and the scene of desolation presented to the eye rather gives the impression of a city sacked by an enemy, than of any ordinary accident by fire.

It was in a large seven story house, at the head of the Old Assembly Close, on the east, that the fire was first discovered on Monday night, the 15th instant. The flames burst out about ten o'clock from the flat occupied as a copperplate printing house, when it rapidly extended upwards, and by the roof to the house im-

mediately west, and afterwards to that next adjoining. The fire communicated by the roofs, and from the height of the houses, and the difficulty of access to the back parts through the closes, there was no possibility, though every exertion was made, of opposing the progress of the flames. At eleven o'clock, accordingly, the whole three adjoining tenements were in an entire blaze, the flames bursting through all the windows, and carrying every thing before them with a fury that was most terrific. These premises were occupied by Messrs Kirkwoods, engravers; Mr Milner, apothecary; Mr John Hunter, grocer; Mr Brunton, clothier; Messrs Duncan and Greig, carpet-dealers; Mr Lindsay, victualler; and Mr Isbister, grocer.—besides many other respectable individuals and families. Seeing the whole of these three houses the inevitable prey of the flames, the firemen now turned their efforts to the preservation of what was yet untouched. They were successful in preserving the house eastward; but in the opposite direction, the flames were in the mean time making their way to the top of the next house; and by three o'clock in the morning, the tenement in which was situated the Courant newspaper printing and publishing office was on fire, the flames bursting through the roof, and descending progressively through each succeeding flat, until the whole was destroyed. About five in the morning the pinnacle of the gable fell inwards, when the flames burst into the middle of the street, and in a short time another portion fell.

While this devastation was going on, in front of the High Street, it was spreading backwards towards the Cowgate, where the crowded masses of old buildings, full of old pannellings of dry timber, afforded abundant aliment to the devouring flame. The houses from the west side of the Old Assembly Close to the Old Fishmarket Close fell successively a prey to the flames. From the Old Assembly Close it extended backward to the Old Assembly Hall. In the line of houses which divides Borthwick's Close from the Old Fishmarket Close, and in rear of the Courant Office, the houses occupied by Mrs Maxton, tavern-keeper, Mr Hunter, and other spirit-dealers, have been consumed; and the adjoining house, occupied by Mr A. Thomson, book-binder, (lately also destroyed by fire, and rebuilt,) by the falling of a gable upon it, has been completely crushed to the ground. To the west of the Courant Office, the farther progress of the conflagration was arrested by the height of the adjoining

house, which overtopped the others by one story, and thus prevented the communication by the roof. But for this circumstance, the whole property, from the Old Assembly Close upwards, to where the great fire in June last commenced, would have been destroyed. By nine o'clock in the morning of Tuesday the fire began to abate, more for want of fuel than from any other obstruction, and by mid-day it seemed to be entirely subdued.

Happily during the night there was very little wind to aid the progress of the flames, otherwise it would have been scarcely possible to have saved any of the property between the Old Fishmarket Close and Hunter's Square. The great danger arose from the ignited sparks, which were flying about in all directions. At intervals, an unusual volume of mingled smoke and flame, with showers of burning embers, was seen rising to a vast height, caused by the successive falling in of the floors and roofs. An alarm was at one time spread of danger to the north side of the street, and smoke was seen issuing from some of the houses; but fortunately this was discovered to proceed from some chimneys that had been set on fire by the flying sparks, and which were soon extinguished.

The engines still continued to play on the smoking ruins during the forenoon of Tuesday, when, a little before twelve o'clock, an alarm was given that the steeple of the Tron Church, distant about two hundred yards from the previous conflagration, and separated by the breadth of the street from every other building, was on fire, and an inconsiderable flame was seen issuing from the south-west corner of the square tower. On the ballustrade, which consisted entirely of wood, some of the flying brands had fallen, and had been fanned into a flame by the fury of the wind, which had begun to blow about nine o'clock in the morning, and had now increased to a perfect hurricane from the south-west. Unfortunately the window, furnished with pent-house boards, was neglected, for it was observed in the morning that some of them had been removed by the wind, and it was here that the fire, having made its first lodgement, penetrated within. On the first alarm, some of the engines immediately repaired to the spot, and by means of long ladders the firemen reached the roof of the church, from whence, with great difficulty, they were enabled occasionally to check the progress of the flames, that were threatening destruction to the spire above. Their efforts, however, were totally ineffective. Thick smoke was soon observed issuing

from the other parts of the spire; and an interior fire seemed to be raging, which it was not in the power of those without to reach by any effort. In a short time the whole of the conical superstructure, entirely of wood, cased in lead, was in a blaze; the flames ascended to the top with a fury which nothing could oppose, and presenting a spectacle most terrific and sublime. The firemen were now obliged to fly for their lives; and the melted lead, pouring down the sides of the structure, rendered it impossible to approach it with safety. The whole spire was now enveloped in flames, and in three quarters of an hour it fell to the ground with a dreadful crash. The intensity of the heat may be conceived, when it is stated, that the church-bell came down piece-meal, in a melted state. It was of the enormous weight of about two tons, and was hung in the year 1673. It cost, in Scots money, equal to £82., 10s. 10d. sterling. The church itself, and the steeple, were finished in 1673, twenty-six years after the former had been opened for divine service. The danger being somewhat abated, as the upper structure was consumed, the firemen again ascended to the roof of the church, when, to the alarm of the spectators, a mass of the flaming beams, which composed the frame-work of the steeple, was precipitated among them; but fortunately they did not reach them. Owing to the tremendous gale which blew from the south-west, the flames raged with unequalled fury, and had caught hold of the church, when, by the seasonable arrival of a most powerful engine belonging to the Board of Ordinance, the fire was not only confined to the steeple, but was at last got completely under.

After these tragical scenes, it was naturally hoped that the calamity was for the present at an end. But at ten o'clock on Tuesday night, a new alarm was given of a fire having broke out in the Parliament Square. It began in the top story of that immense pile of building on the south side of the Square pointed out to strangers as the highest in Edinburgh, being, at the back part, which overlooks the Cowgate, eleven stories in height. The fire, it appears, commenced in a house occupied by a woman of the town, named Macdonald. From the situation of this building, so far to windward of the scene of the former fire, it seems impossible that the one could have been the cause of the other, as the wind, which blew a severe gale, carried the sparks in a direction completely contrary. Owing to the great height of the build-

ing, it was impossible to bring the engines to bear with any effect upon the flames, which spread rapidly in all directions, aided by the wind, which still blew from the west with amazing fury. Floor after floor was kindled; and at an early hour in the morning the whole of this vast mass of building was involved in flames. About four o'clock the appearance from the Cowgate was singularly terrific; the torrents of flame bursting with irresistible fury from every aperture in the house, and rising to an amazing height, were brightly reflected from the sky, while the red glare which they shed on the adjacent buildings, on the spire of St Giles's, and the battlements of the Castle, was at once picturesque and awful. About an hour afterwards the fire had extended to the east of the Square, and in the course of two hours more, notwithstanding all the opposition that could be given, all that was left standing after the fire that happened in June last was now involved in the general destruction. In the premises destroyed were situated the new Jury Court-Room, the Office of the Water Company, and that of the Auditor of the Court of Session, the shop of Mr Laurie, bookseller, and of Messrs Jardine and Wilson's Chambers, Mr R. Scott, engraver, Mr Williamson, writer, and a number of other individuals and families. By eight o'clock the violence of the flames had abated; the fire had indeed burnt out; and at that period the interior walls of the south-east angle fell upon the front wall, and precipitated them into the Square, with a crash that was tremendous, and a cloud of dust that darkened the atmosphere.

During the whole night, while the conflagration was raging, showers of ignited embers and sparks were flying through the sky, and falling to the eastward, covered the streets and houses, to the great danger of the buildings in that direction. The sparks again set fire to the buildings in Con's Close, in the rear of the High-Street, and in the morning the flames were raging with such uncontrollable fury, that it was thought they could not be prevented from spreading towards the Commercial Bank, where for a time the utmost anxiety prevailed. Alarms of fire were given from other places, during the day and night, and originating principally in chimneys ignited by the sparks; one, however, in Carubar's Close had actually commenced burning, but was happily got out.

It is impossible to calculate, with any degree of accuracy, the amount of property destroyed by these dreadful conflagrations, but we have heard it estimated

at above £.200,000. Along the front of the High-Street, there are destroyed four lands of six stories each, besides the sunk stories; from these, down towards the Cowgate by Con's Close, two wooden lands; in the Old Assembly Close, four lands of six or seven stories; six smaller tenements in Borthwick's Close; four lands, of from six to nine stories, in the Old Fishmarket Close. Downwards, nearly as far as the Cowgate, nothing is to be seen but frightful heaps of ruin, to which all approach is rendered highly dangerous, by the walls which are still left standing in different places, but in an extremely tottering condition. Along the front of the Parliament Square, four double lands, of from seven to eleven stories each, have been destroyed. Part of the walls fell during the fires, and others which were left standing in the Square, in a shattered condition, and threatening destruction to the houses around, were brought down on Saturday, partly by means of a chain-cable, and apparatus, worked by a body of seamen from two gun-brigs in the roads, and partly by mining with gunpowder. The whole of the operations were performed with great skill, and without injury to any of the surrounding property, or to the individuals employed. The mining operations were under the direction of Mr Miller, builder in this city; and the seamen were directed by Captain Hope, R. N. son of the Lord President, Lieutenant Grove, R. N., and Captain Head of the Royal Engineers.

The zeal, intrepidity, and devotion of all those whose business it is to attend on such occasions, merit unqualified praise. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, the high constables, the Superintendent, and other officers of police, and Mr Braidwood, the superintendent of fire-engines, exerted themselves every where with the greatest activity. Early on Wednesday morning, the Lord President, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and several other distinguished individuals, were in the Parliament Square, animating by their example the exertions of all around them, at a time when extraordinary exertion was peculiarly necessary, the firemen having been exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding night. The danger seemed to level all distinctions, and every one was only anxious to lend his aid wherever it was judged necessary. The gentlemen belonging to the army and navy were particularly useful, displaying, not only that zeal and activity which was to be expected, but that calm and collected intrepidity which is so much wanted on occasions of this nature, where all is too frequently hurry and confusion.



The 72d regiment in the Castle was on duty during the whole period, some of them employed in keeping order in the streets, and others in working the engines. On Tuesday, the assistance of the dragoon guards from Piershill barracks was called in, and a part of the artillerymen from Leith Fort, with their officers, some of whom were particularly active, and rendered most able assistance. Wednesday morning the Edinburgh troop of yeomanry cavalry were called in, and to them was allotted the duty of keeping the High-Street clear.

On Wednesday morning there were 22 fire-engines in full operation, namely, those of the Sun, Caledonian, Friendly, North British, and Royal Exchange Assurance offices; two belonging to the city, and two to the Castle; one to Sir W. Forbes & Co.; one from Queensberry, and one from Piershill barracks; one from Leith, three from the Naval Yard, and three from the Fort; one from Musselburgh, one from Dalkeith, and one from Buccleuch Palace.

Nothing can equal the consternation that was spread through the city by these dreadful events. After the fire that broke out on Tuesday night was announced, a feeling of indescribable alarm seized all classes. They did not see where the evil was to terminate. In the High-Street business was entirely suspended; every one seemed only to consider of the best means of avoiding any farther calamity. The whole street was crowded, until it was at last cleared by the military, and an empty space left for the operation of the engines, which were constantly driving backwards and forwards to the points of danger. The distress became at last so great and general, that not only those in the immediate vicinity of the danger, but many at considerable distances, thought of nothing but securing their furniture and other property by removal, and the scenes of confusion which in consequence ensued are altogether beyond description. The wretched families that have been burnt out are far more numerous than ever was known in any similar scene of calamity. All the closes and lanes leading from the Cowgate, southward, the Royal Exchange, the Parliament Square, and the Court of the Police Office, were crowded with the wrecks of furniture rescued from the flames, and watched by the houseless inhabitants. There was something extremely touching in the desolate appearance of many of those groups. The Lord Provost, with an active humanity that does him honour, by an application to the officers of Government, obtained the use of Queens-

berry House as a temporary shelter for those whom the present disaster had deprived of a home. Besides those buildings utterly destroyed by the fire, a great deal of property has been damaged by the falling of the burning ruins, and much has been destroyed or lost in the removals which were occasioned by the general alarm; for such was the threatening appearance of the fire on Wednesday morning, that not only in the Cowgate, but even in Hunter's Square and Blair-Street many individuals removed their most valuable furniture. On the South Bridge, and other parts in the direction of the thick showers of fire then falling, persons were stationed on the roofs of most of the houses to sweep off the burning embers as they fell, and occasionally to pour water on the roofs.

It could not be expected that such a calamity should pass over without some serious accidents; and accordingly we have to record the death of eight individuals, either killed on the spot by the falling of ruins, or who have died in consequence of their hurts. Two of these are boys who were assisting in carrying water, a dragoon employed in keeping order, and the others were firemen belonging to the engines. A number of others received hurts, from the effects, of which they either have recovered, or are in a fair way of doing so. The bodies of two of these known to have been killed are still buried among the ruins.

The number of families rendered houseless by these disasters are between three and four hundred, for whose relief a subscription has been commenced, that promises to be beyond example liberal.

#### 25.—Convention of Royal Burghs.—

On Monday the 22d, an extraordinary meeting of the Convention was held in the Council Chamber, Edinburgh, the Lord Provost of that city in the chair. The Resolution of the Annual Committee was read, calling this meeting in consequence of a letter from the Provost of Brechin, stating that he had been served with a summons before the Court of Session, to have it found that the new sett granted to that Burgh by the Convention was illegal, and craving assistance to defend the action. Mr William Bell, W. S. delegate for Jedburgh, said, before proceeding to the business of the day, he begged to mention, that it was proposed to take up in Parliament, during the ensuing session, the subject of improving the communication between London and Edinburgh, and that it was intended to bring in the mail at six o'clock in the evening. He, however, had reason to expect that its arrival might be so far ac-

celerated, that, instead of six o'clock, the mail might arrive at mid-day. He therefore moved that a Committee of the Convention be appointed to attend to that important subject; which was agreed to, and the Committee appointed. The clerk then read the reasons set forth in the summons for setting aside the new constitution of the Burgh of Brechin, and having it declared that the Convention has no power to make any alteration on the sett of any Royal Burgh. Mr Burnes, delegate for Montrose, concluded a speech of considerable length upon the rights of the Convention to alter the setts of burghs, by moving a set of resolutions, declaratory of the powers of the Convention, voting £.500 to defend the actions against Brechin and Dundee, and empowering a special Committee to appeal the case, in the event of its being lost in the Court of Session. The two first or declaratory resolutions were carried unanimously; the third and fourth, voting the £.500, and the manner of raising it, being opposed by the Provost of Aberdeen, were carried on divisions of 30 to 8. The last resolution, authorising the Committee to appeal the case, was withdrawn by the mover. The Provost of Aberdeen entered his protest against the resolutions, and the Convention dissolved.

25.—*Edinburgh Southern Markets.*—These markets were opened on Saturday last. They are finished in a very neat and elegant style, and have entries from West Nicolson-Street, Chapel-Street, and Gray's Court. There are about fourteen stalls for butcher meat, besides stalls for poultry, fish, fruit, and vegetables. In the butcher market, on Saturday, we are informed, one individual sold meat to the amount of £.70. The only objection that strikes a visitor is the smallness of these markets: but we understand the Company has already purchased the adjoining property on the westward, including the house and garden possessed by Mr Miller; and this ground, when added to the former markets, will double their extent, and add considerably to their beauty and comfort.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—*Nov. 9.*—Wm. Tutton, *alias* Titton, *alias* John Knox, and John M'Kenzie, *alias* M'Kinlay, were brought to the bar, accused of having, in the evening of 5th July last, feloniously entered the house of Captain John Forbes Drummond of Hawthornden, R. N., in Charlotte Square. They had entered by one of the lower windows, and carried off a number of articles from drawers, chests, &c., principally ladies' wearing-apparel. When called on to plead, the Lord Advocate rose

and said, that he could not, from the aggravated nature of the case, restrict this libel to any punishment short of death. They, however, pleaded Guilty. Lord Pitmilley then stated, that the Court had no alternative; they must pronounce the last punishment of the law; and his Lordship concluded by advising them to make much of the time allotted to them, and proposed that they should be executed on Wednesday, the 15th December next, at the usual place of execution. The Lord Justice Clerk then addressed them, and admonished them not to indulge in any vain hope of mercy here, for he could not hold out to them the slightest hope of an alteration of their sentence, and that they would do well to prepare themselves, by a due and diligent attention to their religious duties, for the awful fate that awaited them. He then passed sentence in the usual form. [Their sentence has since been commuted to transportation for life.]

Mary Graham, or Fraser, was next placed at the bar, accused of stealing, from the house of Ralph Wilson, tailor, Little Jack's Close, Canongate, on the 30th June last, a quantity of linen apparel, and of being habit and reputed a common thief. She also pleaded Guilty, and, after a suitable admonition, sentence of transportation for life was passed upon her, the Lord Advocate having departed from the capital charge. So incorrigible had she been, that no less than 15 convictions for theft before the Police Court were set forth in the indictment against her, for which she suffered various terms of imprisonment in Bridewell.

10.—Isaac Simpkins was placed at the bar, accused of having broke into the house of Matthew Pemberton, Esq. in Albany-Street, and stolen, at different times, from a drawer, 25 sovereigns, in the month of July last. The prisoner pleaded Guilty before the Court and Jury, to the charge libelled. The public prosecutor restricted the libel. John Campbell was then put to the bar, accused of breaking into and entering the house of William Frier, publican in the High-Street, with intent to steal, but was apprehended in the house before he had got any articles. The prisoner pleaded Guilty before the Court and Jury. Mr Neaves, counsel for Simpkins, submitted to the Court several certificates from gentlemen with whom the prisoner had served in the capacity of valet, and stated that he had committed the crime when in a state of intoxication, and that he had a wife and five children. They were then sentenced, Simpkins to 14, and Campbell to 7 years transportation. Ann Adams was then put

to the bar, accused of abstracting from the person of William Rankine, on the 11th of June last, in her own room, in the Grassmarket, a silver hunting-watch, with brass chain and three gold keys. The pannel pleaded Not Guilty to the indictment. Mr McNeill stated to the Court, that three witnesses had failed to attend, and moved for a warrant for their apprehension. The case was clearly proved against the prisoner, who, it appeared, during the night libelled, had abstracted the watch from Rankine while asleep, and had pawned it in the shop of one Conolly for six shillings. It was proved by police officers that the prisoner had been five times convicted of theft, and that she was considered habit and repute a thief. The Lord Justice Clerk summed up the evidence; after which, the Jury unanimously found the prisoner Guilty, in terms of the libel. The Court then sentenced the prisoner to transportation for life.

15.—Thomas Leinster, late a gentleman's servant, or waiter, accused of three different acts of theft, viz.—stealing from the lobby of Oman's Waterloo Hotel, in June last, a silver fork; and from a Hotel in Prince's Street, a silver salt-spoon; and from Thomas Drysdale, watchmaker, a silver watch; pleaded Guilty, and sentence of transportation for seven years was pronounced against him.

John McGregor, a boy apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age, accused of housebreaking and theft, aggravated by having been previously convicted of theft, having, by forcing in a window, on Sunday the 13th June last, entered the premises situated in Nicolson Street, belonging to Messrs Guthrie and Tait, and stealing therefrom £.17, pleaded Guilty, and was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

The case of David Watt, tried for robbery and theft at the Glasgow Circuit, was then called. The charges set forth in the libel were robbery and theft, and the prisoner pleaded Guilty. The Jury returned a verdict, finding the prisoner "Guilty, in terms of his own confes-

sion." The prisoner's Counsel, in bar of sentence, pleaded that the verdict was not explicit, as his client meant to have pleaded guilty to the minor charge, and from the pressure of business at the time the case was certified to this Court. Mr W. Steel very ably stated the objection, and was replied to by Mr Dundas; Mr Donald followed for the prisoner. The Court expressed an opinion that no punishment could follow an uncertain verdict, and Watt was dismissed from the bar.

22.—David Craig, accused of house-breaking and theft, was placed at the bar, and pleaded Guilty. The Lord Advocate having restricted the libel, the Jury found him Guilty, in terms of his own confession, and sentence of transportation for life was pronounced upon him.

Joseph Bogle, James Sutherland, and John Muir, night watchmen on the police establishment, were then put to the bar, accused of murder, by violently assaulting Terence Delancey, in the Cowgate, on the night of the 7th, or morning of the 8th July, and striking him several blows on the right leg, which was fractured. Being carried to the Royal Infirmary, he languished till the 2d day of August, when he died. The prisoners pleaded Not Guilty. Dr Ballingall, one of the surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, deponed that Delancey's death could not be attributed wholly to the local injury, as there were morbid symptoms which had no connexion with it; and Dr Wishart, likewise a surgeon of the Royal Infirmary, that his death could neither be ascribed to the constitutional symptoms, nor to the wound he had received, but to a combination of both. Both of these gentlemen, as well as Dr Black, concurred in thinking that the fracture could not be occasioned by a blow, but by a fall. After a long examination of evidence, both criminatory and exculpatory, had been gone through, and the speeches of counsel heard, the Jury, without retiring, returned a *visa voce* verdict of Not Guilty, and the prisoners were dismissed from the bar.



## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## I. CIVIL.

Oct. 26. The Earl of Aberdeen elected Lord Rector of the University there.  
 Nov. 2. George Bosanquet, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation at Madrid.  
 — Henry Stephen Fox, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation at Turin.  
 3. Viscount Granville to be Ambassador at the Court of France.  
 — Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, K. B. to be Ambassador at the Court of the Netherlands.

## II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Oct. 4. The King presented the Rev. Dr James Hunter to the Church and Parish of St. Leonards, Presbytery of St. Andrew's.  
 18. The Relief Congregation at Hawick gave a unanimous call to the Rev. J. Brown to be their pastor.  
 Nov. 1. The Rev. James Foote, of Logie Port, elected one of the Ministers of Aberdeen.  
 13. The Relief Congregation of Crieff gave a unanimous call to the Rev. John Martin to be their Minister.  
 18. Mr Andrew Thomson ordained Minister of the Associate Congregation, George-Street, Paisley.  
 — Rev. Mr Thomson ordained Minister of the Original Burgher Congregation at Paisley.  
 20. Mr Hope Johnstone of Annandale presented the Rev. James Monlands to the Church and Parish of Annan.

## III. MILITARY.

1 Life Gds. Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Chetwynd, Lt. by purch. vice de Roos, prom. 1 Nov. 1824.  
 H. Peyton, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. do.  
 1 Dr. Cornet Sir L. P. Glyn, Bart. Lieut. by purch. vice Wathen, 13 Dr. 4 do.  
 John Barney Petre, Cornet by purch. vice Glyn do.  
 4 Cornet Bulkley, Lieut. by purch. vice Methold, 75 F. 14 Oct.  
 J. R. Somerville, Cornet do.  
 6 R. Whyte, Cornet by purch. vice Lord Pelham, Royal Horse Gds. do.  
 8 Lt. Lieut. Col. Lord G. W. Russell, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Westenna, ret. 28 do.  
 Capt. Baumgardt, Maj. by purch. vice Deare, prom. 21 do.  
 Bt. Maj. Badoock, from 14 Dr. Maj. by purch. 28 do.  
 Lieut. Morgel, Capt. 21 do.  
 Cornet Spooner, Lieut. do.  
 B. Wodehouse, Cornet do.  
 14 Lieut. H. Gage, Capt. by purch. vice Badoock, 8 Dr. 28 do.  
 Cornet Musgrave, Lieut. by purch. vice Willcs, ret. 27 do.  
 — Smith, do. 28 do.  
 C. Deime, Cornet do.  
 J. M. Dawson, Cornet 4 Nov.  
 16 Lieut. Wathen, from 1 Dr. Lieut. vice Bayard, ret. do.  
 Gren. Gds. 2d Lieut. M'Kinnon, from Rifle Brig. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Wigram, ret. do.  
 Bn. Surg. Watson, Surg. Maj. vice Nixon, ret. 11 do.  
 Assist. Surg. Armstrong, Surg. vice Watson, ret. do.  
 Coldst. G. Ens. Cotton, from 62 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Greaves, prom. 6 do.  
 1 F. Capt. Glover, Maj. by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Nixon, ret. 21 Oct.  
 Lieut. Suckling, Capt. do.  
 Ens. Temple, Lieut. do.  
 E. Every, Ens. do.  
 7 Ens. Lord S. A. Chichester, from 43 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Greaves, prom. 34 F. 4 do.  
 10 Bt. Lieut. Col. A. S. King, from h. p. 98 F. Maj. vice Gordon, exch. 11 do.

16 F. Lieut. Hutchison, from h. p. Staff Corps Cav. Lieut. vice Rigney, dead 5 May 1824.  
 Ens. Henley, Lieut. vice O'Hara, dead 25 do.  
 — Luxmore, Lieut. vice Wall, dead 11 June  
 G. Mylius, Ens. 27 Oct.  
 W. S. Smith, do. 28 do.  
 30 Staff Quart. Mast. Serj. Ward, Quart. Mast. vice Kingsley, dead 21 do.  
 31 Surg. White, from h. p. 84 F. Surg. vice Callow, exch. do.  
 34 Maj. Faunt, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Dickens, ret. 28 do.  
 Capt. Davies, Maj. do.  
 Lieut. Greaves, from 7 F. Capt. do.  
 36 Lieut. Cairns, Capt. by purch. vice Fraser, 30 F. 4 Nov.  
 Ens. Skerry, Lieut. do.  
 Hon. F. Petrie, Ens. do.  
 41 2d Lieut. Price, from 60 F. Ens. vice Tathwell, prom. 7 Oct.  
 43 Gent. Cadet, Wilbraham Egerton, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Lord Chichester, prom. in 7 F. 4 do.  
 45 W. Hope, Ens. vice Harrison, 83 F. 4 Nov.  
 46 Lieut. Graham, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut. vice Hutchinson, 76 F. 11 do.  
 50 Bt. Lieut. Col. Fraser, from 36 F. Maj. by purch. vice Price, ret. do.  
 Capt. Shaw, from 97 F. Capt. vice Bartley, h. p. 89 F. do.  
 60 G. Brockman, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Price, 41 F. 21 Oct.  
 Ens. Wilford, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. vice Wolff, exch. 11 Nov.  
 Paym. Maclauren, from 77 F. Paym. vice Read, h. p. do.  
 Ens. Liddeell, Adj. vice Wolff, res. Adj. only 19 Aug.  
 62 W. Guard, Ens. by purch. vice Cotton, Coldst. Gds. 6 Nov.  
 Lieut. Mair, from 47 F. Lieut. vice A. Stewart, h. p. 47 F. 11 Nov.  
 72 Ens. Hickson, from h. p. 12 F. Quart. Mast. Campbell, exch. do.  
 73 Ens. Townsend, from 75 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Lyttleton, ret. 28 Oct.  
 75 Gent. Cadet, J. Graham, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Townsend, 73 F. do.  
 76 Lieut. Hutchinson, from 46 F. Lieut. Wood, h. p. 23 F. do.  
 81 Lieut. Duval, Capt. by purch. vice Jenkins, ret. do.  
 Ens. Marsh, Lieut. do.  
 A. Splaine, Ens. do.  
 82 Lieut. Campbell, from Col. Comp. Mauritius, Lieut. vice Holdsworth, h. p. Col. Comp. Mauritius do.  
 83 Ens. Harrison, from 45 F. Lieut. vice Summerfield, dead do.  
 84 Surg. Callow, from 51 F. Surg. vice White, exch. do.  
 90 Bt. Major Dixon, vice Wright, dead 20 Sept.  
 Lieut. Cox, Capt. vice Dixon do.  
 Ens. Popham, Lieut. vice Cox do.  
 — Eyles, Lieut. by purch. vice Maclean, 95 F. 6 Nov.  
 95 Lieut. Maclain, from 90 F. Capt. by vice Fox, prom. 28 Oct.  
 97 Capt. Logie, from h. p. 92 F. Capt. vice Shaw, 50 F. 4 Nov.  
 99 Ens. Last, Lieut. by purch. vice Beauclerk, prom. 20 do.  
 Jaffray Nicholson, Ens. by purch. vice Last do.  
 Ens. Caldwell, Lieut. by purch. vice Hamilton, 2 W. I. R. 28 Oct.  
 S. W. H. Ramsbottom, Ens. do.  
 Paym. Irwin, from h. p. 34 F. Paym. do.

Rif. Brig. Gent. Cadet J. S. Cameron, from Royal Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice M'Kinnon, Gren. Gds. 4 Nov. 1824.  
 2 W. I. R. Lieut. Hamilton, from 99 F. Capt. by purch. vice Ross, African Col. Corps 21 Oct.  
 Ceylon R. Lieut. Malcolm, Capt. vice Dunne, dead 4 May  
 2d Lieut. Mylius, 1st Lieut. vice Smith, dead 30 do.  
 W. Garstin, 2d Lieut. 28 Oct.  
 2d Lieut. Warburton, 1st Lieut. vice Malcolm, prom. 11 Nov.  
 Francis Norris Toole, 2d Lieut. vice Warburton, do.  
 Afr. C. C. George Anthony Knott, Paymast. 24 Oct.  
 Capt. Ross, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice Donald, ret. 21 do.  
 Quart. Mast. Serj. Brown, of late W. I. R. Quart. Mast. vice Mahon, dead 28 do.

#### Unattached.

Capt. Fox, from 95 F. Maj. of Infantry, by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Long, ret. 6 Nov. 1824.  
 ———— Chichester, from 2 Life Gds. Major of Inf. by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Dunanure, ret. do.  
 Lieut. Hon. W. T. Graves, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Dalzel, ret. do.  
 ———— Beauclerk, from 99 F. Capt. by purch. vice Payne, ret. 29 do.

#### Garrisons.

Lieut. Scharzh, h. p. Nova Scotia Fencibles, Town Adj. of Cape Breton, vice Weeks, dead 25 June 1824.

#### Ordnance Department.—Royal Engineers.

Capt. Oldfield, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Major Kilvington, h. p. 30 Sept. 1824.  
 2d Capt. Melhuish, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Macdonald, ret. 28 do.

#### Hospital Staff.

Surg. Maj. Nixon, of Gren. Gds. to have the Rank of Inspector of Hosp. without any additional Pay 10 Nov. 1824.  
 Assist. Surg. Hunter, from h. p. 2 Garr. Bn. Assist. Surg. vice Hosp. Assist. Ewing, 21 F. 8 Sept.  
 W. Thomson, Hosp. Assist. vice Geddes, dead 12 Oct.

#### Chaplains' Department.

Rev. R. J. Hatchman, A.B. Chaplain to the Forces, vice R. G. Curtois, h. p. 11 Oct. 1824.

#### Exchanges.

Major Lockyer, from 19 F. with Maj. Lenn, 57 F. Capt. Forster, from 75 F. with Capt. Lord Churchill, h. p. 85 F.  
 Lieut. Harrison, from 53 F. with Lieut. Adams, Cape Corps.  
 Paymast. Bowden, from 2 F. with Paymast. Darby, h. p. 21 Dr.  
 Quart. Mast. Griffith, from 1 F. with Lieut. Mackay, h. p. 42 F.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Westenra, 8 Dr.  
 ———— Nixon, 1 F.  
 ———— Dickens, 34 F.  
 ———— Price, 50 F.  
 ———— Long, Royal Marines.  
 ———— Dunsinure, do.  
 Major Dalzell, Royal Marines.  
 Capt. Jenkins, 81 F.  
 ———— Donald, R. Afr. Col. Corps.  
 Lieut. Willes, 14 Dr.  
 ———— Wigram, Gren. Gds.  
 ———— Lyttleton, 75 F.  
 Hosp. Assist. J. Thornton  
 ———— C. Pargeter.

*Removed by Sentence of a General Court Martial, held at Gibraltar 6th July 1824.*

Ensign and Adj. Coward, 94 F.

#### Discharged by Sentence of the same Court Martial.

Lieut. White, 94 F.

*Killed and Wounded in the Expedition under the Command of Brigadier General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 38th Regiment, against the Dominions of the King of Ava, between the 16th May and 16th June 1824.*

Between the 16th and 31st May.

#### Killed.

Lieut. Howard, 15 F.

——— Kerr, 58 F.

#### Wounded.

Maj. Chambers, 41 F. severely but not dangerously.  
 Lieut. Michell, 58 F. right leg amputated, and left leg severely wounded.

Lieut. O'Hallaran, 58 F. left leg amputated.

Between the 1st and 16th June.

#### Wounded.

Lieut. Petry, 13 F. slightly.

——— Grimes, 38 F. slightly.

In the Reduction of the Island of Cheduba, 18th May 1824.

#### Wounded.

Brevet Major Thornhill, 13 F. slightly.

Ensign Kershaw, do. do.

#### Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Jeaffreson, of late 4 Gar. Bn.  
 ———— Desbrisay, late of Royal Art. Teignmouth, Devonshire, March 1823.  
 Maj. Gen. T. Carey, late of 3 F. Gds. London 9 Nov. 1824.  
 Colonel W. Marlay, Dep. Quart. Mast. Gen. at Madras 6 May  
 Lieut. Col. Warren, 47 F. East Indies. 19 Sept.  
 ———— Wright, 90 F. Cephalonia 30 July  
 Major Hart, h. p. Glengarry Fencibles 30 July  
 Capt. Smith, 11 Dr. Philibeat, near Barully, Bengal 4 May  
 ———— Perry, 38 F. Fort-William, Bengal 11 April  
 ———— Coote, Wallajahbad, Madras 23 May  
 ———— Sheehy, 89 F.  
 ———— Sir J. A. Giffard, Bt. h. p. 24 Dr. 28 Aug. 1825.  
 ———— Bayly, do. 1824.  
 ———— Sidaway, h. p. Wagg. Train 11 Jan.  
 ———— Rice, h. p. 55 F. 6 June 1823.  
 ———— Tathwell, h. p. Indep.  
 ———— Cooke, do. 26 April 1824  
 ———— Hall, South Lincoln Mil. 17 Oct.  
 Lieut. Carroll, 4 Dr. London 17 Nov.  
 ———— Howard, 13 F. killed in action with the Burmese May  
 ———— Claus, 54 F. Madras 5 June  
 ———— Cartwright, Royal Afric. Col. Corps, Cape Coast 29 Aug.  
 ———— Mackenzie, do. do. 27 May  
 ———— Brown, of late Invalids, Windsor 7 Nov.  
 ———— Bailey, of late 4 Vet. Bn.  
 ———— Chittle do. do.  
 ———— Smith, h. p. Wagg. Train, Britford, near Salisbury 18 Sept.  
 ———— Hutchinson, h. p. Coldst. Gds. 21 June  
 ———— Taggart, h. p. 60 F. drowned Sept.  
 ———— Grant, h. p. 97 F. 17 do.  
 ———— M'Tavish, h. p. 3 W. I. R. Greenock 6 July  
 ———— Fraser, h. p. 8 W. I. R. 7 Feb.  
 ———— McLeod, h. p. Dunlop's Corps, Rasay, Inverness-shire 3 Oct. 1823.  
 ———— Fellows, h. p. 1 Line Germ. Leg. 16 April 1824.  
 ———— Biermann, h. p. Brunswick Infantry.  
 Ensign Cuming, 46 F. Madras May  
 ———— Uniacke, Royal African Col. Corps  
 ———— Lock, h. p. 60 F. Jounah, Mominabad, East Indies 16 May  
 ———— Gaynor, h. p. 112 F.  
 ———— Chisholm, h. p. Royal Af. Corps, Cape Coast 1 July  
 Chaplain Raddish, h. p. 152 F. 12 do.  
 Paymast. Coward, h. p. 2 Dr. Tarbolton, near Kilmarnock 30 Sept.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

| 1824.  | Ther.          | Baro.          | Attach. Ther.  | Wind. | Weather.                 | 1824.   | Ther.          | Baro.          | Attach. Ther.  | Wind. | Weather.                   |
|--------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-------|--------------------------|---------|----------------|----------------|----------------|-------|----------------------------|
| Nov. 1 | M. 36<br>A. 41 | 29.368<br>.308 | M. 43<br>A. 45 | NW.   | Morn. snow, dull day.    | Nov. 16 | M. 28<br>A. 57 | 29.472<br>.102 | M. 38<br>A. 39 | SW.   | Day shower. Hail & sleet.  |
| 2      | M. 35<br>A. 41 | 28.999<br>.996 | M. 44<br>A. 45 | NW.   | Dull, w. th showers rain | 17      | M. 41<br>A. 55 | 28.770<br>.825 | M. 51<br>A. 50 | SW.   | Ditto.                     |
| 3      | M. 32<br>A. 39 | 29.295<br>.199 | M. 15<br>A. 40 | SW.   | Dull, cold, with hail.   | 18      | M. 32<br>A. 58 | 29.812<br>.285 | M. 45<br>A. 44 | SW.   | Forn. sunsh. aftern. dull. |
| 4      | M. 27<br>A. 51 | 29.240<br>.522 | M. 50<br>A. 58 | SW.   | Fair, sunsh. but cold.   | 19      | M. 32<br>A. 42 | 28.800<br>.289 | M. 50<br>A. 47 | W.    | Day fair dull, night snow. |
| 5      | M. 28<br>A. 51 | 28.555<br>.575 | M. 38<br>A. 38 | NW.   | Morn. frost day sunsh.   | 20      | M. 51<br>A. 38 | 28.562<br>.889 | M. 40<br>A. 41 | Cble. | Day frost, rain night.     |
| 6      | M. 34<br>A. 35 | 28.682<br>.202 | M. 57<br>A. 59 | NW.   | Frost, dull. rain night. | 21      | M. 53<br>A. 41 | 28.555<br>.999 | M. 44<br>A. 41 | SW.   | Dull, with rain.           |
| 7      | M. 39<br>A. 50 | 28.525<br>.215 | M. 15<br>A. 47 | Cble. | Forn. fair, rain aftern. | 22      | M. 55<br>A. 39 | 28.550<br>.591 | M. 40<br>A. 40 | N.    | Day sleet and rain.        |
| 8      | M. 10<br>A. 44 | 28.176<br>.292 | M. 45<br>A. 45 | SW.   | Day dull, rain night.    | 23      | M. 55<br>A. 42 | 28.456<br>.205 | M. 41<br>A. 42 | NE.   | Ditto.                     |
| 9      | M. 51<br>A. 10 | 28.435<br>.211 | M. 46<br>A. 45 | SW.   | Rain most of day.        | 24      | M. 56<br>A. 42 | 28.517<br>.862 | M. 14<br>A. 45 | NE.   | Rain most of day.          |
| 10     | M. 34<br>A. 45 | 28.175<br>.291 | M. 15<br>A. 11 | SW.   | Morn. dull, day rain.    | 25      | M. 55<br>A. 40 | 28.950<br>.581 | M. 41<br>A. 39 | NW.   | Day fair, even. cold.      |
| 11     | M. 36<br>A. 45 | 28.521<br>.429 | M. 15<br>A. 12 | SW.   | Fair sunsh. aftern.      | 26      | M. 51<br>A. 56 | 28.438<br>.626 | M. 58<br>A. 58 | NW.   | Dull morn. day sunsh.      |
| 12     | M. 33<br>A. 58 | 28.561<br>.680 | M. 12<br>A. 40 | SW.   | Showers hail and snow.   | 27      | M. 29<br>A. 54 | 28.625<br>.460 | M. 56<br>A. 56 | Cble. | Very dull.                 |
| 13     | M. 32<br>A. 45 | 28.515<br>.865 | M. 44<br>A. 44 | SW.   | Rain & sleet.            | 28      | M. 29<br>A. 55 | 28.968<br>.869 | M. 55<br>A. 41 | Cble. | Morn. snow, day h. rain.   |
| 14     | M. 38<br>A. 44 | 28.862<br>.121 | M. 50<br>A. 48 | SW.   | Fair, but very cold.     | 29      | M. 56<br>A. 44 | 28.242<br>.568 | M. 42<br>A. 49 | SW.   | Fair, but dull.            |
| 15     | M. 27<br>A. 31 | 28.121<br>.499 | M. 18<br>A. 45 | SW.   | Fair, with sunsh.        | 30      | M. 26<br>A. 52 | 28.999<br>.795 | M. 35<br>A. 35 | NW.   | Day frost, Snow night      |

Average of rain 4.239 inches.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle till the end of November, rains and loud winds were frequent. The depth of rain, in little more than two weeks, amounted to something more than three inches. The mean temperature for that period was 39° Fahrenheit. December commenced with frost, which continued, with occasional sprinklings of snow, till the 11th, the mean temperature for these ten days being 32°; lowest range, on the 4th, was 20°. Since the 11th, the temperature has become more elevated; the mercury, at ten this forenoon, stands at 50° in the shade. Vegetation has made little progress since our last. Turnips have gained nothing, and a considerable breadth has already been cleared for the feeding-byre. There has been no wheat sown since our last. Fallow wheat looks fresh,—late sown, after pease, comes forward slowly. Plowing was completely at a stand since the beginning of the present month. Plows are now at work, and winter plowing is, for the most part, about over; it is yet too early to commence plowing seed furrow. About the middle of November, it was evident that the ports would remain shut for barley, and the price of that species of grain immediately rose from 3s. to 4s. per boll. Wheat has fluctuated but little since our last; good samples (and there is little bad this season) bring from 30s. to 33s. per boll; barley nearly the same. Oats, notwithstanding the importation, continue to look up in price; good samples bring from 19s. to 20s. 6d. per boll. Potatoes sell briskly at 11s. per weighed boll, of 32 stones Dutch weight.

Fat cattle are in request, and bring from 7s. 6d. to 8s per stone, sinking offal; lean stock are less in demand at this season, and bring about 6s. per stone. Sheep have sold well for some months past, and are now likely to bring remunerating prices: they have been for some years past a losing concern. The late frost, which was accompanied with deep snow on high hills, has brought down the sheep to their winter pasture.

*Perthshire, December 13, 1824.*



## CORN MARKETS.

## Edinburgh.

| 1824.   | Wheat. |                   |        | Barley.                 | Oats.       | Pease.    | Quar. Loaf. | Potat. p-peck | 1824.   | Oatmeal. |       | B. & P. Meal |       |
|---------|--------|-------------------|--------|-------------------------|-------------|-----------|-------------|---------------|---------|----------|-------|--------------|-------|
|         | Bls.   | Prices.           | Av.pr. |                         |             |           |             |               |         | Bls.     | Peck. | Bls.         | Peck. |
|         |        | s. d. s. d. s. d. | s. d.  | s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d.     | d.          | d.            |         | s. d.    | s. d. | s. d.        |       |
| Nov. 17 | 1052   | 25 0 33 6         | 30 2   | 25 0 29 0               | 15 0 20 0   | 16 0 20 0 | 9           | 8             | Nov. 16 | 576      | 1 3   | 102          | 1 1   |
| 24      | 853    | 25 0 34 0         | 31 5   | 28 0 33 6               | 16 0 20 6   | 17 0 20 6 | 9           | 8             | 23      | 603      | 1 3   | 84           | 1 1   |
| Dec. 1  | 1024   | 32 0 36 0         | 33 4   | 30 0 31 6               | 17 0 21 6   | 19 0 21 0 | 9           | 8             | 30      | 471      | 1 4   | 83           | 1 2   |
| 8       | 1033   | 27 0 36 0         | 32 1   | 28 0 35 0               | 16 0 20 0   | 16 0 19 0 | 9           | 8             | Dec. 7  | 670      | 1 4   | 84           | 1 2   |

## Glasgow.

| 1824.   | Wheat, 240 lbs. |             |             | Oats, 264 lbs. |             | Barley, 320 lbs. |             | Bns. & Pse.  | Oatmeal     | Flour,    |          |
|---------|-----------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|-------------|-----------|----------|
|         | Dantzic.        | For. red.   | British.    | Irish.         | British.    | English.         | Scots.      | Stirl. Meas. | 140 lbs.    |           | 280 lbs. |
|         | s. d. s. d.     | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.    | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.      | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d.  | s. d. s. d. | s. s.     |          |
| Nov. 18 | —               | —           | —           | 28 0 33 0      | 16 0 17 6   | —                | —           | 30 0 33 0    | 18 6 25 0   | 15 0 18 8 | 50 51    |
| 25      | —               | —           | —           | 30 0 35 0      | 17 0 21 9   | —                | —           | 34 0 36 0    | 18 6 24 0   | 15 0 18 8 | 50 51    |
| Dec. 2  | —               | —           | —           | 31 0 36 0      | 19 0 23 6   | —                | —           | 34 6 36 0    | 20 0 25 0   | 18 8 20 0 | 52 53    |
| 9       | —               | —           | —           | 31 0 36 0      | 19 0 23 6   | —                | —           | 34 6 36 0    | 20 0 25 0   | 18 8 20 0 | 54 55    |

## Haddington.

| 1824.   | Wheat. |             |         | Barley.     | Oats.       | Pease.      | Beans.      | 1824.   | Oatmeal.    |          |         |
|---------|--------|-------------|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------|-------------|----------|---------|
|         | Bolls. | Prices.     | Av. pr. |             |             |             |             |         | Per Boll.   | Pr. Peck |         |
|         |        | s. d. s. d. | s. d.   | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. | s. d. s. d. |         | s. d. s. d. | s. d.    |         |
| Nov. 19 | 1003   | 24 0 32 0   | 28 10   | 22 0 29 6   | 14 0 20 0   | 15 19 0     | 15 0 19 0   | Nov. 15 | 15 6        | 16 3     | 1 1 1/2 |
| 26      | 668    | 21 0 33 0   | 30 8    | 24 0 32 0   | 15 0 21 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   | 22      | 16 0        | 16 6     | 1 1 1/2 |
| Dec. 3  | 787    | 26 0 33 6   | 30 5    | 24 0 32 0   | 15 0 21 0   | 15 19 0     | 16 0 20 0   | 29      | 16 6        | 18 0     | 1 2 1/2 |
| 10      | 616    | 25 6 33 0   | 30 10   | 24 0 30 0   | 15 0 20 0   | 16 20 0     | 16 0 20 0   | Dec. 6  | 16 6        | 18 0     | 1 2     |

## Dalkeith.

## London.

| 1824.   | Wheat, per qr. |       | Rye.  | Barley. | Oats.     |        | Beans.  |       | Pease.   |       | Flour, 280 lb. |       | Quar. Loaf. |
|---------|----------------|-------|-------|---------|-----------|--------|---------|-------|----------|-------|----------------|-------|-------------|
|         | s. s.          | s. s. |       |         | Fd & Pol. | Potat. | Pigeon. | Tick. | Boiling. | Grey. | Fine.          | 2d.   |             |
|         | s. s.          | s. s. | s. s. | s. s.   | s. s.     | s. s.  | s. s.   | s. s. | s. s.    | s. s. | s. s.          | s. s. | d. d.       |
| Nov. 15 | 52             | 76    | 32    | 36      | 31        | 47     | 20      | 27    | 25       | 31    | 42             | 50    | 9 10        |
| 22      | 52             | 78    | 32    | 37      | 35        | 53     | 22      | 29    | 25       | 33    | 42             | 52    | 9 10        |
| 29      | 54             | 78    | 34    | 38      | 35        | 52     | 22      | 29    | 25       | 34    | 42             | 54    | 9 10        |
| Dec. 6  | 52             | 74    | 33    | 40      | 35        | 52     | 22      | 29    | 25       | 34    | 42             | 54    | 9 10        |

## Liverpool.

| 1824.   | Wheat.<br>70 lb. |    | Oats.<br>45 lb. |    | Barley.<br>60 lb. |    | Rye,<br>per qr. |    | Beans,<br>per qr. |    | Pease,<br>per qr. |    | Flour.          |        |                  | Oatm. 240 lb. |        |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|---------|------------------|----|-----------------|----|-------------------|----|-----------------|----|-------------------|----|-------------------|----|-----------------|--------|------------------|---------------|--------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|         | s.               | d. | s.              | d. | s.                | d. | s.              | d. | s.                | d. | s.                | d. | Eng.<br>240 lb. | Irish. | Amer.<br>196 lb. | Engl.         | Scots. |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Nov. 15 | 4                | 6  | 10              | 0  | 2                 | 0  | 3               | 4  | 4                 | 9  | 6                 | 3  | 35              | 38     | 42               | 48            | 35     | 52 | 45 | 53 | 44 | 51 | 18 | 25 | 28 | 32 | —  | —  |
| 22      | 4                | 2  | 10              | 6  | 2                 | 6  | 3               | 8  | 5                 | 0  | 7                 | 0  | 35              | 38     | 46               | 51            | 35     | 58 | 48 | 56 | 46 | 53 | 18 | 25 | 32 | 35 | 30 | 34 |
| 29      | 4                | 6  | 10              | 8  | 2                 | 6  | 4               | 0  | 5                 | 4  | 7                 | 0  | 35              | 38     | 46               | 53            | 35     | 55 | 48 | 56 | 46 | 53 | 18 | 25 | 32 | 36 | 30 | 34 |
| Dec. 6  | 4                | 6  | 10              | 6  | 2                 | 6  | 4               | 0  | 5                 | 4  | 7                 | 0  | 35              | 38     | 46               | 55            | 35     | 56 | 48 | 56 | 46 | 53 | 18 | 25 | 32 | 36 | 30 | 34 |

## England &amp; Wales.

| 1824.  | Wht.  | Rye.  | Barley | Oats. | Beans. | Pease. | Oatm. |
|--------|-------|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|-------|
|        | s. d. | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d. | s. d.  | s. d.  | s. d. |
| Nov. 6 | 63 3  | 34 10 | 39 9   | 21 1  | 42 7   | 42 10  | —     |
| 13     | 65 1  | 37 10 | 37 7   | 21 11 | 41 5   | 44 11  | —     |
| 20     | 65 8  | 37 6  | 35 10  | 22 5  | 41 6   | 45 7   | —     |
| 27     | 64 9  | 38 3  | 39 10  | 22 8  | 42 0   | 44 7   | —     |

*Course of Exchange, London, Dec. 10.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburg, 37 : 0. Altona, 37 : 1. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 15. Bourdeaux, 25 : 45. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 151½. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ 7 cent.

*Prices of Bullion, 7 oz.*—Foreign Gold in bars, £3.17.9.—New Dollars, 4s. 10½d.—Silver in bars, standard, 5s. 10½d.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.*—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. a 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Home 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 60 00.

*Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from November 17, to December 8, 1824.*

|                          | Nov. 17.   | Nov. 24.   | Dec. 1.    | Dec. 8.    |
|--------------------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Bank Stock.....          | 231½       | 232        | 230½       | —          |
| 3 7 cent. reduced.....   | 95½        | 95         | 94½        | 94         |
| 3 7 cent. consols.....   | 95½        | 95½        | 95         | —          |
| 3½ 7 cent. do.....       | 103½       | 101½       | 100½       | —          |
| 4 7 cent. do.....        | 108½       | —          | —          | 101½       |
| Ditto New do.....        | —          | 108½       | 108½       | —          |
| India Stock.....         | —          | —          | 287½       | —          |
| — Bonds.....             | 98         | 98         | 99         | 97         |
| Exchequer bills.....     | 58         | 55         | 56         | 53         |
| Consols for account..... | 96½        | 95½        | 95½        | 95½        |
| French 5 7 cents.....    | 102fr.25c. | 101fr.50c. | 101fr.25c. | 101fr.75c. |

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of Oct. and the 20th of Nov. 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.**

|                                                                                                                                         |                                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Abrahams, L. of Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant                                                                              | Eade, C. Stourmarket, Suffolk, grocer                                       |
| Allison, J. Church-street, Camberwell, coach-master                                                                                     | Ellis, A. Hackney, carpenter                                                |
| Ballock, J. St. John's-street, bootmaker                                                                                                | Fargues, F. P. Herwick-street, Soho, printer                                |
| Baker, C. Ratcliff-highway, grocer                                                                                                      | Fauntleroy, H. Berner's-street, banker.                                     |
| Banks, R. Paddington, Mary-le-bone, tailor                                                                                              | Foxton, R. Norton Grange, Durham, common brewer                             |
| Barnes, T. and H. Wentworth, New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, millers                                                                      | France, T. Paddington, timber-merchant                                      |
| Beech, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, currier                                                                                                 | Francis, R. Wellelose-square, hatmaker                                      |
| Bennett, Blandford Forum, Dorset, wine-merchant                                                                                         | Gardner, C. Mile-end road, merchant                                         |
| Biggs, G. Bradford, Wilts, clothier                                                                                                     | Gibson, J. Cambridge, dealer                                                |
| Biggs, H. Blandford Forum, Dorset, mercer                                                                                               | Greening, W. Hampstead, carpenter                                           |
| Birt, G. Pickett-street, tea-dealer.                                                                                                    | Guy, J. Woolwich, tailor                                                    |
| Boswell, F. S. Strand, shopkeeper.                                                                                                      | Hassall, W. Newgate-street, hatter                                          |
| Brook, J. late of Choppards in Wooddall, Kirkburton, York, clothier.                                                                    | Haddon, T. South Burton-mews, Berkeley-square, stable-keeper                |
| Browne, J. H. Clapham, linen-draper                                                                                                     | Hickson, M. Manchester, tailor                                              |
| Brown, J. Rochdale, Lancaster, innholder                                                                                                | Hide, R. High-street, Bloomsbury, bedstead-maker                            |
| Buncombe, R. Mile-end New-town, coal and potato dealer                                                                                  | Hill, W. Greenfield, Flint, paper-manufacturer                              |
| Byers, E. Prince's-street, Soho, whalebone merchant                                                                                     | Hippon, W. Earlscurt, Dewsbury, York, merchant                              |
| Capon, G. Oxford-street, upholsterer                                                                                                    | Hodgson, J. late of Bath, auctioneer                                        |
| Chancellor, D. Jun. Stowe Upland, Suffolk, maltster.                                                                                    | Holman, J. New Mills, Glossop, victualler                                   |
| Chant, J. B. Somerton, Somerset, grocer                                                                                                 | Hoskins, R. Manchester, merchant                                            |
| Clark, W. Speldhurst-street, Burton-crescent, coal-merchant and lath-render                                                             | Hunt, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, and Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner |
| Clark, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, seedsman and coal-merchant                                                                                | Huntingdon, J. Skinner-street, jeweller                                     |
| Cooke, J. Bristol, brightsmith                                                                                                          | Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, upholsterer                     |
| Cooper, F. East Derham, Norfolk, grocer                                                                                                 | Ingham, J. Aldgate, woollen-draper                                          |
| Craig, J. Austinfriars-passage, merchant                                                                                                | Jackson, S. G. Loughborough, Leicestershire, corn-merchant                  |
| Crooke, J. Cheltenham, tallow-chandler                                                                                                  | Johnson, P. Woolwich, linen-draper                                          |
| Dauncey, J. of Coaley Mills Uley, Gloucestershire, woollen manufacturer                                                                 | Johnstone, T. O. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, dealer in music  |
| Dawes, J. Oxford-street, orange-merchant                                                                                                | King, T. Crofton, Northumberland, ship-owner                                |
| Douglas, J. Blackburn, bookseller                                                                                                       | Lee, P. C. and W. Ballard, Hammersmith, linen-draper                        |
| Dring, T. Bristol, brewer                                                                                                               | Levy, H. Rathbone-place, glass-dealer                                       |
| Drury, R. and G. Thompson, both late of New Park-street, Southwark, but now of Luke-street, Finsbury-square, and Tarnham-green, brewers | Lewis, J. Bristol, merchant                                                 |
|                                                                                                                                         | Lloyd, F. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, malt-factor                |
|                                                                                                                                         | Macmillan, J. Liverpool, merchant                                           |
|                                                                                                                                         | Mannall, W. Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, baker                  |

Marsdall, T. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall, factor  
 Marsh, W., J. H. Stracey, H. Fauntleroy, and G. E. Graham, Berners-street, bankers  
 Marshall, W. Stepney, builder  
 Matthews, T. and W. Bingham, Kingston-upon-Hull, drapers  
 May, N. Stepney, builder  
 Neverd, W. Brunswick-street, Hackney-road, baker  
 Oldfield, J. Westholm, Somerset, tanner  
 Oldham, J. Bristol, woollen-draper  
 Oliver, T. Park-place, Regent's-park, stage-master  
 Parker, C. Bristol, tailor  
 Pilkington, W. G. Ilford, victualler  
 Preston, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, broker  
 Rackham, J. Strand, bookseller  
 Radclyffe, E. High Holborn, carver and gilder  
 Ryall, W. and T. Upper Berkeley-street West, stone masons  
 Sanders, W. Wood-street, Cheapside, ribbon manufacturer  
 Seagrim, J. jun. Wilton, Wilts, carpet manufacturer  
 Sell, J. George-street, Tower-hill, cheesemonger  
 Shepherd, W. Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, plumber  
 Simpson, N. Shelton, Stafford, manufacturer of earthenware

Soloman, M. Great Prescott-street, hardwareman  
 Sparks, J. M. Mount-place, Whitechapel, merchant  
 Spencer, J. M. Chipping Wycombe, Bucks, coach-master  
 Starling, T. Islington, bookseller  
 Stevens, W. H. Islington, dealer in earthenware  
 Stewart, D. and W. M'Adam, Trowbridge, tea-dealers  
 Strachan, A. Liverpool, master-mariner  
 Stunton, G. Brighton, carpenter  
 Styring, C. jun. Sheffield, dealer  
 Tibbert, R. Stepney, cheesemonger  
 Tickner, J. late of Fitcham, Surrey, and of Brighton, Sussex, now of Padnel-corner, Essex, horse-dealer  
 Valle, W. Newington-causeway, draper  
 Vincent, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier  
 Warden, J. of New Sarum, Wilts, money-scrivener  
 Watson, G. Lancaster, innkeeper  
 Wignall, C. Liverpool, turpentine-dealer  
 Winkles, R. sen. and R. W. Winkles, jun., Islington, coal-merchants  
 Wood, T. Birch-in-lane, merchant  
 Woolley, H. sen. of Winstler, Derbyshire, grocer and draper  
 Wroots, R. and Joseph Adkins, Great Titchfield-street, linen-drapers.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced November 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

#### SEQUESTRATIONS.

Aitken, John, grocer and spirit-dealer in Hawick  
 Gregg, James, writer, builder, printer, and publisher in Kilmarnock  
 Hardie, James, grocer in Kirkcaldy  
 Mitchell, J. & A. merchants in Kilmarnock  
 Swinton, Henry, merchant and ship-owner in Grangemouth.

#### DIVIDENDS.

Clark, Robert, & Adam cattle-dealers in White-side; by R. Kemp, writer in Dumfries.

#### DIVIDENDS.

Cochrane, Archibald, merchant in Fisher-row, by D. Paterson, accountant in Edinburgh  
 Elliot, James, late merchant in Hawick; by R. Anderson, writer there  
 Forrester & Buchanan, wood-merchants in Glasgow; by H. Paul, accountant there  
 Gow, James, junior, merchant-tailor in Glasgow; by Thomas Christie, writer there  
 Henniker, J. & L. merchants in Glasgow; by H. Paul, accountant there  
 Sinclair, William, merchant in Lerwick; by James Ogilvy, merchant there.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS.

1824. June 5. At Singapore, Mrs D. Napier, a son.  
 Aug. 23. At Malvern, Barbadoes, the Lady of Harbourn G. Straghan, Esq. M.D., a son.  
 Oct. 21. At Logie Elphinstone, Mrs Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, a daughter.  
 22. At Revack, Strathpey, the Lady of Capt. James Gordon, a son.  
 23. At Pinkie House, the Lady of Sir John Hope of Craighall, Bart. a son.  
 — At Culmalundie, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Cunningham, of the Bombay army, a daughter.  
 23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Sanders, a son.  
 — At St. Andrew's, the Lady of Provost Alexander, a son.  
 Nov. 2. In Stanhope-Street, Mayfair, London, the Lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, a son.  
 — At Kirkmay House, the Lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, a daughter.  
 4. At his house in Charlotte-Square, Edinburgh. the Lady of Thomas Maitland, Esq. younger of Dundrennan, a daughter.  
 7. At Tayfield, Mrs Berry, a son.  
 8. At 18, Hill-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Gairdner, a son.  
 — In Prince's-Street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Sinclair of Ulbster, a son.  
 9. At Yester, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, a son.  
 11. At HaRrle, Roxburghshire, the Lady of William Filder, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General, a son.  
 — At Jersey, the Lady of Major Fyers, royal engineers, a daughter.  
 — At No. 7, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs James Balfour, a son.

Nov. 13. At Ennis, Ireland, Mrs Farquharson, 25th regiment, a daughter.  
 14. At Chatham, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Pasley, of the royal engineers, a son.  
 — At Woolwich, the Lady of Capt. H. W. Gordon, of the royal artillery, a son.  
 17. At Parkhill, the Lady of Robert Warden, Esq. of Parkhill, a son.  
 — At Brighton-Place, Portobello, the Lady of Major Davidson, a son.  
 20. At Fanne, the Lady of Hugh Moosman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardle, a daughter.  
 — At Glasgow, Mrs Thomas Hunter, Hope-Street, of twin daughters.  
 21. At Maxpoiffe, Mrs Scott, younger of Raeburn, a daughter.  
 — At Brighton Wells, the Hon. Mrs Stuart Mackenzie of Seaford, a son.  
 23. At Hythe, the Right Hon. Lady Greenock, a son and heir.  
 24. At Weens House, Roxburghshire, Mrs Cleghorn of Weens, a daughter.  
 26. At 20, Windsor-Street, the Lady of Capt. Deans. R.N. a son.  
 Late, At Nairn Grove, the Lady of Colonel Anderson, Knight of the Tower and Sword, and Companion of the Bath, a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

1824. June 2. At Culcutta, Captain Joseph Orchard, of the Hon. Company's 1st European regiment, to Miss Maria Douglas, niece of Lieut. Col. John Lewis Stuart.  
 Oct. 23. At Banff, Mr Alex. Cromar, merchant, Aberdeen, to Jane Inglis, youngest daughter of George Forbes, Esq. Banff.  
 26. At Aston Rowand, Oxon, the Hon. William



Rodney, to Eliza Ann, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Brown, Esq.

Oct. 28. At Kirkmichael House, Argyleshire, George Cole, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Ann Campbell, daughter, of the late Humphrey Colquhoun, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Nov. 1. At Kirkeudbright, Capt. Roxburgh, of the late Glangarry light infantry, to Miss Euphemia Melville, daughter of Alex. Melville, Esq. of Barguhar.

— At Campbellton, Mr J. Ross, jun. merchant, Glasgow, to Ann, eldest daughter of Angus M'Call, Esq. of Prospect, Montego Bay, Jamaica.

— David Smart, Esq. Inch Grundle, to Julia Richardson, eldest daughter of Wm. Richardson, of his Majesty's customs, Leith.

2. At Edinburgh, James Glen, Esq. distiller, Mains, Linlithgow, to Miss Ann Heriot, daughter of the late Mr George Heriot.

— At Gosford, Capt. Withman, of the 7th Hussars, to Lady Margaret Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

— At Hartshead Church, Yorkshire, Charles John Brandling, Esq. of the 10th Royal Hussars, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Sir George Armitage, Bart. of Kirkless, in the same county.

— At the English Chapel at Lusanne, in Switzerland, Thomas Melvin, Esq. of the late 21th Light Dragoons, to Anne Henrietta, Countess de Stamford.

5. At Lint House, Geo. Kinnear, Esq. banker, in Edinburgh, to Euphemia, daughter of Robert Watson, Esq. banker in Glasgow.

10. At Edinburgh, James Hay, Esq. of Belton, Captain Royal Navy, to Miss Stewart of Physgill.

— At Auchtertyre, in the county of Forfar, Jas. Anderson, Esq. Cupar Grange, to Jessie, only daughter of William Watson, Esq. Auchtertyre.

12. At the Protestant Church at Lusanne, in Switzerland, Capt. Wynne Baird, son of Robert Baird, Esq. of Newbyth, and nephew of General Sir David Baird, Bart. &c. &c. to Miss Madeline Susan Cerjat, daughter of Henry Cerjat, Esq.

15. At George-Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow to Miss Julia Sinclair, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

15. At Arbroath, James Goodall, Esq. Provost, to Ann, eldest daughter of Baillie David Cargill.

— At Inverness, Donald MacQueen, Esq. of Corrygarroch, Captain in the Madras Cavalry, to Margaret, daughter of Jas. Grant, Esq. of Bught.

— At Edinburgh, John Taylor, Esq. attorney in Exchequer, to Dorothea Judith, fourth daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Lewis Hay, of the royal engineers.

16. At Greenock, Quintin D. Ninian, Esq. merchant, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Muir, writer.

17. At York, George Cholmley, Esq. of Howsham, to Hannah, daughter of John Robinson Foulis, Esq. of Buckton, in the county of York.

18. Alexander Macduff, late of the 100th foot, to Mrs Macdonald, widow of John Macdonald, Esq. of Plantation Kintyre, Berbice.

— At Edinburgh, Edward Platt, Esq. to Miss Sibella Morrison, second daughter of George Duncan, Esq.

19. Wm. Hine, Esq. barrack-master of Newry, to Hopewell, daughter of Isaac Will. Glenn, Esq. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy bridegroom was presented with a superb gold snuff-box by the officers of his late regiment (the 86th or Royal County Down,) in token of the high estimation in which they have held him, as a soldier and a gentleman, nearly twenty years that he has served in that distinguished corps.

22. At Greenock, James Stevenson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Jane Stewart, daughter of the late Alexander Shanon, Esq. merchant, Greenock.

— At Greenbank, John Greig, Esq. manufacturer, Glasgow, to Isabella, second daughter of Thomas Baird, Esq. of Greenbank, and present Provost of Pollockshaws.

25. At Musselburgh, Capt. Wm. Walker, 85th regiment of foot, to Miss Catherine, eldest daughter of the late G. C. Ogilvie, Esq.

24. At Haddington, Alexander Fyfe, surgeon, St. Patrick Square, Edinburgh, to Ann, second daughter of the late Mr Andrew Matthew, Haddington.

Lately, At West Grinstead Park, Sussex, Gabriel Shaw, Esq. to the Hon. Frances Erskine, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.

## DEATHS.

1821. April 9. At Calcutta, Mr Hall Jop, and on the 27th of same month, at same place, Mr Wm. Sibbald Jop, both sons of the late Mr Robert Jop, merchant, Leith.

May 20. At Assam, of the cholera morbus, while in command of the troops belonging to the East India Company sent to that country, Colonel George M'Morine.

25. At Kandy, of a fever caught on an official tour in the Seven Korles, the Hon. Sir John D'Oly, Bart. a member of his Majesty's Council in Ceylon, a Resident, and First Commissioner of Government in the Kandyan Provinces.

June 4. At the Cape of Good-Hope, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Captain Thomas Mackenzie, only son of the late Donald Mackenzie, Esq. of Hartfield.

26. At Salem, near Madras, Robt. John Hunter, Esq. son of the late Sir John Hunter, Consul General in Spain; and at the same place, on the 3d July, Mrs Hunter.

July 22. At St. Croix, in the eighty-third year of his age, John Gordon, Esq. of Cane Valley.

Sept. 1. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John M'Feat, son of Mr Walter M'Feat, of Glasgow.

— In Dublin County, North Carolina, (America,) Mr Jacob Matthews, aged 108 years. Until a few months before his death, he retained almost the vigour of youth; his sight was perfect, and he could walk ten or fifteen miles a day. Seven years ago his wife died, aged 100 years; they had been married eighty years.

2. At St. Andrew's, Jamaica, Robert Lithan Mowbray, eldest son of Mr Mowbray, W. S.

10. At Florence, Captain Donald Macalister of Loup and Torredale, in the 31th year of his age.

12. At Black River, Jamaica, Alexander Bruce, Esq. of St. Elizabeth's.

21. On board his Majesty's frigate *Husar*, lying off Vera Cruz, Mr J. Hall, merchant, of that city.

Oct. 4. At his residence near Utrecht, Netherlands, John Louis Bosch, aged 71, senior Admiral of the Netherlands fleet, and the last survivor of the officers who obtained gold medals for their gallantry in the action off the Doger Bank.

14. At Lomet, near Campbelltown, Capt. Naah, R.N.

15. At Glencroft, parish of Twynholm, Mary Milrea, aged ninety-six years, widow of the late James Magee, Esq. of Glencroft.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Cockburn, writer.

17. At his house, York-Place, Edinburgh, John Pitcairn, Esq. of Pitcairn.

— At Aberdeen, Dr Ross, one of the Ministers of the East Church of that city. He preached on the Thursday previous at the Ordination of his colleague, Mr Murray. He rose on Sunday morning, although he felt himself not very well, and died about eight o'clock. It is little more than two months since his late colleague, Mr Doig, died. The sudden death of the Doctor, which was known by few till they arrived in church, excited the surprise and grief of his congregation, by whom he was greatly beloved. He has been about thirty years minister of the East Church. He was much respected, and he had both the ability and the inclination to relieve the needy, by whom his loss will be severely felt.

18. At Culcairig, parish of Twynholm, aged 74 years, Margaret Halliday, wife of John Halliday, Esq. of Mayfield.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Dickie Crawford, wife of Samuel James Douglas, Esq. surgeon, North St. David Street.

— The Rev. Peter Young, one of the ministers of the Secession Church in Jedburgh, in the 50th year of his age, and 27th of his ministry.

19. At Aberdeen, Mary Forsyth, widow of the late Henry G. Forsyth, Esq.

20. At Kenmore, Mr James Macnaughton, surgeon.

— Mr Richard Blackwell, of the George Inn, Haddington, and one of the Magistrates of that burgh.

21. In his 80th year, Robert Pollock, Esq. of Crossbank.

— At Bath, Captain Menzies Duncan, of the Hon. East-India Company's service.

— At Pittmeddan, Andrew Landale, Esq. of Pittmeddan.

— At Sainte Adresse, in Normandy, aged 70, Robert Charles Dallas, Esq. formerly of the island

of Jamaica, and the author of the 'History of the Maroon War, Percival, Aubrey, &c.

Oct. 22. At Glasgow, Mrs Mary (Smellie, relict of George M'Coll, merchant, Glasgow.

— At St Quivox, Mrs M'Quhae, relict of the Rev. Dr M'Quhae, late minister of that parish.

— At Greenock, Mr Thos. Stewart, bookseller.

— At Glasswood, Berwickshire, in his 70th year James Hill, Esq. of Walthamstow, near London.

— At Portobello, William Caldwell, Esq.

23. Edward Stanley, Esq. aged 90, for many years h's Majesty's Consul-General at Trieste.

— At Kerse, Mrs Greenshields; and on the 26th, Isabella, youngest daughter of John Greenshields, Esq. of Kerse.

— At Queen's Elm, Brompton, Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Jas. late of the 37th regiment, aged 54.

— At Boarhills, Mary Bell, relict of the late Jas. Philip, Esq. of Boarhills.

24. At Glasgow, Mr George Wingate, manufacturer there.

— At Edinburgh, Isabella, eldest daughter of Dr John Thomson.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Mansfield, widow of James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

25. At Aberdeen, Francis Suther, Esq. factor to the Most Noble the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, on the estate of Sutherland.

— At Strathityrum, James Cheape, Esq. of Strathityrum.

— At Montrose, Mrs Aberdeen, senior, in the 83d year of her age.

— John Hamilton, Esq. of Broomfield, aged 86

— At Dupplin Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoull, of a brain fever, Miss Hammond, the only child of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas and Lady Hammond, aged sixteen years and three months.

— At Ditton, near London, George Alexander Whyte, eldest son of the late Dr Whyte.

27. At Glasgow, Ann Bolling Buchanan, daughter of James William Alston, Esq.

30. Near North Queensferry, William Gurley, Esq. of Petershope, St. Vincent's, Captain in the 55th or Aberdeenshire regiment of militia.

— At Dublin, after a protracted illness, the Rev. C. R. Maturin, M. A. Curate of St Peter's.

Nov. 2. At Irvine, William Snodgrass, Esq. in his 84th year.

— In the 72d year of his age, John Craig, Esq. of Kirkton.

— Mrs Ann Welsh, relict of Mr Alex. Tweedie, late in Dreva.

— At her house, Leith-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Donaldson, relict of the late Mr Thomas Donaldson, merchant there.

— At Aberdeen, Widow Primrose, aged 103.

4. At Mouswald manse, the Rev. Jacob Dickson, minister of that parish, in the 88th year of his age, and 55th of his ministry.

— At Dalkeith, in his 74th year, Dr Andrew Graham, physician.

5. Near Salisbury, Captain Kenneth Mackenzie, R. N., only surviving son of the late James Mackenzie, Esq. of Forreth. It is but justice to the memory of this brave and distinguished officer to say, that he was an ornament to his country. He fought in many of her battles, in which he was repeatedly severely wounded. The consequences attending a wound in his head put a period to his valuable life, and left his friends to mourn their sad and severe loss.

— At Edinburgh, Wm. Russell, Esq. advocate.

— At Brechin, Mrs Hill, in the 88th year of her age.

6. At Glasgow, Mrs Ann Blair, aged 91, relict of the deceased Aeneas M'Pherson, Esq. of Flitchity, Inverness-shire.

— At Dunfermline, the Rev. Dr Black, one of the ministers of the Chalmers's Street, congregation there, much and justly regretted.

— At Ecclefechan, James Miller, Esq. of Castlebank, in the 82d year of his age. By his industry and activity, he had, from very low begin-

nings, accumulated a fortune, said to amount to £.10,000!

Nov. 7. At Mount Bothwell Cottage, the infant son of Captain Louis Campbell, it. N.

— At Crescent, near Dundee, Miss Brown, daughter of the late Professor Brown, St. Andrew's, and sister to the present Principal Brown, Aberdeen.

— At Stockbridge, Mr Charles Manson, late of Tobago.

8. At the manse of Annan, the Rev. William Hardie Moncrieff, minister of that parish.

9. Major-General Thomas Carry, of the 3d regiment of guards.

— The Hon. Francis Howard, youngest daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham.

— At Dublin, Richard Earl of Annesley, Viscount Gerawly, and Baron Castletewillan.

10. Mary Anne Maxwell, wife of Jas. Knowles, Esq. eldest daughter of the late William Maxwell, Esq. of Yaxley, Huntingdon, and niece of the late George Maxwell, Esq. of Flitton Lodge, Lincolnshire.

— At Tarbes, south of France, Mrs Hodgson, wife of Captain Hodgson, R. N.

11. At Annan, Mrs Irvine, relict of Robert Irvine, Esq. of Woodhall, aged 87.

— Suddenly, the Rev. J. Slaspie, of Campsie.

— At Kensington, near London, aged 61, Mrs Isabel Lister, widow of the Rev. David Wilkie, late minister of the parish of Cults, Fifeshire.

13. At Hendon, Thomas Nicoll, Esq. formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 70th regiment.

— At Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh, Miss Clementia (Cleghorn).

14. At Dalkeith, Mr John Bruce, son of the late Mr Alexander Bruce, upholsterer.

— At Lanark, John Mackenzie, Esq. Sheriff Substitute there.

15. William Thomson, Esq. of Thornbank, near Stranraer, aged 68. His death was quite unexpected; he left his own house during the day in usual health, to take his accustomed walk in the fields, but not returning according to expectation, his family made inquiry at the houses of their neighbours, but learned nothing; search was then made in the direction which he had taken, when his body was found lying beside a dyke, from the top of which it appeared he had been precipitated by a heavy gale of wind.

— At Edinburgh, aged 95, Mrs Anna Foggio, widow of the late Rev. James Watson, one of the ministers of Canongate.

16. At Killermont, Miss Laura Colquhoun, youngest daughter of the late Lord Clerk Register.

17. At Moffat, Mrs Elizabeth Lochhead, formerly of Glasgow, and relict of the late Rev. John Johnston, Ecclefechan.

— At Transy, near Dumfermline, John Wilson, Esq. late Provost of Dunfermline.

18. At Edinburgh, Hugh Fraser, Esq. younger of Eskdale.

19. At Edinburgh, Emily Jane, fifth daughter of General Sir John Hope.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Christie, aged 77, widow of the late Captain James Christie, of the city guard, much and justly regretted.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Harriet Mitchelson, relict of Dr Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

25. At Cupar, Catharine Buist, wife of John Inglis, Esq. of Colthure.

Lately. At the Island of New Providence, in the West Indies, Captain W. R. Dawkins, Commander of his Majesty's ship Helicon.

— At Woodbridge, aged 62 years, Charlotte Skinner.—She was letter carrier in that place upwards of 80 years, and is supposed to have walked a distance of nearly 80,000 miles in that capacity, being more than three times the circumference of the globe.

In the Almshouses, Cupar, Agnes Young, widow, aged 90 years.

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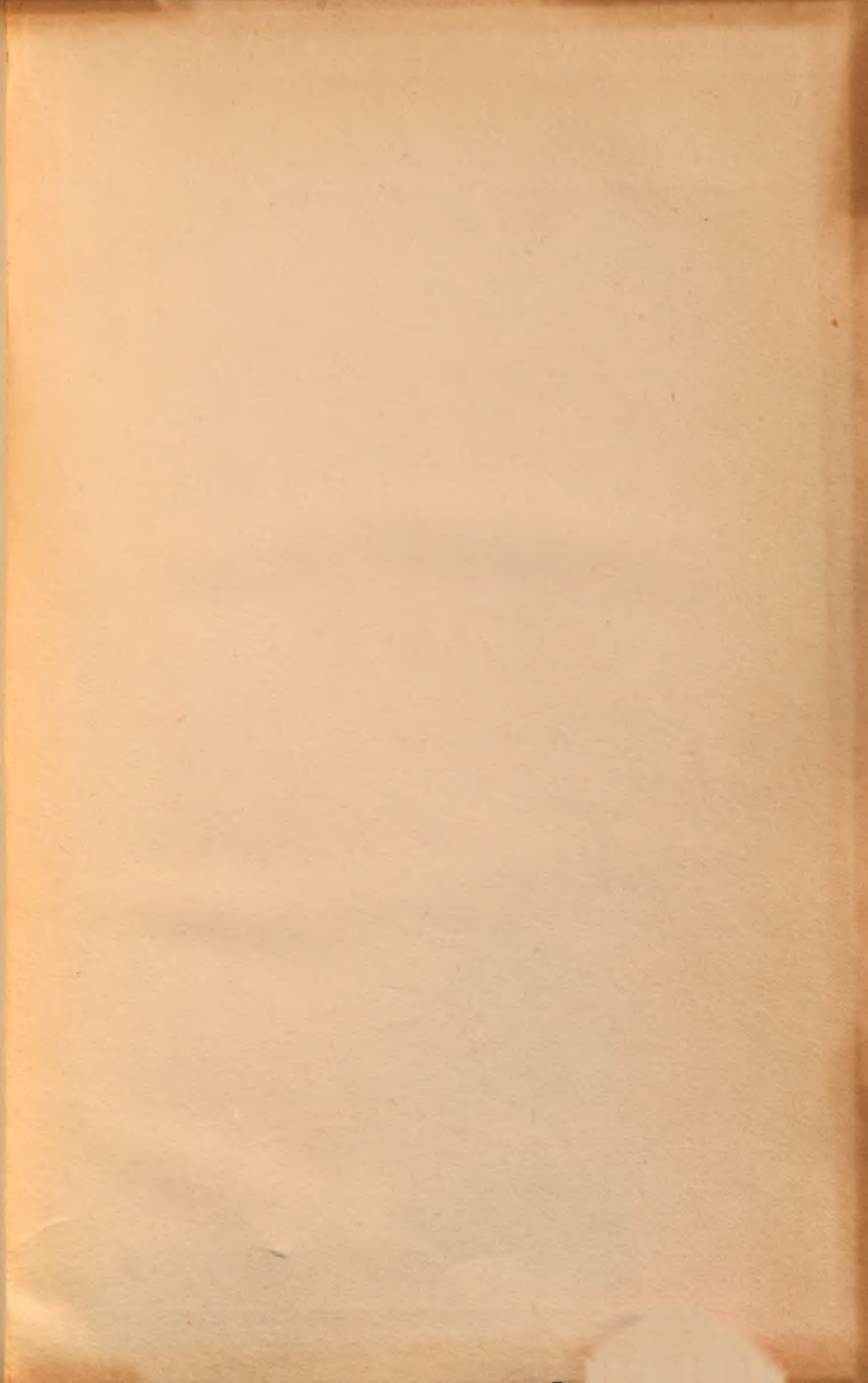


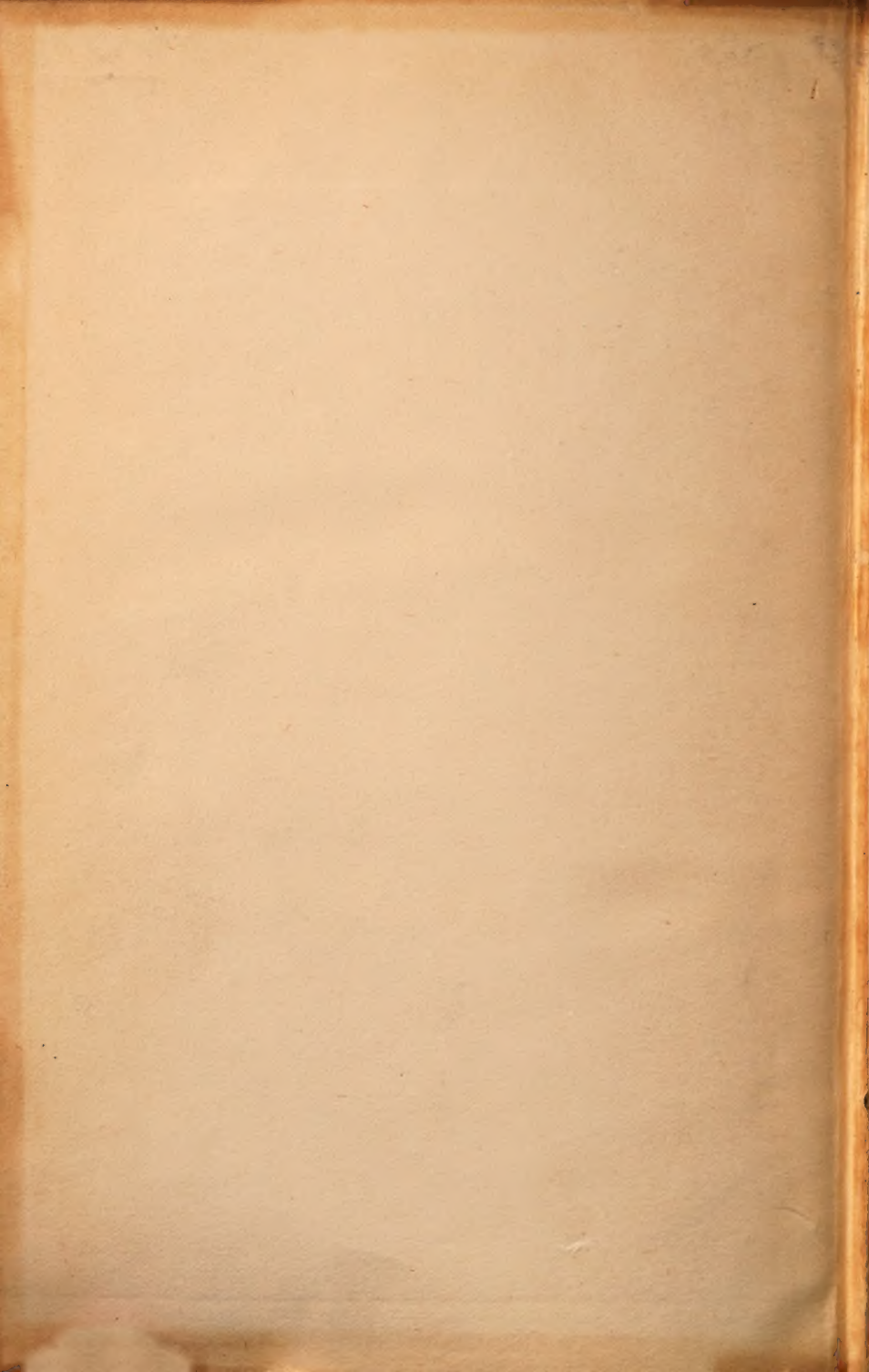
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|--------------------|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
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| Prager, 512        | Rymer, 384        | 128                 | Wight, 255         |
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| 384, 512           | Skinner, 768      | Tipper, (aged 100)  | Yule, 128          |
| Rattray, 128       | Sim, 511          | 384                 |                    |













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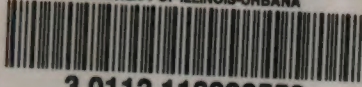


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